

Per. 2705 d. $\frac{410}{22}$

THE
NEW MONTHLY
BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;

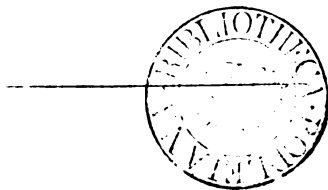
A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND FASHION,

UNDER THE IMMEDIATE PATRONAGE OF

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

VOL. XXII.

JANUARY TO JUNE, 1845.



LONDON:

PUBLISHED AT 24, NORFOLK STREET, STRAND.

-
LONDON:
PRINTED BY JOSEPH ROGERSON,
24, NORFOLK-STREET, STRAND.

INDEX TO THE TWENTY-SECOND VOLUME.

NOVELS, ROMANCES, TALES, &c.

- | | | |
|---|---|--|
| <p>Amusements of the Month, 58,
120, 186, 249, 314, 374
Biography, 262
Bridal Robe, the, 293
Chimes, the, 63
Christian Wolf; or, the Pro-
gress of Crime, 161
Claqueurs of Paris, the, 158
Coast Guard, a Tale of the, 97
Contrabandist, the, 347
Correspondents, Notices to, 62,
126, 190, 254, 318, 382
Description of the Plates, 61,
125, 189, 253, 317, 381
Fashions, for January, 59; Feb-
ruary, 124; March, 187;
April, 251; May, 315; June,
379.
Fatal Curiosity, 229
Fine Arts, 57, 312, 372
Fire-side Music, 355
First of April, the; or, a Tale
of the Hartz Mountains,
236
Flanders, the Earl of, 305
Florence; or, Woman's Friend-
ship, 14, 69, 147, 201, 264,
333
Frances Brown's Poems, 290
Glance, a, at Mr. Lough's Sta-
tue of the Queen, 308</p> | <p>Good Cause, a; or, an Evening
in Exeter Hall, 244
Hartland Hall; a Tale for
Match-makers, 127, 191
Helen Berkley; or, the Merce-
nary Marriage, 360
Helen Grey, 48
History of Edina Bremer, 255,
219
Holidays, 327
Hood, Thomas, a Memory of,
368
Italian Boy, the, 345
I will! 91
Jilt, the, 142
Life of my Great Aunt, some
Passages in the, 94
Literary Fund, 378
Literary Intelligence, 119
Little Lame Boy of Halberstadt,
11
Margaret's Lesson, 137
Marrying a Genius, 166
Mary Franklin, 35
Mrs. Trollope's "Young Love,"
38
Music, sacred, a Concert of, 41
Musical Reviews, 57, 180, 249
My Aunt's Tea Table, 175
National Anti-Corn-Law League
Bazaar, 379</p> | <p>New Year, the, 24
Obscure Artist, the, 83
Oxford, a week at, 103
Passages in the Life of my
Great Aunt, 94
Persecutor, the, 43
Pilot, the, 65
Post-Office, the, 89
Prince, the, and the Peasant, 298
Random Likeness, the, 221
Recollections of Giovanni Per-
golesi, 276
Romance, the, of a Girlhood,
108
Royal Orthopædic Hospital, 378
St. Bretache; the Surgeon's
Tale, 28
St. Valentine's Day, 85
Sophia, 281
Spring, on the Approach of, 304
Story of a Ruin, 1
Tale, a, of the Coast Guard, 97
Tale, a, of the Old French War,
239
Time-serving, 213
Trollope's, Mrs., "Young
Love," 38
Vetturino, the, 177
Waverer, the, 81
Young Lady, the, who has been
Abroad, 216</p> |
|---|---|--|

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

- | | | |
|---|---|--|
| <p>Angel Visits, 115,
Annals, the, 54
Art Union, the, 183
Burns' Fireside Library, 246
Convict Ship, the, 56
Cottager's Sabbath, the, and
other Poems, 183
Douglas Jerrold's Shilling Ma-
gazine, 115
Eccentric Lover, the, 248
Hampton Court; or, the Pro-
phesy fulfilled, 117
Hillingdon Hall; or, the Cock-
ney Squire, 118
Hints to Landsmen, 56
Jealousy and Revenge, 310</p> | <p>Lady Cecilia Farrencourt,
185
Lays and Ballads from English
History, 183
Lays and Legends, illustrative
of English Life, 246
Lays of the Heart, on various
subjects, 56
Lectures on Painting and De-
sign, 54
Lost Happiness; or, the Effects
of a Lie, 311
Musical World, the, 249
Nursery Rhymes, Tales, and
Jingles, 56
Poets, the, of Yorkshire, 310</p> | <p>Punch's Snapdragons for Christ-
mas, 116
Schism and Repentance, 311
Selections from the British
Poets, 53
Steil's Royal Pictorial Primer, 56
Stratherne; a Story of the pre-
sent Day, 181
Student, the, and Young Man's
Advocate, 372
Sybil; or, the Two Nations, 370
Trapper's Bride, the; a Tale of
the Rocky Mountains, 182
Virgin Martyr, 56
Wild Love, and other Tales, 56
Women, the, of Israel, 311</p> |
|---|---|--|

POETRY.

- Afton Down, Isle of Wight, 227
 Beacon Oak, the, 280
 Beautiful, the, 289
 Buttercups and Daisies, 297
 Butterfly, the, 42
 Charade, 326
 Church Organ, the, 279
 Consumption, 220
 Desertion of the Great by their
 Parasites, 346
 Dirge, the, of the Dishonoured
 Soldier, 156
 Dream, the, 199
 Earth, the, 52
 England, bright Isle of the
 West, 52
 England's Godless Poor, 146
 England's Welcome to Ame-
 rican Genius, 200
 Epigram, 227
 Extracts from a MS. Poem on
 the Progress of Society, 33
 Fancies, 80
 Forbid it not, 199
 Forget each other, 34
 Forsaken, the, 261
 Fragment, a, 174
 Fragment of a Song by Richard
 Cœur de Lion, 275
 Garden of Childhood, the, 228
 Ghost Ship, the, 88
 Glow-worm, the, to the withered
 Leaf, 136
 Golden Fetters, 326
 Hope, 135
 I've watch'd the Sunbeams dy-
 ing, 344
 June, 367
 La Coquetterie, 52
 Lament of a Polish Exile, 331
 Lay, the, of a Spirit, 84
 Lights and Shades, 141
 Lines, by Florence, 47; by Mrs.
 Scott, 84; by E. E. Hamil-
 ton, 157; by J. Gosling, 228;
 by Camilla Toulmin, 228
 Lines written on seeing a Pic-
 ture of "Cleopatra dying,"
 353
 Loneliness, 146
 Maid, the, of Athens, 113
 Marriage of Interest, the, 343
 Monastery Cells, 176
 Mother, the; or, Mother's
 Love, 96
 Old and New Lamps, 114
 On an ancient Oak Room in
 Warwickshire, 261
 On a Portrait, 228
 On a young Lady, 82
 On first visiting France, 136
 On the Destruction of the Port-
 land Vase, 160
 One True Heart, 135
 Our early Years, 296
 Outward Bound, the, 220
 Queen of Spring, the, 289
 Past, the Present, and the Fu-
 ture, 275
 Patience, 359
 Patriot, the, of Modern Greece,
 215
 Pilgrim, the, 102
 Plea of the Rose, 212
 Poet, the, 10
 Poisoned Words, 169
 Portrait, a, 344
 Pride of the Sea, the, 309
 River's Philosophy, the, 220
 Romance and Heroism, 34
 Ruined Abbey Church, the, 263
 Ruth, 238
 Sacred Thorn, the, 219
 Scenes from Life, 68
 Sea-bird's Flight, 23
 Shrine of Sorrow, the, 359
 Six Maidens, the, 26
 Sleeping Monitor, the, 332
 Soldier's Death, the, 358
 Soliloquy of Francis the First,
 275
 Songs, 9, 200
 Songs of the Mountain, 90,
 141, 212
 Sonnets, 10, 123, 227, 263
 Sonnet to the Muse, 52
 Sowing and Reaping, 10
 Spring Flowers, 199
 Spring Flowers, to a Group of,
 withered by the North Wind,
 274
 Stanzas, 27, 40, 107, 156, 235,
 238
 Stout old British Cable, the, 280
 The Found One, 174
 The Moon is bright, 80
 To —, 354
 To Joy, 156
 To the Brave Hearts, 174
 Twin Sonnets, 220
 Virgin's Shrine, the, at Beth-
 arram, 170
 Voice, the, of the coming Year,
 42
 Whisperings of the Mistletoe, 107
 Wine-cup, the, 332
 Winter, 40
 Winter has come, 157
 Woodman's Child, the, 165
 Worsted-working Wife, the, 292

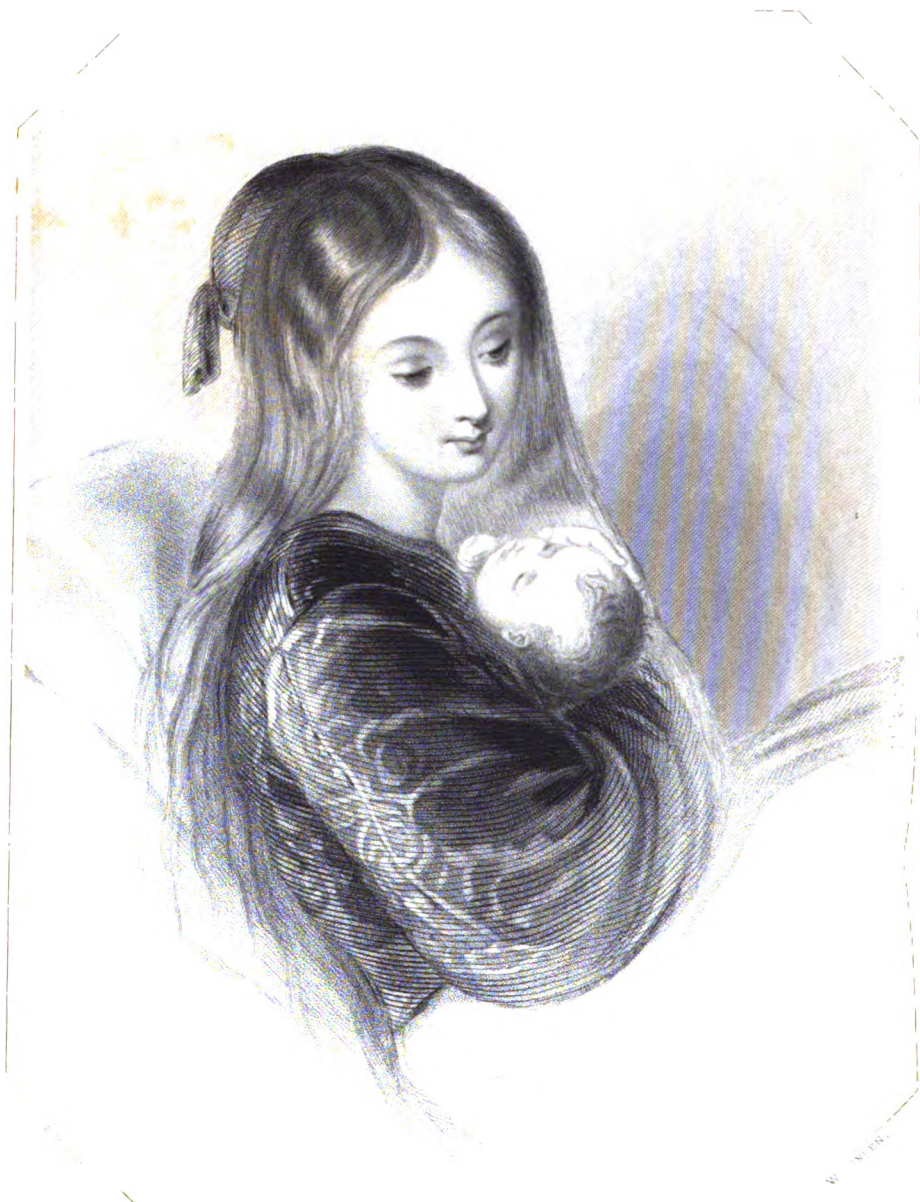
ADDRESS.

In beginning with the New Year a new volume of this Magazine, the Editress feels no common thanks are due to the kind and valued Contributors, be they personal Literary Friends or Literary Correspondents, whose talent has enriched her pages, and made light her task, since the work came under her superintendence.

With honest pride she trusts she may affirm, what the Newspaper Press has in many quarters declared, that the New Monthly Belle Assemblée ranks, in point of Literary merit, beside the most popular Magazines of the day ; and in honesty of purpose to make it healthful, instructive, and amusing, it yields to none. To the Fashion department especial attention will be paid, and a glance at the Contributors to the present number may afford an earnest of the assistance promised for 1845.

To courteous Readers and kind Contributors the Editress begs gratefully to offer the " Compliments of the Season," wishing them " many happy New Years."

*24, Norfolk-street, London,
January 1st, 1845.*



MADONNA LACTANS

MATERNAL SOLICITUDE.

Sleep! for thy guileless infancy's the sleep
Of woes and joys unborn, a pure repose
In thy soul's cloudless essence: must time sweep,
Like the wild tempest o'er the tender rose;
Perchance, to blight thee ere thy manhood grows,
Ere thou inherit of thy father's fire
The innate passion that within him grows,
Burning to raise the flame around him, higher,
That shall with Freedom's breath make fallen Greece respire!

A gentle smile spreads o'er thy infant brow—
But, hark! that deafening volley from the hills,
Tolling Hope's funeral. Thou tremblest now,
And thy dark eye a radiant tear drop fills—
Is it for Greece and for thy father's ills?
But, hark! That death-tone sweeps again the sod!
Thy father's danger fast my bosom thrills;
Yet, should death blight him where with fame he trod,
The sire's Redeemer is the orphan's father—God.

W. H. FRANK.

DURHAM CATHEDRAL.

The see of Durham, anciently called the patrimony of St. Cuthbert, and one of the richest and most powerful in the country, was founded at Lindisfarn, now "Holy Island," by Oswald, king of Northumberland; but, after a succession of fourteen prelates, on the second invasion of the Danes, the church was deserted. Of these prelates, the most remarkable was Cuthbert, who consented that his remains should be interred in the cathedral, on condition that, if ever the monks should leave the church, these remains should be carried with them. It is reported that the body was buried in a stone coffin, and that, it being the wish of the monks some ten years after to enshrine the skeleton in the church, the body was found "entire, flexible, and pliant."

The present cathedral owes its foundation to bishop Carileph. The original was pulled down, and in August, 1093 or 1094, the three first stones of the present church were laid by the bishop, Malcolm king of Scotland, and Turgot the prior, subsequently bishop of St. Andrew's. This church, as finished in the time of Flambard, Carileph's successor, consisted of a choir with side aisles, the whole ending towards the east in a semicircular termination. In the choir, a screen cut off the semicircle, in which, in 1104, was enshrined the coffin of Cuthbert. The transept and nave, with the exception of the roof of the latter, were finished in their present state during the time of Flambard. This church appears to have suffered somewhat at the Reformation by the hands of dean Horne, A. D. 1551, and dean Whittingham, A. D. 1563, who destroyed much of its splendour—and, ultimately, by the Scottish prisoners lodged in the church after the battle of Dunbar, A. D. 1650, who are said to have warmed themselves at a large fire composed of the wooden work of the choir, and to have destroyed the fine paintings with which Hugh Pudsey, or Pusac, the eleventh bishop, had embellished the windows. It is not easy to conceive the grandeur which, in other days, the cathedral must have presented. Enough, however, now remains to testify its former magnificence—fully to bear out the truth of the statements regarding that magnificence.

The cathedral is situated on a woody eminence, almost encircled by the river Wear, and presents a most commanding appearance. Near it, opposite the northern side, is situated the bishop's castle, founded by the Conqueror: on the banks, sloping to the river, stand the houses of the canons. The centre tower, of the height of 212 feet, has, within the last few years, undergone a thorough repair. It is open to a great height, and was obviously the work of different periods: upon the summit was a cupola, burned down in 1429. The height of the

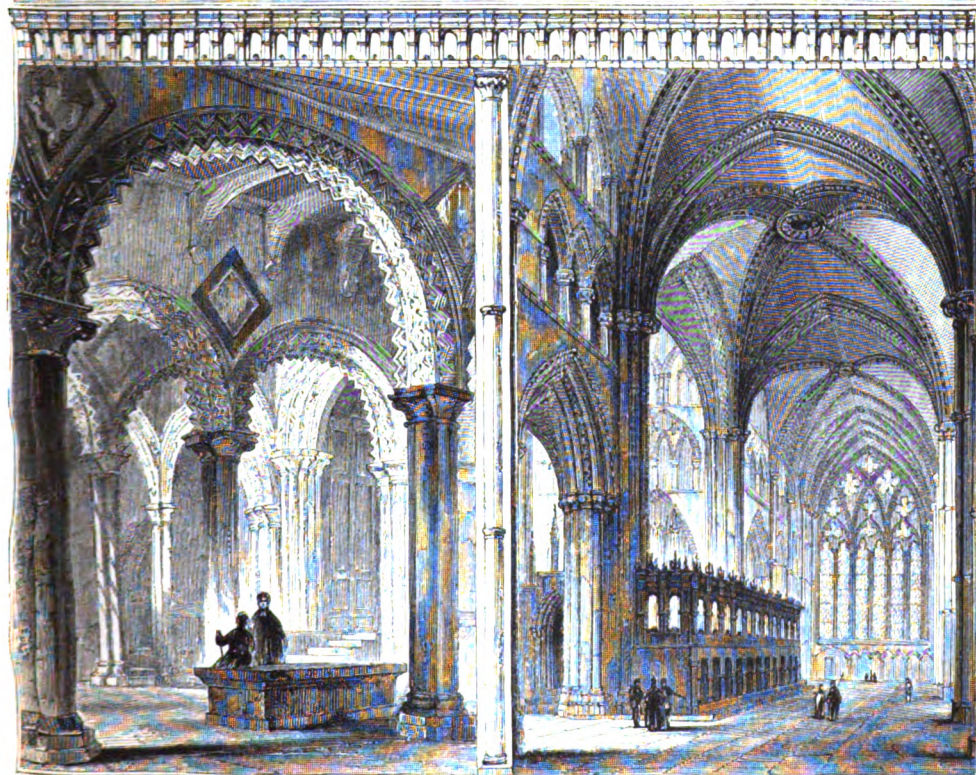
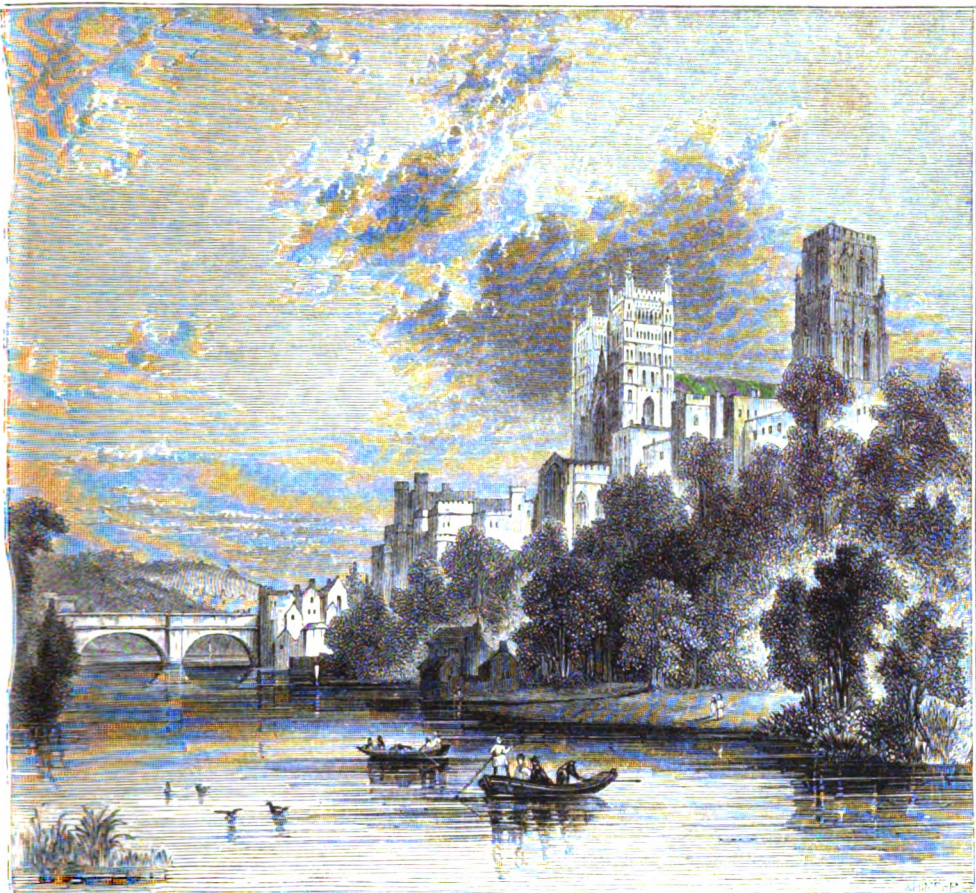
western towers is 143 feet. These are Norman below, the upper portions English, with an intermixture of semicircular and pointed arches, to which, during late repairs, pinnacles and pierced battlements have been added.

Entering *the nave*, in length 240 feet, by a door in the northern aisle—the great western entrance having for many centuries been closed by bishop Langley, on account of some alterations made by him in the galilee—we behold a magnificent specimen of the solid Norman style of architecture. The columns are variously ornamented, each opposite pair corresponding with each other—but no two on the same side being similar. There are side aisles of the same character. The groining of the roof is pointed and of stone, erected in lieu of the original one of wood, about 1240. Two tombs of the family of Neville of Raby are much dilapidated and defaced. The west, and one or two other windows, form exceptions to the general style of architecture.

The north and south transepts are nearly in the same style as the nave, with the exception of the great north window. The monument, erected to the memory of bishop Barrington by Chantry, is placed in the western side of the south transept: the bishop is represented as in the act of prayer.

The eastern transept, called the *Nine Altars*, is 134 feet long, and 38 broad. This is of later date than the choir itself, and the style is that of the early English, and exceedingly light and beautiful.

The galilee at the west end of the cathedral, resting upon a solid rock, which rises nearly to the pavement in the adjoining end of the nave, and built by bishop Pudsey (1154-1197)—in consequence of a failure in the foundation of a similar structure which had been projected by him upon the site of the present Nine Altars—stands unrivalled in the kingdom, as a perfect specimen of our national architecture at that most interesting of its periods, when the early English style, as it has been well denominated, was gradually superseding that of the Norman character. The struggle between the two styles for a while is here most strikingly proved; and what is still more singular, the order in which they might have been expected to manifest themselves is strangely, but perhaps characteristically reversed. Heavy Norman arches, deep with Norman mouldings and colouring, much of which still remains, were made to rest upon slender early English columns of two pilasters only (for such they were originally), as if they were purposely designed to press down into the ground the slender support upon which they were placed, because it had superseded the massy columns with which they had been long associated.



DURHAM CATHEDRAL. by Google

THE GALLILEE

EASTERN TRANSEPT

CONTENTS.

	Page
THE STORY OF A RUIN. BY MRS. WHITE.....	1
SONG. BY E. H.	9
SOWING AND REAPING. BY MRS. ABDY	10
THE POET. BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.....	ib.
SONNET. BY J. J. REYNOLDS	ib.
THE LITTLE LAME BOY OF HALBERSTADT. BY ELIZABETH YOUATT.....	11
FLORENCE ; OR WOMAN'S FRIENDSHIP. BY GRACE AGUILAR.....	14
THE SEA-BIRD'S FLIGHT. BY THE AUTHOR OF "TITIAN."	23
THE NEW YEAR. BY W. G. J. BARKER, ESQ.	24
THE SIX MAIDENS. BY DINAH MARIA MULOCK	26
STANZAS. BY MRS. JAMES GRAY.....	27
ST. BRETACHE. TRANSLATED FROM BERTRAND. BY MARY ANNE Y——	28
EXTRACTS FROM A MS. POEM ON THE PROGRESS OF SOCIETY. BY CAPTAIN BELLEW ; AUTHOR OF "MEMOIRS OF A GRIFFIN," &c.....	33
FORGET EACH OTHER	34
ROMANCE AND HEROISM. BY C. H. HITCHINGS, ESQ.	ib.
MARY FRANKLIN. BY MARION.....	35
MRS. TROLLOPE'S "YOUNG LOVE."	38
WINTER. BY ELIZA LESLIE	40
STANZAS	ib.
A CONCERT OF SACRED MUSIC. BY MRS. VALENTINE BARTHOLOMEW	41
THE VOICE OF THE COMING YEAR. BY MISS M. H. ACTON	42
THE BUTTERFLY. BY LEITCH RITCHIE	ib.
THE PERSECUTOR. BY THE LATE MISS JEWSBURY	43
LINES. BY FLORENCE	47
HELEN GREY. BY MRS. EMBURY.....	48
THE BARTH. BY CAMILLA TOULMIN	52
LA COQUETTERIE	ib.
"ENGLAND, BRIGHT ISLE OF THE WEST!" BY J. J. REYNOLDS	ib.
SONNET TO THE MUSE. BY THE REV. W. PULLING, M.A.	ib.
LITERATURE	53
MUSIC	57
FINE ARTS	ib.
AMUSEMENTS OF THE MONTH	58
FASHIONS FOR JANUARY	59
DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATES	62
TO CORRESPONDENTS	ib.

THE MALT TAX.

THE AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL is the only Farmer's Paper in London which advocates the Repeal of the Malt Tax and every disability under which the **TENANT FARMERS** of England are labouring. **SONS OF THE SOIL**, be careful in ordering "**THE MARK LANE EXPRESS AND AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL**," the largest Farmers' Paper published, uniting "science with practice." No Farmer in Britain ought to be without it. All orders received at the "**MARK LANE EXPRESS AND AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL**" Office, 24, Norfolk-street, Strand, London, will be promptly attended to.

BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS, &c.

HANDSOMELY ILLUSTRATED AND DONE UP.

THE BETROTHED; being the first complete Translation in English of Manzoni's celebrated Work, "**I PROMESSI SPOSI**." Two handsome foolscap Volumes, fancy boards, with Sixty Engravings, price Half a Guinea.

2. **LAYS and BALLADS**, chiefly from Old English History. Fcap. 8vo.

3. **NURSERY RHYMES, TALES, and JINGLES**; a new and carefully edited selection. Printed in a unique style, with numerous vignettes, and with an ornamental design and border round every page of the book. Price 7s. An Illuminated Edition of the same, price 10s. 6d. (Dedicated to the Prince of Wales and the Princesses Royal.)

4. **TALES and ROMANCES**. By **DE LA MOTTE FOUQUE**, Author of "**Undine**," "**Sintram**," &c. Three Vols. 7s. each, with numerous Illustrations. (Each Vol. is complete, and sold by itself.)

5. **THE VIRGIN MARTYR**; a celebrated piece by **PHILIP MASSINGER**, with Six Pictures, designed by **F. R. PICKERSGILL, Esq.**, 4to. 5s.

6. **EASTERN ROMANCE**; Tales from the Arabian, Persian, &c. Newly Edited and revised. Thirty-eight Engravings, 7s. 6d.

7. **THE BOOK of POPULAR TALES and LEGENDS**. 7s. 6d.

8. **SELECT PIECES** from the **POEMS of WORDSWORTH**, with Ornaments. 7s. 6d. (Kept also in various elegant bindings.)

9. **SCENES from FOUQUE'S SINTRAM**, with Illustrative Pictures. 4to. 6s.

10. **FIVE TALES of OLD TIME**, with Seven Pictures. Small 4to. 6s.

11. **FOLLOW ME**: an Allegory from the German, with Pictures from Overbeck. 4to. 1s.

12. **TALES from the GERMAN of CHRISTOPH. SCHMID**, &c. 5s.

13. **SONGS and HYMNS for the NURSERY**. The Airs by the Author of "**The Fairy Bower**." The Words of the Songs from "**The Daisy**," &c. In Two Parts, price 2s. 6d. each, or the whole bound in handsome cloth, price 5s. 6d.

. A complete Catalogue may be had gratis on application.

London: James Burns, 17, Portman-street.

In 8vo., price 11s. boards, Third Edition, enlarged,

ON THE DISEASES OF FEMALES; a Treatise illustrating their Symptoms, Causes, Varieties, and Treatment. With numerous Cases, and a Medical Glossary. Including the Diseases and Management of Pregnancy and Lying-in. Designed as a Companion to the Author's "**Modern Domestic Medicine**." Containing also an Appendix on the Symptoms and Treatment of *Diseases of the Heart*.

By **T. J. GRAHAM, M.D.**, &c.

"It is an admirable performance, and should find a place in every family establishment."—*Bath Herald*.

"It contains a mass of information indispensable to those for whom it is intended, and surpasses in value any other book of its character."—*Blackwood's Lady's Magazine*.

London: Simpkin and Marshall, Paternoster Row; Hatchards, 187, Piccadilly; and Tegg, 73, Cheapside.

THE NEW MONTHLY BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

JANUARY, 1845.

THE STORY OF A RUIN.

BY MRS. WHITE.

"Oh love! what is it in this world of ours
Which makes it fatal to be loved? Ah! why
With cypress branches hast thou wreathed thy bowers,
And made thy best interpreter a sigh?"

BYRON.

"'Twas pretty, though a plague,
To see him every hour, to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table—heart too capable
Of every line and trick of his sweet favour;
But now he's gone."

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

In the south-east corner of Cork harbour, between Rostillion and the little village of Ag-hadee, there stretches out a long, low promontory, which is joined to the mainland by an isthmus so narrow as at high-water to have the appearance of an artificial causeway. On this flat headland there is at present a modern house, but the ruins of a former building partly exist, and but a few years back (to speak by comparison) was the only evidence of its having been inhabited. Ruins, like tombs, have always a history of life attached to them; and those of Cork-a-beg were instinct with more than ordinary interest. Towards the close of the last century these remains made part of a large, heavy-looking mansion, the property of a nobleman suspected of disaffection to the (then) government; and who, from motives of policy, had withdrawn himself to its comparative seclusion, and with his family maintained the strictest retirement. Circumstances had occurred in the life of Lord Lucan to sour a naturally harsh and violent disposition, until the stern coldness of his manner, while it induced fear, repelled even in his children the affection and confidence that proves in every instance a stronger tie than the

indissoluble one of kindred. Fifteen years prior to the events which these chapters embody, his lady, wearied and disgusted by repeated acts of aggression and violence, had left him, taking with her the youngest of her children—a girl little more than three years of age. His lordship neither sought redress nor reconciliation; he contented himself by depriving her of the infant she had found it impossible to desert; so making her the instrument of her own punishment, she having, by this act, cut herself off from all further intercourse with her children. Besides this girl, the family of Lord Lucan consisted of two sons, and at the period of my story young men, about to enter one of the English universities; and a collegian of the name of Graham engaged to assist them in their preparations for that purpose. Death had recently deprived Mary Lucan of the lady who, in the capacity of governess, had supplied the place of friend and mother, and to whose care and talent she was indebted for a more than ordinary share of cultivation and accomplishment; she had also shared the studies as well as the amusements of her brothers, until the arrival of the English student, when she suddenly discontinued Latin and Greek, and

took to solitude and writing sonnets. At this time Mary was just stepping out of buoyant girlhood into the sedateness of womanhood; scarcely tall, with a slight and delicately rounded figure, every action had the gracefulness natural to just proportion, and her expressive head and features were perfectly in keeping with its symmetry. Perhaps occasionally one might discover, in the quick dark flashes of her eye, something of the *fierté* of her father's glance, that bespoke a slumbering spirit not without affinity to his own, but this was seldom; like a flame beneath a shade, there was a moon-like softness in their usual expression, occasioned probably by the shadowy effect of lashes that, when cast down, swept her cheek, and imparted an air of pensiveness and timidity. Her hair and eyebrows were of the darkest hue, and where the small bow-shaped upper lip tapered off to a dimple, the faintest tracery of down, without effacing its effeminacy, gave character to its expression. Whatever softness lingered in the nature of Lord Lucan concentrated itself in this girl; she was his plaything in childhood, his ambition now, and, from her known influence, the established peacemaker on all occasions between him and the other members of his family. "But to our tale."

It was the afternoon of a late and lovely autumn day, one of those days we prize so much, from the knowledge that they are literally numbered, lingering with us like departing friends on the threshold of separation, with a soft warmth in the air, like a summer's day fallen asleep, and a tenderness in the aspect of every image it exhibited, softening and holy as the presence of a dying thing we love. The windows of a small room, at one end of the lonely-looking house at Cork-a-beg, were open, and at a table near one of them sat Mary Lucan, with her face half-hidden by her hands, and her eyes fixed upon some drawings, amongst which the sketch of a man's face begun, erased, and begun again, was still perceptible. The windows opened into a small flower-garden, now exhibiting all the wild luxuriance of growth and paucity of blossoms that mark the season; but a few late roses, the snowy flowers of the myrtle, and the rich fragrance of the hardy mignonette, fitfully sent their perfume into the apartment, and occasionally stole away the thoughts of its young occupant, to their Eden homes that in her childhood had been familiar to her. Beyond this a paddock, enclosed by trees of a large growth, exhibited all the rich and varied tints of autumn, the yellow leaves of the aspen shading into the scarlet foliage of the shumack, and the lighter greens of the ash and elm contrasting with the heavy sombre hue of the Scotch and Norwegian firs; the alternate swell and recession of the Atlantic, rolling its waves into the mouth of the harbour, might be distinctly heard; and the low monotonous soughing of the tide upon the beach, that everywhere skirted the enclosure, had in its sound something that harmonized well with the melancholy humour of

the girl; long silken threads of gossamer went floating by, or clung in silvery pennants to the crimson berries of the dog-wood, or the deep green leaves of the Indian jasmine, and every now and then leaves would fall one by one, whirling to the ground reluctantly, and looking in the dull still air not unlike flakes of slowly-descending snow, so stealthy and noiseless was their motion. The girl continued to trifle with repeated sketches of the features she was endeavouring to transfix from her mind to the paper, and as at length she caught the desired expression, a bright smile, and brighter blush, mantled her face from lip to brow; and for a moment she gazed delightedly upon her creation, and the next, pushing it from her with averted eyes, as if the pencilled lineament were sentient, she covered her face with her hands, and burst into tears. After a moment or two she arose, and with an impatient action threw back the heavy tresses that her attitude had brought over her clear broad forehead, and with a look of forced composure, and a prouder step than usual, walked to and fro the apartment; but, from whatsoever cause it germinated, the struggle in her bosom still went on, and heavy, swollen, resistless tears appeared to be the only outlet to the bitter thoughts that throbbed there. A step broke upon her ear; the girl paled and reddened by turns, and then placing herself again at the table, she suffered those luxuriant curls to overshadow her face as she returned to her graceful employment; only this time she did not try miniatures. The footsteps ceased at the window, and as Mary slightly, very slightly, lifted her eyes, for she knew the stain of tears was still on them, the original of her pencilled sketches stood before her.

"I hope I have not disturbed you, Miss Lucan," he said, noticing her evident embarrassment; "your brothers and myself have been as far as Castle Inchiquin*, and I have flattered old Donaldson upon the state of his green-house and orangery into such excellent good humour with himself, that he has requested me to present this bouquet to you with his duty, and to beg you will honour his dahlia† with a visit." And Graham deposited within the window a bouquet of rare flowers, arranged with even more gracefulness than Mary well knew the scientific hand of the old gardener would have effected, and with an action of respectful courtesy he passed on.

Although the language of flowers was not then, as now, universally spoken, Lady Mary Montague had introduced the germ, and the roses, that made so material a portion of the bouquet before her, had, from no end of time, typified love; so that although a momentary shade of vexation fell on the brow of Mary Lucan, as she perceived that he was gone, the

* The ancient castle of the O'Brians, now the seat of the Marquis of Thomond.

† These flowers were first brought to this country in 1789, but being lost by some means, were again introduced by Lady Holland in 1804.

next she had appropriated the rare and graceful flowers, and with that strange, fond action which women have, of kissing everything that the touch of one beloved has sanctified, she pressed them as if they had been living things to her lips. The apparent cause of this passing ebullition was a young man of about four-and-twenty, of good height, and imposing countenance, with a forehead expansive, and pale enough for a poet's, shaded by a profusion of dark and shining hair, which, with a slight degree of affectation (though with admirable effect), was parted centrally upon it, and depended thence in a succession of rich natural curls, in direct opposition to the prevailing Brutus of the day. Eyes of the deepest blue gave animation to handsome and delicately outlined features, and altogether his countenance presented that "fair broad front" that appears to float on its surface, the reflections of a mind equally noble and unequivocal. I think it is Dr. Johnson who says, "A man may be a scholar without being a gentleman, but that it is impossible to be a gentleman without being a scholar." Graham was both; his family, originally noble, had been attained for their faithfulness to the cause of the Stuarts, and in consequence of the altered fortunes of his house he had been educated with a view to the church; but having some scruples as to his fitness for the vocation, he abandoned the idea, and had accepted his present engagement in the family of Lord Lucan, until something more in accordance with his own wishes should occur. He found, in the daughter of his patron, a being to awaken not only love, but that most dangerous adjunct, commiseration. Left to her own guidance, at an age when impulse is ever stronger than discretion, her actions had all the inconsistency of its wild pilotage, and were entirely dependent for their rectitude and propriety on the naturally generous and correct tendencies of her disposition.

Petted, and undisappointed in any single project of her existence, she was naturally wilful; but then there was an amiability in her very despotism. Taxes were levied on her father's funds with more frequency than judgment, but they had charity for their object. Boats were dispatched to Cove for blankets or clothing, in weather that risked the lives of those whose services she commanded; but it was done on the spur of a generous impulse, and while every other consideration merged in the desire to relieve some present distress. Pride, that humbled itself only in the presence of affliction and want, was a portion of her nature; but though proud, impetuous, and wilful, there lay beneath the fire of these superficial appearances, a lava flood of deep and womanly feeling unexhibited, because, as yet, no circumstance of her life had been of a nature to disclose it.

The stern old man, her father, was revered rather from habit than from any sympathetic affection engendered by tenderness or reciprocity of sentiment; and there ever mingled with her feelings of duty a sense of some wrong inflicted towards her mother, that, though whispered

in childhood, still clung to her memory with the indistinctness of a voice heard in dreams; and this accusing feeling frequently occurred to her in the midst of her father's affectionate caresses, chilling towards him the stream of filial tenderness that a moment before swelled in his daughter's heart. Between her brothers and herself there existed that quiet attachment that naturally belongs to the relation, but which no contingent circumstances of separation or difficulty had tended to quicken or exalt.

It was reserved for Douglas Graham to awaken all the strength as well as tenderness of her nature, and to afford an object for the outpouring of that affection, that, repressed and thrown back upon itself, had silently slumbered in her heart. In after life, when looking back upon its fitful snatches of repose, its broken and troubled slumbers, and those wild dreams of "vaulting ambition," or pining hope that made them so, what is there in its whole experience like the heart's memory of its first love? Nothing! The flush of unexpected fortune, the fulfilment of hope long sought and hardly obtained, the realization of a life-long ambition, may gratify and elate; but the pang of pleasure (if the phrase be not catachrestical) with which the first conviction of loving and being loved, that mysterious reciprocity, gushes on the spirit, is as ineffable in feeling as indescribable in effect, the one green spot "on memory's waste," the single flower on the aloe of existence, '*L'étoile de la mer*,' to which the wanderer on the deep of life is ever backward looking. But it is not necessary to trace the springing up of this sentiment in two young persons so situated as the daughter of Lord Lucan and her brother's fortuneless companion: thrown together at an age when its spells are strongest, daily interchanging the kindnesses and courtesies of household life, without those drawbacks that would naturally have existed in a family differently situated, it would have been the greater anomaly, if the result had ended otherwise than in attachment. Besides, it had happened that in early life Lord Lucan had formed an intimate friendship with Graham's father: a mutual acerbity of mind towards the existing government, a strong sympathy in favour of his own caste, and some degree of assimilation in their political positions, had effected in his lordship's mind a lasting predilection for the ex-noble, and created for his son as strong an interest as he was capable of feeling; hence, in his lordship's family, he was rather regarded in the light of a friend than a dependent; and his intercourse with them was that of perfect equality, subject only to such demarcation as his own proud reserve or haughty humility imposed. Adding the charm of accomplished manner to mature scholarship, and a mind of no ordinary power, he joined to the knowledge of a professor the modesty of a pupil, and, out of the study, preferred rather to interest than to astonish. How delightful was the acquisition of his society to the inmates of Cork-a-beg! His information, as versatile as profound, threw a new light on every change of conversa-

tion; and he had a way of illustrating present subjects by past events, and of dovetailing piquant anecdotes in the angles of conversation, that gave a novelty and richness to his discourse, more graceful in the ears of Mary Lucan than any written page she had ever listened to.

His disposition, naturally ardent and poetical, was chastened by philosophy acquired in the stern schools of disappointment and early trial; but this enabled him to bring no inconsiderable share of practical experience to bear upon the occurrences of every-day life, and to correct them. Nor was his knowledge all book-learned, or confined to abstract things; he understood the mysteries of the angle and *mange* perfectly, and thus rendered himself as valuable an auxiliary in the field, as in the closet or drawing-room. In fact, whatever he did appeared well done, so completely did he invest himself in the spirit of his undertaking; and never, perhaps, did he appear to greater personal advantage, than when gathering up the bridle gracefully, as if it had been a lady's favour, he vaulted into the saddle, and with a bow to Mary, or her shadow (for love had already taught her timidity), was borne away, lightly, fleetly, gracefully, assisted by no visible agency of his own, yet managing the actions of the fiery animal he rode with a masterly ease, that made you forget the quiet graces of the scholar in the ardent bearing of the horseman. So numerous, so complete, were the fascinations of his character and accomplishments, that all within their radius felt their power, and to a certain degree were influenced by them; even Lord Lucan softened into sociality, and appeared to look forward with interest to the after-dinner *réunions* in his daughter's drawing-room. To her how delightful were those evenings, when, listening to the full, deep tones of his English voice, her mind drank intelligence from his, as flowers absorb their colours from the light! and as day by day only served to develop some hitherto undiscovered vein in the rich mine of his acquirements, or to add new resources to a mind so actively acquisitive, that everything in nature and art, language and science, from their deepest mysteries to their most delicate minutiae, contributed to inform her growing sense of his perfections threw a shade over her own, and in proportion as his lofty talents pinnacled themselves in her imagination, so the imperiousness of her disposition gave way, and the proud daughter of Lord Lucan learnt humility.

It is a problem in our natures how the presence of love can change them; but never had its power been exhibited more touchingly than now. Still within that fairy ring with which innocence encloses girlhood, no depressing doubts, no fierce anxieties, no fever of absolute passion mingled in the pure rapture of her sensations to be near him; to hear his voice (even when not addressing her), to gaze silently and unseen upon his face, where beauty was heightened by the majesty of intellect, seemed to her sufficient happiness; a sense of joy indefinite but delicious possessed her, filling her

heart with amiable impulses, and elevating her feelings, till she felt as if an embodied hope sustained her. Alas! these are the Eden days of young affection; there comes a time when the awakening of human passion, terrible as the sword of the interposing cherubim, places a fiery barrier between these blessed moments and the future.

I know not why I have given such breadth of outline to this delineation of Douglas Graham; certainly not as an excuse for Mary Lucan's falling in love with him, for without this wealth of mental treasure, he was one most aptly calculated to awaken a girl's first love; but then her disposition was not cast in the same ductile mould with that of ordinary women: fascinating manners, and a handsome person, would never of themselves have subdued the haughty ambition of her nature, or effaced the value her conscious pride of birth attached to rank. It was to a charm before whose subtle power these filter into dross, that she unconsciously yielded; a charm that in all ages, and amidst all conditions of men, has ever had supremacy—the might of mind.

The possibility of his daughter's forming an attachment for his protégé had never occurred to Lord Lucan: he believed self-aggrandizement the prevailing sentiment of her haughty and aspiring disposition; and Douglas Graham, in his humble capacity, without fortune or expectations, was too insignificant to be feared; so that months passed by, and the lovers, for such they were in heart, though no word of love had passed between them, continued their dream of hope: it was no more undisturbed. At length a simple circumstance opened the eyes of the astute and sordid worldly nobleman to the value of the attractions he had so blindly despised.

It was the evening of a very warm, delicious day, a few weeks previous to that on which I introduced my heroine, "like Niobe, all bathed in tears," the closeness of the atmosphere rendered the fire that burnt in the wide, old-fashioned grate (just for its cheerful look) too much for the apartment; and the windows, through which the glowing radiance of the setting sun shone in, were open, admitting the grateful air, and a view that might awaken enthusiasm and pride in colder hearts than beat in the bosoms of two at least of those who gazed upon it. The opposite radius of the harbour, formed by the castled crags of Monk's-town, and the sloping woodlands of Ballybricken, steeped in the gorgeous reflection of the western sky, reminded one of those forests in fairy land, whose foliage was gold, and spread a rosy hue over the sleeping river and battlemented headlands of Camden and Carlisle. Green trees clustered over the brow of Spike Island, where bastion and embrasure so soon succeeded; and beyond, Haulbowline, with its solitary barracks and companion isles, sparkled like emeralds in the ring of sun-lit waters that surrounded them. Ships bearing away the sunshine on their sails, stole slowly past with the tide, their scarcely expanded flags waving back (you could almost

fancy regretfully), leaving that pleasant harbour; and occasionally the plash of passing oars, or the distant tones of one of those wild and plain-sounding airs peculiar to Ireland, with which some musical fisherman broke the monotonous plunge of his companion's sweeps, as they toiled homeward, interrupted not unpleasantly the silence that was deepening around.

But to return. At one end of the apartment Lord Lucan and his youngest son were playing chess; while Mary had drawn her embroidery frame close to one of the open windows; and Douglas, with a volume of Tasso, leant beside it, reading aloud. The passage he repeated rather than read (for his eyes wandered from the page to the fair brow and downcast lids of the listening girl) was from the '*Gierusalemme Liberata*;' and as his low and always musical voice rose in its intonations, till its tones reminded you of the recitative of the Italian Opera, the feelings of the enthusiastic girl followed visibly its varying expression; her bosom heaved; a tremulous action of the lip, and a dilation of her dark and swimming eyes, ended at last in a burst of involuntary tears.

Surprised and distressed, Graham abruptly ceased; and Lord Lucan, whose attention had at first been attracted by the uncommon beauty, and improvisateur-like style of the young man's recitation, arose; and as his daughter smiled, and blushed, and apologized for what she confusedly deprecated as weakness, his Lordship, with a smile that was meant to cover the intelligent sarcasm of the remark, observed that for the future Mr. Graham must be careful not to make his reading so effective.

"And you, my dear Mary," he said, turning to his daughter, "sit too much at this fascinating work. You have not taken sufficient exercise to-day; ring for your bonnet, and let us take a turn on the beach. Your nerves are unstrung; such sudden discomposures are not natural to your family."

Graham touched the bell, and as soon as her maid had answered the summons, Lord Lucan drew her arm within his, and they stepped together from the French window to the lawn.

With a flushed heart and brow, a two-fold conviction of triumph and humiliation, the collegian caught up the precious Tasso, and hastened to his own room; there, for the first time, he subjected his feelings to the examination of that cold, dispassionate inquisitor, *reason*. The illusive miasma, that had existed while his sensations remained unanalyzed, passed away, and the wide gulph between himself and the daughter of Lord Lucan grew interminable—not that he had loved in ignorance, or had been unconscious of his own emotions; but, like the Indian victim of an escapeless fate, he had suffered imagination to feed him with her opium flower, till in the dreamy repose of its intoxication he had lulled himself into forgetfulness of the future. Even now, though writhing under the recollection of Lord Lucan's sneering smile, his heart throbbed with a sense of exultation as he brought back the sudden emotion and the

expression of tenderness that had glanced upon him from the tearful eyes of his daughter; and the triumphant exclamation "She loves me!" burst from his lips aloud. For a brief moment every anxiety was lost in this delightful consciousness, but the next, the question how was he to make himself equal to her, opposed its unanswerable interrogatory. The church and bar both offered themselves to his selection, but his prejudices revolted from making the first subservient to secular purposes, and eminence at the latter was tedious and difficult. His bent for literature occurred to him—delicious ambition!—here was a wide field for the acquisition of fame, position, fortune; and on the instant his decision was made. Not that he was, even now, altogether unknown on its "thorny and difficult path;" for some time past, the stirring events of the day had furnished him with subjects of general interest, which, in the shape of political essays, had found their way into the public prints and periodicals; and which, under that literary domino, "anonymous," had exhibited sufficient originality, grace, and cleverness to attract the attention, and even admiration of all parties; occasionally lighter articles, full of happy delineation, bright wit, or racy humour, showed the versatile powers of the same writer, and even poetry of great beauty frequently emanated from his pen. These productions, from the form in which they appeared, were sure to find their way to the breakfast-table or drawing-room at Cork-a-beg; and though Lord Lucan was amongst those who seek to reduce genius to the level of mere scholarship—who would rob the crown of poetry of its immortals, and fancy her gift of inspiration the result of syllabic rule and measure—there was something so fresh and energetic, and full of unmistakable intellect in these papers, that, though opposed in their political tendencies to his lordship's opinions, they never failed to elicit an expression of curiosity (tantamount to a triumph to their enthusiastic author) as to who the clever party could be who wrote them. When, therefore, he resolved on making his talents the means of his elevation, the idea was founded on probability, though magnified by the hope, the ambition, the innate sense of greatness that is perhaps inseparable from the conscious possession of genius. "This," he exclaimed, apostrophizing his own mental power; "this, wanting my forfeited patent of nobility, will give me precedence in all societies—this will soar me above extraneous circumstances, and enable me to build up a column of fair fame, brighter and more lasting than the proudest escutcheon with which heraldry emblazons a name."

Henceforth the hours given to research and study were employed in pouring forth the treasures thus accumulated in Proteus-like variety. He rose early, broke in upon his hours of rest, sacrificed those of leisure to the fulfilment of his object; his existence became a feverish dream, his very sleep but a protraction of it. And though this incessant wear upon the physical as well as mental energies soon made itself visible in the languor of the eye, and the total want of colour

or sudden hectic that displaced the fresh and healthy hue of his complexion, it was not without its effect; every day added to the strength of his intellect and the growth of that literary reputation he was so desirous of winning; even the realization of the dream of wealth that was to accompany it seemed in a fair way to be fulfilled. But the scholar was no longer happy. A feeling of restraint (like one of those invisible webs we read of in our childhood) invested him. He felt that Lord Lucan had penetrated the secret of his attachment, and that his every look and action was subjected to a rigid scrutiny; and the watchfulness necessary on his part to guard against this espionage was at once irksome and disgusting; his eyes were no longer free to follow the light movements and graceful form of his mistress unsuspected of other admiration than that which a sense of beauty involuntarily elicits; his expressions were constrained, his very tone of voice modulated into affected coldness; in a word, his candid and generous nature took its first forced lesson in the obscure policy of dissimulation, and while he yielded to the necessity he revolted from the principle. Besides, the detection of his attachment broke the spell of its etherealism, and hurried into palpable existence that which till now had been but the poetry of imagination; the sinless purity of his emotions was destroyed, earth and its base motives and cold contrivances mingled in the abstract and unsullied sensations that had hitherto filled his heart, and in proportion as the sublimation of passion passed away its grosser particles became consolidated. Nor was it solely in him that this change had been effected—the blight of anxiety had evidently fallen on the high-spirited daughter of Lord Lucan; and whatever illusion hope had raised in her imagination faded, like the mirage landscape on a summer's sea, before the broad, coarse light which her father's evident indignation and displeasure had thrown upon it. It was impossible to blind herself to the obstructions that opposed her ill-fated attachment, still more impossible to displace it; and, as is usually the case when impediments occur in the course of human affection—like those that oppose a natural stream—they only serve to swell its waters and cause them to assume an unnatural degree of strength and turbulence, to overleap the barrier that prevents them. She loved with feelings deeper for being hidden, and a firmness that, like *hunger*, lived on a diet that under any other circumstances would have *starved*. A look—the opening of a book at some passage she admired—a predilection for the paths she last walked in—these mute intelligences were now almost the only means of discoursing without anxiety; and it was this state of feeling that had caused the reserve of the student, and her own ungovernable emotion on the occasion alluded to in the opening of this sketch.

It was late that evening when Miss Lucan removed the bouquet from her bosom, and, with a wish to revive and preserve the flowers, she was about to place them in water, when the paper

folded about the stems became removed, and a note fell from amongst them; with a furtive look around her apartment (as if she dreaded hidden eyes were gazing on her) and a rich confusion mantling her beautiful face, she caught up the clandestine letter, and as her eye ran hastily over its brief contents, an expression of perturbation not unmingled with happiness filled her face, and crushing the dear hand-writing within her blushing and palpitating bosom, she sat for a few moments, as if irresolute, and then hastily rising, with a placid but noiseless step returned to the apartment in which we first met her. Throwing herself into one of the cumbrous high-backed Elizabethan chairs (whose fashion probably was coeval with the date of the mansion), her head resting against the yellow brocade cushion, which with almost artistical effect relieved the shadowy abundance of dark and glossy hair, that with a careless grace was thrown back from her forehead to her shoulders, her eyes were glittering with a restless and expectant light, and a flush of mingled anxiousness and excitement burnt deep on her silken cheek, and added by its brightness to their lustre; the quaint furniture, the shadowy aspect of the room, the position and beauty of the young girl with the light massed on her fair brow, the folds of her drapery and the silken covering of the seat, looked like some painted interior. Presently the door opened, and the student, with a trembling earnestness of manner, and a countenance pale with absorbing passion, hastened towards her; and as she rose, and with a natural action extended her hand to him, he caught it to his lips, covering the fair fingers with kisses, that the girl, overpowered by new and irresistible feelings, suffered for a moment without opposing. Why should I strive to describe what so many have attempted and failed in describing, the first pouring out in words of the heart's delicious secret? It is sufficient for the continuity of these pages to inform the reader that Mary was made acquainted with all his hopes and projects, and that the confession raised him yet higher in the estimation of the enthusiastic being with whose lot, from that evening, he linked his own.

Weeks, months passed away, lightened by each other's presence, and endeared by stolen interviews, to which secrecy and hazard gave a double rapture; every day increased Miss Lucan's attachment for her gifted lover, till it assumed a devotion that had all the strength of love, with the elevation of worship.

"Do not talk of sacrifice," she replied, as Graham, in a tone half regretful, half playful, contrasted the probable splendour of her estate in life, if wedded to wealth and rank, with its comparative humility in connexion with his yet humble name and toiling position. "Do not talk of sacrifice; no woman's lot can be more lofty than hers whose fate it is to be the companion of a mind like your own. Perhaps it is in me a presumptuous idea," and the girl laid her cheek, flushing with emotion as she spoke, upon his shoulder; "but oh, it seems almost an

approach to the bright fable of the daughters of men being loved by immortal beings; too lofty, too delicious, and yet to be dreaded; for my heart has a strange feeling of sadness at times, as if such happiness could not be mine; and yet," she added thoughtfully, as if some other contingency attached itself to the idea, "my affection will never change."

"Nor mine, dearest," exclaimed Douglas passionately, as he folded her to his breast, and bending over her smooth forehead kissed it as if it had been something sainted.

Two days after this fragment of conversation—two days in which Lord Lucan rose early, and sat up late, and never left the apartment where his daughter remained for an instant, while Graham was present—the latter received a summons to his lordship's study.

Lord Lucan was walking to and fro the apartment, with the rapid and unequal step that men exhibit under the influence of great mental irritation; he stopped suddenly as the young man entered the apartment, his thin, sallow features more than usually sharp and colourless from suppressed excitement, which nevertheless evidenced itself in the almost animal fierceness displayed in the narrow grey eyes, that twinkled restlessly beneath the impending brows. But so completely had his lordship studied those arts essential to the diplomacy of artificial life, that every feature of his saturnine visage recovered its natural cold gravity of expression at the approach of the student, and all that was left to witness the displeasing pre-occupancy of his mind was one of those equivocal smiles that Graham had before seen gather up his thin lips, until they appeared to satirize their own volition. Seating himself, and motioning the collegian to a chair, by a sort of effort he appeared to pass over some disagreeable subject that rankled beneath the composure he affected, and without any reference to his reasons, or prelude to break the other's astonishment, he briefly informed him that circumstances induced him to break up his establishment, and proceed immediately to France; and after expressing a due sense of Graham's valuable services, and his regret (and here Douglas fancied his smile grew doubly sarcastic) at being obliged to dispense with them, he added that the Bristol packet would sail the following morning from Cork, and as his lordship intended to take a passage for himself and family by a Bordeaux schooner, that would leave before another packet sailed, he had made arrangements for Mr. Graham's accommodation on board of this; and before the other had sufficiently recovered to express himself, or offer a demur to this latter arrangement (with which he to whom it referred appeared to have so little to do), his lordship pressed into his hand a cheque for a considerable amount, and muttering something about the interest he should always feel in his success and happiness, left the apartment.

The suddenness of the blow, his self-conviction as to the cause, and the probable effect upon all his heart's hopes, and the affection inseparable from them, produced a sort of mental syncope;

he leaned his head against the back of one of the library chairs, and endeavoured to arrange in his mind what had been said, what was intended. Alas! it took but a few moments to show from what a dizzy height of imaginary happiness Lord Lucan's brief communication had hurled him; yet, as he brought back the forbearance of his lordship's manner, his specious expressions of regard, his glozing words of admiration, it seemed impossible to reconcile them, in the ingenuous mind of the high-hearted scholar, with the natural violence of his disposition, and the outbreak of indignation he was likely to evidence at finding that the student had presumed to love on; and that Mary, true to her woman's nature, but forgetful of the ambition of her house, had listened to his admiration.

"Can man attain to this perfection of dissimulation?" he asked himself. "Can hate hide itself in the soft garb of adulation, and contempt masquerade in the honied accents of esteem?"

Alas! with all his learning he was yet a tyro in the practical knowledge of that intricate mystery, the human heart. But I find that I am spinning these events to a "thread of marvellous tenuity," To part with Miss Lucan, bid her a cold farewell in the presence of others, without the power of making any arrangement for their future correspondence, of confirming her faith in his affection, or of taking with him one new assurance of hers, was impossible. And though no question existed as to the impropriety of his remaining longer at his lordship's house, all that regarded his farther moves appeared to the young man altogether out of Lord Lucan's province; and he decided on leaving immediately, and trusting to his own ingenuity to bring about an interview with Mary. Folding the cheque in an envelope, which he sealed and addressed for Lord Lucan, he placed it among other papers on the table, where it was not likely to be found till he had left, exclaiming as he did so, "The love of his daughter has repaid me a hundred fold; and, on the other hand, what money can make up for all he takes from me?" And he hastened to his own room to make the necessary preparations for his departure. The portmanteaus of a single man are soon packed, and, with the assistance of a servant, his books, &c., were shortly ready for removal. And with his mind braced to that degree of tension necessary to enable him to go through his painful task, he was about descending to the drawing-room, to take his farewell of Lord Lucan, his two friends, and their beloved sister, when her eldest brother entered the room, and glancing round at the piled boxes, and its comfortless air of disarray, he exclaimed, "For Heaven's sake, Graham, what is the meaning of all I see and hear? Mary in tears, my father in a towering passion, half the servants warned off the premises, and your humble servant, with the rest of the household, under marching, or rather sailing orders for France. What can have determined my father on leaving this country? and why are you not to go with us? Cannot your intelligence define the cause?" And

he looked archly at Graham, before whose discomposed and thoughtful expression of countenance his own for an instant became grave.

"His lordship has only made me acquainted with his intention within the last hour," said Graham evasively; "but, from the short time that remains to execute it, he must have made his decision very suddenly."

"So suddenly," replied the other, upon whom the prospect of escaping the dullness of Cork-a-beg had a most exhilarating effect, "that although my motto is (I don't mean that of my ancestors, but one I have made for myself), '*je suis toujours prêt*,' I am altogether at a non-plus. I ventured to suggest an alteration in the plan, but my father grew so violent that I was obliged to desist. Bernard," he continued, (alluding to his brother), has been despatched to Cove, to see the master of some merchant vessel, and effect as much comfort as possible in the arrangements of the cabin, which it appears, without informing any of us till the plan was thus fully matured, my father has taken for our passage."

Graham threw himself into a chair, the excitement of his feelings was past, and he could have wept like a child over the blank, the waste, the desolation, that little more than an hour had effected. "And your father?" he said, questioningly.

"Oh, he is in the library alone; his violence so frightened Mary that she crept off to her own room; and that reminds me that she requested me to be the bearer of this volume, with her everlasting regard—yes, that was it—one ought to be careful of other people's messages, especially ladies'." And he again glanced with peculiar meaning at the collegian, over whose pale cheek a flush of surprise and pleasure mantled as he received the gift, and felt a sort of presentiment that more than the original print would be found within its binding. The idea appeared confirmed from what followed, for the young man went on to say, that his sister felt so indisposed that she hoped, if he should leave before the next morning, he would not think it unkind if she made her brother the medium of her farewell. "And now," exclaimed the young man, "tell me truly, was there not more in yours and Mary's friendship than mere *amitié*? I do not ask for the purpose of satisfying curiosity. If I am wrong, my question does no harm; and if, on the other hand, it is so, depend on no warmer partisan than myself. Ah! I see how it is," he said, as he perceived the colour deepen in the other's features; "my father has only himself to blame. Could he imagine, at your age, that learning and wisdom made a sort of hand-in-hand union in your composition, to insure you against the power of beauty? Or, that woman had changed her nature in my sister, and might be brought into daily intercourse with all that is attractive in the other sex, without being susceptible of its effect? At all events, Graham, you have no reason for despairing. Mary is just the sort of girl to play the part of another Penelope; absence will not

change her, nor separation subdue her attachment; besides, you have youth, learning, talents, and with these you can make your way any where. I do not see why the governor should be so irate; your blood is as good as our own, and if the 'dirty acres' are not forthcoming, why that is no fault of yours; it might have been my father's case, and it certainly is not his fault that it is not ours."

The young men then went on to decide as to where their correspondence should be addressed, and after taking a formal leave of Lord Lucan, who had again smoothed down his features for the occasion, reserving his turbulence for those who were withheld by duty from resenting it, he bade an affectionate farewell to his friend; and with many a fond reminiscence clinging to his heart, and a sense of depression shadowing them into painfulness, he threw himself into the boat that awaited him, and with his eyes reverting to the building in which all his hopes and wishes centered (until its pointed gables and twisted chimneys mingled with the serried foliage of the numerous trees that protected its northern side, or rather till the entire became indistinct), was safely landed at Cove.

I have lingered over these pages like Elizabeth with the death-warrant of her favourite; but alas! the finale rests not with myself. Let me, therefore, pourtray as briefly as may be the remaining scenes of the legend.

On the third night after the departure of the student, and some time after the family at Cork-a-beg usually retired to rest, a man wrapped, as for the purpose of disguise, in a large great coat, neck-shawl, and travelling cap, might have been seen, threading the different wooded paths around the house with a cautious step, as if fearing detection himself, yet listening every now and then in the hopes of discovering another. It was moonlight, and where the reticulated shadows of the leafless trees fell on the smooth lawn, or the gravelled path that surrounded it, he was distinctly observable; but towards the southern end of the building, where the flower-garden commenced, his movements were hidden by the sheltering evergreens, and it was only as he abruptly emerged from them that his progress might be traced. The front of the heavy-looking mansion lay in shadow, unrelieved by a single glimmering of light; until, turning the southern gable, a faint ray became perceptible through the folds of the curtains in the room where Miss Lucan usually sat. With infinite impatience the man followed the circuitous paths that led towards it, and stooping with his face close to the aperture, gazed in with an expression of eager curiosity, which instantly darkened to the most demoniacal rage. He rose hastily, and hurrying round the angle of the building disappeared. Within the apartment, presenting scarcely any exterior change from when we last gazed in on her, with the same rich negligence in the disposal of her wavy tresses, wearing the same voluminous and costly style of attire, and occupying the same stately seat, sat Mary Lucan; but she

was not alone. A man, whose back was to the window, half knelt beside her, with one arm folded about her waist, while the hand of the other clasped the snowy fingers of her left hand, which exhibited no ornament as a foil to their own exceeding loveliness but a simple band of gold on the fourth finger. She had lifted from his magnificent forehead the profusion of dark hair that shadowed it; and while he spoke to her in words passionate, earnest, endearing, she bent down her lips upon it, and with eyes softened with the intensity of her feelings, hid in that loving action the conscious suffusion that covered her from neck to brow. "To-morrow, dearest," she said persuasively, "to-morrow we will tell him all. Would you disclose it so inopportunistly, and risk the outbreak of his anger, when the very servants are likely to be disturbed by it? Leave me, now; am I not your own, your very own?" she continued, as he still appeared reluctant. "Nothing can separate us now, nothing."

"Nothing but death," rejoined her lover, fervidly, as he strained her closer to his heart.

"Darling!" exclaimed the girl, suddenly lifting her head from his shoulder, "something is looking at us!" and she pointed where the silken curtain, which swept in heavy folds the floor of the apartment, was partially opened.

"'Tis nothing," said the young man, turning his head in the direction of her gaze, and discovering the handsome features of the collegian—"nothing but your own imagination, love, or a stray moon-beam looking in upon us," and he smiled, as he kissed her suddenly blanched cheek, and rising, drew closer the curtains, and returned to his old place by her side. Only a few moments could have passed away; they were in the act of taking a reluctant farewell, when the door was violently burst open, and Lord Lucan, with some deadly instrument in his hand, rushed towards them. A loud scream burst from his daughter as she threw herself between him and the collegian. "Spare him, father!" she exclaimed; "for your child's sake have mercy on him! He is mine; look!" and she held up tremblingly the hand on which her wedding-ring glittered, "we are married; he is my husband!"

"Out of my sight, minion! wretch!" screamed the old man, in the shrill tones of mingled age and passion, "what farce is this to gloss over infamy?" And the supplicating voice of his child sunk down to indistinctness, as a gush of warm blood suddenly dabbled the fair arm she had clasped around her lover, in the impotent hope of shielding him.

Little more remains for me to add. The fierce aim of Lord Lucan had proved but too fatal; and when passion gave place to fear, and he strove to lift up the head of the unfortunate collegian, the rigid chiselling of whose features began to look awful to him in the dim light and death-like stillness of the room, he found that his compunction came too late—he was a corpse! During the remaining hours, till morning, the two unhappy sons of Lord Lucan were

employed in throwing the mantle of secrecy over their father's crime. A grave, hastily dug, beneath the green sward he had so often trod, received the remains of the ill-fated student; and the death-like stupor that seemed to have crushed recollection, feeling, speech in Mary, favoured their concealment of the deed, and the family departed for France, according to their original intention. An aged man-servant and his wife were the only domestics left in the house, and these (so says the legend) were soon alarmed by strange noises in the little sitting-room, which the old woman attributed to rats, and dreading their encroachments on the carpet, determined to have it removed, although strict orders had been given that everything should remain exactly as it was left. It was therefore unnailed, and taken up, when, to the alarm and astonishment of the poor people, the stain of recent blood appeared beneath it, and aroused them to a sense of something wrong: the carpet was replaced, the door permanently fastened; but the noise grew nightly more distinct, and at first, to their surprise, but subsequently to their terror, the collegian was seen stealing about the house and grounds night after night, his face deathly pale, and his hand clasped on his breast, as if he still suffered there. The end of these things was, that the old man and woman deserted their charge, and in consequence of the bad name it soon acquired, no one could be found to look after the house or grounds. An air of premature decay invested it; the gardens soon became a wilderness, the mansion a ruin; in which condition it remained until, falling into the hands of another proprietor (neither of Lord Lucan's sons wishing to return there), it was succeeded by the building that exists at present, an ornament not only to Cork-a-beg, but to Cork Harbour.

It is said that, in a foreign land, Mary Lucan sank quickly into the early grave her father's hand had made for her; and that, withered by the secret blight of remorse, his lordship did not long survive her.

SONG.

Oh! had I deem'd her heart so cold,
My own would now have felt no sadness;
But I have found, alas! too late
To give me pain would give her gladness.

I loved her with a passion pure,
'Twere vain to tell me to forget:
My love with memory will endure,
But pride forbids me to forget.

She knows I loved her, and too well—
She knew her smile was life to me;
I bid her now a long farewell,
The word is spoken—"I am free!"

E. H.

SOWING AND REAPING.

BY MRS. ABDY.

We toil in vain. The diver braves the ocean's eddying whirl,
He grasps the crimson coral, and he wins the glistening pearl;
Strangers display in distant halls these treasures of the deep:
None heed the diver—"those who sow are seldom those who reap."

The youth is planting acorns in his lov'd paternal ground;
From thence shall stately oaks arise, with spreading foliage crown'd:
Beneath their shade a future race glad holiday shall keep;
He may not see them—"those who sow are seldom those who reap."

Yon pallid girl is busied on a garment rich and gay,
And crowds shall gaze with murmur'd praise on beauty's fair array;
But she who wrought the silken flowers that night shall toil and weep
In her lone chamber—"those who sow are seldom those who reap."

Absorbed in scientific schemes, behold the thoughtful sage,
Meeting distrustful satire from a cold and thankless age;
Time shall ensure his triumph, but Death's still, unbroken sleep
Shall then enwrap him—"those who sow are seldom those who reap."

Luxurious is the festal board, and proud the splendid train;
Who are the guests? The indolent, the languid, and the vain.
Those who prepar'd the pageant in obscure seclusion keep;
Nor share the revels—"those who sow are seldom those who reap."

And must we toil unrequited, and yield to others still,
The harvest of our industry, our talents, and our skill?
Treading the vale of usefulness, or climbing learning's steep,
Alike to feel that "those who sow are seldom those who reap."

No—we may yet pursue a path, by no weak fear debarr'd,
Where man shall never hinder our "exceeding great reward."
If we within our heart of hearts God's pure commandments keep,
Who shall invade us when we sow, or check us when we reap?

He that "soweth to the spirit," in this world of grief and strife,
Shall "of the spirit," we are told, "reap everlasting life;"

And we may live and labour on, with trust assur'd and deep,
Knowing that those who sow in faith can never fail to reap!

THE POET.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

Not for the multitude the Poet writes,
But one the secret idol of his soul.
His angel-prompted numbers he indites,
While a sweet mystery pervades the whole.
His bosom is a consecrated shrine,
Holding an image, down to which he bows,
Off'ring the worship of the mind divine—
Off'ring the homage of heart-waken'd vows—
Adorning it with those exotic flowers
That for the Poet bloom in Tempe's bow'rs!

The world may marvel how the Poet's eye
Can gaze serenely on his adverse fate—
How lip can dip into ecstasy,
And love blaze from the ashes of its hate—
How he can rise superior to the strife
Of wild ambition and earth's sordid gains,
The wounded pride that feasters through man's life.
Spurning its wealth, and trampling on its pains;
"He is not of the world," it cannot guess
How far above it lies his happiness!

Fortune may frown, and want—with shrunken hand
And wasted cheek, devoid one shade of bloom—
Point where gaunt penury doth shiv'ring stand.
To guide him to a prison or a tomb;
His eye quails not. What the mysterious power—
What, what, the hidden hope—the unknown charm
That still supports him in each dreary hour?
That lends him strength and dissipates alarm?
The one *idea*, to which he ceaseless turns,
Which memory most religiously inurns!

"He is not of the world;" he soars above
The clouds—the vapours—the mirage of earth,
Into a subtle atmosphere of love,
Like hyaline of Eden, at Eve's birth.
Oh! as the swan that's dress'd her snowy wings,
Ere yet she plunges in the turbid lake;
So, no assuiment foul unto him clings—
So, no defilement doth his thought partake—
But all is spotless in the Poet's breast
As those of saints, by God already blest!

SONNET.

BY J. J. REYNOLDS.

How balmy the winds are playing now,
Murm'ring among the trees at this calm hour!
Just streaming o'er yon gloomy forest's brow,
The moon's first rays are lighting up my bow'r.
If ever thought pure, hallow'd, and refined,
As our first parents had before their fall,
Could enter and employ the giddy mind,
Of him who wakes to nought but pleasure's call
From morning until night; if ever love
Or kindred feeling for a fellow-man,
Whose precious seeds descend from Heaven above,
To make us blest and happy thro' life's span,
Could fill the cold and misanthropic breast,
'Tis now—when nature sleeps in tranquil rest.

THE LITTLE LAME BOY OF HALBERSTADT.

(A LEGEND.)

BY ELIZABETH YOUATT.

"Tis a history,
Handed from ages down—a nurse's tale."

SOUTHEY.

Once upon a time there lived in the town of Halberstadt, in Germany, a little lame boy, for whom every one had a kind smile and a gentle word as he went lingeringly past, and who was beloved for the simplest reason in the world—that he loved every one, for therein lies the great secret of human happiness. To the gentle all things will be gentle—to the good all things will be good—to the happy all things bright, aye, even as their own joyous spirits; and little Hans was very happy, in spite of his affliction. If he could not run about like other children, he seemed equally contented to lie on the soft grass, and gaze upwards into the clear blue sky for an hour at a time; and heaven only knows what calm, holy thoughts stole at those times into the heart of that young child. Or he would wreath bright garlands of the wild flowers that grew around him, to twine amidst the golden tresses of his laughter-loving favourite Liese.

It was customary for the children of Halberstadt to assemble on summer evenings in a little meadow on the outskirts of the town, where they played a variety of different games, or danced merrily to the sound of their own glad voices; while the elder folks sat looking on, and dreaming pleasantly of their own youth; or, gathered together in groups, seemed by their earnest countenances and eager gestures to have always a world of news to tell each other. On the evening to which we would more particularly refer, Hans sat, as usual, a little apart, with a book open upon his knees, from which he repeatedly raised his large dark eyes at the sound of some fresh burst of merriment from his companions, laughing, too, from very sympathy, a low, glad-some laugh, that sounded marvellously sweet; and then, again, his mind wandered back to, and became absorbed in, the page before him. But there was one there who watched him eagerly, and with a sad and tearful glance; and painfully contrasting his lonely condition with that of the other children, bowed down her face upon her hands and wept, until aroused at length by a low silvery voice at her side, and looking up, beheld a female figure, with a sweet and gentle countenance, bending kindly over her.

"Why do you grieve," asked the stranger, "when all around seems so glad and happy?"
"Ah, have I not cause, when I mark yonder boy sitting so desolately among his young

companions, isolated, as it were, from them all, and utterly disabled from taking part in their childish sports—from sharing in their innocent joys? He has been lame from his very birth."

"And yet he does not seem sorrowful, either."

"Oh no; Hans never complains: see him when you will, he is never without a smile upon his poor, pale face."

"Heaven, then, has given him an inward joyousness of spirit, independent of mere earthly pleasures, or to compensate in a measure for their loss."

"And yet it seems a heavy punishment," said the mother; "so young and merry-hearted, to be thus hopelessly afflicted!"

"Have you yet to learn," replied her companion, with a grave earnestness, "that afflictions, aye, the very heaviest that can befall us, are often but blessings in disguise? Have you already forgotten how your neighbour Margaret's only child was seized with a sudden illness, just before the departure of the ship in which, full of golden dreams for the future, he was to have taken his first voyage, and how they both dared to murmur at the decrees of Providence, because they seemed for a time hard to be understood, until at length news came that the vessel had sunk in a heavy gale ere she had been three days at sea, and every soul on board perished? While the mother's heart smote her for its rebellion, as she clung about the boy's neck, weeping and blessing God; and even in a like manner will you one day thank heaven upon your knees that your little Hans was born lame."

The widow looked wonderingly up, as the mild rebuke of her unknown companion, mingled with words of comfort, fell upon her heart with a strange power; but she was alone, and the angel, if it were indeed one, had departed.

About the time of which we write, a wandering musician came to sojourn, for a time, in the town. He was a strange, wild-looking man, with a pale, cadaverous countenance, and eyes that burned and glittered like stars. And yet he seemed good-natured withal, and often came at sunset into the little meadow to play to the children, at which time they felt as if they could not choose but dance; and even little Hans might be seen beating time with his head and his sound foot, as gay and animated, if not

quite as active, as any of them. While Liese, who always contrived to linger near him, ready to assist and eager to amuse—or sometimes tamed down her wild spirits, and sat by the hour together at his feet, listening to the simple and beautiful histories which he read from that holy volume he so loved—could never be still for a single moment after that strange musician began to play, but kept flitting and whirling round Hans, with her golden ringlets glistening in the sunshine, like a fairy, until he longed to spring up and mingle with the rest in her wild dance; and at last the children, in spite of his silence and reserve, became much attached to the minstrel, who, in return for the good-nature which had prompted him to minister to their amusement, found ever a warm seat and a hearty welcome at the houses of their parents.

In the summer of the year 1376 (so runs the legend), the town of Halberstadt was so infested with rats, as to render necessary a meeting of the inhabitants, in order to devise some means of extirpating them. Scarcely a single place was free from their depredations, and they might even be seen crossing the street in the broad daylight, with the utmost *sang-froid* imaginable; while at night it was perfectly frightful the mischief they committed. Wherever a corse was, watchers had to sit up till daybreak, to prevent its being torn and devoured by these fierce and ravenous creatures; while young mothers, fearing to trust their infants alone in their little cots, slept with them pressed tightly to their bosoms, starting awake at the slightest sound, or dreaming in their troubled sleep of the bright eyes and stealthy pace of the destroyers.

A thousand suggestions were made, a thousand plans tried, but all in vain, while every day the ranks of their mimic foes grew more and more formidable, until at length the wandering musician, of whom we have before spoken, agreed for a certain sum of money to rid them at once of the nuisance. The citizens received his proposal with a burst of mocking laughter; but presently, when all other resources failed, began to grow serious at the amount of the sum demanded, which certainly appeared somewhat considerable, although less so when the good it was to effect was also taken into consideration, the more especially as its payment was to be deferred until he had earned a right to claim it by the fulfilment of the terms agreed upon; and it was at length determined to accept the musician's offer, most of the citizens being, after all, very incredulous as to the result, and entertaining no expectation that they should ever be called upon for the reward. Whereupon, it is said, the man began to play a certain tune, at the sound of which the rats came forth from their holes and burrows in all parts of the town, and in such numbers that the streets were filled with them, and, following him into the river, were all drowned. But when the musician returned in triumph to claim his well-earned guerdon at their hands, the citizens, forgetful of their former terrors, and the great benefit which he had rendered the city, refused it with scorn,

threatening, if he complained, to thrust him without the gates. It was in vain that the poor musician appealed to their sense of justice, the avaricious townsmen not only denied having made such an agreement, but asked him, with bitter mockery, to produce his legal bond, and they would believe it then. Well knowing how he had trusted to that word of honour which they feared not thus to break and falsify, and presently seeing how useless it was, the man ceased to expostulate with them any longer, but sitting down in the now deserted market-place, covered his face with his hands, and remained thus for several hours without speaking or moving, and apparently lost in thought.

Many of the citizens' wives ventured to remonstrate with them on the injustice of such conduct, but were either laughed at for their pains, or more peremptorily silenced with a harsh rebuke; or the common inquiry of what can women possibly know about these things? and desired to mind their sewing and household matters, and leave the affairs of their country to those more suited to its management. But women as they were, they were not so blinded by the love of gold as to be unable to distinguish right from wrong, and were grateful besides to the musician, not only for ridding them of their foes, but his previous good nature to the children; but nevertheless, their pleading availed no more than his had done before them; and the paltry sum with which the citizens of Halberstadt would have rewarded their benefactor, was flung by the indignant minstrel into the river, where he had only that very morning destroyed the last of their enemies before their eyes. All this happened on the 22nd of July, a dark and ever memorable day in the annals of Halberstadt, crime-stained with foul wrong, and recorded in blood and tears.

Towards evening the musician lifted up his bowed head, and shaking back the dark elf locks from a face even more than usually pale and haggard, commenced playing a wild, mournful air, more like the wailing of a spirit than anything earthly; but presently, as though the mood had passed away in those plaintive gushes of melody, changed it into one so sweet and mirth-inspiring that the children, rising up with one accord from their various tasks and childish sports, crept out of their houses, even as the rats had done from their holes in the morning, and followed him as he walked on playing through the city gates into the open country beyond; the little lame boy last of all, by reason of his infirmity; while Liese good naturedly sobered her bounding steps, in order to keep him company.

"Did you mark his eyes, Hans?" said the child, "as he turned back but now to see if we were following him. They were like two blazing stars!"

"And heard you ever such music, my Liese?"

"No, indeed, save in dreams."

"It almost makes me forget my lameness," said the boy, bounding forward a few steps, and then stopping suddenly with a cry of anguish;

while his affectionate and merry-hearted little companion alternately soothed and laughed at him, as he still with pain and difficulty, lured on by those witching sounds, kept in the wake of the little party; but then she never guessed how he suffered.

Just as they came within sight of a rising ground in the vicinity of the town, known by the name of the hill of Hamelen, the musician once more quickened his strain, until the very trees seemed to dance and nod to those merry children as they rushed on shouting for joy. While Liese, unable to resist the mirth-inspiring music, sprang forward, and began bounding up the hill-side like a young fawn, looking back at the tired Hans with her bright laughing face, to beckon him on, her floating hair glittering in the fading sunlight like threads of gold. But not another step could the weary boy move, and sitting down upon the grass to rest awhile, the faint sounds of the distant music fell dreamily upon his ear, while his glance was still fixed upon the graceful figure of his young favourite, as she again paused to clasp her little hands joyfully together, and wave him on to follow her; but at that moment, and while her face still turned to him smiled on unawares of danger, there arose on a sudden upon the still evening air a cry so shrill and piercing as to be heard far off at Halberstadt by the distracted parents, mingled with a triumphant burst of wild unearthly music, a fierce convulsion of nature, as though occasioned by some distant earthquake, and then all was silent again. The hill of Hamelen had opened and swallowed up the revengeful musician, together with that childish band of young and merry hearts, the little lame boy alone escaping to tell the tale.

All that night, and for many succeeding weeks and months, there was nothing but weeping and wailing to be heard throughout the once happy town of Halberstadt. Its streets no longer echoed to the busy tramping of little feet, or rang with that sweetest of all earthly music, childhood's glad and untroubled laughter. The meadow, erst while the place of sweet and pleasant resort, became deserted; while pale, childless mothers went wandering up and down the hill of Hamelen like restless spirits, trying to trace out, by the marks of the fairy feet which had gone dancing over it, each one so sure that she could distinguish in a moment that of her own child, the very spot where it must have ultimately perished. Some kneeling down in all the agony of bereavement, and praying that the earth would open once again and take them too. But not one among them was ever heard to utter a harsh word against those who, by their avarice and injustice, had drawn down this fearful punishment upon the land; and truly there was no need; and those stern men, as they gazed around their cheerless and desolate homes, required no heavier curse than their own burning and self-accusing thoughts.

And how, on that night of weeping and lamentation, felt the mother of the little lame boy, as she knelt by the couch of her slumbering child, who

had fallen asleep at length from weariness and exhaustion? Pressing nearer and nearer to her recovered treasure, as the sound of a wailing voice was borne past upon the still air, or the sudden shriek of some young mother, newly awakened to a sense of her bereavement, startled poor Hans from his restless slumber, his countenance white and convulsed with agony at the remembrance of that fearful scene he had witnessed on the hill of Hamelen, until calmed by her gentle caresses, he dropped smilingly to sleep again, and dreamed of the bright-haired Liese, even as he had last seen her, only that she looked happier than ever, and had wings upon her shoulders, and a small golden harp upon which she played almost as sweetly as the musician had done; and then beckoning to him the while, rose up slowly like a bird, and soared away still singing into the blue sky. Oh! how the child longed to follow! but was somewhat consoled for her departure by the gentle accents of a loving voice, bidding him only to be pure and good, and they should meet again very soon in that better land whither his favourite had already gone. While the mother felt awestricken, as she watched the changes that past over his pale face, and bowing down her head, asked pardon of heaven for all the vain murmurings of past years, even as the angel had foretold. And from that day (says the legend) there has been no music heard in the streets of Halberstadt.

And now for the moral of our simple history, for dearly did we used to love those few brief words of wise and gentle counsel with which the marvellous tales of the wild and wonderful, that formed the charm of our girlhood, ever wound up; so that no fairy tale comes again in after years, conjured back by the sweet spell of memory, without its accompanying warning of earthly wisdom so blended that the ideal grew hallowed from mingling with the actual and the true. Let us remember to be strictly just and honourable in our dealings with our fellow men, and above all, whatever be our trials and afflictions, endeavour to bear them with a humble, cheerful, and contented spirit, verily believing them to be as we have shewn in the case of the little lame boy of Halberstadt, only as so many blessings in disguise; or with one of the sweetest of our modern poets, that

“ Although the cloud may rise, the shower may fall,
The river runs for all!”

There is no one disposition of the human heart that affords such exquisite pleasure, or pain, as that which we call delicacy. It is the polish of the mind, soiled by the least breath, and affected by the slightest touch.

Elegance of form depends, almost always, on the fortunes of our early years; there are few persons wanting grace who have been in happy circumstances at that period of their lives. Infancy is like a flower that cannot flourish to perfection but with kind training, and under a genial sky.

FLORENCE; OR, WOMAN'S FRIENDSHIP.

(A Domestic Tale.)

BY GRACE AGUILAR.

"To show us how divine a thing
A woman may be made."

WORDSWORTH.

(Continued from Page 331, Vol. XXI.)

CHAP. XXXIII.

"Why, Florence, what correspondent can have the power of making you look so disappointed?" asked the Countess one evening, as they retired to the drawing-room after dinner. It was late in the autumn, and only the family were at the Hall. "Why you look as guilty and confused as if there were some love business in the case. I am curious."

"No such grave business I assure you," was her reply. "I was foolish enough to hope that a jewel I parted with, nearly a twelvemonth ago, might be recovered, and Mr. Danvers' reply that he had long ago lost all trace of it caused a painful feeling of disappointment."

"And how do I know but that it is not an *affaire de cœur*, after all? Such a precious jewel can surely only be a love token."

"No, dear Lady St. Maur, it was no token of love, but of friendship. Forgive me, if I seemed to hold your gift in little value; only to fulfil what I felt were the wishes of the dying could it thus have gone."

"And do not regret it, Florence; I know you too well to think you parted with it lightly. Besides, there is a spell in those emeralds," she added laughingly; "know you not they are the emblems of constancy, and not only lose all their brilliancy if touched by a faithless hand, but are dim and dull till they return to the hand that gave, or to the true heart that resigns them. Now, if Danvers sold them to any but the right person, they will be useless, lacking all light and lustre; but if —"

She was interrupted by the entrance of Lord St. Maur and Frank Howard, talking so earnestly that the latter did not even salute the Countess till she spoke.

"Frank! here again so soon, when you declared Annersley should not see you for two months; you were going to study so deeply. I wish you joy of your perseverance; it is just one week since we bade you farewell. What are you so earnest about? Politics again, those hateful politics, only tolerated for my husband's sake, though the wide world does choose to dub me his prompter and adviser."

"But this is not politics, Lady St. Maur; it

is poetry, the finest, purest, truest, which this prose-loving world has seen for many a long day. It has created a greater sensation than has been felt this age; the more perhaps that it is a posthumous work. The glorious genius who has poured out his whole soul on these pages may give us no more. I am here fairly from curiosity, for Morton refused to answer any inquiries, referring me for all information to the Earl, or Miss Leslie, to whom I am the bearer of a large parcel from him. But how pale you look, Miss Leslie! you are ill."

Florence had indeed sunk back on her chair, pale as death; but she gazed on the book which Howard almost instinctively gave her; her eyes glanced on words which seemed breathed in her ear once more by the very voice of Walter. The book fell from her powerless hold, and drooping her face on her hands, she burst into tears.

A few words explained the apparent mystery to Frank, whose sympathy, instantly excited at first, was enraged at his own precipitancy, and then launched into such an eloquent narration of the work's extraordinary success, of the interest felt for the young and nameless poet, from the touching memoir annexed to it by the self-constituted editor, Morton; of the speedy demand which he was sure there would be for a second edition, when he hoped the poet's name would not be withheld; that those who had neglected him in life, only because success had not crowned his genius, might know what a being they had scorned—that Florence was enabled to rally from her natural emotion, and listen, with melancholy pleasure, to Howard's words. Morton's letter to herself, and the several reviews he had forwarded, confirmed all the young man said, even to his desire and intention, with Mrs. Leslie's permission, of publishing the next edition with the author's name. The beauty and taste in which the work had been got up could not fail to strike Florence, and she almost feared that Morton's generous appreciation had outstripped his judgment. She did not know, nor did she ever know, that it was to the Earl's admiration of the poems, when first told their tale by Morton, that the work owed its present attractions of type and illus-

tration, that full justice to the beautiful designs of the young artist might be done. Eagerly, when Florence retired, did Frank listen to Lady St. Maur's narrative of Walter's sufferings, and his family's devotion. Reverence for genius was a strong feature in Howard's character; and that Florence had tended the sufferings, soothed the sorrows, and sympathized with every spiritual dream, endowed her, in his eyes, with a portion of the sacredness encircling the poet's self.

We will leave to the imagination of our readers the mother's feelings, as from the quivering lips of Florence on the following day she heard that a world had acknowledged the mighty genius of her angel boy; a world was paying homage to his name in death—his name who in life had scarcely found a friend.

It was a lovely autumn morning that Florence returned to the Hall from her mother's cottage, welcoming the sunshine as enabling her to join her pupils by their usual breakfast hour. The trees were almost all bare of leaves, but to her eye there was a charm in their delicate tracery against the clear blue sky, in the rich dark green of the holly, and here and there in the red and yellow leaves still lingering on the spray. A slight hoar frost had woven its net-work on some of the trees, and lay in beautiful tracery on the fresh green grass, and a clear stream, swollen by some heavy rains, laughed and gurgled in the sunshine, bearing many a jagged branch and yellow leaf along with it. The air was fresh and exhilarating, and Florence walked on briskly, thinking on; she herself would have said so many things, that we may not disbelieve her, though if there be a mesmeric power, as some say, to bring those on whom we are pondering palpably before us, a voice at her side would certainly betray who it was that occupied at least a portion of her thoughts.

"You are an early riser, Miss Leslie. Why, most people are still in their chambers, if not on their couches. The sun has only just peeped out himself."

"Do you not know the old adage, Mr. Howard, 'An hour lost in the morning is never found all day.' My pupil and I must not abuse Lady St. Maur's indulgence yesterday by wasting our best hours to-day. Now you have no such weighty incentive, yet I find you enjoying this beautiful morning too."

"I do enjoy it. The mornings of the fall of the year are sometimes so lovely as to make amends for the gloomy dusk. November is no month for suicides in the country, whatever it may be in London. Do you share your brother's feeling on the subject of 'Autumn'?" And he repeated, with real pathos and rich intonation, one of Walter's most beautiful poems. A conversation of much interest naturally followed, and Florence was surprised, and almost alarmed at the passionate earnestness with which, in allusion to the love she and Walter had borne each other, he exclaimed, "Yes! in spite of all his sufferings, privations, cares, Walter Leslie was a being to be envied. Oh! Miss Leslie, you can-

not know how I yearn for the ties of blood, how my heart envies all who bend to feel a mother's kiss or clasp a sister's hand. How strange it seems to me, that any one who possesses such sweet ties should heed them not, and never think them blessings. I never knew a mother's love; strangers nursed me, hirelings only loved me; in childhood I scarcely knew that I had a father—in boyhood he was not one to win my love, and even had he been, could not have filled my soul's deep yearnings for the gentler, dearer fondness of a mother, or a sister, to love, protect, be proud of, and to give me back all the love I felt. Your brother knew such love. In the midst of woe, and bodily and mental ill, it shone around him like an angel's smile; and oh! I would bear his burden, heavy as it was, to be so cherished, so beloved."

Florence had never heard Frank revert to himself before, even in his most unguarded moments; but she did recollect once, when called upon by the children to settle some trifling dispute, when caressing the little pouting Cecil into good humour, and bidding him kiss his sister, his saying, with much deeper emotion than the occasion warranted—"Kiss her, love her, Cecil; you do not know yet what a sister will be to you; perhaps you will never know, for you may never feel the void which life is without one." And this, though it passed little heeded at the time, confirmed his present passionate words. To reply was rather difficult; but Howard, as if half-ashamed of his own emotion, talked on other things, and so entertainingly, that the walk to the Hall seemed marvellously shorter than usual.

"Miss Leslie, Miss Leslie!" exclaimed a sweet childish voice, as Florence was dressing for dinner that day, and the little Ida bounded through the readily opened door—"Mamma says I am to give you this, and to tell you that if you ever part with it *now*, these beautiful stones *must* grow dim and dull, and can never return to you again." And to Florence's extreme surprise she received from the eager child her own identical cross and chain.

"I know not if the legend be a true one after all," said the Countess, as Florence, on joining her, entreated her only to tell her if that too had been one of the many witnesses against her. "It told me indeed that you *loved* me still, but had ceased to *trust* me; yet how can the one truth be perfect without the other?"

CHAP. XXXIV.

Frank Howard's deep interest in Walter naturally led him to Mrs. Leslie's cottage, and so much pleasure did he find in his first visit that he repeated it whenever he came to the Hall. By one of those curious coincidences which we sometimes find, he never once met Minie, even at her mother's cottage, though not a little anxious to do so; not only from the admiration with which he always lingered on her picture, both in Walter's own painting and in the

frontispiece to his book, but from discovering that hers was the exquisite voice which had so charmed him at Morton's. The curious chances which always seemed to prevent the best laid plans for their introduction to each other, became at length quite a jest between the persons concerned; Minie declaring that if she ever should meet Mr. Howard, she should certainly think something extraordinary was impending, and Florence feeling almost vexed that the time had come for their leaving Annersley without this desired introduction having taken place.

The respectful deference which Frank ever manifested towards Mrs. Leslie, his unfeigned admiration of Walter's genius, rendered still dearer by the strong feeling with which he alluded to his character and trials, naturally won Mrs. Leslie's heart, and she looked forward to the young man's visits as periods of enjoyment. But the train of thought which they left behind them was as indefinable as it was engrossing. Something in his countenance seemed to rest upon her memory as having been seen before, yet indistinctly as the vision of a dream. Just before Lord St. Maur and his family's departure for London, Howard had come as usual, staying perhaps the longer as he thought it would be several months before he should be in that part of England again, when he hoped, he said with a smile, that the spell upon his meeting Minie would be broken, and they would be personally as intimate as he felt they were in all else already. He conversed for some time with even more than wonted animation, and when he left her, Mrs. Leslie remained buried in thought, which thronged upon her more mysteriously, yet more incongruous than usual. Suddenly a flash seemed to illumine their darkness, but with a light too painful to be borne.

"It cannot be," she involuntarily exclaimed aloud, "cannot be, or if there be indeed similarity, it must be only accidental. The expression is so different, as unlike as an angel to a fiend, and yet the outline of the face, the features themselves, these are alike, it is vain to deny it; but the name, the title, they were not his, even in perspective. No, no, the thought is folly; there can be no danger to the child—the very likeness is unlike."

But the thought would return, perhaps more perseveringly from the depression occasioned by the parting from Florence, for some months' residence in London.

The political duties of the Earl took him up to town rather before what is called the season; but for the first time in her life the great city appeared almost as agreeable a residence to Florence as the country. The Countess seemed determined she should see it in other colouring than that of care and sorrow; and its magazines of art and science, its galleries, where painting and sculptor marked the progress of British genius—its varied avenues to literature and music—its interesting antiquities, and associations with men of genius of the past, and as well as of the present, all were revealed to the eyes

and mind of Florence, and found her willing and rejoicing to acknowledge that there was much indeed in the capital of her country to call for admiration and reverence from the hearts of her sons. She saw, too, that influence and benevolence were not to be confined to life in the country, that to do good was not, as Emily Melford had once solemnly assured her, incompatible with a London life. In her youth the Lady Ida Villiers had been taught by a judicious father those fearful abuses which are now made the subject of so many able pens, but which, twenty years ago, were scarcely known beyond the range of the sufferers themselves. An enlightened politician, because a true patriot himself, the late Lord Edgemere, had made it his business to become thoroughly acquainted with the sufferings of the *working-poor*, had associated his daughter with his *practical* benevolence, which was extending widely even at the very time that his theory was considered by his contemporaries as but the delusions of a fever dream. Edmund St. Maur had imbibed these visionary projects, and now he and his Countess worked hand-in-hand for the amelioration of those overtasked and suffering classes, of whose very existence Emily Melford, and very many besides herself, were wholly ignorant. At the period of our tale, or seven years ago, such benevolence was confined to some few enlightened and noble-minded individuals. How rejoicingly must the philanthropist regard the march of time, as associated with the amelioration of his species, when he reflects on the spirit working now, that the social evils, invisible and impalpable before, are now rising before men's eyes and minds, rendered strong and mighty, far-spreading in their appeal for redress and removal alike by the pen of genius and the exertions of the good. In these views, and in their practice, as in every thing else, the Countess St. Maur associated Florence as a friend capable not only of assisting, but of understanding and sympathizing in them. Innumerable little things proved to her grateful heart that the Countess indeed spoke as she felt, when she assured her that she could leave home with a heart as light again as the last season, for she knew her place was so faithfully supplied, both to her mother and her children; often concluding, with very mischievous smile—"If you should ever marry, Florence, what shall I do? If the gentleman be not exactly what I approve, I shall refuse my consent, depend upon it." And Florence would declare she need be under no fear, for she was much too happy as she was ever to think of marrying. Nor did she think of it; the idea of love, she believed, had never entered her mind; not dreaming that the peculiar pleasure she felt in the society of one individual could proceed from such a source. Love! she smiled at the bare idea. How could she, a portionless, unattractive girl, ever dream of being loved? and unless love were offered, how could she return it? And so she mingled amongst the select circle of Lady St. Maur's intimate friends, who always proffered her the

gratification of attention and appreciation, which the Countess insisted on her accepting; mingled with them, as she believed, love-proof, pleasing and willing to be pleased; but, as she imagined, neither attracting nor feeling any stronger emotion.

Meanwhile a second edition had been called for of Walter's poems, and his name being now universally known, Florence had often the melancholy gratification of receiving kindness and attention for his sake from those whose mind and heart could appreciate the genius gone. More than once she found herself unconsciously searching for the original of that lovely portrait, which revealed the object of his secret, but all-engrossing love. His fragments of thought had disclosed that he loved one so far above him that they could never be united, and that he had loved unknown, unsuspected by its object. The portrait had riveted the face upon her memory, but she searched for its living counterpart in vain.

Can it be that the theory of the ancients has some faint shadowing of truth—that souls are sent on the earth in pairs, and wander lonely and sorrowing on their divine paths, till their kindred essence again is found, and their union on earth is the faint shadow of the bliss awaiting them in heaven? That therefore is it there are sorrow and anguish in unrequited, aye, and often in requited love, for seldom is it the souls paired in heaven are joined on earth. Love may be felt, but oceans and deserts, or the yet wider barriers of poverty and wealth, may stretch between the two souls yearning for each other, and thus they clothe another with the unanswered light gleaming for their own; and therefore is it that some unions, seeming of love, fade into indifference and neglect. But when wedded life is such joy that the love felt before marriage is as nothing, compared to the deep affection afterwards, brightening more and more into the perfect day, through lingering years and their varying ordeals each soul has found its kindred soul, and they are one again for ever. Can this be? Who on earth may answer?

"Miss Leslie," said Sir Charles Brashleigh, one day, as he was partaking the Earl's family dinner, "I have made a promise in your name which I depend on your goodness to fulfil. It is to accompany me on a visit to a young patient, who, I greatly fear, is fast sinking from decline, the primary cause of which is hidden in mystery. Your brother's poems are never out of her hands, often occasioning such emotion, that I have threatened to refuse her the luxury of reading them; but it is only a threat, and she knows it, for no earthly emotion can harm her now, poor girl! I cannot help believing there has been some ill-fated love at work, undermining her health; but her family declare it to be utterly impossible. She was scarcely introduced into society before she became ill. I asked her one day if she felt any wish to know the family of the poet, whose genius she admired so much? Her cheek quite flushed with the eagerness of

her assent; and turning to the frontispiece, I told her all I knew about it, and how fondly the poet had been loved by his family, asking her which of his sisters she most wished to see. Her face had been turned from me, and when she looked up again, I was terrified at its ghastly whiteness, and the strange quivering of her lips before she could speak; she pointed on the figure I had said was yours, and faintly articulated, 'The one you say is Florence—she was older, could love him best, and he so loved her.' And so I promised—was I right?"

"Oh yes, Sir Charles, I will go with you with pleasure; if she can so love my Walter in his poems, I need no more to love and feel for her."

Sir Charles thanked her with a kindly nod, and the Countess inquired who his patient was.

"The youngest daughter of Sir William Lennox, the head, although the passive one, of some large mercantile house connected with the India house, incalculably rich, and a man much sought after; his wife was some lady of rank, and he looks to his daughters making, what is called, capital matches. It will be a sad visit, Miss Leslie; but I know your kind heart will not regret it, if it can give her any satisfaction."

Florence assured him she should not, and the Earl added—

"By the way, Florence, was it not in some such office that your poor brother laboured so incessantly? Have I not heard you say it had to do with the India trade?"

"Yes, but I never heard him mention Sir William Lennox, I rather think Meynard was the name of his principal employer."

"That may be, and yet it may be the same concern, as Sir William is seldom or never known or seen by his junior clerks."

Interested in Sir Charles's narrative, Florence did not notice this remark. The admiration excited by her brother's poems was so general, that there was nothing remarkable in a young and suffering girl lingering on their pages till she felt her own soul reflected in them; and her belief that Walter's love was as unreturned as it was unknown, prevented any association of the portrait and Sir Charles's tale.

The following day Sir Charles called for her. She was received kindly by the family, and after a brief delay, conducted to the chamber of the young invalid. Could it be? Florence started in undisguised astonishment; that face—that lovely face, with its faint, beautiful rose, its waving curls of paly gold, through which the brow gleamed forth like ivory, as pure and stainless, she knew it at a glance. Strange—mysterious as it seemed, there lay the lovely idol of the poet's dreams; and those impassioned dreams were in her hand, were treasured next her heart. The deep violet orbs, almost black, from their long dark fringes, fixed their full earnest gaze on Florence, as she entered, and the hectic deepened on her cheek; but she eagerly extended her hand, and faintly murmured,

"This was kind, kind indeed, to come to me so promptly; Sir Charles, will you add to your kindness, and permit me to be alone with Miss Leslie? You know I cannot bear many around me, and they spoil me by indulging me in every thing."

"And so I suppose I must in this, Miss Lucy. Well, well, be it so. I will call for Miss Leslie in an hour."

And so saying he departed. Florence had spoken some kindly words; but for several minutes after Sir Charles had disappeared, the poor invalid kept her hand on Florence's arm, looking sadly and inquiringly in her face; at length she murmured,

"You are not like him. I hoped you would be. Yet he loved you, and Sir Charles has told me how you loved him. Oh, Miss Leslie! bear with me; do not scorn me as a poor, weak, degraded girl. You are his sister, and he is gone; there can be no shame, no sin; I could not whisper it to others, they could not understand me; perhaps they would upbraid me, or think ill of him; and, oh! death were better than that. You think I am raving, delirious; oh, no! no! I am not. They call it decline, mere bodily disease, but it is not; my heart is broken, and all—all for love of him!"

Whispered as the words were, their agonized tone thrilled to the heart of Florence, who had thrown herself on her knees beside the couch, and was pressing tearful kisses on the damp brow, which had sought its resting place on her bosom, as if the words had burst forth involuntarily, and left her exhausted from their violence.

"You weep," she said, at length, as she felt the hot tears of Florence fall fast upon her cheek; "bless, bless you for those tears; I thought my heart would wear its iron chain of secrecy to the grave; but when Sir Charles spoke of you, and all that you had borne and felt for love of him, my whole soul yearned to pour forth its tale to you. Did he never tell you there was a time when, from the high character his employers gave him, my father had him day after day in our house in London to transact some private business; and daily I saw him, for I was privileged, and wherever my father was, his petted Lucy was at his side, and I looked on his face, I listened to his thrilling voice, and I felt and knew his hidden genius; he haunted me night and day, but I knew not, guessed not how powerfully, till months passed, and I saw him not again, and the longing grew stronger and stronger, till my soul was sick, and my strength failed; and yet I dared not speak it, for neither look nor word betrayed that he had ever thought of me; and then they told me he was ill, ill almost unto death, and never came to his office again. And whom could I ask of him? And months waned, and no one guessed why both my health and spirits sunk till they laid me here. Yet still it seemed I hoped, and then they placed this volume in my hand, and I traced his form! Aye, indistinct as to others that sketch may be, to me it was clear, vivid, expressive as life, and

I knew that the poems were his work. But that preface—did it tell his fate? I dared not think it; yet it froze my very life blood. And there was no rest, no sleep, till my father prevailed on Morton to tell the poet's name, and it was *his*. Oh, God! the death-stroke of that hour!"

She broke off abruptly, and Florence felt her slight frame quiver, as if convulsed with inward agony; for several minutes she found not words to answer; at length—

"Would it be joy to think that love returned?" she said, with soothing tenderness; "alas, sweet one! he loved thee all too well."

Lucy sprang from her recumbent posture, gazing on that gentle, pitying face, as if to penetrate its truth, and almost inarticulately exclaimed—

"Could I think so! dared I think so! oh, what unutterable joy! But say it, say it again; it is not only to soothe, to console, say that he loved me!"

And briefly and tenderly Florence told all she knew, and how she had traced the original of his treasured portrait, the moment she beheld her. The poor girl heard, and a burst of passionate tears succeeded, and then a calm so deep, so still, it was as if the soul were already separated from the body.

"Joy, joy for me," were her parting words to Florence, and though the voice was one of utter exhaustion, her eyes seemed to dance in the light of rapture; "joy, such joy, there are no cold barriers to love in heaven. Walter will be mine there, all mine—oh, joy!"

And from that hour, though she sank rapidly, the depression of spirits, the irritability of disease entirely subsided. There was ever a bright smile on her fading lip, a glittering joyousness in her deep blue eye; and so, after a few, a very few weeks, she passed away from earth, and none knew the wherefore of that early death, none knew the secret of her love, for Florence felt it a theme too hallowed for mortal ear. Death had consecrated its memory in her own heart, but its knowledge seemed to remove every wish that Walter could return to earth. If there be such love in this cold, perishable world, where bliss has no foundation but the receding sand, and love is born but to die, oh, what must be love in heaven! Is there one longing within us for the good, the pure, the infinite, that is implanted, not to be fulfilled? Has He made all things for good, yet left to dust and ashes the purest, noblest feelings in the heart of man? No, no. Every silent whisper in the heart breathes of immortality, and dearer, more durable than all other is the voice of LOVE.

CHAP. XXXV.

"What is the matter, Frank? you look perfectly *égaré*," inquired Lady St. Maur, as that gentleman joined them one morning in the library. Florence chanced that day to be one of the reading-party. "Any shock between your

idols—state and senate? If so, the more play for your powers of eloquent oratory."

"No, no, Lady St. Maur; no public mischance, or your husband would have been the first to tell you. I wonder you have not heard of the domestic tragedy which has so startled me."

"Tragedy!" repeated the Earl; "my good fellow, what do you mean?"

"Something very dreadful, by his looks. Come, Frank, have pity on our curiosity; what is it—suicide for love, or a duel—an elopement, or something more startling still?"

"Nay, Lady St. Maur, it has fairly shocked me out of all jesting. Have you heard nothing of the *expose* in the Belmont family?"

"Not I; I have not seen Mary or Emily for the last week, and I only hear anything of gossip from them. What of Lady Belmont? I always imagined her one of the happiest persons in this great aristocratic world, and just now particularly: one of her daughters is engaged to such an excellent young man!"

"Do speak out, Frank," urged the Earl. "What can you have to say about her, which seems so loth to leave your lips? Is she less happy than Ida thinks?"

"Happy! good heavens, my Lord! how she can ever have seemed happy, I know not: she is not Lord Belmont's wife!"

"Not his wife! then who in the world is she?" exclaimed the Countess, quite unconscious of the real meaning of his words; but in an instant, cheek, brow, even all that was visible of her delicate throat, became dyed with glowing crimson, and she continued, indignantly—"It must be all scandal, Frank—the basest, most unfounded."

"I wish it were; but, unhappily, it is a confessed fact, now. Some one whispered it to Arlington, and of course he denied it; vowed that it was false, and went straight to Belmont himself, declaring he must relinquish all claim to Miss Belmont's hand, unless her father gave him some positive assurance of the falsity of the charge. Lord Belmont equivocated, and tried hard to throw him off the scent, when, to the utter horror of both parties, the Baroness threw herself at Arlington's feet, as if to implore his mercy—tried to speak, and fell to the ground in strong convulsions. The whole was of course discovered, and Gerald, in a state of desperation, is gone to the continent, resigning all his pretensions, and his union with such a family is at an end for ever!"

"The poor unhappy girl!" ejaculated Florence, with the most unfeigned commiseration.

"But what *could* he do, Miss Leslie?" Frank spoke with even more than his usual energy. "Could a man of honour, of reputation, unite himself with one of such dishonourable birth? Could he, with the least particle of feeling either for himself or his children, have acted otherwise?"

"It is too dreadful either to argue or think upon," replied Florence; "but it seems so

hard, so cruel, that the innocent should thus suffer for the guilty."

"It is so, yet it is only right," replied Lord St. Maur. "Were it otherwise, remorse might for ever sleep, and guilt itself receive no check. Miss Belmont, indeed, demands our commiseration, but poor Arlington not less so."

"He is much less to be pitied, than had this *dénouement* taken place after his marriage," rejoined Howard. "I call him a fortunate fellow in spite of all."

"My dear Frank, you speak as if you had no sympathy, whatever, with his feeling towards his betrothed: can they be conquered in an hour, think you?"

"Perhaps not. Were I in his place, I should be too grateful for my escape from such ignominy to retain any other emotion."

"He jests at scars who never felt a wound," replied Lord St. Maur, half smiling. Frank became more earnest.

"Indeed, my Lord, I mean what I say: the more I loved, the more determined should I be upon an everlasting separation in such a case. Could I bear one stigma to fling the faintest shadow on the being I had chosen, or on any one belonging to her? The veriest torture of unconquered love would be preferable to such continued fear; so heaven preserve me from such an ill-fated attachment!"

"Amen! for notwithstanding the harsh sound of your words, they have but too much truth in them," replied the Countess.

"I will not argue on their justice or injustice, for the subject is too painful: dismiss it, pray, and tell us something more worth hearing; I hate the very whisper of such themes."

And so do we, gentle reader; and had not this conversation, trifling as it seems, been absolutely necessary for the clear elucidation of some future portions of our tale, we should have dismissed it altogether.

Who, amongst us, has not felt at one period or another of our mortal career the truth of Moore's beautiful lines?—

"There is a dread in all delight,
A shadow near each ray,
That bids us then to fear their flight
When most we wish their stay."

A sort of quivering happiness, which carries us for the time out of ourselves, sheds a sudden glow of joy over the simplest things—bids us tread the earth as if it had no care nor shade—fills the heart with a kind of elastic buoyancy—makes the eye dance in its light, the voice become song in its child-like glee; and yet, in the midst of this, an under-current of sadness makes itself heard for a brief moment, whispering, "This cannot last; banish it ere it bring woe," and then, again, it is lost in the voice of joy; nor is it recalled, till some sudden grief quenches the brilliant light, and we feel that intense happiness has but cradled sorrow.

For the comparatively long period of one month, Florence was under the influence of this strange joyousness: even during its continuance

she felt it unnatural; but in spite of all her efforts, she could not dim the sparkling current in which life flowed by: she could not define its source; perhaps she did not ask herself, content alone to feel. Every day seemed in itself a little age of joy. Her pleasures of the evening were enhanced by the recollection of duties satisfactorily accomplished in the morning; the duties of the morning sweetened by the memory of some kindness, some appreciation, or some intellectual improvement of the previous evening; and even a dance could be enjoyed with the elasticity and zest of former years. Her letters from home heightened this enjoyment. Mrs. Leslie had been more than usually suffering, but the last six weeks had seemed so wonderfully well, that she could even walk to the Hall to superintend some new arrangements which Lady St. Maur wished completed. Her very precarious health, the consciousness that the disease under which she laboured was indeed incurable, had always been present to the imagination of Florence, ever preventing happiness from being perfect; but now even this seemed to have lost its dread. She could not realize anxiety, though she actually sought it, so fully convinced did she feel that this unnatural happiness could not last, and actually longing for some slight "shadow near the ray" to prevent some greater woe. It was, perhaps, a superstitious feeling, but who has not known its influence?

On reporting Mrs. Leslie's wonderfully improved health to Sir Charles Brashleigh, he looked so grave, that the Countess became alarmed; and when Florence had left them, he avowed that he did not like the accounts. In a disease like Mrs. Leslie's, such sudden improvements but too often predicted either a fearful increase of suffering, or its termination. Cautiously and tenderly Lady St. Maur, in consequence, entreated Florence not to build too much on the continuance of Mrs. Leslie's present health, proposing that she should go down and spend a week with her mother, that she might judge of her herself, and advise her from Sir Charles not to tax her new-found strength too much. Florence eagerly assented, promising, however, to wait quietly till the morrow's post.

Anxiety thus aroused no longer eluded her grasp, and she counted the hours till the morning's post should come in, turning almost sick with suspense; yet failing in strength to make any inquiry even when she knew the hour had come and past, and no letter had been brought to her as usual. Not ten minutes afterwards the Countess entered, and one glance on her face sufficed for Florence to sink back powerless on her chair.

"You shall set off directly, dearest. Do not look so alarmed. Your mother has had a return of her old attacks, and rather more violently than usual; but it may pass off again, as it has often done. My dear Florence, do not let strength fail you now."

"But why has not Minie written to me a

usual? Something dreadful has occurred. Oh! Lady St. Maur, in pity do not hide it from me; I can better bear it than suspense."

"Minie was too anxious, my love. You know she is very young to endure anything like care. Will you promise me to try and be calm, and not magnify evil, if I let you read this letter? Ferrers feared to alarm you, and so very wisely wrote to me."

Florence grasped the letter, struggling to suppress the hysterical emotion which almost choked her as she read. Her mother, it appeared, had not only exerted herself more than usual, in walking to and from the Hall, but had also employed several hours in writing; an exercise generally painful. The night before, Ferrers stated, that she had left her mistress at her desk, and retired to her own room adjoining. How long she slept she did not know, but it seemed some hours, when she was awakened by a heavy fall. Startled and terrified, she rushed into Mrs. Leslie's room, and found her extended motionless, and perfectly insensible, on the floor. Several papers were scattered on the table, and the pen was still wet with ink. The fit had lasted several hours; and though she had rallied a little, and appeared sensible of surrounding objects, and Minie's intense grief, every effort to speak had been unavailing, or merely produced unintelligible murmurs. Ferrers concluded by expressing her own fears that she was sinking rapidly.

Florence indeed took in the sense of this hurried letter, but all seemed enveloped in mist, she afterwards said, until she found herself standing by her mother's bedside; but when there, the sight of that dear face, so wan, so altered, seeming as if already fixed in death, the sudden change overspreading her features, as her dim eye caught sight of her child, the convulsive effort for speech, all fixed themselves indelibly on memory; though at the time Florence could only sink on her knees beside her, and bury her face in the bed-clothes.

There was still motion in that death-like form, one hand moved languidly as if to rest on her child's lowly-bent head, and it seemed to the sisters as if that treasured voice breathed articulately—"Florence, my beloved, bless—" Florence started to her feet, and bending over the dying, imprinted kiss after kiss on her lip, brow, and cheek, compelling herself to compose, even while her limbs shook as if they must fail beneath her.

Mrs. Leslie evidently strove to speak, but her voice was so changed as scarcely to be intelligible. "My child, burn—forget—my own, my own—oh God! bless, bless both my children!" she murmured, with other words, meaningless and strange to those that heard them. But why should we linger on this scene of suffering? Life appeared struggling with death to permit the utterance of something, that would not leave those lips, and death was conqueror; for ere morning dawned all was awful stillness in that heart and frame.

CHAP. XXXVI.

The first month of their sad bereavement was spent by the sisters in mournful seclusion, endeavouring to obtain resignation and strength. Theirs had been a more than common trial; for death had come darkly and terribly. Florence could not conquer the fancy that her poor mother had suffered not alone physically, but from the agonizing wish to say something, for which she had not power. The dying look haunted her, the expression of those dear eyes which, even in death, remained open, till her own hand closed them, seemed to linger on her full of pity, of love, and yet beseechingly, as if they asked that which her lips were powerless to do. Oh! how she longed that that voice had addressed them in its own loved tone once, but once, ere it was hushed for ever.

To Minie the horror of that death was such, she could not rally from its recollection. Nervous tremors continually disturbed her night and day. She tried to conquer her feelings, and Florence did all that soothing love could dictate; but for some time all in vain. Lady St. Maur left all the gaieties of London to go down to the Hall, and remaining there a fortnight, spent day after day with the young mourners; seeking, by the truest sympathy and warmest kindness, to alleviate their grief, and even in such a trial it was some consolation to feel they were not utterly friendless and alone.

On examination of Mrs. Leslie's will her little property, which the success of Walter's work had much increased, was found to be equally divided between her daughters, as were her few trinkets and other personal possessions. It was at first considered, by Lord and Lady St. Maur, that it would perhaps be happier for the sisters to live, as they now could do, independently together; but that if Florence still preferred remaining with them, her home should be Minie's also. Meanwhile Lady Mary Villiers, who had found time and feeling in the midst of her own happiness to sympathise with her favourite, travelled down to the sisters' cottage expressly to persuade Minie to accompany her on a projected tour through Wales and Scotland; assuring her that the change of air and scene would do her more good than anything. She should be quite quiet, join in no unseemly gaiety, as their own family and Mr. Melford composed the whole of the travelling party. Minie felt as if the exertion would be far too painful; believing, as the young are prone to do under sorrow, that nothing could ever make her happy or mirthful again. The earnest persuasions of her sister, the representations of the Countess, the pleadings of Lady Mary, whom she really loved, at length however prevailed, and she accepted with gratitude the kindness proffered.

Nearly two months after Mrs. Leslie's death, Minie joined her friend. Florence was to return to Lady St. Maur the following week, having still some affairs to settle ere she could leave the cottage; particularly the arrangement of her mother's papers, which task from a peculiarly

painful repugnance she had postponed from day to day, and at last resolved not to attempt till after Minie's departure. Ferrers had told her it had been evidently in the very act of writing that Mrs. Leslie's fatal attack had seized her; and there was something on poor Florence's heart which made her turn giddy with emotion whenever she thought of those papers, traced by the hand of the dying, containing perhaps those very words which her voice had not power to pronounce. It was strange, perhaps, that this very circumstance had not urged her to examine them long ere this; but she shrank from the task, vainly endeavouring to define why. Was it presentiment? We firmly believe in the existence of such a feeling, a dim shadow, undefinable and vague, and utterly shapeless, yet impossible to be withstood. Florence, however, had too strong a mind to give way to such repugnance. It was the first time she had entered the chamber since her mother's death, and for several minutes she stood upon the threshold, as if she could not pass it, as if death were still there, and hand in hand with desolation, smote upon her heart. It was about ten o'clock in the morning, and the sun shone with mocking brilliance within the rose-trellised casements, and the song of the birds seemed so discordantly gay that a feeling almost of irritation came upon her. The consciousness of its sinfulness instantly followed, and flinging herself on her knees by the bed, she prayed fervently for submissiveness and strength. Unlocking the escritoire, she drew a table near her, and prepared to look over the papers and arrange them. The first page which struck her was evidently that on which her mother's pen had last rested; it was blotted as if the pen had fallen on it, and the last few words were almost illegible. Yet her eye was arrested on them instantly; she read her own name—her mother was addressing *her*. With a sudden and convulsive movement, she caught up other closely written papers, and looked for their commencement; words seemed to catch her strained gaze, and absolutely rivet it upon them, but still as in desperation she sought the beginning, arranging the sheets consecutively as she did so; and then she read, and her cheek gradually grew blanched, and then her lip, but still there was no movement. Hour after hour passed, and found her in the same occupation on the same spot.

Ferrers was out for the day, and only one other servant, a simple country girl, was in the house. About three o'clock the girl knocked at the door, to say dinner was waiting in the parlour. Florence replied composedly in words, but her voice sounded in her own ears so strangely altered that she looked round in terror, thinking some one else had spoken. Then she deliberately folded up those papers one by one, tied them together, and with them still in her hand rose from her seat; she made a few steps forward, as if to reach the door, but a strange mist was before her eyes, the room reeled; and when Fanny returned, wondering she did not come, she found her fallen forwards on the

ground, to all appearance lifeless. Though much terrified, the girl did all she could think of to restore animation. Sense returned at length, but so slowly, and with so little semblance of life in the marble stillness of Florence's features, that Fanny entreated her to let her run to the Hall, and get them to send for medical advice. Life itself seemed to return with her violent effort for speech to negative this proposal.

"No, no, no," she wildly cried, as she struggled to rise; "send for no one; I shall be well; I am well. Tell no one of this as you love me, be silent and leave me."

She sank back exhausted, but after a few minutes, again waved her hand impatiently, and Fanny was obliged to leave her. She returned at intervals, satisfied at length that after a lapse of nearly two hours Florence spoke more like herself. But still, hour after hour passed, and she made no effort to quit the chamber or the couch on which she lay. Her hands were tightly clasped together, her eyes gazed on vacancy; her lip and eyelid sometimes moving convulsively, as if tears were near, but none came. All was cold, rigid, motionless as stone.

Evening came, and with it the postman, bringing a large packet directed by the Earl. She opened it mechanically; there was a strange looking, seemingly a lawyer's, paper, and a long kind note from Lady St. Maur. Yet even this last she read many times ere she could understand a single line. At last she became conscious the Countess was alluding to the paper enclosed.

"Do examine it, dearest Florence, and let me know what it is even before you come. The Earl is so very curious, that were it not for punctilio, I believe he would have been tempted to open and examine it; neither he nor I can imagine what you can have to do with lawyer's papers. But I really am unconscionable to ask you to write; I forget you will not receive this till Monday evening, and you come on Wednesday. I shall long for you more than ever. Constance is very good; I look at her with astonishment, and think you a worker of wonders. All my darlings are well, there are many inquiries as to when Miss Leslie will come back. I will not say how much Lady Helen and I miss you, but we all look forward to Wednesday. If that should prove a settlement of marriage from some invisible bridegroom, what shall we do?"

Florence mechanically took up the papers and broke the seal; but in vain she tried to understand the contents. The very writing seemed illegible, though in reality it was clear enough. Paper and pens were near her, and after having read the closely written letter through three times without comprehending a single word, she wrote a few lines to Lady St. Maur, begging her to excuse the hasty scrawl, as she had been very unwell all day, and still felt confused, which perhaps was her best excuse for entreating Lord St. Maur to examine the papers for her, as she found it impossible to understand them. It was either a mistake, or she was labouring under

some strange delusion. She read her note carefully over, it seemed correct, but she dared not assure herself it was, for a weight of lead seemed crushing all consciousness from her brain.

Night came, and Florence mechanically retired to bed, but there was neither rest nor sleep for her. If for a few minutes she dozed from utter exhaustion, it was to start up again from the most frightful images, to press her hands on her aching temples, and pray that madness might not be her portion, for she felt as if it already were; and the very prayers seemed mockery, for her heart rebelled, and the question, why was she doomed to all this misery? was mentally reiterated till her brain burned and reeled. So passed the night, and so the following day, yet she did all she had power to do. She was so calm, so collected in outward seeming, that Ferrers, though she did think her strangely pale, neither made, nor felt the inclination to make, any remark.

The evening of Wednesday found her at St. James's, welcomed with, if possible, more than usual kindness by her friends. Lady St. Maur looked unusually arch, as if she had something very delightful to communicate, but Florence scarcely saw it. She had trembled so excessively on first entering the house, that all her energy was roused to controul herself, and hide from every eye the anguish which was consuming heart and mind.

"So you actually read that important letter, my dear Florence, without understanding its contents; you really must be more of a simpleton than I have yet believed you," said the Countess, laughing; "what could have possessed you? I do believe you never even read it."

"Indeed, I did, no less than three times, but I had a stupifying headache all day, and so vainly tried to understand a line," replied Florence, with a slight shudder, which made the Countess look at her more attentively.

"And I think the headache has not left you yet. Why, my dear girl, you are looking much worse than when I left you six weeks ago. Florence, I fear your time has been more weakly than wisely employed since you have been alone. Must I chide instead of congratulate you?"

"Congratulate!" repeated Florence, in a tone so hollow, it startled even herself. Lady St. Maur put her arms round her.

"You are ill, exhausted, dearest; so I must be merciful; perhaps jesting is ill-timed, but your letters made me hope that you were recovering the first effects of your sad trial. I am so rejoiced at the contents of that letter, that I fancy you must be equally so; forgetting that independence, even riches may, at such a moment, seem of little worth."

"Independence! riches!" repeated Florence, turning her pale face towards the Countess, with a gaze of bewilderment. "What can you mean?"

"Simply my dear Miss Leslie," replied the Earl, "coming forward, and taking her hand kindly, "that the letter so perfectly incomprehensible to you, is as perfectly clear to us,

and gives me the happiness of informing you, that as the acknowledged heiress of Mrs. Susan Rivers, of Woodlands, lately deceased, you are now the sole possessor of a large estate, and all its appurtenances, with the not inconsiderable addition of seven thousand a year. Will you now try and read Mr. Carlton's letter, with the assistance of my notes, and annotations, or believe this truth on my simple word?"

Florence looked almost wildly at the speaker. The words had indeed reached his ear; but the expression of her features was far more of suffering than joy.

"Mrs. Susan Rivers! Woodlands! It must be a mistake. She means Flora, Mrs. Hardwicke. I can have no claim," she said at intervals; "Dead! when and where, and how is this? Forgive me, my lord; but indeed I can scarcely understand it now."

"Then let me try if I can make it clearer," replied the Earl, sitting down by her, and producing the papers; "it appears, from Carlton's letter, that Mrs. Rivers has been living for the last three years in an obscure village in Wales. The honesty of her steward, however, preserved her estate in such good condition, that combined with her own miserly method of living, her income has materially increased. About a year ago, her steward, at her request, did all he could to find you out, and through her bankers in London learned at length your destination with us. Your claims upon her seem to have consisted in her vivid remembrance of your unchanging regard and respect towards herself, so long as she permitted you to shew it; and another very extraordinary clause, that as you were the only person she had ever known, who had loved and trusted a friend, and yet not been deceived, you must possess some unusual qualities over and above those which had so attracted her regard; and were therefore likely to make good use of and enjoy the wealth which to her had so long been a worthless toy. She therefore bequeaths to Florence Leslie, eldest daughter of Edward and Mary Leslie, the whole of her large possessions, both in land and money, with the exception of a few legacies. These are the heads of the lawyer's letter; and having seen him to-day, I have further to tell you, than that you are not only an heiress, but an undisputed one. No costs; no lawyer's long bills; nor even any relation of Mrs. Rivers who would be wronged by such a will. Now, then, do you understand, and can you wonder at Ida's astonishment at your non-comprehension of this very important letter?"

"And will you not accept my warmest congratulations, dearest Florence? We know the little worth of mere riches; but we will not abuse them, when they come as now, enabling you to do the good your inclination prompts, and take that station which your birth, talents, and virtues all demand."

"Birth demands! No, no, no; I have no right, no claim; it cannot, cannot be!" exclaimed Florence, so wildly, so incoherently, that both the Earl and Countess looked at her with

alarm. "I have no right to these riches; they are not mine. I can have no legal claim."

"My dear Florence, you are bewildered still; and this sudden surprise is too much for you. Try and think calmly; are you not Florence Leslie, the eldest daughter of Edward and Mary Leslie? nay even your birth in Italy is so clearly specified, that there can be no mistake as to your identity. Are you not this very Florence? Do you not love the very name of Italy, rejoicing that it was your birth-place? How I used to smile at your enthusiasm, when I first knew you. Florence, my dear Florence—you are ill, faint; your journey has been too much for you," she continued abruptly, as she noticed Florence's very lip become white, while her whole frame shivered convulsively; and she only saved her by a quick movement from falling to the ground. Alarmed as they were, still they only considered it the effects of physical weakness produced from contending feelings. She recovered but slowly, and Lady St. Maur, as she bent down to kiss her, merely whispered soothingly,

"Forget everything that can agitate, or disturb you now, dearest. Only think of our dear Minie, of what you may have the power of doing for her; and even if this unexpected wealth be of little value to yourself, for her sake I know you will soon acknowledge its importance, not alone with gratitude but joy."

"Minie!" repeated Florence, and that name seemed endowed with power to restore her to perfect consciousness; "yes, yes, I have still her to love and cherish, to give back in part all that has been given. Oh, God! oh, God! forgive me; this mercy has not been sent in vain."

Lady St. Maur alone heard these murmured words, and to her they were intelligible enough, as confirming her idea that Florence's emotion was occasioned by the thought that wealth had come too late; those for whose dear sakes it would have been so valuable had passed away, and what then could it be to her? Little could she dream of the cause of that deadly sickness, the wild yearning on that aching heart to flee away and be at rest.

To be Continued.

THE SEA-BIRD'S FLIGHT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TITIAN."

Once, when the Spirit of the Storm
His presence o'er the sea did fling,
I saw a bird of fairy form,
And snowy hue, and fragile wing.

Strong was the tempest, but her flight
Breasted it many a weary mile;
For always gleamed upon her sight,
In the mid seas, one verdant isle.

In fiercer eddies gushed the wind,
Weaker the sea-bird's wings did grow,
Until at length, with strength declined,
She sank into the waves below.

Thus, thus, I thought, to all on earth
Some far-off home by Hope is given,
To which eye tends our soaring forth
Vainly, unless sustained by Heaven!

THE NEW YEAR.

BY W. G. J. BARKER, ESQ.

Could we, from Heaven inspired, as sure presage
 To whom the rising year shall prove his last,
 As we can number in our punctual page,
 And item down the victims of the past,

How each would trembling wait the mournful sheet
 On which the press might stamp him next to die;
 And, reading there his sentence, how replete
 With anxious meaning, Heavenward turn his eye!
 COWPER.

The commencement of a New Year, even under the most auspicious circumstances, is an event worthy of deep and solemn reflection, both by nations and individuals. Past occurrences we know, for they are recorded either in the pages of history or memory; but clearly as coming events sometimes cast their shadows before, the wisest amongst us cannot tell how much of good or evil may happen to our country or ourselves ere another twelvemonth has flown. Mysterious as the future is, it is doubtless infinitely better for our peace that this cloud of uncertainty overshadows it, preventing alike the wretchedness we should suffer from the prospect of unavoidable misery, and the equally dangerous anticipation of reserved pleasure. The past alone is fully ours, and it surely gives us sufficient scope for meditation and improvement. We need not refer to times long since departed, to the primal ages of the earth, or even to the days of our immediate ancestors; but, when we stand as it were beside the grave of the old year, listening to the solemn bells that chime at once its requiem and a welcome to the new one, let us look back upon the months which have elapsed since last we heard that peal, and enough will greet our mental view to call forth tears and smiles, to awaken contrition and thankfulness, sorrow and joy.

Since last January how many familiar faces have vanished from household boards! how many sweet voices have been silenced by unexpected death! how many kind and beautiful beings have gone from a world where fidelity is so strangely blended with deceit, to "the land of the leal and true-hearted!" Ay, when last the winter storms were howling, young creatures full of health and vigour drew nearer the cheerful fireside, laughing at each rude blast that blew without, yet wishing withal for the odoriferous violets and early primroses. Even amid desolation they thought not of the tomb. Time crept slowly but surely on; the violets and primroses came, and the wild birds sang harmoniously as of old; but those laughing young beings had no share in the sweet spring-time, or the joyousness of earth. The autumn of their brief life was gathering whilst nature resumed her annual bloom, smitten with an inward blight, they

sickened, pined, and died before those vernal blossoms for whose coming they had sighed so impatiently. Peace be with them! their lot was enviable, for though length of days was denied them, they were spared from further temptation, and having for a season walked the earth in beauty, departed before that beauty grew dim.

Numerous aged ones too, whose grey hairs were as a crown of glory, beheld last January's storms, flattering themselves that they would yet see many springs, bind again the harvest sheaves, and listen to many Christmas songs before they lay down to sleep the sleep that knows no waking. They recounted the lengthened years attained by other men, hoping, not unreasonably, that their measure might be as full. Even then the dread messenger awaited them, whose summons is resistless; and the summer sun, for which they looked so anxiously, shone but to gild their graves. For them our tears must be subdued and mild; they were only gathered into Death's garner in due time, like a shock of corn when it is ripe and well laden: they had run their protracted course, finished the tasks allotted them, and, after their labours, rest, we hope, in peace.

Fearfully numerous, could we but behold it, would seem the array of those who, during the brief space of a year, have descended into man's last abiding place. All nations, ranks, and ages, have contributed to swell the dread roll. The civilized and the barbarous, the high-born and the lowly, the rich and the poor, the guilty and the innocent, rank, genius, wit, and beauty, have vanished from amongst us, and their places know them no more. Thus passes away one generation after another, rapidly, but so silently, that thousands of their fellow beings are unconscious of the change, and in Azrael's very presence laugh, dance, and live as blithely as if Sorrow or Death never entered our present abode. Few men indeed think seriously of such things; if their attention is momentarily arrested by some striking instance of mortality, pleasure or business speedily calls them to activity, so the fleeting impression is lost, and perhaps never revives till their own time comes.

The Poet, in hours of lonely sadness—and many such await all to whom the magic power

of song is given—often ponders over worlds visible and invisible, sighing for man's perpetual woes, till heaven-derived aspirations mentally waft him into a higher state of being, and when recalled to life's sad realities he involuntarily wishes to leave them and enter purer realms. To him the birth of a New Year is a source of many varied musings, but chiefest melancholy. The songs of every land speak thus.

The Philosopher, whose one great object is to benefit his kind, whose locks have grown hoary, not with age, but with weary vigils, midnight watchings, devoted to the discovery of eternal truths, truths which, if carefully heeded, would assuage much anguish and prevent many sins. He, always mindful how crime has rendered earth a place of trial, and anticipating a fruition of joy for the faithful in better regions, when a year has flown, rejoices for the happy beings whom it has delivered from troubles, but mourns over the myriads who have sunk into their graves in mental ignorance during its rapid progress.

The Man of Science, whose attention is given to the wondrous works of God, who seeks continually to know the laws governing the starry heavens, and the beauteous order of Nature, whether animate or inanimate; he, when the seasons have completed their annual round, looks back upon the discoveries made by himself or his brethren, and, whilst elated with former success, recalls to mind how transitory all things are, and inwardly sorrows as he contemplates that vast mental power which, but for his carnal imperfections, would render man only "a little lower than the angels."

Thus do the gifted among mortals, who are favoured above their fellows, muse ever solemnly upon the ceaseless course of time; at intervals with inspired voices warning the unthinking crowd of life, death, judgment, and immortality. But are they listened to? Alas! how many millions never hear the gentle admonition amid the din of grovelling pursuits! How many thousands of those to whom it comes wilfully close their ears against its still small whisper! Wisdom and Truth give utterance to weighty sayings, but who regardeth?

Another year is gone! Those four brief words contain the substance of a fearful volume, recording in its pages alternately, hope, deliverance, triumph, and thanksgiving; doubt, fear, agony, and despair. There too we see chronicled fire, famine, pestilence, and war; fair seasons, plenteous harvests, prosperity, and peace. Strange blending of human miseries and happiness! yet such is the picture presented by a faithful history of the kingdoms of this world for the space of one year. Not less singular is that afforded by the chances and changes occurring to private families, nay, to solitary individuals during the same period. If we only glance at our own kindred and acquaintance, few though they may be, we are almost certain to find that the destroyer has been busy amongst them or theirs; the aged have departed like "ripe fruit seasonably ga-

thered;" the young have perished like spring flowers withered timelessly. Whether old or young, may rest be granted unto them, even the mercy of God! Some natural tears perchance were shed for their loss, for such must always flow; but derived from His promises, who cannot change, we possess a holy hope that our separation is but for a space. Fast a time approaches when we likewise must lay aside this mortal covering, to mingle with the clay from which it was mysteriously fashioned; rapidly an hour draws near when the tongue shall cease to speak, the eye to see, and the ear to hear; when the body now full of strength and vigour must grow powerless, and be dissolved in a deep, unconscious slumber.

Beautiful, very beautiful, if rightly considered, is that strange sleep, the decay of mortality before it can assume immortality, similitudes of which are presented to our meditation on every side. A familiar insect, the gorgeous butterfly, has for many ages been justly considered a striking emblem of man in this. Born on the ground, its existence commences in guise of a lowly worm, whose time passes in ceaseless toil, exposed to numerous ills; but in that humble creature there lies hidden, unseen, a perfect body fitted for a loftier sphere. At length its labours close; it dies in seeming, and becomes a shapeless, inanimate mass; so it remains until the moon has six times waned, and as often renewed her splendour. A destined hour arrives; the summer sun shines on the moveless form that gradually quickens beneath his rays; its cerements burst. "Oh, change! stupendous change!" The poor despised worm wakes into new life in another form. Behold a beauteous creature, like a child of light, whose feathered wings are resplendent with every hue of heaven. Elate it springs into the fields of air, and gathers nectar at will from a thousand flowers. Similar will be our change. Words are not needed to point the parallel.

Another year has begun! What an ample field is here afforded for contemplative speculation! Will it be our lot to watch the seasons return once more—to sport amid the buds of Spring—pant beneath Summer's heat—gather Autumn's golden harvest—and again prepare for Winter's cold—or shall we fall asleep? Will the close of the New Year find us still dwelling in the land of our fathers, or wandering in far countries, where as yet perhaps our thoughts have never been? Will those who now style themselves our friends give us no reason to regret that we have trusted them, and others we think our enemies no grounds for lamenting our estrangement? Vain questions! useless surmises! The future must remain to us, as to our progenitors of yore, a dark parable—a sealed book.

From the Past and its occurrences we may, if mindful, gather much wisdom; taking warning by errors already committed, avoiding whatever led us into them, and preparing, aided by experience, to meet with fortitude the dangers that beset our path. Thus, when another twelve-

month has passed away, we shall find ourselves, not as some are, overwhelmed with bootless sorrow, but thankful for each good we have enjoyed, and trusting that evils happily surmounted may never recur again.

The philosophy of old was not so wild a dream as many think. The example of ancient ages is before us, and we have in addition to their bright pattern, pagans as they were, the heavenly light which they lacked—the inestimable doctrines taught by the Christian Church. Let us, then, whilst contemplating bygone years and periods yet in the lap of Time, fully confident of His infinite goodness, who made and loves us all, humbly but cheerfully anticipate that we, together with our friends, may in truth enjoy
A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Banks of the Yore.

THE SIX MAIDENS.

BY DINAH MARIA MULLOCK.

“Oft to Fancy’s chapel each would go,
To pay her vows, and count the rosary o’er
Of her love’s promis’d graces: haply so
Miranda’s hope had pictur’d Ferdinand,
Long ere the gaunt wave toss’d him on the strand.”
LOWELL.

Six young maidens, full of glee,
Sat them down right merrily,
Underneath a linden tree.

They had left the sportive throng,
Wearied with the dance and song
Which had intermingled long.

Pleasant was the spot, and shaded,
With dim lights and shadows braided;
Quick they came and quickly faded.

Pleasant too, the maidens’ talk,
Of the days when hound and hawk
Echo’d through that wooded walk:

And fair dame and cavalier,
Riding in the forest near,
Rous’d the many-antler’d deer.

Theirs, too, that unwearied theme
That so old, yet sweet, does seem;
And each told her girlish dream.

First uprose the youngest girl,
With rose lips and teeth of pearl,
Flashing eye and raven curl:

“I will have a lover bold,
Valiant as the knights of old,
Tall, and form’d of princely mould;

“Scornful shall his curv’d lip be,
And his eye glance haughtily;
Gentle only unto me.

“He shall ride a courser fleet,
Dauntlessly the battle meet,
Lay his laurels at my feet:

“I will share my hero’s fame,
‘Till the world together name
Soldier brave and peerless dame.”

Then out spake young Madeline;
Star-like shone her eyes, between
Her thick hair of chesnut sheen:

“I would love a sailor true,
With frank heart and jacket blue,
Fearless, gay, and faithful too.

“I would mourn him did he roam;
And return’d from ocean’s foam,
Give him joyful welcome home.

“He should wander the world wide,
Then return, and say with pride,
He loved me, and none beside!”

Then arose a laughing maid,
Older than the two; she play’d
With the linden-leaves, and said:

“I will have no knight of fear,
And no reckless mariner;
No false fame do I hold dear.

“I will choose a merry youth;
Ship nor sword shall share his truth
With his lady’s love, in sooth!

“Rich and princely shall he stand
‘Midst the noblest of the land,
With kind heart and open hand.

“He shall ever keep my side,
Wandering through forest wide;
Or in dance and courtly pride

“We will spend the live-long day;
And no harsh-tongued trumpet’s bray
E’er shall lure my love away.”

Gravely then the fourth arose;
Thought dwelt on her forehead’s snows,
Dyed her cheek with tinge of rose.

Like the cloudland in a lake,
Her deep eyes reflection make
Of her pure soul as she spake:

“Not in courts, or battle’s line,
Would I have my lover shine;
Higher thoughts be his and mine!

“His shall be a noble soul,
Form’d to counsel, guide, control;
Wisdom hallowing the whole.

“He shall rule mankind by power
Of that lofty wisdom-dower,
Far outlasting life’s short hour.

“I will worship him alone,
In his thoughts reflect my own,
In his knowledge mine be shown.

“Not to me shall he debase
His high heart; but he shall trace
His soul’s image in my face.

“Prouder shall I be, I wis,
To uplift my soul to his,
Than to low’r him to my kiss!”

Then the fifth broke silence there,
Parted back her golden hair,
Rais'd her violet eyes so fair :

" Mine shall be a poet's love,
High commission'd from above
With his songs all hearts to move.

" I will share in all his dreams,
Soothe him when he wearied seems,
Love him while last sun and streams.

" In his genius I will see
All my heaven. What bliss for me
Loved by such a heart to be !

" Oh ! what happiness to know
That I make his all below !
All his own, come weal, come woe !

" Fair he may be—but I heed not ;
In his face his charms I read not,
But within his soul. I need not

" Beauty's spell to make me love him ;
By his mind alone I prove him,
And my love alone should move him.

" I will look into his eyes—
Gaze with him upon the skies,
Until our two hearts arise,

" And united wander free
On the wings of Poesy,
And of love's divinity ;

" Feeling love around, below,
Love anear, where'er we go,
Love the only lore we know !"

Then uprose the last of all ;
Beautiful she was, and tall,
Her white vesture—like a pall—

Fell around her as she stood
Calm and high, in serious mood,
And all perfect womanhood.

Thus she spake : " I do not sigh
For a lover bold and high ;
Lower be my destiny !

" Fame and riches pass away ;
Wisdom, shorn of virtue's stay,
Is but a deceiving ray.

" Let me trust my lover's word,
And I shall not need his sword,
Nor his riches' useless hoard.

" Let me know his heart is pure,
And my faith in him is sure ;
And his love will aye endure.

" Let his clear, unshrinking eye
Meet mine own ; no puling sigh
Seek I ; no word-flattery—

" Better than all triumph due
That Fame's trumpet ever blew
Is an honest heart and true !

" Let me reverence his mind,
High and wise, yet soft and kind,
In his praise my best meed find.

" Let his genius be a light,
Dazzling not, but steady, bright,
And 'twill never sink in night.

" Let truth lie at his heart's core,
And I will, till life be o'er,
Trust him—love him—evermore !"

* * * * *

Whether these fair damsels met
Such a love as each had set
Her young heart upon—as yet

Poet's lay declareth not.
Reader ! did *thy* busy thought
Ever gain the thing it sought ?

STANZAS.

BY MRS. JAMES GRAY.

Go forth into the country,
From a world of care and guile ;
Go forth to the untainted air,
And the sunshine's open smile.
It shall clear thy clouded brow,
It shall loose the worldly coil
That binds thy heart too closely up,
Thou man of care and toil !

Go forth into the country,
Where gladsome sights and sounds
Make the heart's pulses thrill and leap
With fresher, happier bounds ;
They shall wake new life within
The mind's enchanted bow'r ;
Go, student of the midnight lamp,
And try their magic pow'r.

Go forth into the country,
With its choir of happy birds,
Its fertile vales, its grassy hills,
Alive with flocks and herds.
Against the power of sadness
Is its magic all arrayed ;
Go forth, and dream no idle dream,
O visionary maid !

Go forth into the country ;
Where the nut's rich clusters grow,
Where the strawberry nestles in the furze
And the hawthorn berries glow.
Each season hath its treasures,
Like thyself all free and wild ;
Who would keep thee from the country,
O gay and happy child ?

Go forth into the country,
It hath many a solemn grove
And grassy altar, 'midst the hills
Sacred to praise and love.
And whilst with grateful fervour
Thine eyes its glories scan,
Worship the Power that formed them all,
O holy Christian man !

Be always at leisure to do good ; never make business an excuse to decline offices of humanity.

S T. B R E T A C H E.

THE SURGEON'S TALE.

Translated from Bertrand,

BY MARY ANNE Y—.

At a short distance from Vendôme, on the banks of the Loire, stood an old-fashioned red brick house, hung with luxuriant ivy, and shrouded among lofty trees far over-topping its tall chimney pots. In the front was a garden leading down to the river, or rather I should say a wilderness, for garden it could scarcely be called. The box edges which once marked out the borders were high and straggling, the gravel walks overgrown with grass, and scarcely discernible, the slopes leading down to the water's edge verdant with all kinds of wild plants; the fruit trees no longer bore fruit, but stretched their straggling moss-grown branches far and wide, like skeleton arms ready to clutch any intruder; the hedges were a complete thicket, and even the lofty trees before the house looked pallid and sickly. In the centre of what had once been the lawn was a basin, surrounded by a hedge of honeysuckle; but the fountain which formerly arose from it had ceased to play, and the water it contained was green and stagnant. Not far from this was an image, bearing on its head a sun-dial; but the graceful limbs were broken and moss-grown, the features defaced, and the figures on the dial-plate almost obliterated; most forcibly did this mark the flight of time and its effects; and while looking on the shadow as it fell on that encrusted plate, you felt almost tempted to doubt whether it marked the present hour, but was not rather a chronicler of bygone days. The house too, massive and firm as it stood, had not escaped from the general decay. Swallows built their nests in the carved work, the balconies were falling, the doors sealed up with moss, the hinges rusty, the windows curtained with spiders' webs or broken, their frames rotting; the walls hung with masses of ivy and grey moss. The spirit of desolation reigned here with unquestioned sway, and the only sounds which broke the melancholy silence were the chirping of birds, the gambols of rats and mice, and the dismal wail of the rusty weather-cock as it grated to and fro on the cupola. If, urged by curiosity, the stranger entered the massive gates which led into the court-yard, he still found the same general decay; the pavement was almost hidden by tufts of grass, all kinds of parasitical plants hung in festoons from the crumbling walls; the tongue had dropped from the house-bell, the wire was eaten away by rust, the door-steps

broken, the door itself worm-eaten, and frogs, toads, and lizards held their revels in that dreary place undisturbed.

I had come to Vendôme on a visit to my uncle, and it was during my stay there that I discovered this place. I was then young, romantic, and imaginative; a ruin was a treat to me, but this comparatively modern edifice, abandoned to decay, was far more so. Why was it thus left untenanted? Was it haunted? was it the tomb of some fell crime? or was it the mere caprice of its owners which suffered it thus to fall to ruins? Most eagerly did I strive to find out the history of the place; but vain were all my inquiries—St. Bretache, as it was called, was an enigma of which no one knew the solution.

The mystery, the desolation, and the solitude of the place, excited my imagination, and often did I brave the perils of the straggling thorny edge in order to wander round the edifice thus abandoned to the mouldering touch of Time, who with sure, but stealthy grasp, was seizing on his prey. In those mazy tangled walks I composed delicious romances, of which I was the hero, or wove dreams and visions until they almost seemed realities. Now the silence and gloom was that of a cloister, and I was a cowed monk pacing those alleys and sighing for the world I had quitted for ever, or listening for the bell which should summon me to prayers. Then I fancied myself in a cemetery, wandering among the graves, and apostrophising the dead. Now that melancholy house was one sealed up on account of the plague, and I could almost hear the moans and cries of the stricken ones enclosed within its walls. Sometimes I wept, at others meditated, and at others drew near to the dwelling, and sought to gather from the whispered language of the trees, as the wind sighed among their foliage, and their branches mingled caressingly, some clue to the secret mystery of the place.

It was on my return from one of these visits that I was informed that a gentleman was waiting to speak to me. To me! who could it possibly be? I knew no one. However, I entered the parlour, and a tall lean man, attired in a shabby black suit, arose and greeted me with repeated bows. I vainly strove to recognize that countenance which, shaded as it was by long, greyish, light hair, reminded you of a washed out water-coloured portrait.

"May I inquire, sir, to whom I have the honour of speaking?" I said, offering him a chair.

"My name is Regnault," replied he, accepting the seat with a low voice; "I am the notary here at Vendôme; Monsieur may have heard of me perhaps before."

"I regret to say that I have not had that pleasure. But to what may I attribute the favour of this visit? I am rather too young to make my will, even supposing I had anything to leave."

"You shall hear directly. I am informed that you are in the habit of walking about the grounds of the place termed St. Bretache." Is it so?"

"It is, Monsieur!"

"Then may I request that you will have the goodness to discontinue those visits. Think not that I say this in any spirit of tyranny, but as the executor of the late Comtesse de Merret I feel myself compelled to enforce the terms of her will, and must therefore remind you that there are penalties incurred by trespassing on enclosed property, which St. Bretache is to all intents and purposes; a hedge being, in the eye of the law, as secure a boundary as the strongest wall. Although a relative of the deceased, I give you my honour that I have not set foot on that property since I went there to close up the doors, bring away the keys, and take formal possession in right of my office. No; the terms of her will are clear and defined, and far be it from me to infringe on them."

"You know the history of the owners of that place then, the reason why it is thus left to decay? Oh, tell me, I pray you, at least if it is not a family secret," I exclaimed.

The loquacious notary smiled, rubbed his hands, drew nearer to the fire, offered me his snuff-box, took a long pinch himself, and commenced: "It might be perhaps about three months after I established myself at Vendôme that I was summoned late one night to the Comtesse de Merret, who was then at the Chateau de Merret. Her lady's maid came in the carriage to fetch me, and on the road I learned from her that the Comte de Merret had been dead about six months; that he had died at Paris by his own hand in a gambling-house; that he and the Countess had been separated some time, and from the moment of their separation she had never seen St. Bretache, but that she had had all the furniture and hangings, &c., brought away, and some said burned in the court-yard of her chateau; that since then no cloistered nun could have led a more solitary life, she saw no one; even her most intimate friends were refused admittance; her days were passed in almost utter silence, and during the nights she might often be heard restlessly pacing her apartment, or uttering incoherent sentences, broken by sobs and groans. Her health had gradually declined, and she now lay on the point of death."

"It might have been about twelve when we arrived at Merret. I was shown up the grand staircase, and conducted across several large,

desolate-looking, cold rooms, and at length arrived at the chamber of the Countess. Ah, Monsieur, had you beheld as I did this large, dimly-lighted, tapestried apartment, with the immense lofty bed, and its dark, sweeping draperies, the high-backed carved chairs, the recess, with its crucifix and cushions, the bronze lamp shedding its flickering rays around, now illuminating, now throwing a deep shadow on the various objects, you would have deemed yourself transported into a scene from some old romance. In obedience to a sign given me I advanced to the side of the bed, and beheld Madame la Comtesse; she was propped up with pillows, her countenance was yellow and wax-like; long tresses of hair, soft as silk, but white as snow, fell from the confinement of her cap; her large dark eyes were glassy and strangely prominent, her cheeks thin to transparency, her lips livid and parted, so as to give to view the glittering teeth beneath; her hands looked like those of a skeleton, over which a covering of skin had been drawn, and every vein and muscle stood out in frightful relief. Never could I have believed it possible that a being thus reduced could live; it was awful to look on her, and think that poor human nature could be reduced to such a state. And she had been so beautiful? Where was her beauty now? I had seen many touching spectacles while in the practice of my profession, but never did I feel so affected as at the sight of this frail remnant of mortality, hovering as it were on the brink of the grave, of which she already seemed a tenant.

"No sound broke the awful stillness; I could not even distinguish the breathing of the invalid. I felt as if spell-bound, and stood silent and awe-stricken. At last those large eyes moved, the lips essayed to form some words, but no sound met my ear. She seemed to collect all her energies, and slowly and with difficulty drew a packet of papers from under her pillow, and placing it in my hand murmured, 'My will—take it. I trust to you—see it executed. Ah! 'tis past. My God, receive my spirit.' She seized a crucifix which lay on the bed, and pressing it to her lips fell back in that attitude. Her eyes wore a look of joy for a few seconds, and then were fixed in the stony gaze of death. Never, never shall I forget that moment. Poor lady, what she must have suffered ere she became reduced to such a state! Well might she joyfully welcome death, which could alone release her."

"On opening the will, I found that I was nominated sole executor; the greater part of her property was bequeathed to charities; there were some few legacies for different persons; and among others, one for a Madame Geronflot, which I could never prevail on that person to accept. St. Bretache was ordered to be left untouched, and unentered for a period of fifty years from the date of her death, at the expiration of which time it is to belong to my heirs. I trust I have hitherto fulfilled her wishes, and it shall not be my fault, if they are not carried out to the very letter."

The notary paused, took another pinch of snuff, and looked at me to see what impression his recital had made.

"Monsieur," I said, "I am greatly indebted to you for your graphic account of this affair; but tell me, can you form no idea of the causes which dictated so extraordinary a whim as that of suffering an old family mansion to go to ruin?"

"Your pardon," he replied, "I never permit myself to pry into the secrets of those parties who do me the honour to employ me. 'Tis true that one cannot close their ears to the numerous rumours which scandal sets afloat, but it is not necessary to give currency to them. Madame de Merret was a relation of mine, and besides she took care that I should be handsomely paid for carrying out her will; therefore, far be it from me to breathe one word inimical to her fair fame. Monsieur, my task is done; I have the honour to wish you good evening."

He arose and bowed himself out of the room. I threw myself back in my chair, and meditated; and Mrs. Ratcliffe herself wove not more thrilling romances than I did that evening.

Some days after this event, I was wandering in the neighbourhood of the forbidden ground, when I was suddenly overtaken by a thunder-storm, and sought shelter in a little cottage which stood about a quarter of a mile off. The owner, a fat, good-tempered dame, received me most hospitably, dusted her best chair, and chatted away like a magpie. My eyes, in wandering round the dwelling, were attracted by an exquisite miniature of a handsome, dark man, richly set in gold, which seemed so out of keeping with any of the rest of the furniture and ornaments of this dwelling, that I could not forbear asking whom it was meant for; a shade passed over the countenance of my hostess.

"He was a Spanish prisoner sent here on parole," she replied, "poor young man!" She quitted the room with a deep sigh.

When she returned I said—"You can see St. Bretache very plainly from here. Did you know the late inhabitants?"

"Did I?" she replied; "Ah, who could help knowing them? Madame de Merret, so good, so charitable, and so lovely; and her husband, so gay and gallant, with a word and a glance for every pretty girl. 'Tis true that she had much to put up with, for we women are always more or less jealous; but still they appeared to live happily together."

"Do you know what led to the separation?" I inquired.

"People may guess occasionally, and not be so far from the mark either," she replied with a mysterious glance; "but I thought you were anxious to know the history of that picture."

"Is it connected with that of Madame de Merret?" I inquired. She smiled with the self-satisfaction of one who loves mystery, and drawing her chair near to mine, began:

"Don Ferdinando de Bagos, when he first arrived here, was suffering from a severe wound. I had not the means of procuring for him those

things which his delicate health required, and consequently applied to the Countess. The dear lady came herself to my cottage, attended by her lady's maid Roselie, now Madame Geronflot, and brought all sorts of delicacies, as well as bandages, lint, &c.; with her own fair hands she dressed the wound day after day, and the poor young man appeared as if he could fall at the feet of his benefactress, and worship her. As he recovered, her visits became less frequent, and at last ceased altogether. He then took to wandering in the woods all day, and presently to staying out half the night; I reasoned with him, but he replied in his broken French that he could not sleep, that he was an exile, and when in the house, felt as if he were a prisoner also. I pitied him, and let him have his way. One evening he took a cup of coffee with me, and I could not but remark how radiantly beautiful he looked; his dark cheeks were flushed with vermillion, his magnificent eyes glittered like diamonds, his raven hair and moustaches were bright and glossy, and his whole figure seemed elate with joy and hope. I made some remark of the kind, and he replied—"Ah, madame! even to an exile there are occasional gleams of happiness!" He went out; the moonlight was bright, and I watched his mantled form for some time, and then returning to my wheel sat down to spin. But I did not feel happy, every moment my thoughts reverted to Don Ferdinando, and again and again I went to the window, believing that I heard his footstep approaching, but he returned no more, and never since have I seen or heard any trace of him. In his box was that picture and some money; the picture I have hung up here in order to see if any one would claim or recognise it, and the money is carefully put away."

"And has no one ever taken any notice of that portrait?" I inquired.

"Oh yes, many persons, like yourself, have been attracted by curiosity to inquire how I came by it, and I remember that Madame Geronflot fainted away when she saw it."

"Madame Geronflot; that is the name of the Countess's lady's maid, is it not?"

"Yes; the Count gave her a handsome dowry, and enabled her to marry her lover, who was then a poor mason; they left Vendôme very shortly afterwards, and have never since returned."

"And what do you think became of your Spaniard?"

"Some think he was drowned in the Loire; some that he broke his parole and escaped; but I believe that he was murdered!" and she sunk her voice to a whisper.

"Murdered! and by whom?"

"There are such things as husbands, who, although they allow themselves every license, brook not that their wives should look on a man; even Monsieur le Comte was such an one. But the rain is over, Monsieur, and I have to go to market. Excuse my appearing inhospitable;" and the dame put on her shawl, and taking her basket on her arm, moved towards

the door. I had nothing to do but to take my departure, which I did full of curiosity.

Time passed on; I returned to Paris, and commenced practising as a medical man; Vendôme and St. Bretache were gradually fading from my memory, and matters of more reality and importance filled the place of my romances. One evening I was summoned to a patient in great haste. She was a woman of some forty years of age, still bearing traces of beauty, but haggard and care-worn. On my arrival, she lay in a delirious fever; her eyes rolled wildly; her hands worked convulsively; incoherent sentences broke from her lips—"Quick, quick, down with it, he will be smothered, and I a murderess. Oh, my lady, why, why did you not confide in me? Ah, you here! then all is lost!" She sank back silent and insensible. I made some inquiries of her attendants; prescribed for her, promised to come again, and retired. In the course of a few days I succeeded in reducing the fever, but it left my patient frightfully weak. On one of my visits she said, "Shall I get over this, doctor?"

"I am not without hopes, Madame," I replied; "but you must keep yourself very quiet, and not dwell on anything likely to annoy you."

She shook her head, and murmured—"Oh, that you could still memory! then could I be calm; but while that power spreads its pictures of the past before my eyes, there is no peace for me."

"Hush, hush, dear Madame Geronflot," said the nurse.

"Geronflot!" I exclaimed. "Did you not once live with the Comtesse de Merret?"

She uttered a piercing shriek, and put her hands before her eyes as if to shut out some terrible vision; a paroxysm of delirium followed, and it was many hours before I succeeded in throwing her into a deep sleep.

Some days afterwards she said—"Doctor, you knew Madame de Merret; therefore to you I may speak. Perhaps it will relieve my heart to give utterance to the awful secret of which I am the sole depository. Oh! how heavily it has weighed on my soul, poisoning every source of joy, eating my very life away."

I told her that I feared she was not equal to the exertion now, and warned her that the recalling to mind past horrors might bring on another fit, and then I could not answer for the consequences; but she persisted in her wish, and leaving her a strengthening draught, I promised to come and hear her in the afternoon.

The following is the substance of what I gathered from her, at times, almost incoherent words:—

The apartment occupied by Madame de Merret was situated on the ground-floor, and looked out on to the garden; there was no boudoir, dressing, or anti-room, but a closet had been formed in the thickness of the wall, which served for a wardrobe. Mons. de Merret slept on the first floor, and was in the habit of going out every evening to read the newspapers and play billiards, or meet a few friends. In gene-

ral, on his return he inquired of Rosalie after her lady's health, and then retired to his own room; but one evening, having lost a large sum of money, and feeling restless and uneasy, he was inclined to sit and chat a little while with his wife. Accordingly he placed his light on the stairs, and passed along the corridor towards her chamber. As he turned the latch, he fancied that he heard the closet door hastily closed; but on entering her chamber, his wife stood alone by the mantel-piece. "It was Rosalie, no doubt," he thought, or tried to think; but jealous suspicions were buzzing around him which gave the lie to that thought.

"You are very late to-night," observed Madame; and her voice sounded to him trembling.

At that moment Rosalie entered from the corridor. Mons. de Merret paced the room with rapid steps and contracted brow.

"Have you heard any ill news?" said his wife. "Are you ill? Why do you not answer me? Rosalie, you may go; I will ring if I want you again."

Rosalie quitted the room, but remained close to the keyhole of the door. Mons. de Merret approached his wife, and fixing his eyes sternly upon her, said, "Madame, you have some one concealed in that closet!"

She met his gaze calmly, and replied simply, "You are mistaken, my dear." He seemed doubtful, but the cloud of suspicion again fell upon him, and he approached the door in order to open it. His wife arose, and taking his hand, said in a tone of sadness, and yet dignity, "Reflect for a moment ere you do this, I beseech you. If you find no one there, remember that all regard will be for ever vanished between us."

Mons. de Merret looked at her, and felt struck by the impressiveness of her manner. "True, true; in either case all regard, all confidence would cease between us. Forgive me that I wronged your pure nature even by a doubt. I know your piety, your religious veneration for virtue; but we cannot help our jealousy, sometimes. Swear to me that there is no one in that closet; here, swear it on this crucifix, and I will never open the door."

Madame de Merret took the crucifix, and murmured, "I swear it!"

"Louder!" said her husband. "Why should you tremble? Repeat, after me—'I swear before heaven that there is no one hidden in that closet!'" She repeated the sentence clearly and audibly. "It is well," said Monsieur, coldly. "You have a very pretty relique here; where did you meet with this?" he added, examining the beautifully embossed ebony crucifix, encrusted with silver.

"I bought it at Duvivier's, who had it from some of the prisoners of war."

Mons. de Merret rang the bell; Rosalie answered it in a moment, not having far to come. He beckoned her into one of the bow windows, and said in a low voice, "Rosalie, I know that Geronflot loves you, that you love him, that 'tis poverty alone prevents your union: fetch him hither; bid him bring his tools with him, and if

he fulfils my wishes, I will reward him so richly that you may both be happy. Here, take my pass-key; make no noise, and be quick." He walked to the door, and called loudly on Jean, his own valet—"Jean, let every one retire; we shall want nothing more to-night; and listen—when they are all asleep, come and let me know; I may, perhaps, want you." The man made a sign of acquiescence, and withdrew.

Mons. de Merret, who all this time had not once lost sight of his wife, now drew a chair by the fire, and sitting down, quietly recounting to her his losses, spoke of the leading topics of the day, and mentioned the persons whom he had met. When Rosalie returned, she found them conversing together very amicably. "Monsieur," she whispered, "Geronflot is outside!"

"Bid him enter," replied the gentleman aloud, and Madame turned pale as she saw the mason. 'Geronflot fetch those bricks which you will find under the shed: there is also some mortar and some plaster. I have a fancy to brick up the door of this closet.' He followed the man to the door, and detaining him and Rosalie, said to the former, "You love this girl: well, fulfil my wishes, and to-morrow you shall have a passport for any place you may select. I will pay you down six thousand francs, and ensure you the same sum on your arrival there; but you quit not this house until you step into the chaise which is to convey you away from Vendôme."

"Rosalie, come and arrange my hair," said Madame. Monsieur paced the room slowly; Geronflot set to work. Madame took the opportunity, when her husband's back was turned, and the fall of some bricks drowned her voice, to whisper, "Rosalie, I will richly reward you, if you can contrive to tell Geronflot to leave a space for the admission of air." Then she raised her voice, and added, "Perhaps you can assist the man; go see."

No conversation passed between the husband and wife; he continued to pace the room, she to look thoughtfully into the fire, or watch the progress of the work.

When the wall was about half done, Geronflot struck one of the panels with his pick-axe, while Rosalie knocked down a pile of bricks to cover the sound. A splendid dark countenance appeared at the opening, and Madame made a rapid sign, while Rosalie whispered, "Hope!"

All this passed in a second, and when Mons. de Merret turned in his promenade, there was nothing to attract his attention. The day had just begun to dawn when the wall was completed, and Geronflot committed to the custody of Jean. Monsieur de Merret slept that night in his wife's chamber, and when he awoke in the morning, said carelessly to himself, "Ah, I forgot, I must go to the mayor respecting that passport." His wife appeared to sleep: he dressed himself, put on his hat, took down the crucifix from the wall, and quitted the room. Scarcely was he gone than the bell was rung for Rosalie, Madame stood in the centre of the

room; her eyes glared wildly, her voice was shrill and frightful, as she cried—"Quick, quick, Rosalie! a pick-axe. He is gone to the mayor, to the jeweller. Oh, quick girl, it concerns a life! a valuable life. Yes, Fernando, devoted one, I will save thee!"

In a moment Rosalie was back again; her mistress seized the tool, and with all the energy of despair struck at the newly-made wall. Some bricks were already displaced, and drawing back in order to give more force to her strokes, she beheld her husband, who, with crossed arms and a sardonic smile, contemplated her frantic action. Uttering one piercing cry of despair, she sank senseless at his feet.

"Place your lady on her bed;" he said, coldly. Then murmured to himself—"I thought as much; she fell easily into my snare. Yes, yes! I was not wrong; she has deceived me. She, whom I believed pure as the unsunned snow, virtuous as an anchorite. Oh woman, devil! Ah, Duvivier, welcome. You bought a crucifix lately of some prisoners of war, I believe?"

"No, Monsieur, you are misinformed," replied the jeweller.

"Indeed! I am sorry to have troubled you, then. But I wished to have purchased it, if you had. Good morning." And as the man quitted the room, Mons. de Merret darted a look like that of a tiger on his wife, who was just recovering her senses. "Jean!" he said, turning to his valet, "will you arrange my toilet in this chamber? and as Madame is so ill, I will take my meals here: no attendance can be so tender or beneficial to her as that of an affectionate husband."

For three whole weeks did he remain night and day in that chamber, deaf to the sounds which occasionally broke through that walled-up door, blind to the anguish of his wife. Once only, when a long groan, as of one dying in frightful agonies, disturbed the silence which had prevailed for some time, and the word "murderer" broke from the parted and convulsed lips of Madame, he savagely grasped her arm, and his voice hissed into her ear—"Tis you who are the murderer, traitress! Did you not swear to me that there was no one in the closet? But I am avenged on you and him."

"Avenged! oh, how fearfully!" murmured the unhappy woman.

A deed of separation was drawn up, and they parted. Mons. de Merret sought to drown reflection in dissipation of every kind, and his wife, in solitude and penance, endeavoured to atone for her sins.

"Rosalie was united to her lover; business prospered with them, their children thrive, and all that could give comfort or happiness surrounded them; but there was a worm at the heart which ceased not night or day to blight what else would have been so fair. The remembrance of that fatal night never left Geronflot, and bitterly did he accuse himself for having been bribed to become a tool in the hand of the vengeful husband. An early and violent death snatched him from his family; Rosalie looked

upon that as a judgment, and her remorse was more poignant than ever, and it had reduced her to the state in which I found her.

Thus did I, piece by piece, learn the history of that deserted dwelling, that monument of mystery and crime, which once so excited my curiosity, and thus do I communicate it to my indulgent readers.

EXTRACTS FROM A MS. POEM ON THE PROGRESS OF SOCIETY.

BY CAPTAIN BELLEW; AUTHOR OF "MEMOIRS OF A GRIFFIN," &c.

* * * * *
One mighty law pervades the earth—
Culture to excellence gives birth;
This spreads with garniture the fields,
To this the mine its treasure yields—
Alike mankind, the brute, the soil
Resign their latent worth to toil.

Hence then alone 'tis education
Which e'er can elevate a nation—
A comprehensive plan of training,
A moral digging, weeding, draining,
To purify that soil, which breeds
Without a baneful crop of weeds.
The injured masses are that soil
On which philanthropists must toil;
Society's a plant whose flowers
Catch the light airs and genial showers
Of heaven, whilst from the parent earth
The stronger nutriment has birth;
Which gives it all the breadth and form
Which the gay flaunting flowers adorn:
But you'll have neither flowers nor fruit
Worth much if you neglect the root.

Then let us, if we love our kind,
So cultivate the heart and mind—
So soften one and harden t'other,
That man may hail his fellow brother;
With upright port and open hand,
A generous heart and accents bland,
The common work of Him above—
Immortal beings framed to love.

'Tis said that he of humble station
Has e'en no time for cultivation;
Or if he have, and should acquire
The thought refined—the poet's fire,
That he must certainly be made
Sick of his humble lot and trade,
Viewing his home and friends as fetters,
And ever envying his betters.

Some truth in this, but prithee note
'Tis not without its antidote;
For as the taste for knowledge spreads
He'll miss that contrast which he dreads,
And find congenial minds around
'Midst those with whom his lot is bound,
And thinking men will come to know
That peace in every state may grow;
If he's a house above his head,
His books, his raiment, and his bread,
Sees healthy offspring round his board,
Can save for them a little hoard—
Strengthen the kindred ties of life,
The hearty friend and loving wife—

Sleep well at night, work hard by day,
Has wherewithal to pay his way—
Lives under equal laws—has scope
For fair ambition and for hope,
That by exertions he may rise
And draw an honourable prize.
What is't to him tho' nobles dine
Off beaten gold, he'll not repine,
For thought will teach him it was meant
He should aspire, yet be content—
That the best happiness we find
Springs from a regulated mind,
Within whose cultivated ring
The cobbler may become a king—
Revel on lux'ries cheaply bought,
The piquant condiment of thought!

'Tis true transitions in the main
Can't be effected without pain:
The mother suffers bitter throes,
Ere the first-born allays her woes;
And liberty oft starts to life
Amidst the din of bloody strife,
And madden'd by the civil storm
Wears oft licentiousness's form;
The gangren'd limb before it heals,
Full oft excision's torture feels,
And ailments ere they do their worst,
Into some mighty crisis burst.
Thus moral ills have all their day,
And with like crises pass away—
So when from ignorance—the night—
Man passes first into the light
Of dawning knowledge, his new state
Seems scarcely better than his late;
And learn'd monopoliser's babble—
"This comes of educating rabble!"
But when no more the bursting day
Darkens the optics with its ray,
The dazzled man no longer reels,
But soon its glorious influence feels;
Soon learns to feel himself a man,
His thoughts to weigh, his rights to scan;
And, gathering strength from hour to hour,
Restricts all delegated power
Within the limit where its use
May operate without abuse.

* * * * *
Mechanics now gain sounder knowledge
Than richer men acquire at college;
No narrow interests enlist them,
Wooers of truth untied to system.
I've mark'd them at their public meetings—
Observ'd their tone, their air, their greetings,
Heard sentiments and thoughts exprest
Right worthy of the freeman's breast—
Manly, respectful, bland, yet firm,
Of better things the healthy germ.

Oh! great and wealthy of the land,
To such stretch forth the friendly hand!
Meet them, and grateful they will be
For timely aid and sympathy—
Yield somewhat of your sordid aims
To reason and to justice' claims,
Step from your sect and party rage,
Meet the young spirit of the age—
Conciliate her, and never cease
To meditate some plan of peace;
For rave and strive, oppose and jangle,
The Hercules you cannot strangle.

* * * *

The world's a scene of strife and toiling,
Where passions are for ever boiling—
Some seeking power, and others pelf,
Each happy to maintain himself,
A mighty whirl of ceaseless strife
Makes up the tragedy of life,
Where better feelings fitful gleam
In struggles 'midst the darksome scene.

Oh ! what a world of toil and mind,
Which, rightly used, would place mankind
In happier circumstance, and yield
To every one a useful field,
Is wasted in sectarian squalls,
Politick strife, and angry brawls ;
Certain such turmoil never can
For ever be designed for man.

Some principle profoundly wrong
Has surely ruled the world thus long,
Some peccant humour in the frame
Of social life the curse and bane.
'Tis true the brute divest of mind
Oft lives by warring on his kind,
And thus an obvious law fulfils—
Design'd to avert still greater ills.

But nobler man was never sent
To this fair world with like intent !
Stamp'd on his brow all glorious shine
The marks of intellect divine—
Bright lights to guide to endless day
The moral virtues on their way—
His reason rightly used, full sure
For social ills might find a cure,
And give to all—O envied treasure !—
Of joy and peace a flowing measure ;
First let him study, clause by clause,
The mighty tome of nature's laws—
Discover their intent, their end,
And to his own their spirit lend ;
Let him not madly seek to bind
By rude authority the mind,
But guide it by a soft appeal
To all the noblest thoughts we feel ;
The mind, the body, and the heart
Alike demand our fostering art.

Fair science elevates the soul,
O'er passion places her control—
Leads us by flow'ry paths above,
And saturates each aim with love ;
And when from these the grateful soul
Turns to the Framers of the whole,
The mighty Architect above
Whose sweetest attribute is love,
The arch is bound—complete the plan,
And man breathes nought save peace to man !

* * * *

FORGET EACH OTHER.

Forget each other !—hath the world
Wrought this great change in thee,
That thou can'st speak in careless mood
Such bitter words to me ?
Oh ! I had dreamt thy passion'd love
Was lasting, deep, and pure ;
That when all others should depart,
Thy love would still endure.

Forget each other !—thou may'st go
And meet with no regret,
And cease to think that we have lov'd,
Or we have ever met ;
But I must stay in grief alone,
Yet with a tearless eye—
And hide from all the world that love
Which yet can never die.

Forget each other !—no, no, no !
My dreams have been too bright
For cold oblivion to destroy,
Tho' thou art from my sight :
The lesson thou would'st teach this heart,
It cannot, would not learn ;
The love that is in all to thee,
Will cease with life to burn !

ROMANCE AND HEROISM.

BY C. H. HITCHINGS, ESQ.

Love is gladsome in his youth—
Full of thoughts and fancies bright,
Wreathing flowers of seeming truth
To a garland of delight ;
With a heaven of smiles above him,
And an earth of aims below—
Deeds to do for hearts that love him,
In the storms of human woe ;
All the heart's Elysium blending,
In a day-dream never ending.

Love to manhood lives and grows,
Sees his day-dream fade away—
Marks the withering of the rose,
And the heart-flowers, sad decay ;
All the daring deeds before him—
High chivalric thoughts—are gone ;
But the heaven of smiles is o'er him,
Lighting up the ruin lone ;
Deepest in the deepest paining,
Steadfast, as of old, remaining.

Then, beneath its steadfast ray,
Love to full perfection comes,
And, from out those flowers' decay,
Spring a hardier race of blooms ;
After false hopes sternly blighted—
Hopes of that life ne'er could be,
Dreams in which its youth delighted—
Love attains maturity ;
When, its false Ideal dead,
Living Truth springs up instead.

Wakened from its boyish dream
Of the perfect, by the past,
Still beneath its constant beam
The heart to wisdom turns at last—
Takes the flowers beside it growing,
Well content if these may live,
While life's stream of sorrow flowing
Space enough for acts can give :
Harder is the life of truth
Than all the heroic dreams of youth.

Discretion is the perfection of reason, and a guide
to us in all the duties of life.

MARY FRANKLIN.

BY MARION.

However we may exclaim against the world, as being the seat of universal deceit and falsehood, there are still few of us who cannot boast one, at least, in whom we can fully trust, and by whom we believe we are truly loved. Yet such, unhappily for her, was the fate of Mary Franklin, in her childhood and youth; left an orphan at an early age, she had been confided to the care of Mr. Horton, a distant relative of her mother's, and, in the sight of the world, he had well fulfilled his trust; that is, he had educated her tolerably, she dwelt in his house, and he had never ill-treated her. But, alas! what can compensate for the want of affection, and for those many cares and attentions which invariably accompany it? and Mary, endowed as she was with all the sensitive feelings and yearnings after affection which constitute a gentle and devoted woman, had often and bitterly felt this want.

Perhaps, as Mr. Horton was by no means a bad-hearted man, if he had possessed none nearer to him, Mary might have been what she had always striven to be, a friend and companion; but all his love was given to his daughter, a beautiful creature, whose brilliancy but threw Mary more into the shade, and whose cold heart and vain disposition prevented her becoming a friend.

Thus did Mary, to the age of eighteen, live a life of almost perfect solitude, for it was seldom she was included in any of the parties of pleasure which engrossed a great portion of Clara Horton's time; and even when it did happen, as she had not beauty, or any extraordinary talents to introduce her to notice, the fact of her being a dependant on Mr. Horton's bounty was a sufficient cause for neglect, in the sight of Miss Horton's fashionable friends; so that among a multitude, Mary was as utterly lonely as in her own chamber.

But about this time Mr. Horton received a letter from a cousin of Mary's, a young man but little older than herself; and as he was wealthy and a relation of theirs also, the announcement that he intended spending some time with them was welcomed with joy, both by Mr. Horton and his daughter, who thought with delight on the accession of a new admirer; while Mary indulged in the pleasing hope that this cousin, whom she had never seen, might look on her with affection, and become what she had often so ardently longed for—a friend!

Francis Harcourt came, and fully justified the expectations of his relations; with a strikingly handsome person, pleasing manners, and excellent abilities, he possessed that far better gift, a

good heart; yet admired and courted from his earliest youth, he had imbibed a too strong love for those qualifications and endowments which render us sought for by the world. From such a one as this it was scarcely likely that the quiet Mary would elicit much notice; he, however, greeted her kindly. But when he turned to Clara, Mary felt how different was his manner; dazzled by her beauty, and charmed by her vivacity, Francis, like most persons, did not perceive the shallowness of her ideas, clothed as they were in elegant language; and every day he passed in her company but served to increase his admiration, whilst Clara evidently preferred him to the rest of her suitors. How was it that Mary's heart should throb with anguish at every admiring glance, every tender word or attention that Francis gave to Clara? It could not be wounded vanity, for she had beheld the preference of others given to Clara without a pang. Alas, for woman, that her heart will rebel against her, and fly to those who prize it not! else had not Mary loved her cousin hopelessly, for love him she did, with all the fervour of a nature that expended its whole earthly passion on one object. And when, seeking for the cause of her increased dejection, the truth burst upon her, who can tell the bitterness of her feelings! knowing that her love was unsought for, unreturned, and that he on whom it was lavished was wooing another! And now, Mary endured a constant struggle between her reason and her feelings, and none interested themselves in her sufficiently to note the increased paleness and languor which those struggles produced, however assisted, as they were, by that religion which from her solitary childhood had been her only guide.

One morning, as she was walking in the garden, she beheld her cousin coming towards her, and the swelling heart that always announced his presence brought a momentary flush to her cheek.

"Those are fine roses, Mary," said Francis, carelessly, as he approached her, and pointing to a bush which Mary had planted, and on which she had bestowed great care.

"Will you have one?" said she, timidly; "that bush is mine," and she stooped to pick the finest.

"You are a good girl, Mary, though you are so quiet," exclaimed her cousin, laughingly, as he received it. Poor Mary! she thought she could have better borne harshness, than that tone of half pity, half scorn.

"Do you know where Clara is?" cried Francis abruptly.

"I will seek her, if you please," said Mary, as she turned towards the house, with even more than her usual sadness of countenance. She soon however met Clara, and merely telling her that Francis wanted her, turned into another walk. Here she continued some little time, so engrossed in her own reflections that she did not, till she heard voices, perceive that she could both see and hear Clara and Francis, who had evidently just received a flower from his fair companion.

"I will love this dearly, and preserve it all my life, for your sweet sake; may I not, dearest Clara?" said Francis, imploringly, as he placed the flower in his bosom.

"Ah, if you do indeed prize it on that account," was the reply, made in the softest tones of Clara's naturally soft voice.

"Do you not know that the merest trifle on earth would be valuable in my eyes, Clara, if given by you?" exclaimed Francis; and as he pressed her hand to his lips, the rose which Mary had given him fell unheeded to the ground, and as they walked on, was unconsciously crushed beneath his feet.

Alas! Mary had suffered herself to hope, and doubted even while she did so, that he would have kept her gift, simple as it was, at least for a little time, for the sake of her who gave it. But she had seen and heard enough now, and retracing her steps, she entered the house, absorbed in melancholy thoughts, and repining, almost for the first time in her life, even amid all her loneliness, that nature had not given her a portion of those attractions which distinguished Clara. How often do we, like Mary, in this her hour of grief, overlook that the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit is of far more value than all that beauty and wit which the world admires and extols!

Mary had not long entered the drawing-room, when Mr. Horton appeared, and shortly after, Francis led Clara to her father, and besought his approval of their love.

"It is then as I hoped, and Clara returns your affection," said Mr. Horton, with evident pleasure; "God bless you, my children, and grant you may be happy!"

Francis pressed Clara fondly to his heart, and a scene of joy and congratulation followed, during which Mary sat like a stranger and an alien at a distant part of the room, and thinking every moment that her heart would break with its intensity of anguish.

"Bless me, Mary," said Mr. Horton, at last, rather peevishly; "why don't you congratulate your cousin? Any one would think you were sorry at seeing us so happy."

"Indeed, indeed, dear sir, you wrong me," said Mary, the tears coming into her eyes for the first time; "but you know I am not gifted with eloquence."

"I do not think Mary is well," remarked Francis, with a gentleness and consideration that arose perhaps from his own happiness; but Mary blessed him in her heart, even for those few kind words.

Very, very long did that evening seem to Mary, and truly grateful was she when the hour for retiring arrived, and she could be alone once more in her own chamber; where flinging herself on her knees, she prayed fervently, beseeching her God to give her his help to subdue into a sisterly affection the hopeless passion which now convulsed her whole frame; and that she might be allowed, if she could not make him happy, at least to find comfort in the thought that he was so. She arose with a portion of that peace in her heart, which the world cannot take away, and firmly resolved to behold the engagement of her cousin at least with composure.

But with security came carelessness, and Clara, whose preference for Francis had proceeded less from her affection than from gratified vanity at being the chosen of one so much admired, soon resumed all her old coquetry, and did not scruple to give to others at least as many of her smiles and sweet words as she bestowed on her accepted lover; and day by day did Mary with deep and unselfish sorrow behold the noble spirit of her cousin vexed and irritated. But Francis was too high-spirited to bear this in silence, and one day he remonstrated with her more seriously than usual, on her persisting in a determination to go to a ball that night, to which he could not accompany her, and at which was to be present a certain dashing, but libertine captain, whom Francis particularly disliked, and Clara as particularly admired. But his words produced no more effect than a gay and half scornful laugh, and he left her, and shortly after the house, in evident anger.

Mary, who had been a witness to the altercation, but had avoided appearing to notice it while her cousin was present, now looked up, and imagining that Clara looked sorry for the part she had acted, she ventured to say—"Do not think me rude or presuming, dear Clara, but indeed I think you should yield to Francis this time."

"Certainly you are very competent to give advice, you who never had a lover in your life!" cried Clara, insultingly, as she quitted the room, leaving Mary with tears of wounded feeling in her eyes.

Francis did not return till late, and then he was so extremely unwell that Mr. Horton judged it expedient to send for advice. The doctor came, and at once pronounced his disorder to be the small-pox. Francis, perhaps in the hope that a good action would soothe the irritation of his feelings, had been to relieve a poor family, a member of which laboured under the small-pox. He had caught the infection, and before Clara returned from her midnight revelry, was insensible to all around him.

Who was that who, during those many weary weeks of illness, proved such a gentle and devoted nurse to the sick man? Who administered his medicine, cooled his hot brow with her soft hand, and in the dread hours of blindness and delirium knelt by his bed-side, and prayed

with heartfelt earnestness that he might recover, and reward her by returning health for all her cares? It was Mary—neglected Mary! While Clara, the chosen of his heart in the hours of health and happiness, shrinking from the danger and even fatigue of attending her destined husband, and alike unrestrained by the control of her weak father, and careless of him whose death at one time seemed almost certain, still mingled in all her wonted gaieties; and anticipating that the beauty of Francis, which had been his greatest charm in her eyes, was by this time destroyed by the hand of disease, soon ceased to feel any regard for him.

The morning that witnessed Francis's return to sight and reason, and partially to health, beheld the elopement of the unfeeling Clara with Captain Nash, a man not only reduced in fortune, but in every way calculated to make her future life wretched.

It was natural that Francis should feel surprised at learning who it was that had tended him so affectionately during his illness; for he had scarcely recognized any one till now, and it was evident that at first he sought to excuse Clara's neglect, by dwelling on the danger. Yet Mary, for whom he had never shown any love she had braved it, and safely! But soon, when he knew there could be no risk in being in his company, his inquiries for Clara grew so urgent, that it was impossible to conceal the truth from him any longer; and Mary, however painful it might be to her feelings, was forced to disclose it to him herself; for Mr. Horton's violent indignation at his daughter's madness had subsided into a stupor, from which he could not be roused, and which at his advanced age threatened even life itself.

Well did Mary fulfil her unpleasant task, for she told the melancholy tale with a feeling and delicacy that disarmed the blow of half its severity. Francis bore it better than could have been expected. It might have been that Clara's inattention in the time of his danger and trouble had cooled his passion; and though for many days his recovery was retarded by very many painful and mortifying ideas, yet he began to improve in health and spirits sooner than Mary had dared to hope. She was still his companion, and conquering her own timidity to amuse him, developed abilities which she knew not she possessed; and oh, how fully was she rewarded for all her efforts, all the anxiety and fatigue she had suffered, by the unvarying, the grateful tenderness of his manner. Thus weeks passed on, spent in each other's society, and latterly the behaviour of Francis had increased in tenderness, and sometimes assumed an expression which sent a flush of deep, yet trembling joy to Mary's cheek; and she even caught herself indulging in thoughts and hopes, the fulfilment of which she would once have deemed impossible. They were sitting together one evening, and Francis had been gazing earnestly at Mary, as she read aloud a favourite author, when he exclaimed suddenly—"You must have thought me very ungrateful, Mary,

for never thanking you for all your unmerited kindness to me?"

"Indeed I never thought anything of the sort," said Mary, smiling. "I did no more than my duty."

"Yet how much more did you do for me than Clara!" returned Francis, seriously.

"I will hear no more on the subject," said Mary, laying her hand on his mouth.

"But you must hear me," said Francis, with sudden animation, and retaining her hand in his—"hear me solicit your forgiveness for passing your modest worth unnoticed, and in my blindness choosing one so far inferior to you!"

"My forgiveness, Francis!" said Mary, colouring and trembling.

"Yes, yours, dearest Mary; and oh, believe me, that since I first truly estimated you, daily has my love increased until now; my heart alone can prove how steadfastly all its hopes are set on you!"

"Can this be possible?" said Mary, after a pause. "Can you, indeed, love your poor dull cousin?" and she lifted her eyes to his face, with a half-doubting, half-trusting look.

"Could I do otherwise, dearest?" replied Francis, with an earnestness of manner more convincing than words. "Could any, who had seen you as I have, devoting yourself to the comfort of one who had ever, I shame to say, looked on you with indifference? Be sure, Mary, my only chance of happiness rests on you! Never did I love Clara as I love you, for never had I the cause."

Mary did not answer; but the beaming eye, the trusting, blissful smile, and the form that sunk into his long embrace, told a tale sufficiently intelligible to the dullest observer; and they were married, and truly they were happy; for love like Mary's, when once returned, seldom loses its influence; and few would recognize Mary Franklin, in the blooming, animated Mrs. Harcourt.

Clara, now fatherless, and a wretched, neglected wife, looks with late remorse on the happiness she threw away. But fervently does Francis Harcourt bless the illness which rescued him from an unhappy marriage, and disclosed to him the true and priceless heart of his cousin Mary!

To surprise any person's reason is utterly unjustifiable; and be the end proposed ever so good, the means is detestable. If people will not make a right use of leisure and reflection, their fault is great; but if we do not allow them both, ours is much greater.

'Tis never for their wisdom that we love the wisest, nor for their wit that we love the wittiest; 'tis for benevolence, and virtue, and honest fondness, that we love people, though the other qualities make us proud of their acquaintance.

MRS. TROLLOPE'S "YOUNG LOVE."*

It cannot be denied that the bias of Mrs. Trollope's mind is essentially unfeminine. She has a keen eye, a rapid way of drawing conclusions, which are, indeed, distinguished as much by their shrewdness as their quickness; her judgments are merciless, her familiarity with the mean shifts and turns of a little mind astonishes us, and her elaborate skill in describing vice, knavery, and coarseness, all these characteristics of her pen make us forget that we are following the guiding hand of a woman; and even while we exclaim "How clever!" we also add, "but how very unwomanly!"

We know, indeed, that the power to paint evil is often strangely joined to a pure and sincere horror of it; we know that some of the most terrible tragedies of human sin and sorrow have been traced in burning lines by the best and noblest minds: but still, when we see the worst stains of human nature drawn out before our eyes with lengthened fondness and highly-cultivated art, we cannot but think that the magician who evoked these foul spirits from their own abode, had some pleasure in the peculiar exercise of her power. Truth to tell, when Mrs. Trollope tries to be high-toned and refined, she only succeeds in being egregiously dull; her mind is cast in a coarse mould—she is a caricaturist, and must remain so, let her mince the Queen's English as much as she please. Her pen is the white crayon that traces the clearest lines on the darkest ground; on the delicate tablet of a true womanly heart it is lost in faintness and feebleness.

She has chosen an ambitious title for her present work. Involuntarily our minds recur to Shakspeare, and we are half-expecting a "Romeo and Juliet" of the nineteenth century, when we open the book and stumble over the conceited, spoiled child, Alfred Dermont, and the arch-deceiver Miss Thorwold.

Surely the present handler of so delicate a subject meant this story as a burlesque on the oft ridiculed "tender passion." If love is indeed a folly, it is, as L. E. L. says, "its own avenger," and we should not trample on the fallen. There are enough sour guardians and worldly speculating mammas to stand sentry over the young hearts of this iron age, without Mrs. Trollope's three-volumed sneer. She shows us false coin, and she forgets that some of us are not too old to have lost the recollection of the sterling gold that made our first emotion so invaluable.

The great defect of this story, in the way of artistic skill, is its deficiency of incident. Mrs. Trollope has thought the public worthy of no newer materials than the old fête, the old coun-

try dinners, the old country parties, of which we had all sickened in her last tale of the "Lauringtons." To be sure, we have a mock marriage, and a stop-short marriage—more remarkable for the coolness with which the acting parties regard them, than for any peculiar feature they possess. But the main prop of the tale lies in the adventures of a young lady, whose sins seem meant expressly to illustrate the text, that "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked."

We hardly think that any woman, before Mrs. Trollope, ever so painted her fellow-woman; and yet we cannot help concluding that the task of such a portraiture must not have been unpleasant to the lady-writer, when we see the elaborate unwinding, fold after fold, of a most corrupt heart, where there lingers not one faint twilight glimpse of human tendernesses or remorse. Such is Amelia Thorwold, and we do not hesitate to pronounce the character utterly unnatural. Nay more, we challenge Mrs. Trollope to produce, in the whole range of fiction, a human being whom the truest readers of the human heart have represented so unredeemed in evil tendencies. Scott knew better—even his murderers have a touch of humanity, and he would have shrunk from heaping upon poor, weak woman such "damning guilt" as Mrs. Trollope lavishes on the heroine of her "Young Love."

In order to justify the seeming harshness of our censure, we will give a brief summary of the facts related in this tale.

Alfred Dermont, a self-willed, self-complacent only child, with parents whose doating silliness is heightened into absurdity, at the mature age of twenty is caught by the matchless beauty of Miss Thorwold, who has the advantage of him by about nine years. This is a common case in real life; boys generally admire women who have more experience in the world than themselves; but we hope, for the credit of the youth of this enlightened day, that they do not show the folly in their "calf-love" which Mr. Alfred Dermont exhibits. He summons Julia Drummond, his father's orphan ward, and his own playmate and friend from infancy, to carry to his parents his determination (after having twice seen the lady in his life) to wed Miss Thorwold immediately. Poor Miss Julia, having just discovered that she herself loved Alfred, had been expecting a declaration for her own behoof, and is considerably discomfited, though she hides her agitation, and carries the message to the dutifully obedient parents. They of course, being under capital filial discipline, invite the lady to their house, where we have some tedious chapters of dull love-making on his part, and acting on hers, and gossip on the part of coun-

* 3 vols., 8vo. Colburn.

try visitors, some of whom are only resuscitated Barnabys, Perkinses, and O'Donagoughs. While Miss Thorwold goes on flirting with the boy, she is also secretly encouraging a *passé roué*, a Lord William Hammond; but lest we should fancy she be capable of a genuine passion, we are told she is attached principally to the wished-for title of Lady William. He prevails on her to agree to a marriage, secret for the present, on account of his debts; but after the honeymoon, finding her assume the sulky airs of an ill-tempered wife, takes his leave in a polite letter, which informs her that the ceremony was only a sham one, and that his advice for her to heal her broken fortunes and wounded honour is to return to the Dermonts, and hurry on a marriage with poor Alfred, who has all this time believed her in Italy, attending the death-bed of a dear young friend. Is there a woman living who, whatever her previous errors might have been, could, in such a situation, without one pang of regret, one twinge of remorse, coolly set about so detestable a plan, and announce to her confidant that "indeed, on the whole, she had rather gained by her adventure!" Surely this is unnatural, there is not even one sigh of outraged feeling for her own wrongs; no, she abuses her betrayer, but follows his advice, writes lying letters to the Dermonts, dons mourning for her "poor lost friend," and goes back to her deluded lover full of feigned love and goodness. Julia Drummond is the only one who penetrates her hollowness, and suspects that all is not right. However, the wedding-day comes, and they set off for the church, and it is only on the way there that Alfred's father receives a letter from the confidant, who, quarrelling with Lord William, revenges herself for his desertion, by betraying that his marriage with Miss Thorwold was a *bona fide* and legal tie, and that the lady can only unite herself with Alfred by committing bigamy! And now Alfred takes her deceit as coolly as she took Lord William's. Though the priest was at the altar, the ring in his hand; though he had just left her full of all a lover's and a bridegroom's exulting rapture, he quietly calls her a wretched woman, begs the company will go back and eat up the wedding breakfast, and he himself repairs to Julia Drummond to receive her condolences, and to laugh over his matrimonial break down. Not one anguished throb of disappointment; not one bitter memory of his burning love; oh dear, no! He pulls off his bride from his foot, as he would a soiled stocking from his foot, and two months after proposes to Julia. But she, judging as we should have done, that such haste boded little firmness or self-knowledge; and fearful that he had discovered her ill-concealed love for him, and that this offer emanated from pity, very wisely declines the honour, which puts our poor ill-advised lover quite beside himself. Finding his intentions to lie down and die have little effect on a strong body six feet high, he drags his dear, dull, doating papa and

mamma to the continent, where we can fancy they paid for their weak indulgence of his freaks, by being as uncomfortable as ever stupid, old, prejudiced country magnates were among the "quips and cranks and wreathed smiles" of our mercurial neighbours over the water. Meanwhile Julia eschews love, and commences the sciences, and comes to London; and there after four years is pestered with a lord for a lover, who will not take a nay. Alfred happens, on his return, to overhear the last and effectual dismissal, and on the strength of it renews his suit, succeeds, and is married in the space of a page. This is but scripp allowance for Julia's preparations, when Miss Thorwold revelled for half a dozen chapters in her bridal paraphernalia; and thus ends this exposition of "Young Love. And had it not been for the title, nobody would guess that love had anything to do with the matter.

Mrs. Trollope is partial to declarations of love in company. In our old-fashioned day, we used to fancy that the tale of feeling was far more sweet and precious when none were near beside the dear one herself but the ardent sun, whose gaze, like our own, revelled in her blushes; or the pale, gentle moon, whose sad, soft beams seem ever sympathizing with earthly tendernesses. But this is sheer romance; it is much more safe to have a witness, in case of breach of promise!

There are some under-currents of love troubles, stupid enough, and certainly not complimentary to the lady actors. Thus one, an heiress, and aristocratic in mind and tastes, refuses the man she loves, because he has a vulgar-looking, and vulgar-minded sister, and this said sister is always rushing violently after officers and "beaux"—to use a word of most significant vulgarity. She is, indeed, a combination of Miss Patty O'Donagough in the "Widow Married," with the same fierce, blackeyes, red cheeks, plunging activity, and coarse forwardness to men; and of Miss Matilda Perkins in the same story, with her lank curls, her shabby finery, her continual disasters in love, and her terror of dying an old maid. Almost all the characters are rechauffements of Mrs. Trollope's well-known portraits, for she tells us they are *drawn from life*, and if so, we sincerely pity her ill-fortune in falling into such very low, vulgar, and shallow-minded society as she represents. Remembering this, we will not blame her any more. Perhaps, if she had a peep of the higher grades, she might do better another time, in which hope we leave her, though we had indeed a few words to say respecting the *morale* of the story.

It may be asked for what purpose is this tale put forth by a writer of popular notoriety, with a title affixed to it that will ensure its being read by all the young ladies under eighteen, whom mammas permit to look at such naughty books as novels? If it is to keep them from the follies of "Young Love," or from the evil of deceit and coquetry, we fear it will fail; for no girl feels herself in any danger of copying the wickedness of Amelia Thorwold. Papas and mammas seldom

keep up their spoiling system after the darlings have got into their first tail-coats, so they do not require the lessons of Colonel and Mrs. Dermonts blind devotion; and young men, now-a-days, do not marry in such haste as to hear nothing of their betrothed's former adventures in the tender passion. The book is false as a picture of life; it is useless as a warning or example. No coquette but has her better awakenings of conscience; no lover but feels purer and better from his love.

But Alfred's passion makes him captious, ungenerous, selfish; and Julia's is unlike a woman's, for it is created out of nothing, and lives upon less than nothing. Woman's love is rarely born from total vacancy; it is founded on gratitude for some preference on the man's side, whether real or feigned. That preference may change or die, while the love evoked from it lives on immortally; but there must have been a preference to begin upon, else is it not truly woman's first young love, but a pert and forward fancy.

It is a glorious dream—that "Young Love!" It says, like Napoleon, "Impossible!—it is a word for fools." It reconciles all absurdities, it makes parallels meet, hopes all, tries all, and too often fails in all! Yes, it is a dream; and as dreamers do, we are astonished at nothing we see before us; all obstacles fall down, all angry passions hear the voice of the charmer, and we believe in the perfectibility of our fellow creatures. Then it is that all mean, and sordid, and selfish impulses are trodden under foot. We are capable of any self-sacrifice, and the noblest deeds the world ever saw had their source in the highest and most spiritual degrees of that mighty passion.

The awakening may come, but we thank heaven it is a trial that strengthens and purifies more hearts than it enervates and embitters. He who hath loved truly and deeply, will never think those precious feelings wasted, even though he found himself deceived. He will reflect with gratitude that he has for a brief season been permitted to taste the purest and most disinterested happiness this life can give. He will feel that the exercise of generous sentiments and exalted passions has elevated and enlarged his mind; that the experience of disappointment, however grievous and heart-rending at the time, has given him a large benevolence towards his fellow creatures, as Talfourd says:—"Thy heart enlarged by its new sympathy with one yields bountiful to all."

Yes; he will deal gently with stricken spirits, he will comfort others from remembering how he himself needed comfort; and finally, though he has wakened from sleeping, and is, perchance, sobered by the real collision of every-day troubles and cares, he will, for the sake of its glory and its heavenliness, look kindly on the rashness and waywardness, the eddies and torrents of that much-talked-of, little-understood thing, "Young Love."

P. P. C.

WINTER.

BY ELIZA LESLIE.

Ha! Winter—chilling, cheerless, weary—
Whose scant locks are sadly crown'd
With icicles all cold and dreary,
Dropping into rain around;

The penthouse of whose eye-brows scatter
Feathery snow-flakes dazzling white;
The snow-balls from whose fingers clatter
Into hail-stones in their flight;

Whose breath 's a storm, whose whispers even
Sound like serpents' hiss among
The leafless trees, that up to heaven
Cast their wild arms all along!

Sad emblems of misfortune's children,
Shivering at the wintry blast,
Who, penury's sad cares bewild'ring,
Spread to heaven their arms at last;

Imploring thither to be taken,
As no hope remains below;
By sister, brother, man forsaken.
Christians! say—shall it be so?

Anticipate the dark December
With the light and warmth of love—
Kindle the bright and glowing ember;
Heaven shall bless thee from above!

The houseless feed, and clothe, and cover,
And for one little season try
To throw fair Charity's cloak over
Former sins of crimson dye;
Then shall the angel, Comfort, hover
O'er the low pillow and the high!

Nov., 1844.

STANZAS.

She died!—but on no day of gloom;
The air was faint with scent and bloom;
Upon the mellow uplands lay
The scents and bloom of May;
The sky was blue—the sea was bright—
The streams ran laughing in the light.

She died!—and sudden night came down:
For *me* there bloom'd no flowery crown;
No glory rose o'er land or sea;
For eve was closing over me—
The azure of that loving eye,
That was to me *both* sun and sky.

She sleeps in such a quiet grave,
And at her head the wild flowers wave,
And mighty yews, their shades profound
Shed ever on the ground:
And through those dark and stately trees,
For ever moans the murmur'ing breeze.

And on that place of holy sleep
The dews of evening love to weep,
And morning's purple light is shed
Most gently o'er her head;
And there I linger—but in vain—
I ne'er shall hear her voice again!

A CONCERT OF SACRED MUSIC.

(Performed at the Indigent Blind Asylum, St. George's Fields.

BY MRS. VALENTINE BARTHOLOMEW.

One of the most touching and interesting establishments that a stranger to London can visit, is the Indigent Blind Asylum; at least I thought so when I was fortunate enough to be present at a concert, given by its inmates on the 16th of October.

I had not been seated many minutes in the chapel when the singers, of both sexes, entered, and took their respective seats as easily as if they had possessed the organs of vision.

The females were dressed with the most Quaker-like neatness; small round-eared caps, with plaited borders, dark brown stuff gowns and white aprons, fawn-coloured shawls and mittens, being the costume of the establishment; nothing could be less picturesque than this combination of colours; yet there were two girls looking so lovely that they attracted the attention of the whole company; the one, about nineteen, had her eyes cast down, as in perfect repose, the long dark eyelashes resting upon a cheek as soft and pale as one of Correggio's Madonnas; there was the same pure and tranquil expression, the impress of thought free from the stain of earth; and as I gazed, with an artist's love of the beautiful, upon her high and expanded forehead, I ceased to regret she was blind, for in all stations of life woman's beauty is a fearful dowry, and perhaps the Almighty in mercy sent this affliction to that gentle creature to save her from years of sin and sorrow. Next to her sat a bright sunny being, not more than twelve or fourteen years of age; her golden hair was smoothly parted upon a brow which rivalled in whiteness the cap which shaded it; smiles were constantly playing in the roses of her cheek, and her closed eyes seemed more shut in joy and frolic than from actual blindness; I looked at her Madonna companion almost with reverence, but I longed to throw my arms round the neck of this child of adversity, and weep for the lot which shut her out from the blessed light of day.

But all reflections were soon chased away by the solemn peal of the organ; and when the voluntary concluded, we might have heard a pin drop on the ground, so deep was the silence of the audience as they listened to one of the women who repeated the anthem previously to its being sung; her voice was sweet and low, every word falling distinctly on the ear; and as the speaker, in the earnestness of her heart, raised her sightless eyes to heaven, those of the beholders were filled with tears; and when the

last verse was finished, there burst forth such a gush of melody as few have heard excelled in our Royal Academy of Music.

The next person who stood up to repeat a hymn was a young man, whose pronunciation and proper emphasis might have put to the blush many a pupil in our aristocratic schools.

At length it came to the turn of the bright little being I have before mentioned; every eye was fixed upon her innocent countenance, of which she seemed instinctively conscious, for a rich colour mounted to her cheeks and forehead, and she looked timid and distressed, until a kind old man, a Dr. S—, we were told, one of the patrons, gave her an encouraging word as he placed himself by her side; the girl's joyous expression soon returned, and as she repeated those beautiful words of "Blessed be thy power," which are arranged by the immortal Handel, her voice sounded like the voice of an angel calling us to our God.

After the entertainment was finished, we visited the wards, where those who had not joined in the concert were still employed at their respective trades of shoe-making, mat-making, and basket-making, &c., &c., which were carried on with wonderful accuracy and dexterity. It was wonderful to see mere children handling knives, and other sharp-edged tools, as fearfully as if they could have seen precisely when and how to use them.

In the shoe-makers' room, under one of the windows, through which poured a flood of light, sat a little boy closing the seams of a boot, and as he felt the warmth of the sun's rays he for a moment lifted up his head; his pale, wan face wore a look of care and weariness. But just then a canary bird, which was caged above him, warbled forth its song of gladness; the child listened attentively, the shadow passed from his brow, and smiling and chirping to his feathered companion he resumed his employment, as if no affliction had set him apart from his fellow creatures.

It was curious to observe the pleasure the rug-makers appeared to take in the ornamental parts of their work: one almost fancied they could really see the bright hues of the wool which formed the borders of the rugs.

The female apartments were yet of more interest, the large room looking somewhat like a bazaar; for on different stalls were deposited for sale bags, purses, braces, babies' hoods, watch-pockets, &c., &c.; in fact, every ingenious

variety of netting and knitting was to be obtained at a moderate price.

After bestowing much admiration on these pretty things, we looked at the groups around us; some of the busy inmates were recognizing friends or patrons amongst the numerous visitors, and many a soft voice of the sightless uttered the welcome expression of, "How glad I am to see you," and "When shall I see you again?"

At a small table, in loving fellowship with three other girls, sat my beautiful Madonna, using her tongue as glibly as her fingers, which moved the knitting-needles with extraordinary rapidity: all her pensiveness had vanished, and with it much of that peculiar style of beauty which had so forcibly struck me whilst she was singing in the chapel.

"You seem all very happy," said I, addressing myself particularly to her.

"We are comfortable, which is all we can expect," was the reply; and as a tear-drop glistened in her dark eyelashes, I fancied a volume of suffering and privation was contained in that short speech.

The answers we received from others, to various questions put to them, all reiterated the same word "comfortable;" and I am sure the exquisite regulations of the house, so well carried on by Miss Grove, the matron, might well merit the term.

Although the weather was far from cold, there were fires in many of the rooms; round a very bright one was gathered a cosy crowd of the middle-aged and elderly females, who, having finished their daily allotment of labour, were merrily discussing the visitors whom they could not see, but whose touch or voice instantly conveyed to the blind the characters and ages of those who addressed them.

How merciful are the ways of the Almighty, who if he takes away one of our senses makes the others doubly acute!

I remember hearing of a little blind girl who was most anxious to be at the window of her London home, whenever any procession or show passed through the street. "But you can see nothing," said a lady, one of the guests who was there on a "Lord Mayor's day."

"I know that," replied the child; "but I shall dream of it at night, and mamma tells me the sights I see in my sleep are far more beautiful than what is passing before you now."

After all, perhaps, the blind are less objects of pity than of envy. How often do we, blessed with the light and life of day, grope about in mental darkness; whilst those afflicted ones, seeing all things with the eye of faith, penetrate far beyond us, to the regions of eternal bliss. The careful religious education which is imparted to those who are fortunate enough to find shelter in this asylum, combined with the exclusion of all external objects, must necessarily raise the thoughts to that world where the weary are at rest.

THE VOICE OF THE COMING YEAR.

BY MISS M. H. ACTON.

I lift the veil from my hidden form,

As I follow the year gone by;

Like the dying wail of a passing storm

It hath breathed its farewell sigh:

And now pile high the festive cheer,

And haste ye to welcome the Coming Year!

Hail me with gladness, though many a brow,

Will be bowed to the earth ere I vanish again,

And the eyes that shall smile on my presence now,

May weep for the ill that I bear in my train:

Yet hope! for ye know not what good may be near,

To lighten each heart in the Coming Year!

Welcome me, ye who are pining to sleep

Where the blasts ye have felt in this life shall be o'er,

Where the lov'd ones long lost, for whom sadly ye weep,

May meet ye in bliss that shall darken no more.

Welcome me now—stay each sorrowing tear—

Ye may find your calm rest in the Coming Year!

Hail me, fond parents! who yearn to behold

Your bright opening buds into flowers expand;

Ere the last parting knell of my course hath been told

What beauties may rise 'neath my fostering hand;

And gazing with joy on the forms ye hold dear,

Ye may bless the proud work of the Coming Year!

Perchance to the blighted in heart I may bring

A smile that shall lighten each care-wasted face—

Some bright, gleaming flashes of joy on my wing,

To blot out the vestige of misery's trace;

Mistrust me not yet, ye may have naught to fear

In threading the maze of the Coming Year.

Then grudge not my welcome—bring holly so green,

To twine round my brow, when my presence ye see;

Let the memory sad of the ill *that has been*,

Be lost in the hope of the good that *may be*.

Prepare the gay dance and the glad festal cheer,

And haste ye to welcome the Coming Year!

THE BUTTERFLY.

BY LEITCH RITCHIE.

Is this the type, as poet's paint, of man's immortal doom,

When into life and light he springs, victorious from the tomb?

Alas, poor fly! a fleeting hour is thine—thy struggles vain,

And sinking soon, the child of dust returns to dust again.

Of human weakness rather thou the type dost seem to me,

Of thoughts that from the grovelling earth take wing and upward flee;

But unsustain'd by heavenly power, yield to the passing storm,

And from a wing'd and glorious thing descend a sordid worm.

Father! to Thee for help I call to aid my insect flight;

Invite me heavenward by thy love, sustain me by thy might;

And if the weak'ning taint remain that waits on mortal birth,

Hasten, O Lord! and break the chain that binds me to the earth!

THE PERSECUTOR.

BY THE LATE MISS JEWSBURY.

It was night, in the most dreary part of that district of Scotland which religious persecution had rendered the scene of many a foul and many an heroic deed; and night in all the horrors of a winter storm.

The road wound at the foot of a range of high rude rocks, and, always rough from being covered with stones and shingle, was now rendered slippery by the rain that fell in torrents. The lightning alone broke the heavy darkness that otherwise prevailed, and, darting along the rocky crags and battlements, or diving as it were into their chasms and abysses, or again spreading such a vivid glance over the heavens as for a moment to resemble a fiery sunset, gave, when combined with the rolling, often-echoed thunder, a character of infernal grandeur to the whole scene. The wind, even more than either the lightning or thunder, seemed to triumph as the spirit of the storm, and superstition might have imagined every cry of horror in its blast, from the howl of the prisoned fiend to the shriek of the drowning mariner. It was one of those nights that seem an anticipation of the time when the elements shall dissolve, and when the sea and its waves roaring, and men's hearts failing them for fear, heaven and earth shall pass away with a great noise, to be looked for and found no more. It is well known, that when the Covenanters were under the displeasure of the English government, or rather, when all who had no religion had licence to persecute all who had any, the proscribed sufferers were accustomed to choose the most tempestuous nights for assembling, in remote and almost inaccessible places, "for spiritual exercises." The storm was to them a friend; for it often shrouded their meetings from discovery, and enabled them (which man would not do) to worship God in peace. To an assembly of this nature, three individuals were, on the night in question, making their way with extreme difficulty, although each was provided with a strong staff and an iron lantern. Two of the party evidently depended on the guidance of the third—a stalwart, stately man, who, wrapped in a shepherd's plaid, preceded them like one perfectly secure in his knowledge of the way, and occupied with far other thoughts than concerned the storm.

"An awful night this!" said one of the two, whom we may as well characterize at once as serving men to the Lord Kildinning, whose castle stood at the head of the glen.

"I never was out in its fellow," rejoined his companion.

"Yes, yes, Davie," said the leader of the party, turning suddenly round; "ye were out

in its fellow, when ye showed Strahan's dragoons the way to Willie's Crag, and would have tied the pastor under your horse's belly, but that even a red coat—may his soul find mercy—cried shame upon ye."

"I was not in that fray, shepherd," said the other serving-man.

"No, Jock!" replied the individual addressed; "ye say right, man: ye were too busy following the Baron to Air's Moss; there was better and bloodier work there than at Willie's Crag. Was it Thomas Weir's head or hands that were cut off by thee, Jock, after he was shot?"

"I only did my lord's bidding," replied the fellow sulkily; "and if he were over his sickness and his fit of fear, where may thy head and hands be, master shepherd, now it is known the Lady Isabel walked so often to thy hut, and listened to thy old tales to such bonny purpose? Ha! ha! ye may well pray for the baron's sound conversion, or for his death better-like."

"Whist, Jock!" exclaimed his fellow-servant; "don't talk so freely about death on such a night as this—mercy! mercy! but it's worth something to be as stedfast as that carle before us; why, he minds the storm no more than the rocks do: save us, if he is not leading us to a precipice! I saw it by that last flash of lightning. Jock! Jock! I say, stand still, and let him go to his people by himself. They'll kill us when we're once fairly among them—they won't believe his errand. Jock, my man, strike up a prayer, or a song, or something to keep the spirit in one. Hist! hark! that's a voice from the world above or below us, I don't know which."

The more timorous and the more hardy companion of his journey were now alike commanded by the shepherd to remain where they were, and abide his return.

The sound which had climaxed Davie's fears was produced by no supernatural agency: it was a sound that the shepherd knew well, which he had often assisted to raise, and which now assured him that he was near his journey's end. It was a hymn of praise uplifted by his brethren in the faith, now congregated in a cave hard by; and its melody floated forth on the wings of the wind, "smoothing the raven down of darkness." His practised ear even discerned the words sung, and he took up the strain with a bold, triumphant voice, as he proceeded to join the assembled band. Their place of rendezvous was admirably adapted as a place of concealment, and, under existing circumstances, even of comfort. It was a natural cave; the entrance to which was not level with the ground, but

placed about ten or fifteen feet above it : on the outside the ascent was easy to mountaineers ; and in the inside the descent was managed by means of a ladder, concealed when not in immediate use. This cave, accidentally discovered by one of the persecuted, had sometimes been occupied as a secure retreat, and at others as a place of religious assembly. The aperture in the side of the rock seemed, to the glance of a casual observer, no more than a long accidental fissure ; but, to prevent surprise, a watcher was in general stationed on a high point of the rock outside, as he could thence command the road for a considerable distance. On the present occasion, however, relying on the inclemency of the weather, no watcher was at his post, and the shepherd climbed to the opening, and shouted lustily to his brethren below, before they were aware that any one approached them. As soon as they recognized his voice to be that of a friend bound on urgent business, they interrupted their worship, and placing the ladder, permitted him to descend.

The scene in the interior was too familiar to the shepherd to excite more than ordinary interest in a mind fully occupied with its errand, and with the devotional feeling that formed its habit : but a stranger, surveying the scene more imaginatively, and forgetting the lapse of time, might have supposed himself in the midst of a band of primitive Christians, gathered round their presbyter in one of the grottoes of Upper Egypt.

The company consisted of from twenty to thirty persons, of both sexes, varying in years, from extreme youth to advanced age. All seemed nearly of equal rank ; none, except the minister, independent of the labour of their hands ; homely, hardy individuals, who, seen at the plough or in the ingle nook, might have excited no remark, but who now appeared endued with mind and power, consequent on familiarity with those grave and lofty subjects—religion and danger. Something of human pride there might be in their conceiving themselves followers of those, who had of old been “persecuted, afflicted, tormented ;” but it was only a shade upon feelings, the substance of which was holy. Had the poet of our own day stood in the midst of them, and beheld the gravity that had tamed down the play of youthful features, and the resolution, almost settling into sternness, stamped upon the aged ones, he might have said—

“It is not quiet, is not ease,
But something deeper far than these ;
The separation that is here
Is of the grave, and of austere
And happy feelings of the dead.”

And such expression harmonized well with the place and circumstances, with their oratory hewn in the dark and rugged rock, and with the midnight storm howling around it with wild but ineffectual fury, fit emblem of the wrath of man when directed against religious truth. The shepherd had disturbed the assembly as the members were kneeling down to their concluding prayer, and there was just that degree of con-

fusion induced by his entrance which rendered the grouping more picturesque. Some remained on their knees, some advanced to meet the new comer ; whilst the women, with an instinct divided between timidity and affection, gathered round the pastor, who stood calmly waiting an explanation of the whole. A projecting ledge of rock, from its convenience as a reading desk, had naturally suggested his choice of station. By some rude workmanship, two huge flambeaux had been appended thereto, and cast a fitful glare both on his own figure and the Bible that lay open before him. He was not an old, but he was a worn man ; one, whom it was evident had been in “perils often, in watchings and in fastings often, in labours more abundant ;” a fair specimen of that calumniated band, of whom, with all their alloy, “the world was not worthy.” His countenance expressed what we remark in most of the divines who lived in the troubled days of strife and controversy ; a habit of mind subtle, searching, acute, watchful, uncompromising. Ascetic in his habits, bold in his bearing, considering men’s souls that were to be saved, and the truth that was to save them, as the only realities ; living, too, at a period when a profession of religion did in very deed oftentimes subject a man to the “loss of all things,” it might be that the meek and lowly graces of the gospel were not always evidenced in his manner. But he was a noble and a valiant spirit ; terrible to the profane, hateful to the worldly, but to the sheep of his fold a patient and wise shepherd, binding up the torn, healing the sick, and carrying the weak in his bosom.

The messenger advanced towards him with a reverent manner, that sat with peculiar grace on one so habitually independent, and declared his errand. Surprise, amounting to astonishment, flushed the cheek of the auditor. The remainder of the assembly heard likewise, kept silence for a moment, when, their feelings as men overpowering their principles as Christians, the cavern rang with a shout of triumph.

“In the fulness of his sufficiency he shall be in straits—a fire not blown shall consume him,” exclaimed Robin Hawickshaw.

“His eyes shall see his destruction, and he shall drink of the wrath of the Almighty,” responded Stephen Wishart.

Their pastor interposed with a loud stern voice—“If thy brother sin against thee seven times in a day, and seven times in a day shall turn to thee, saying, I repent, thou shalt *forgive* him.”

“I can hardly reckon Kildinning a brother yet, though,” said the shepherd, dryly.

“Ah ! God forgive us all !” exclaimed old Mabel Scott ; “this is a cutting off the skirt of Saul’s robe.”

“And a saying vengeance is mine,” observed her daughter.

“Ye are right,” said the manly Hawickshaw, a farmer who had suffered much worldly damage for conscience sake ; “but I thought of my burnt barns and helpless little ones, when I spoke.”

"And I of boot and screw," said Stephen of the Glen, who had really been thus tortured; "the Lord send the Baron a better ending than I wished him when I spoke."

"Amen!" responded the minister, fervently; "and now before I do the bidding, which I may not gainsay, let us pray for his soul, now about to pass into eternity with a conscience crying out against blood-guiltiness." All knelt down, and joined with truth and simplicity in a brief and solemn supplication, pronounced by their minister on behalf of their late persecutor.

We must now transport the reader to a scene of a very different nature, passing at the same moment in the castle of Kildinning, situate about two miles from the Covenanters' cave. From casual hints in the course of this narrative, the reader will have gathered that the Baron of the above name had been a bitter enemy to the Covenanters and their creed. There can be little doubt that many, who lent themselves to the disgraceful measures pursued by the government of that period, did so from a mistaken sense of duty, and were, in other respects, men of honour and humanity. But Kildinning, apart from official command, had his heart engaged in the cruel work. As an imperious man, fraught with the feudal notions that limited the exercise of mind to the possessors of power, the bold, questioning, independent spirit of the plebeian Covenanters was singularly offensive. In addition to this, he was hurried on by that hatred to the professors of all true religion, which is the sure result of a licentious life; and if there need yet another motive to account for his conduct, it must be found in his anxiety to render himself acceptable to the authorities for the time being. There came an hour, however, wherein these motives lost their value, and when all his cruel deeds against a persecuted sect stood revealed in their dark proportions. The hour of death, which, as Abubeker well said, "makes the liar speak truth, the infidel begin to believe, and the wicked begin to doubt," came suddenly on the Baron, and filled him with vague consternation. A general conviction of unfitness for passing to his final audit, a remembered life that looked but grimly in connexion with anticipated eternity, together with a profound ignorance of the way whereby even the guiltiest may be saved, made the proud man as stubble before the devouring flame, as the bulrush bowing beneath the wind. In a paroxysm of horror and dismay, or it may be in real sorrow for the past, he muttered a wish that one of the ejected ministers were at hand, to give his parting spirit the benefit of those exercises at which he had so long scoffed. It was an ignorant homage to the power of truth; and as there is no human limit to the power of that spirit which worketh repentance, it might be tintured with a holier influence. The wish, whatever its source, was addressed to one better able and more willing to give it furtherance than the speaker was aware when he uttered it. The lady Isabel, his only and motherless daughter, had been much neglected during the excitements and occupations

which had marked the bold and active career of the Baron. Required only to be docile and silent, ready to appear when called for, and depart when not wanted—which formed, in her father's mind, the sum total of feminine excellence—Isabel had been left to occupy her time, and fashion her mind, pretty much as she would. A tender heart, a taste for nature, and the lack of modern accomplishments, which have at least the merit of supplying in-door excitement, first induced her to take frequent walks amongst the neighbouring peasantry. By degrees she became interested in their concerns, and gratified by their homage; whilst, on their part, the simple, unostentatious manners, even more than the rank, of their visitant, gradually awoke attachment towards her, deeper and purer because existing in connexion with indignant feelings towards her father. Of the points in dispute between the Government and the Covenanters she heard much and understood little; but she witnessed the sufferings induced by them, and could well comprehend that cruelty in any cause was a crime.

Many of those she noticed, particularly the shepherd, with whom the reader is already acquainted, were what was then termed "Mountain-folk;" but of this fact Isabel chose to be ignorant. Their conversations with her were imbued with religious opinion, and their tales were all of persecution and triumphant suffering; and, though scrupulously removed to past times, referring to heathen persecutors and apostolic martyrs, they were yet tales of suffering for "conscience' sake," told and heard without comment, but not without effect. When, therefore, the Baron expressed to Isabel a vague desire to see one of the Covenant ministers, her local knowledge and popularity enabled her to procure the execution of his wish; and, at her bidding, the shepherd readily engaged to summon a pastor to the Castle. It was for this purpose that he had disturbed the meeting in the cavern, as already narrated.

Time, however, that to the happy seems doubly winged, to the suffering appears to move with dull slow steps; and many were the sighs of Isabel, and many the groans of her father, before the return of the messenger. The scene disclosed by the room in which the unhappy man lay waiting his summons from the flesh, was an appalling comment on the world's vanity. The carved bedstead, and canopy of Florentine fabrication—the rich arras hangings on the walls—the intervening windows, stained and storied with splendid blazonry—the flagons, ewers, goblets, and candelabrum, of massy and enchased silver—even the ceiling painted over with armorial bearings—all to the eye of sense was grand and gorgeous; but, to the mind's eye, the occupant presented a fearful contrast. The brodered coverlet and couch of eider down could not win him a moment's sleep; nor could the foreign empiric, with his arrogant claims to be one "whom God had specially endued with the knowledge of all herbs, roots, and waters, and the administering of them in all customable

diseases"—a pretension backed by a mysterious deportment, and an array of drugs declared, with truth, to be "unknown to the faculty—" alas! not even he could persuade the dying man into a belief of his amendment. Writhing alike under bodily and mental anguish, he lay there terrified and a terror—now struggling to call up a desperate spirit of defiance, and now realizing the fearful delineation of the prophet—"Thou shalt be brought down, and thy speech shall be low out of the dust, and thy voice shall be as of one that hath a familiar spirit; thy speech shall whisper out of the dust." One object alone relieved the horror of the scene, and that was Isabel, the gentle, weeping girl, who hung over the conscience-stricken baron, like a startrembling amongst dark clouds, or like a seraph sent to soothe, but able only to grieve and pity. From time to time the empiric, or, as he styled himself, Ferrand of Corduba, took his turn in endeavouring to mitigate the sufferings of his patient; it was now by a word of ghostly counsel, and now by the offer of some "notable and glorious medicine," some "quintessent elixir," or "most precious and delectable balsam," which only required supreme faith on the part of the recipient, to revive the age of miracles. With these professional notices, he threw in, as he saw occasion, quotations from Nicolas de Lyra, Thomas Aquinas, Bonaventure, and other ancient authors of his own creed, adding a verse from the Bible, when he perceived his other remedies, moral and medicinal, fail in gaining credence. Isabel in vain endeavoured to check the wearying babble of the Spanish luminary of physic; the baron, who became every hour more conscious of his approaching end, and consequently less disposed to be trifled with, was on the point of ending the discussion in a summary manner, when steady measured footsteps were heard in the gallery adjoining. The hand was still uplifted which had been raised to dash down the doctor's offered goblet, containing a "nectareous drink," and an imperious "begone, fool!" was half pronounced, when the door opened and the minister entered the room. Silence and embarrassment prevailed for a few moments. The sage of Corduba shrunk back, to recover his self-possession amongst his simples—the baron folded his arms, and looked fixedly on the stranger, whilst the expression of his late anger became strangely blent with shame. The stranger, on the other hand, regarded him with a keen and scrutinizing, if not suspicious glance. Isabel was the first to speak. She offered her hand to the pastor, and said in an agitated whisper, "Comfort my father."

"That is the work of God, maiden," replied he in a solemn manner. Isabel shrunk away.

"Your name?" inquired the baron; as if aroused by the minister's voice to sudden and painful recollection.

"Walter Hamilton," was the reply.

"And you were the placed minister at Langside?"

"I was, till imprisoned by your lordship."

"By order of council—by order of council. I was but an obedient agent—the axe, not the hand."

"Hand and axe both, my lord. Was there an order for putting kindled matches between the fingers of a wife who refused to betray her husband?"

"M'Kenzie and the Duke did the like. Are the sins of all to be visited on me? And who saved Marion Weir from the question—your beautiful enthusiast, Marion Weir of the Holmes?"

Hamilton cast on the speaker a searching, it might almost have been called a blasting, look, as he replied,

"The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel."

"Man! man!" exclaimed the baron, tossing his hitherto folded arms, with a wild gesture of affright; "she was liberated."

"True, my lord; she was liberated, because God took her. You could not harm the dead."

The conscience-stricken man groaned in spirit, and even the stiff curtains of his bed shook with his trembling. Isabel, to whom the foregoing dialogue had been nearly unintelligible, again addressed Hamilton in the touching language of intreaty—

"Oh, sir, comfort my father; tell him he need not fear dying—make his mind easy—pray comfort my father!"

The minister's eyes filled with tears as the gentle creature thus evidenced both her worldly and spiritual ignorance.

"My child," said he, "this is no scene for you. I had forgotten your presence."

Isabel renewed her intreaties with tears.

"My poor lamb, who can comfort wounded spirits but God? and who but he can give repentance unto life? He can give it, though in the hour of death—but leave this room lady Isabel for your own sake, for your father's. Here, sir," said he, with something like an air of command, to the Spanish doctor, "lead this lady to her attendants."

"And then," interrupted the professor, "I will instantly return; his lordship will doubtless require some restorative mixture. See you not how pale and languid he is grown all at once?"

"Return not at all," said the minister, waving his hand with far less the air of a proscribed religionist, than of a king dismissing an attendant. But truly, Walter Hamilton was a worthy disciple of him "who never feared the face of man." Lady Isabel, under the influence of entreaty, the doctor under that of command, left the room as desired, and the minister returned to the bed-side of the baron, who was indeed rapidly sinking.

"Walter Hamilton," said he, in a low interrupted voice; "I have injured you, and you have had your triumph. Now speak as a Christian. I know I am dying fast—I know I have lived a bold, bad life; but, what my father lived one before me, and he suffered no remorse on his death-bed, and I am willing to make atonement. Yes; I, the Lord of Kildinning, am ready to ask pardon of the poor I have wronged—to weigh my power and rank as

nothing, and desire the prayer of a covenanter. Power! rank! miserable comforters—what avail thee now? Oh, for one unblemished deed to hold up as a shield between me and heaven's justice." In this strain he continued for some minutes, alternately accusing and palliating his conduct.

"Kildinning," said the minister, when he ceased, "my soul grieves for you; if I spoke at first in seeming harshness, it was only to arouse your conscience to its work. There must be smiting before healing; but God forbid—thy Judge and mine, Kildinning, forbid—that I should stand here to triumph over and tread down a fellow sinner; there is yet hope, my lord;" so saying, he took the dying man by the hand, and preached unto him the "Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world."

But the numbing influence of death made rapid inroads on the listener. He urged his faculties to the task of attention, but they failed more and more; there was the will, but not the power, to comprehend: spiritual anxiety struggled with spiritual ignorance—his soul gasped to receive the words of hope pronounced in his ear, just as the burning sand drinks in the falling shower; but his mind was on the wane, and he complained that shapes and sounds of former days flitted before his sight, and that a spectre stood beside him, mingling the words of the gospel with scoffs and curses.

Hamilton felt the moments freighted with eternity, and sunk on his knees—the agony of supplication was in his prayer. An occasional groan was all that betrayed the consciousness of him for whom it was uttered; and at last even that ceased. The supplicator sprang to his feet, and looked earnestly on the baron—his breathing was interrupted—there was a haze gathering over his eyes—the death-damp on his brow. Hamilton stooped his mouth to the ear of the departing, and said in a loud voice, "Jesus Christ can save you now, my lord; say, do you trust in him?"

There was a moving of the lips in reply, but no sound issued from them.

Hamilton repeated his words more emphatically, "Jesus Christ can save you now, my lord; raise your hand in token of belief."

The hand stirred, but whether in dissent or acquiescence was dubious.

Hamilton repeated his words yet a third time, but no gesture followed—life's last spark was extinct—the dying man was dead!

LINES

(Written after reading in *The New Monthly Belle Assemblée*, for Sept., 1844, a poem entitled "The Question.")

Oh! that thy glowing words indeed were sooth,
Young Prophetess! who 'midst this selfish age
Dost cherish golden dreams, but not of gold,
Save from the mine of mind, whence thou would'st see
The precious ore brought forward, cleans'd from all
Of foul, debasing mixture, shining forth
In the pure radiance of intrinsic worth;
Stamp'd by the approbation of the wise

And great, and good, to give it currency
Amid the crowd, whose duller faculties
Grasp not the poet's mission, but toil on
As the blind mole, that, burrowing her home
Beneath earth's surface, misses not the charm
Of nature's loveliness—her hill and dale,
Her glowing meadow-land, her silv'ry brooks,
Her countless store of tree and shrub, and flower.
Thus they, discerning not the majesty
Of beauty in the abstract, grope their way,
Nor heed the gifted one, although his lips—
Like the fair maiden's in the nursery tale—
Drop pearls and gold and diamond at each word.
Oh! my heart is with thine! I do believe
Another Shakspeare yet may gild our land
With the rich tints of an undying fame;
Another Milton, too, may yet be ours—
Oh! glorious thought! for He who rais'd their minds
So far beyond the level of their race,
Hath the same limitless, eternal power,
Is still "the mighty God!" Then shall we say
"We ne'er can look upon their like again?"
Oh, no! not thus; my heart would firmly hope
E'en yet to hail the bard, whose eloquence
Should wake the answering echo in each breast,
And pour a flood of glory through our Isle,
Bright as the stream of pure electric fire
That purifies the atmosphere, and brings
More healthy state, relieving from the load
That press'd before upon the aching brow.
Yet, would he meet his welcome? would the minds
Of his compeers detect his wondrous gift
And hail him as he should be hail'd? Ah, no!
Brightly the glorious sun moves through the skies,
Yet low, dull clouds full oft disguise his rays,
And our weak eyes pierce not th' enfolding veil;
And thus we do not recognize the might
Of the rich boon of poesy, until
The tuneful master of the golden lyre
Is taken from our sight, and then we load
Th' insensate clay with slowly-yielded praise.
Oh! it is ever thus!—did Milton's self,
E'en in his brightest, wildest, highest hopes,
Dream of the wreath of immortality
That crowns his hallow'd muse, and makes his name
Throughout his native land a household god;
Whilst nations worship at his honour'd shrine.
Oh! wherefore is the poet doom'd to plant
His all in the dull present, knowing not
The fate that waits him in futurity,
Whether his name be written in the sand,
Or grav'd in Parian marble—if the veil
Of dank Oblivion shut him out from earth,
Or the loud trump of Fame resound his praise
In triumph through his native land, to be
Thence in reverberating echoes borne
O'er sea and land from listening shore to shore.
Oh! could such fate be known, it were too much
To be in wisdom worn; meekness would fail,
And Pride and Vanity o'erflow the mind,
Like foul, rank weeds, exceeding all beside;
Till, like the monarch of the sacred page,
The uplifted heart would boastingly exclaim—
"Is not this Babylon that I have built?"
And in the exultation of the hour
The mighty Maker, whose stupendous skill
Had fram'd the wond'rous harp, which had so well
Responded to the touch of skilful hand,
Were clean forgotten; therefore is it good
To bow to His decrees, whate'er they be,
Feeling that wisdom infinite is His,
And everlasting love that never sleeps!

FLORENCE.

HELEN GREY.

BY MRS. EMBURY.

I have often thought that a great deal of the unhappiness of married life was the result, not so much of disappointment with respect to the attributes which fancy had bestowed on the beloved object, as of a want of self-knowledge, and an incapacity for adaptation to those very attributes. The man who selects the partner of his future life simply from "the desire of the eye," may find that the presence of beauty alone is not sufficient to ensure the happiness he anticipated. Yet the beauty is there—its bloom has not faded, it is only his own heart which has learned to know itself too late. There are doubtless many who find, in the intimacy of the domestic circle, how

"Charm by charm unwinds,
That robbed their idols,"

and bitter indeed is such knowledge. But there are also many who attain all they desire, only to find it worthless within their grasp, because they have mistaken their own capacity for its enjoyment; many, who, whether they are conscious of it or not, bear within their worn and weary hearts the *curse of a granted prayer*.

My schoolmate, Helen Grey, was one of those sensitive and nervous creatures, to whom an extremely delicate organization of the mental and physical structure often gives, in early life, the semblance of genius. She was a very pretty girl, fair and pale, with deep, blue, melting eyes, a soft, rosy mouth, and a slender, willowy figure. (I mention her *personnel* first, because its somewhat romantic style had no little influence upon her mental development.) From her very infancy Helen had been distinguished by tenderness of feeling, and an almost morbid sensibility. Her mother, an inveterate novel-reader, had early imparted the same taste to her child, in the belief that she was thus encouraging a love for intellectual pleasure; and at an age when others were delighting in Tom Thumb and Jack the Giant-killer, Helen was weeping over the delicate distresses of the heroines of the Minerva press—those angelic creatures in white muslin, who pen stanzas by moonlight, and sing to a sort of ubiquitous harp on all occasions.

Any one who has ever had patience to notice those little monsters called "precocious children" must have observed that their *prodigious* genius is usually little more than a vivid imagination (and the imagination is always an active principle in children), acted upon by great self-esteem, and a diseased love of approbation; aided probably by the natural advantage of a good memory. Helen Grey possessed exactly the materials out of which precocity could be

manufactured; and her mother, alive only to the gratification of her vanity, sought, by every means in her power, to develop those faculties which were already disproportionately evolved. The child became a creature of sentiment long before she was capable of understanding it or of anticipating its results. She would weep herself into a fever over a new novel, while the death of a pet bird, or the withering of a favourite flower, would throw her into ecstasies of grief. At school, she was at once our torment and our jest. In the glee of our merry hearts, we were always saying or doing something which agonized the exquisite feelings of Helen Grey; and our minds were, as yet, too healthy in their tone, to enable us to sympathize with her ready tears. As she grew older, this false sensibility seemed rather becoming to her style of beauty; and the knowledge that her blue eyes were lovelier when swimming with unshed tears, enlisted her vanity on the side of her sentimentality. Naturally warm-hearted and affectionate, the deeper feelings which grow up in the soul of every woman as she oversteps the threshold of girlhood, were construed into a new inspiration. She mistook the waywardness of morbid sensibility and the whisperings of half-awakened passion for the impulses of a poetic temperament. The language of plain prose was quite inadequate to the expression of her ardent feelings, and Helen began to utter her refined feelings through the medium of verse.

There was no affectation, no insincerity in all this. Helen had been taught to believe that she was a genius; she had sedulously cultivated her sensitiveness of character, and as carefully neglected the culture of her judgment. She did not attempt to reason, she was content to feel; but her sympathy was wasted upon fancied woes, and she had no spontaneous tenderness for suffering humanity. Her emotions always traversed a circle, the centre of which was herself, and thus the effect of her injudicious education had been to make her supremely and most refinedly selfish. Had she made this the test, how soon would she have discovered that she had no part in the inheritance of the true children of song! In the mind of the true poet, the sweet charities of life are exquisitely blended with the lofty imaginings of a higher state of being. The expanded energies of a soul which bears the impress of heaven have not destroyed the sympathies that bind him to his fellow men; and though his gifted spirit wings its flight to the regions of lofty thought, yet it is also content to fold its pinions beside the household hearth. But the being whose exaggerated sensibilities

must be exercised only amid the refinements of human destiny, the mind which feeds only on the Ambrosia of a fabled Olympus, finds little to satisfy its cravings amid the exigencies of daily life. The reveries of excited imagination can surround it with ideal beings far nobler than the children of men, and bring to its diseased appetites unreal joys, compared to which the purest self-sacrifices of the human heart (and what are they but its joys?) fade into insignificance. Therefore it is, that while the truly poetic temperament is one of cheerfulness, hope, trustfulness, and lofty faith—faith in God—faith in human nature; the tendencies of the false and morbid fancy are to engender discontent, and envy, and uncharitableness.

It may readily be supposed that Helen Grey found little congeniality in the gay circles of fashionable life; her beauty and softness of manners attracted many admirers, but her refined ideas were constantly shocked by the plain and honest wooing of the very prosaic men who ventured to seek her love. Her affectionate temper rendered her yearning for sympathy a positive heart-sickness; and her "opium dream of too much youth and reading" seemed likely to result in something more serious than poetizing. At eighteen, Helen was fragile in health, feeble in mind, and wayward in temper. The want of wholesome bodily exercise, the undue culture of one faculty at the expense of all others, and a foolish disgust for the realities of life, were sufficient causes for these pernicious effects. But no heroine of romance was ever known to be in the enjoyment of rude health, and Helen cherished all those pretty and pensive fancies about early death, which sound so very sweet from the lips of a very young and very pretty poetess. Indeed, she became an object of such especial interest to herself in consequence of such anticipations, that it may be questioned whether she would have been willing to resign such "luxury of woe" for the most radiant gifts of health. This is a mistake, by the way, which is very common to romantic girls. They seem quite unaware that sickliness is only interesting in the eyes of very romantic and very young gentlemen, those choice and delicate specimens of humanity who imagine that long hair, bare throats, and a supercilious contempt for the daily decencies of life, constitute genius. Next to the possession of youth is the gift of health; and though the poet may talk of the

"Sweetness of woman's decay,
When the light of beauty is fading away,"

yet to a man of sense and feeling nothing is so lovely as the glow of health on woman's cheek, the light of intelligence in her eyes, and the buoyancy of a cheerful temper in her elastic step.

Helen's increasing illness rendered a change of air necessary, and a sea-side residence was ordered by her physician. But the good doctor forgot to prescribe a course of balls, parties, and frivolities, as well as to prohibit her usual regimen of sentimentality. She chose to reside

in a lonely farm-house in preference to taking lodgings in a fashionable hotel; and, accordingly, accompanied by her mother, and provided with a box full of novels and romances, she sat herself down within sound of the moaning sea, not sorry to have this new addition to her many pensive associations. For a while this lonely and monotonous life was perfectly delightful to Helen; but by the time she had dilated upon the advantages of her new home to her favoured correspondents, in letters of four pages, crossed with red ink, and romanticized in metre about the sky, the sea, and the sand, not forgetting the sun, moon, and stars, she began to sigh for more society. Her mother, whose habit it was to pore till midnight over the last new novel, and then sleep till mid-day to recover from its effects, was not a very interesting companion; and Helen began to feel like the Frenchman, that though solitude was sweet, one wanted some one to share its pleasures.

Just in time to save her from the demon, *Ennui*, she learned that the only unoccupied apartment in the house had been taken for Professor H——, whose sight had become so impaired by close application to study, that idleness and sea-bathing could alone restore it. Here was a subject to awaken all Helen's sympathy; an intellectual man suffering for devotion to his noble pursuits. Vague dreams of ministering to the wants of a gifted mind; pictures of romantic scenes, in which a blind lover occupied the foreground, now filled the imagination of Helen. Even the actual presence of the professor, a middle-aged man, with iron-grey locks, and a most unpicturesque green shade projecting from his beetling forehead, could not dissipate the pleasant fancy. Yet had she known more of the actual man, she might well have despaired of awakening sympathy in the breast of the cold, abstracted, passionless student, whose very ambition, though his ruling motive of action, was a dogged and plodding determination, rather than a high and far reaching impulse of the soul. He had been a close and unwearied student from his boyhood, and the awkward sense of inferiority, which his deficiency in the lighter graces of life imparted, had made him always shun female society. Yet his shyness was the result of pride, not of modesty; for he heartily despised the very beings before whom he blushed, and attributed their aptness in all the amenities of life to an inferior grade of intellect, which while it forbade them to reach after golden gifts, allowed them to pluck the wayside flowers.

But a lonely house in the country, the absence of all intellectual occupation, and the presence of a pretty and pleasing woman have converted many a sceptic to the true faith. During the many hours which the professor was compelled to pass in idleness, and almost in darkness, his only solace was found in the society of Helen. She read to him, sometimes from his own favourite volumes, sometimes from the pages of the poet; and the pleasant voice which gave new charms to abstruse disquisitions

almost reconciled him to the impassioned language of verse. His ignorance of the sex led him to believe that Helen's literary tastes were most unusual, and evinced a decided superiority to most women. Those things which were the most palpable defects in her character, seemed to him proofs of her exaltation. Her contempt for common-place duties, her indifference to her own personal adornment, her want of consideration to the comfort of those around her, her ignorance of all the details of life, were regarded as so many evidences of talent. The man of learning was totally unaware that in a really superior woman, the moral and intellectual qualities are perfectly balanced, and that as nothing is too high for the grasp of mind, so nothing is too humble to demand the attention of her who was sent upon earth to be a ministrant of the affections. He did not know that the considerateness which never forgets another's weal, the unselfishness which binds one in bondage to the meanest duties for another's sake, the love of order which shows itself in the adjustment of a dress, as well as in the lucid arrangement of ideas, and the wide sympathy which finds something to respect in the meanest of God's creatures, are as essential to the character of a truly noble woman, as are the gifts of mental power.

There is a moment in every man's life, when he seems to pause from his engrossing pursuits—a moment when he becomes, as it were, drawn away from the objects of habitual regard, by some fortuitous circumstances, and when he can look around him with a freshened eye and an enlarged comprehension. But in nine cases out of ten it is just the very time when he will be led to do something so entirely contrary to his previous habits of thought, that the world will deem it the moment of madness, which Johnson asserts to form part of the destiny of all mankind. The case of Professor H—— is precisely in point.

The summer had passed away pleasantly. Helen had improved in health, the professor had regained the use of his eyes, and they were preparing to return to the city, when the learned student made the notable discovery that Helen was in love with him. As if to confirm his belief, he found in a book which Helen had been reading to him, the following lines, entitled:—

A DAY DREAM.

We'll have a cot

Upon the banks of some meandering stream,
Whose ripple, like the murmur of a dream,
Shall be our music; roses there shall twine
Around the casement, with the jessamine,
Whose starry blossoms shine out from beneath
Their veiling leaves, like hope, and whose faint breath
Is sweet as memory's perfume. All the flowers
That Nature in her richest bounty showers,
Shall deck our home: fresh violets that, like light
And love and hope, dwell every where; the bright
And fragrant honeysuckle; while our feet
Shall press the daisy's bloom. Oh! 'twill be sweet

To sit within the porch at eventide,
And drink the breath of Heaven at thy dear side.
The sky will wear a smile unscen before,
The sun for me more genial light will pour,
Earth will give out its treasures rich and rare,
New health will come in every balmy air.
Then thou wilt open to me great nature's book,
And nightly on the star-gemmed heavens we'll look;
Thou with the pride of knowledge wilt unfold
The mighty chart where Science is enroll'd,
And gaily smile while I recount to thee
My wild and wayward flights of fantasy;
For the frail beings of my dreamy heaven
Shrink from the light by scholastic wisdom given.
Wilt thou not joy to see the vivid glow
Of my expanded mind, when I shall owe
Its treasures all to thee?

Methinks it would be grief for me to bear
E'en bliss, beloved, unless thou too might share;
But oh! were joy poured forth in such excess,
My heart would break from very happiness.

Beneath the verses was written: "Alas, for the heart which weaves such dreams, and wakes to disappointment!"

Had Helen's girlish verses been judged by their intrinsic merit, she would have met with slight reward; but the Professor was like a man who has exchanged the dim but concentrated light of a student's lamp for the glare of a girandole in a lady's drawing-room. He was dazzled, and ere he could distinguish the confused outline of the glittering objects, he had stumbled into a comfortable seat. Helen's fanciful day-dreams, when translated into sober prose, seemed to mean that she would like to live in a nice brick house, and study astronomy with him. The idea was new but not disagreeable, especially as Helen could provide the house and all its accessories without encroaching much upon her really fine fortune. He thought of the matter until he had demonstrated to his own satisfaction that it would be wrong in him to break the heart of so very interesting a creature; and the result of it all was, that three weeks after their return to town, Helen Grey became Mrs. Professor H——.

No sooner were the newly-married pair settled in their future home, than the husband undertook to carry out his plans for happiness. Associating his wife with him in his abstruse studies, he commenced the task of infusing into her mind the tastes and habits of thought so familiar to himself. But had Helen's mind been made of far sterner stuff—had she been really capable of giving herself to higher pursuits, her husband's verbose and learned disquisitions would have terrified her from all participation in his philosophical researches. Yet while the dream of excited sentiment lasted, Helen was perfectly happy. She was allowed to sit beside him in his study, to search out the volumes of reference which he constantly required, to make notes for him of the particular passages which might have a bearing upon his studies; and in short, she became a sort of amanuensis. It was exactly such a fate as she had desired; she had realized one part of her day-dream. Why was she not content?

So long as her husband felt a personal pleasure in her ministry, so long as he seemed to enjoy her presence, she was quite content; but when he gradually became absorbed in his studies, and instead of noticing her affectionate cares began to esteem her as a sort of literary drudge, occupying the same position with regard to him as the boy who grinds colours does to the skilful artist, then her pride and her feelings were equally pained. Had she been a woman of more enlightened mind, Helen would have learned to look upon these things with a different eye. She would then have adapted herself to his tastes from her unselfish wish that the desire of his heart should be gratified; and if she found that ambition was indurating his heart, she would have shed the sunshine of womanly tenderness upon the fading flowers of social feeling in his bosom. But she would still have felt herself a part of him; the gentler portion of his nature would have been in her keeping; and while she would have placed no fetter on the wings of the soul, she would have woven ever fragrant and fresh rose-chains for his affections.

"How beautiful," says Madame de Stael, "how beautiful it is to love at once with the heart and with the mind!" Methinks, if there be anything like happiness on earth, it is only found in the perfect union of lofty and congenial souls, where each ministers to the other in hallowed things, where intellect is but the high-priest of the affections. To such hearts love wears not the semblance of the boy-god, armed with bow and quiver; he is there an angel, robed in light, wearing on his brow a crown of purity, and shedding hues of paradise from his folded wing. While he points with uplifted hand to the realms of eternal joy, whose highest bliss is, that "we shall know as we are known."

Helen was one of those sensitive beings who must be constantly fed with the food of tenderness, or her affections perished from inanition. She wanted perpetually recurring evidences of her influence. She knew nothing of the blessedness of an assured and trusting spirit. She sought to be the constant object of especial interest with those whom she loved; and though she would have triumphed in her husband's fame, yet she could not make a single personal sacrifice to aid him in its attainment. Her imaginative habits of mind had given her a species of artificial strength of character, which might have enabled her to perform some grand and heroic act—something that would strike her fancy as sublime, while it would appear to others like a *coup de théâtre*. But she was utterly incapable of the numberless small sacrifices—those minor acts of self-devotedness—which to an unselfish woman are as habitual as to be unmarked. Can any thing be imagined more utterly at variance with all congeniality than the union of a cold abstracted student, who received into his mind nothing but demonstrable truths, and the restless, fanciful, morbid creature who sought to poetize the most common-place realities of life? The one all stern intellectuality, the other all exaggerated sensibility!

There are men in whom the mere animal nature predominates so entirely over the spiritual, that they are but one degree removed from the beasts that perish. There are others so purely intellectual, that the sweetest charities of life are as a burden to their cold hearts, while the claims of their earthly nature are selfishly allowed because importunately demanded. There are, again, other men—and they the most mischievous that ever were gifted by the powers of darkness—in whom are blended the noble powers of intellect with the base passions of sensualism. But there are some—and God be thanked for them!—in whom the intellectual is linked to the animal nature by the strong bond of geniality; men in whom the sensual is refined by the spiritual, while the spiritual is softened and humanized by a strong sense of fellowship with all who live. There are such on earth, and few though they be, they are creatures to be revered and loved, for they teach us what human nature is when men waste not the sacred fire which burns in the inner sanctuary of their souls.

It had been Helen's lot to meet with one of those cold and selfishly intellectual persons, and it had been her error to believe that such an one could make her happy. She was a being fitted to be the pet of a strong-minded and kindly-hearted man, who would have treated her fancies but as the whims of an indulged child, while his firmer reason would have imperceptibly influenced her to better things. But she had fashioned her own scheme of happiness, she had obtained all she sought, and the result was utter disappointment. She became querulous, capacious, and exacting; and after a few vain attempts to understand her grievances and to soothe her discontent, the student husband applied himself with redoubled zeal to his engrossing pursuits, glad to find such a remedy for the vague sense of discomfort which his wife's murmurs had occasioned.

A few years since, I read in an Eastern newspaper, a most laudatory notice of "A Dissertation on the Philosophy of the Egyptians, being the first volume of Professor H——'s great work, entitled 'A Summary View of all systems of Philosophy, to be completed in ten folio volumes.'"

In another part of the same paper, I saw—"Died, in the twenty-seventh year of her age, Helen, wife of Professor H——!" Poor thing, she had mistaken her own capacity for happiness, and the attrition of a cold and iron nature had worn away the purer and softer metal.

The advantages of frugality do not deserve to be less considered than those of generosity; for where, alas! shall bounty find its necessary fund if thoughtless prodigality have squandered it away.

The enjoyment of proper delights fills us with gratitude to their all-bountiful Dispenser, and adds a flowery chain to the bands of society.

THE EARTH.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

—
 “And God saw that it was good.”
 —

The Earth! Methinks the thoughtless are too prone
 To rail against this fruitful flowering earth;
 “HE saw that it was good,” when from HIS throne
 HIS will decreed this wondrous planet's birth.
 Perchance from crumbling dust uprose the hills,
 But crumbling dust *created* must have been;
 And rushing torrents, with soft, murmuring rills,
 Leap'd from their heights, or lav'd the meadows
 green!

Then gathering ocean foam'd, and girt the world
 Like a full mantle round its vastness furl'd;
 And Nature's varied music—far and near—
 First woke the slumbering echoes deep and clear.
 And then was by the “wandering wind” begun
 The pilgrimage that yet is not outrun.
 Surely with joy surcharged stood forth the earth
 Matured—a giant at its glorious birth:
 “God saw that all was good,” and 'tis HIS will
 Which doth permit that ill should chequer still
 His bright creation. And shall feeble man
 Presume HIS wise and wond'rous scheme to scan?
 The earth is HIS, 'twas HE the wonder made
 And pois'd it in unfathomable space:
 Do they not doubt His wisdom, who, array'd
 In frowns, lament their present dwelling-place?
 The earth is very fair to human eyes—
 Sin can but veil the mortal paradise
 With a dark cloud, which yet we pierce e'en here—
 For Hope and Faith reveal the holier sphere.

And there are lesser ladders we may link
 Together, till they touch almost the brink
 Of that deep chasm, which the human mind
 In life must not o'erleap; but sweet we find
 The upward path—more sure each airy rail
 That doth for such high purposes avail.
 Do we not climb such ladders when we ope
 The book of marvellous science, or give scope
 To the ingushings of true poesy,
 Whose fountain flows o'er all created things,
 And is a baptism of Divinity
 Still ever rising from exhaustless springs?
 And music is a link, whose strange control
 Laps in Elysium the human soul:
 But most the power of contemplation given,
 Is surely foretaste of a future heaven!
 Unto the thoughtful mind life is one prayer,
 And earth's pure pleasures adoration there.

LA COQUETTERIE.

I lov'd her once, the false one,
 Enthrall'd by passion's spell;
 How deeply and how fervently
 The heart alone can tell!

Yes, I deem'd her all perfection,
 As with rapture and with pride
 I gaz'd on those sweet features,
 My own, my future bride.

Fool that I was—demented—
 Oh! why did I believe
 That her faith would never waver,
 That her lips would ne'er deceive?

The gladness of life's morning,
 Now sorrow hath o'ercast!
 The dream for aye has faded,
 Too vivid far to last!

Behold thy work, thou trait'ress!
 It is source of mirth to thee;
 But the wound thy hand inflicted
 Brings despair and death to me.

T. D'O'LY.

London.

“ENGLAND, BRIGHT ISLE OF THE WEST!”

(Song for Music.)

BY J. J. REYNOLDS.

Dear land of my fathers! I'll love thee on ever,
 Whate'er be my lot that Dame Fortune hath cast,
 Oh! nothing from thee my affections can sever,
 I'll prize thee right dearly, on, on to the last.
 May'st thou still of fair liberty be the proud dwelling,
 And rank among nations the greatest and best,
 Thy laws and thy people all others excelling,
 Dear land of my fathers, bright Isle of the West!

Let others go ramble far over the waters,
 In search of some trifle they cannot find here;
 As for me, I will dwell 'mong thy sons and thy daughters,
 And out of thy limits my foot shall ne'er stir.
 And when death shall take me from life's stormy bil-
 low,
 In one of thy corners, my bones they shall rest,
 With a bit of thy own darling sod for my pillow,
 Dear land of my fathers, bright Isle of the West!

SONNET TO THE MUSE.

BY THE REV. W. PULLING, M.A.

(Author of “Sonnets,” &c.)

Why left I oft my pillow, ere excited
 Were the glad birds to hail approaching morning,
 And hurried to a hill with heart delighted
 To see her tints the fair wide scene adorning?
 Why in wild woods was I so oft benighted?—
 Why, though a youth, all boisterous pleasures
 scorning
 (As faded flowers), was I to shades invited
 And heeded not Affection's serious warning?

Thy beauty, Muse! allured my rambles thither;
 And when in flight thy robes before me floated,
 Guided by thee I ran, regardless whither.
 Let me not grieve I was to thee devoted;
 And for my meed, oh! bring the green wreath hither,
 That I among thy favoured may be noted!

L I T E R A T U R E.

SELECTIONS FROM THE BRITISH POETS, from the time of Chaucer to the present day; with biographical and critical notices. By David Lester Richardson, Principal of the Hindoo College. Published under the authority of the Committee of Public Instruction, Calcutta.—Captain D. L. Richardson is extensively known in this country, as an elegant poet and an accomplished critic; but, owing to the greater part of his life having been spent in India, he is not so personally familiar to us as many writers of much less distinction. The following scrap, therefore, will be considered of some value. It is taken from a forgotten periodical called "The Commentator," which was projected and executed by a single individual, and which of course met the fate of all such unsupported enterprises—failure and oblivion. The writer is an early literary associate of Richardson, and his friend's name has been recalled to him by the publication of "Literary Leaves," an admirable collection of essays, chiefly critical:—

"This is a name which will be warmly greeted by a small but select circle. We do not mean the name of the author—for the Sonnets of Richardson are extensively known among 'the gentle and the good' of all classes—but the name of the man. Some there be—for to the many he was unknown—who still possess, garnered up in that quiet corner of the memory where we place copies of 'the old familiar faces, as one by one the originals disappear, the portrait of a tall, slender,' youngish man; reserved, taciturn, shrinking from the vulgar contact of the world, and looking as if he lived upon poetry, and scorned any coarser fare. To us, D. L. R., thy name is welcome as one of those little bits of the past, which we would cut out here and there, and leave the rest to perish. 'Why art thou so many hemispheres off?' as poor Lamb exclaimed, in his yearnings after Manning. Why wouldst thou needs go back among the Hindoos, as if there were not rice enough here for thee to eat with an ear-pick? Hast thou turned a Gymnosophist? Swarest thou by Brahma, or by Buddha? Tell us what thou art about, that we may be sure thou art yet in the flesh—for these things thou hast placed before us are but a portion of thy mind, of thy intellectual existence."

"The ruling passion of that mind," goes on our commentator, "was a love of literature. This is distinct from a mere love of reading and writing. The love of literature embraces both the author and his works; it is a devout enthusiasm in all things connected with the literary character and its productions," and he places Richardson among the examples of this passion.

"The boy," he concludes, "into whose hands the works of these men fall without awakening a kindred enthusiasm—that boy may be an author, for what we know or care, but he hath *not* grown up into a genuine LITERARY MAN."

At the time this was written, Richardson was several thousand miles distant, with the germ yet undeveloped in his mind of the work now before

us—a work which, in our opinion, is destined to awaken more genuine literary enthusiasm, both in England and India, than any other of the kind we know. Of the later collections, Campbell's specimens end with the first three or four years of the present century, and he is so indifferent to continuity of design that while bestowing great and successful labour upon less eminent names, he dismisses that of Swift, for instance, with the common necrological dates. Hazlett's specimens are closed with Burns, and to his scanty criticism he adds no literary history at all; so that, in point of fact, the "Selections" of Richardson is the only work in the language containing an uninterrupted succession of the best poets, from Chaucer to the late living writers, with biographical and critical notices. As a slight specimen of the criticism, we give the following correct and pithy estimate of Young:—

"Young produced three tragedies, *Busiris*, *The Brothers*, and *The Revenge*. The last of the three is the best known. They are all somewhat turgid and melodramatic. The *Night Thoughts* is undoubtedly the greatest and most popular of Young's productions. It is, oddly enough, a favourite with the French, who look upon it as characteristic of the national genius. It is such a poem as they would consider congenial reading for 'the gloomy month of November, when Englishmen hang or drown themselves.' Perhaps it is neither the solemn tone, nor the stern morality of the poem, that charms our neighbours, but the false sublimity and far-fetched wit. It contains occasional passages of genuine poetry and profound thought, but it throws a dreary shadow upon human life, and is sadly deficient in truth of feeling and simplicity of expression. We see more of the wit than the poet. The writer creates an impression that he is insincere; because his thoughts are rarely natural and spontaneous. He is apparently always on the look out for something new and strange. He often startles the reader's understanding, but he rarely touches his heart. From the sombre nature of his subject and his melancholy views of life, he produces a general feeling of depression, but not of tenderness. His sorrow never makes us weep, and his wit never makes us laugh. There is too much unconcealed art and trickery in both. The whole poem is one series of smart yet solemn antitheses. His fancy is always active and ingenious, but it rarely glows. His muse has a kind of ghastly vivacity, and his illustrations rather surprise than please. Had he lived in the time of Donne, he would have been a leading member of the metaphysical school of poets. His versification is sometimes too much broken into short, independent sentences; but where he allows it to flow in a more continuous stream, it is vigorous, varied, and sonorous. His satires preceded Pope's. They are, like the *Night Thoughts*, a collection of epigrams. The characters are almost all overwrought, and the attention is so much attracted to the painter's skill that it scarcely occurs to the reader to consider whether the portraits are true or not to nature. It is clear that the satirist himself is more solicitous to prove himself a wit than to reform his victims. He is never

carried out of himself by an earnest attention to his subject. The smart wit, ambitious of our applause, comes between us and his subject. In some of Dryden's or Churchill's portraits we never think of the artist.

"It was not only as a writer that Young thirsted for applause. He was inordinately desirous of attracting admiration, and proportionately hurt at insensibility or neglect. He even carried this feeling into the pulpit. It is said that one day observing that his congregation were not listening to him with the respect he required, he sat back in his pulpit and burst into a flood of tears.

"In spite of his defects, Young is a writer who will always enforce attention. He is an original thinker, and has great nerve and energy of style. It is said that, when he was composing one of his tragedies, the Duke of Grafton sent him a human skull with a candle in it, as a lamp for his study, and that the poet used it."

We have only to add that we hear an edition of this work, intended for circulation in England, is in preparation; and we earnestly hope the report is correct.

LECTURES ON PAINTING AND DESIGN; by B. R. Haydon, Historical Painter; 1 vol., 8vo., pp. 331 (*Longman & Co.*)—In all essentials, except drawing, the English painter now excels all other painters. In Greece, Italy, Spain, Portugal, and the Low Countries—the seats of pre-eminent art from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century—painting is now rather a memory than a reality. The living spirit, the genius, the skill have been there, but nothing remains except what was formerly done—the world's wonders which made the canvas glow with life and thought, with the beauty which enraptures, and the brilliancy which almost bewilders. In these later days art has found a refuge and made a home in France, Germany, and England.

The French painters are the most worthy rivals of the English. They have little taste for nature (who can truly say that he has ever seen a modern French landscape of any worth?), but they have infinite skill in *drawing*. Why, we shall presently state. Their pictures often represent common-place exalted upon stilts; but whatever the extravagance (and that is rapidly disappearing before the good taste as well as the genius which are possessed by Horace Vernet, Paul de la Roche, the Deverias, and others), French painters have the merit, and a high merit it is, of admirable drawing.

It has been the fashion of late to give extraordinary praise to the German school of art; the praise has been repeated by persons who never saw the frescoes of Cornelius, nor the drawing-room works of Overbeck. There is much to praise in what Cornelius has done, but chiefly for the manner in which he has mastered the difficulties of the mechanical part of fresco work. Overbeck, however, has been the object of far higher and less discriminatory eulogy. His figures are all statuesque; they appear as if drawn from sculpture rather than from life. A fatal fault is this! Yet Overbeck is the best of his class; he stands at the head of modern

German school. One peculiarity of that said school is, that even in scriptural paintings—for example, Overbeck's own pictures, embodying the life and miracles of the Saviour—not one face has the distinguishing characteristics which it should have. The scenes are in Jerusalem: most of the personages represented are Hebrew, but the faces are German faces! Oddly enough, the very works executed by German artists at Rome, where the models certainly are not Teutonic, have this same fault of anti-Hebrew feature.

The French draw well, because they commence with drawing. Not so in England. In France the greatest attention is paid to drawing; in this country, to colouring. We doubt whether the Venetians coloured as well as the English do at present. Our artists only require severe discipline in drawing to be the greatest in the world—to equal the best artists of the best times in other countries. They have taste, feeling, imagination, freedom of touch and beauty of design—a love of nature, and a knowledge of her various and beautiful phases—minds well stored with the information which artists particularly require—all, in short, except that perfect drawing which has been acquired from severe and close study.

Mr. Haydon's lectures argue most strongly that this one thing wanting shall be supplied; and they tell how it may be supplied. He takes anatomy as the basis of drawing, and exemplifies his position by a comparison between the structure of the human and the merely animal body. He contrasts the formation of the man and the quadruped, exhibits the bones and muscles in each, and elucidates every position by drawings; which supply, as far as such things can, the absence of the real skeletons. Nor does he limit his teaching to this. He analyzes the origin and traces the history of painting. He treats of composition, colours, and invention; and he blends instruction with amusement, criticism with anecdote, so as to make his printed volume almost as attractive as his oral lectures confessedly are. There is an occasional expression of anger at the unequal distribution of the prizes which society bestows upon the professors of art; but the painter of Dentatus, Solomon, Lazarus, Napoleon, and Alexander—the man who originally suggested the pictorial embellishment of the new parliament houses, and has not been employed upon that work—may be pardoned if, with a spirit chafed by neglect or injustice, he should now and then shew that he feels the wrong thus done to him and to the art he follows and loves.

THE ANNUALS. HEATH'S BOOK OF BEAUTY; THE KEEPSAKE; THE FORGET-ME-NOT.—When Christmas comes, we seem naturally to expect these yearly gift books, and always feel a sorrow like that of parting from a friend, when we find another and another has ended its career, falling away and belonging to the things which are past. Although we believe there may still exist two or three not named here; we suspect '44 has proved the grave of

one or more of the bright band; therefore, however, should we welcome more gladly those which remain to us. Place to the ladies, so we will open first Heath's Book of Beauty.

To our minds the gem of the portraits is that of the Marchioness of Dour, from the exquisite painting by Swinton, which all who visited the exhibition of the Royal Academy last season will remember; and next in artistic merit appear to us the Countesses of Craven and Chesterfield. Names, the earnest of excellence, are found among the literary contributors, Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Walter Savage Landor, Mrs. Abdy, and the gifted editress, the Countess of Blessington, who presents us with a clever story "Le Bas Bleu," full of truth and point and purpose; this, and Miss Power's striking "Fragment," and Mrs. Abdy's piquant tale, "Invited by mistake," are among the most attractive articles in the book. We notice too, some of our own valued contributors here, Miss Aguilar; Mrs. F. B. Scott; the author of "The Traduced;" and an initialist, E. A. H. O., whom many of our readers must have remarked, and who has here a wild legendary tale, which is told with singular force." There may be in the other scale a few tame pages of prose and of mediocre verse; but these it is hardly worth while to particularize. We make a short extract from "Notes and Anecdotes," by Charles Hervey.

"Travellers should be on their guard against the impositions practised by Venetian picture dealers, as even the most experienced connoisseur may easily be taken in by them. Not long ago, a gentleman visited a celebrated dépôt of paintings in this city, and happening to fancy a particular picture, agreed after some little bargaining with the dealer, to purchase it. All was settled, but the gentleman insisted on taking it home with him, having his gondola at hand.

"What! said the dealer, 'have you any doubts of my sending you the original? Put your own seal on the back, and satisfy yourself.'

"This was, however, declined by the purchaser, who, sending for his servant, ordered him to carry the picture down stairs, in spite of the entreaties and remonstrances of the collector. Arriving at his hotel, the gentleman, after a close scrutiny, found a copy neatly inserted in the frame behind the original, which copy he would have sealed, had he suffered himself to be prevailed upon; of course he kept both, the dealer, as may readily be imagined, never appearing to claim either."

We had only time, last number, to extract from THE KEEPSAKE Lady Blessington's lively poem. There is a new feature in this annual, namely, the admission of two French articles, one from the pen of Eugene Sue, the other from that of M. le Viscomte d'Arincourt. The former "Un Ouvrier Poète," is full of high and spiritual philosophy, and did we believe we could do any thing like justice to the metrical portions of it, we should attempt a translation. We are half inclined to extract it into these pages in the original, perhaps some day we shall. The best tales in the book are unquestionably Mr. S. C. Hall's "Fair Client;" "The Ruined Squire," and "The Poet's Crime." The Keepsake is

richer in its poetry than the Book of Beauty. Miss Power's sonnet, "The Withered Leaf," is exquisite in thought, and finished in construction. We have a pretty Irish Song by Mr. S. C. Hall, with music in every line. J. R., whose few poems already published are of so high an order, is a contributor here, and "Mabel's Dove," by Miss Garrow, and "A Legend of Eileen Mohr," by E. A. H. O., are of the genuine outpourings which constitute true poesy. Quite as much may be said of "The Boy Pygmalion," by Anna Savage, which is too long for extract, and would be spoilt by garbling. But the poem of most interest, is that by Lady Blessington, on the fine engraving of Lord Byron's room at Venice. True and mournful are the following lines:—

"O Genius! thine's indeed a dangerous gift!

Allied with sensibility so keen,

That wounds which common minds can scarcely feel,

To them bring torture; and when thy heart writhes

With agony, the cold of blood deride,

And marvel poets are not wise as they!

For aye misunderstood, misjudged, men know

No sympathy for minds above their own;

And though they prize the works that charm their hours,

They love the author not, and readily

Give ear to charges coin'd by envious hate,

Anxious to lower what they cannot reach."

We cannot dismiss the "Keepsake" without assuring our readers that it contains illustrations equal to those of any of its predecessors. The frontispiece is a beautiful portrait of the Viscountess Jocelyn.

THE FORGET-ME-NOT has less pretension than its rivals; nevertheless it is an agreeable little volume. "Mary Mc'Donnel," by Mrs. James Gray, is an excellent story; and Mrs. Ponsonby contributes some charming pieces, as also do Mrs. Abdy and Calder Campbell. The Forget-Me-Not is enriched, besides, by Miss Mitford, Delta, Lady E. Stuart Wortley, N. Michell (who has a fine poem), Miss Pardoe, and the American poetesses, Miss Gould and Mrs. Sigourney. Our extract shall be a gem from a poet who always combines power and sweetness:—

AN EARLY VISITOR.

BY CHARLES SWAIN, ESQ.

"The dewy morn with golden feet
Came sighing fond and blushing sweet,
And o'er the casement's flowery stand
Reclin'd her warm and brilliant hand,
Stole from the rose its rath perfume,
And leapt all glowing in the room,
Shook gold upon the carpet round,
Each printed form with sun-threads bound.
Anon—as if half-weary there—
Her golden limbs adorn'd a chair,
And flash'd a hundred brilliant hues
On classic Reynold's "Tragic Muse;"
Pressed golden kisses o'er the pearl
Of Christall's lovely "Shepherd Girl;"
And, spite of Shakspeare's verse of old,
Kept gilding still refined gold!

At last, a little over-free,
 She threw herself upon my knee;
 In beaming glances met my looks,
 And blinded me for reading books:
 Red, green, or orange spots, were all
 I found where'er my sight could fall;
 Till, half-provoked, I wish'd the maid
 Was fairly buried in the shade;
 For, jealous of the least advance,
 She struck the fire out with a glance;
 Then, as with Music's gifts to please,
 Her sparkling fingers touch'd the keys.
 'Twas something to be *seen*, not heard,
 Too eloquent for note or word.
 Cecilia's hand, though oft admir'd,
 Had ne'er such brilliancy inspir'd.
 Could ne'er intenser gaze enthral;
 But then, alas! the touch was all!
 So I to business hurried then:
 Engagements with commercial men
 Sped swift the time; whilst morn withdrew
 To vernal scenes and pleasures new,
 Through lanes with honeysuckle sweet,
 Through many a sylvan, calm retreat;
 Danced with the ripple of the brook,
 Still gilding every path she took;
 And oh! till we again may meet,
 May Heaven bless those golden feet!"

NURSERY RHYMES, TALES, AND JINGLES. (*Burns.*)—This is a book after our own heart, and one we would a hundred times rather see among a merry baby-band than grammar catechisms and multiplication tables: yes, to the sternest realist and utilitarian would we own it—that to stimulate the wonder, curiosity, and imagination of the young, is a higher wisdom than to check their sensibilities, and choke them with facts. "Old Mother Hubbard," "The House that Jack Built," and at least a hundred and fifty other old favourites, are here presented with all the adornment of high art, for the wood engravings, with which the volume is profusely illustrated, are really exquisite. There are also a few sacred pieces, and there is evidence of a careful superintendence, which has denied admittance to a single questionable line.

STEIL'S ROYAL PICTORIAL PRIMER.—This primer is only second in merit to the "Prince of Wales' Primer," which we had occasion to mention last year. We think the idea of teaching the small letters first an excellent one; because, as it is truly said, they occur in printed books in so great a proportion above the capitals. Whereas, if *these* are acquired first, the child has learned but half its alphabet, and moreover is strangely puzzled at finding one name for two things. It is evident this difficulty would be greatly lessened, were the learner thoroughly accustomed to the letters of which whole words and sentences are composed, before his attention is drawn to the "few-and-far-between" capitals.

THE VIRGIN MARTYR. By Philip Massinger. (*Burns.*)—A new edition of this well-known drama, with six designs by F. R. Pickersgill, in a delicate binding, and altogether beautifully got up.

WILD LOVE, AND OTHER TALES; from the German of de la Motte Fouqué. (*Burns.*)—This, like the preceding work, is beautifully illustrated and adorned with spirited and imaginative wood engravings of the class which forms so prominent a feature in modern art. The tales, consisting of "Rosaura," "Wild Love," "The Field of Terror," and "The Oak of the Idols," are very ably translated; and this is a rare merit, for few translators have the art of preserving the spirit of their original, and at the same time avoiding idiomatic expressions.

LAYS OF THE HEART, ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS; by W. J. Brock. (*G. Biggs, Strand.*)—A volume of well-intentioned poems, smooth in versification, though not conspicuous for originality. We wish they revealed a less gloomy view of life; we cannot indeed find one that would enliven our pages, and we do not feel inclined at this merry Christmas time to deal in the dolefuls.

HINTS TO LANDSMEN; by Arthur Romer, M.R.C.S., Surgeon in the Merchant Service. (*W. S. Orr & Co.*)—With so valuable a little work as this in existence, it is really a cruelty to allow any friend to visit a tropical climate, or undertake a long voyage, without having it at hand. It is seldom indeed that we have found so much good sense displayed, and so much medical experience made practically familiar, in the compass of a treatise so brief. On reading many of the author's shrewd remarks, one is tempted to exclaim—"I wonder I never thought of that before"—a very common result of truths being first presented to us in an intelligible form, and of opinions being supported by reasons for the same. The general division of the book may be comprised in a description of the mental and corporeal effects of change of climate and mode of living; or, perhaps more correctly speaking, not changing the habits acquired in a high latitude, and in active condition, for those more properly adapted for the extremes of heat and lassitude, or changing them in the wrong direction; of sea-sickness and its remedies, and of the best means of insuring health while residing in a tropical climate.

THE CONVICT SHIP; A Narrative of the Results of Scriptural Instruction, &c., on board the "Earl Grey," during a Voyage to Tasmania. By Colin Arrott Browning, M.D. (*London: Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill, 1844.*)—Poetry has already touched our finest sympathies on this intensely interesting subject; it remained for manly prose to enlist our active and Christian endeavours in behalf of the soul-freighted arks of justice we send forth, and to convert them into arks of blessing and mercy. Such should be the result of the perusal of Dr. Browning's narrative on every pious and benevolent mind; indeed, on that of every one who seeks the only true happiness, that of doing good to all—especially to the lost, the convicted felon, male or female—so touchingly typical as

he is of the first felon and exile, and of all the human race, his descendants. Surely, to restore such to their place in the church, and even perhaps in the state eventually, is a work worthy of a redeemed soul; one who, having himself known the bondage of sin, and felt "Have I done *what I could* in this great cause, or in any other, for the benefit of the souls and bodies of my fellow-creatures?"

Our space will not admit of our entering into the details of the wonderful work of conversion stated to have taken place in the "Earl Grey," but we earnestly invite our readers to read and judge for themselves, whether less could be expected from the obedience of faith and powerful humility, in which the whole crusade, as we may call it, against human depravity was carried on by means of the all-powerful word of God, and the all but inspired prayers of our holy liturgy. Would that every convict-ship had a Dr. Browning on board!

The book disarms criticism; but we would, for future works, suggest (for general readers) less scriptural phraseology—which in an other might be termed cant—and more detail of the effects of the doctrines taught than exposition of the same.

We heartily wish the book and its author God-speed; and feel that Dr. Browning is an honour to our navy, as extending its conquests beyond the sphere of this world, and an honour to mankind. We cannot peruse this little work without having our views of the possible utility of one individual, and that individual even in a state of bodily weakness, greatly and hopefully amplified.

MUSIC.

THAT'S MY MARQUESA. Words by Charles Mathews. (*Reed and Sons.*)—To those who have heard Mr. Charles Mathews, as the reckless *Don César de Bazan*, sing the above gay, light-hearted seguidilla, comment were superfluous; and to such as love a merry, heart-exhilarating song, it cannot prove otherwise than acceptable. It embodies in the music, equally with the words, the character of the hero, who, during the last half hour of his existence, finds vent for his feelings in—A Song!

A SWEET VOICE HAUNTS ME. Words by Calder Campbell. (*Monro and May.*)—A sweet, pensive ballad, beautifully simple. The music is in perfect accordance, for the composer has fully entered into the feeling and sentiment of the author.

VIOLETS. Words by W. F. Thomas. (*C. Jefferys.*)—This is one of the prettiest ballads we have met with for a long time. It is of easy compass, and will, we think, be admired and find a place at the piano of many of the younger of our fair readers, to whom it is peculiarly adapted.

FINE ARTS.

The following extract is abridged from the ART-UNION, part 75 for December:—

"Our readers will, perhaps, remember that, several months ago, we announced a remarkable discovery, by which, in a few days, a large and elaborate line engraving might be so accurately copied that there should be no perceptible difference between the original and the copy; that an engraving on steel or copper might be produced from an impression of the print—the original plate never having been seen by the copyist; and that the steel plate so produced should be warranted to yield from 10,000 to 20,000 impressions.

"We have resolved to test this (alleged) invention; and have placed in the hands of the party referred to a foreign print (the *plate* never having been in England), and selected a subject which may be seen in many shop windows at this moment—so that any person may compare the copy with the original. A proof has been laid before us in an *unfinished state*—not, therefore, altogether satisfactory, but still, we think, so wonderful a production that we feel justified in anticipating its complete success—at least in so far as to warrant a promise to give one of them with each number of the ART-UNION for January.

"At present we can only say, that within seven days after we placed a proof of the print in the hands of the party referred to, he placed in our hands the copy of it on the steel; that the original engraving was the work of at least a year; and that the copy is already so marvellously accurate, that we are much disposed to have faith in his pledge that, when finished, we shall not be able to distinguish the original proof from a proof of the copy, of which he undertakes to furnish between 10,000 and 15,000 impressions, if we need them."

From a private source we are able to add that, as soon as the plate was delivered as finished, it was submitted to several artists—painters and engravers; at the same time were laid before them impressions from the plate, and a proof of the original plate, taken, of course, in Paris. The opinion at which they arrived was that, although it was not difficult to distinguish the original from the copy, *they were so thoroughly alike* that any person of practised eye might suppose the two to be from the same plate, the one being merely taken with greater care than the other; that they were precisely the same, line for line and "touch for touch;" and that this example completely established THE PRINCIPLE: they considered the invention to be THE MOST WONDERFUL and the MOST UNACCOUNTABLE that had been made in modern times, in connexion with Art.

It is needless to add, that by the artists to whom we refer many "guesses" were made as to the mode by which this marvellous process was effected—apparently, however, without the least result. We should observe that the process does not infer a necessity for injuring the print delivered as the model.

Farther may be added, that the inventor—an Englishman—is an *engraver by profession*. He has produced this example under serious disadvantages—being in ill health, having had to work in dark and frosty weather, and having been far too much hurried to do himself justice. Moreover, the steel was not prepared expressly for the purpose—and was by no means fortunate for work.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE MONTH.

SADLER'S WELLS.

The praiseworthy and commendable efforts of Mr. Phelps and Mrs. Warner have met with that pre-eminent success, during a long and arduous season, that they so richly deserved. Crowded houses and uproarious applause have been their nightly meed. *King John*, *Macbeth*, and the *Lady of Lyons*, have been the only productions of the past month; but eminently well played they have been. As *Constance*, Mrs. Warner, as we have before remarked, is truly sublime; her grief, her despair, her sorrow, are all magnificently rendered; in *Lady Macbeth*, too, she has no equal upon the English stage, and gives a more clear conception of the Siddons' acting than any other performer of whom we know anything. In the *Lady of Lyons*, too, she is very happy indeed. Phelps himself is undoubtedly the best tragedian we have after Macready. We say, therefore, with good pieces and low prices, go on and prosper.

Many novelties are announced, to which we shall give our best attention. To criticise minutely standard pieces, like those which have been played this month, would be a work of supererogation. To such of our readers, however, as have not yet visited this admirable place of public amusement, we earnestly say "go," and all who take our advice will surely thank us for the treat. When it is reflected that it has been found possible to continue a Shakesperian, and even a Byronian revival for six successive nights to excellent houses, and that the company have been found fully capable of performing the Congreve and Sheridan school with considerable effect, we need scarcely say more. As our able contemporary, the *Athenæum*, has fairly observed, the experiment has at any rate been so far successful as to dispel any lingering doubts concerning Mr. Phelps' general merits as an actor, he having now performed with positive success a numerous circle of character, viz., *Macbeth*, *Othello*, *The Stranger*, *Mr. Oakley*, *Werner*, *Shylock*, *Sir Peter Teazle*, and *Virginius*. Among these are two characters which it has been supposed a great tragic actor, now absent, had so completely appropriated to himself, and so identified with his own style of acting, that it has been the custom to consider that it would be worse than vain for any other performer to attempt them. Both the *Werner* and the *Virginius*, however, have now found a second competent representative.

DRURY LANE.

Balfe's new opera, the *Daughter of St. Mark*, is certainly one of the most magnificent offsprings of English musical talent, put upon the stage, with a splendour and startling effect which no manager save Mr. Bunn would ever have ventured on. It contains some of the

sweetest songs that ever Harrison or Miss Rainforth warbled forth to the delighted ears of an applauding audience. The story it would be vain to tell, suffice that it is laid in Venice and Cyprus, and is of a very exciting and interesting character. In the first act we have an exquisite serenade sung by W. Harrison, "There's sunlight in heaven;" then a grand duet between the above and Miss Rainforth; "Be this moment the brightest," which is both pretty and effective; a trio, "To thee whose wisdom is the guiding star," and a quartet, "Happy hearts, fond and fair," excited much applause. The action of the first act is unnecessarily lengthened by some dancing. The scenery, however, is perfectly splendid. In the second act, first scene, we have some very pretty music, and some exquisite singing by Miss Rainforth, Harrison, and Borani, particularly "The gondolier," "My bark which o'er the tide," &c. The second scene of this act is perhaps for grandeur and magnificence the most unequalled thing that was ever put upon the stage. It is truly gorgeous. Never was the eye dazzled by scenic effect so splendid. Battlements, reaching out of sight, Venetian galleys, a double row of stairs, coming down from nobody knows where, some three hundred soldiers, priests, ladies, &c., &c., &c., in a vast procession, and all presenting a *coup d'œil*, such as never was yet equalled in a theatre. The expense must be truly enormous.

In the third act are some exquisite songs, "Sad exile on the stranger shore," and "The cannon rebounding;" but a ballad sung by Harrison, "We may be happy yet," is the happiest thing we have heard this many a long day. Never was this able vocalist's voice suited so admirably before. It is nightly encored in the most enthusiastic manner, and deservedly. Altogether the opera is wonderfully successful, and we are satisfied will remain a permanent favourite.

The *Peri* has been the popular ballet of the month, in which Plunket has gained a triumph quite equal in deserts to that of Carlotta Grisi. Indeed we never saw anything in the way of dancing more wonderful, and at the same time more elegant, graceful, and unassuming. The so much talked of leap is nightly encored, and it is indeed a wonderful thing for a young girl to venture on. The ballet itself is a very pleasing one. A Monsieur and Madame Finart have been giving some Spanish dancing, of which we do not think very highly. A *Cra-croviennne*, however, danced by Miss O'Bryan, and nightly encored, is very clever and successful.

Among other novelties in preparation we have a pantomime founded on the popular history of *Robinson Crusoe*.

At the **HAYMARKET** we have nothing new. At the **PRINCESS'S**, *Wild Oats*, and the *Rent Day*, with ballets, and the *Castle of Aymon*, continue. At the **LYCEUM**, the Keeleys are drawing capital houses with their amusing trifles. At the **ADELPHI**, the *Chimes* have appeared, but with little success. All the theatres

are, at the time we write, preparing for the Christmas campaigns, which opening on the 26th, will be too late for us to give any account of. So much the more for us to do next month.

COVENT GARDEN opens with *Antigone*, a tragedy; boxes four shillings, upper circle three.

FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

*Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré,
à Paris, December 23.*

The *élite* of our fashionables are now hurrying back very fast to Paris from the different spas and their *chateaux*. Balls and grand parties will commence directly; very splendid preparations are making for them, and the struggle which regularly takes place between the *Faubourg St. Germain* and the *Chaussée d'Antin* will, it is expected, be more animated than ever. The severity of the weather has given an appearance rather of comfort than show to promenade dress. Furs are the order of the day; mantles trimmed with sable, or else very large sable camails; the most comfortable, though certainly not the most graceful of envelopes. If the mantle or the *douillette* (for the latter is now adopted in promenade dress) is not bordered with fur, a *pelerine russe*, such as I have described in one of my late letters, is adopted with it; so that, to judge from the costume of several of our *élégantes*, one might suppose one was in Petersburg instead of Paris. However, this style is not universally adopted: some of our most elegant women of *ton* have recently appeared in mantles and shawls not trimmed with fur: cloth, and particularly black cloth, begins to be employed for both. I may cite among the first those of black cloth, lined with ruby satin; the skirt is longer than any that have yet appeared, though not quite so long as the robe: the *corsage*, drawn in by a runner at the waist, is trimmed with velvet lappels, made very broad; a *pelerine* of a small size, and drawn in at the waist, passes below it, forming a short full jacket, falls low upon the sleeve, and meets the velvet robings of the skirt in front. The sleeves are moderately wide, and of equal size from the bottom to the top; they are trimmed with deep velvet cuffs. The *pelerine*, cuffs, lappel, and robings, are all finished at the upper edge by a light trimming of *passementerie*, forming festoons of open-work. *Soutache* seems again getting into favour, but only for cloth robes, shawls, or mantles: black seems in request for the three. Several black cloth shawls have recently been seen on ladies of distinguished taste: they are cut out quite close round the throat, closed to the bottom of the waist by a double row of silk buttons, *à la duchesse*, and trimmed all round with a narrow embroidery in *soutache*, and large gothic patterns also in *soutache* at the corners and on the shoulders. These shawls are

always lined with white or coloured satin, and well wadded. Black is in very great favour for *pardessus* of all kinds, whether they are cloth, velvet, or satin; but it is never adopted for evening wraps: they are always coloured. The *paletot* is more in vogue in carriage dress than it was in the beginning of the season, but they are now worn only in velvet, lined with satin, wadded and quilted: they are now made so as perfectly to display the shape, with sleeves that do not descend lower than the middle of the fore-arm, nearly tight at the top: they enlarge by degrees as they descend. To render the toilette perfectly of *le dernier gout*, the robe should be of velvet corresponding with the *paletot*, and the *chapeau* of velvet, or *velours épinglé* of a light hue; pink or lemon colour seem most in favour: it is ornamented with a white willow plume *glucé*, in the colour of the robe. *Capotes douillettes* begin to be a good deal adopted since the weather has been so cold: those worn with velvet robes or mantles are usually of white satin: they may be trimmed with two or three short ostrich feathers, shaded in various shades of the colour of the mantle, or else white, shaded with rose. If a *capote* is worn with a cloth robe or mantle, it is usually of pink satin, quilted on the outside only, and trimmed on the exterior with knots of ribbon; the entire of the inside of the brim is decorated with a *bouillonné* of tulle.

Velvet is the reigning material for *chapeaux*, not, indeed, to the exclusion of satin; but the latter is seldom seen in the promenade, though very much employed in half-dress. The same may be said of *velours épinglé*. Black velvet *chapeaux* are most in favour in promenade dress, but in general they are rather showily trimmed. Though the ribbons employed for the exterior are frequently black, the feathers are always coloured, or at least with a mixture of colour of a rich full kind. Where flowers are employed, they are generally those of winter or autumn, also of full colours, and frequently intermixed with black lace. The vogue of lace in trimmings of every sort is as great as ever. Veils are indispensable in promenade dress, but they are always of black lace. A fashion that was very general a few seasons ago is again revived in half-dress; I mean the *chapeaux* composed partly of velvet and partly of satin, but both of a corresponding colour. I have seen several with the brims composed of violet or emerald green vel-

vet, and the crowns of satin, set in full under a narrow bias band of velvet; a full knot of velvet, in which a willow plume, either shaded or of the colour of the *chapeau* is placed, is attached on the right side, and droops over to the left: a smaller knot, placed at the back, completes the trimming of the exterior; the *mancionis* of narrow ribbon, shaded in various shades of red or yellow, adorn the interior of the brim. Velvet *capotes* are a good deal ornamented with black lace, intermingled with knots of ribbon. *Voilettes* attached to the edge of the brim, which have been now for some time out of favour, are again coming into vogue; but the width of the lace is diminished on the front of the brim. Another alteration that I have recently observed is, that a good many velvet *chapeaux* are trimmed with velvet flowers of the same colour: this style is becoming very fashionable, but I do not think the effect is good. Satin *chapeaux* are a good deal trimmed with velvet flowers, but they are always of different, and frequently of various hues. Some of these *chapeaux* are decorated with a row of white lace at the edge of the brim; a *chou* of lace, and a small bouquet of flowers, decorates the exterior. Several satin *chapeaux* are entirely covered with rows of lace; there are two rows, falling one over the other on the brim, and a third upon the crown: a bouquet of small velvet flowers, a shade darker than the satin, is placed on one side.

We have added within the last few days one more to the many fashions which we are constantly borrowing from the wardrobes of our great grandmamas. We have revived the *caraco*, which I find was very much in vogue about fifty-eight years ago. The *corsage* is high, open before, with a round jacket, a good deal parted in front, and square, where it is much deeper than at the back. I have seen some made sufficiently long in front to have a small pocket placed obliquely on each side; the sleeves are quite tight at the top, and demi large at the lower part: they are about a three-quarter length, with close jockeys and a round cuff: the under-sleeve is *bouillonné*, and rather more full than they are in general. The trimmings of these dresses vary; velvet is a good deal employed for them, so also is *passementerie*; indeed, there is more variety in the latter than one would suppose it was capable of producing.

Although a great variety of silks, satins, levantines, and Cashmeres, both plain and figured, are fashionable in demi-toilette, there are no materials so much in vogue as velvet and *soie Cameléon* shot in four different colours. High *corsages* have lost nothing of their attraction even in the most elegant style of *négligé*, but though they are the most general, they are not always adopted, several being made half high; those made close are also more in request than they were in the beginning of the season; those made open in front do not display much of the *chemisette* or *guimpe*. I do not see that there is any great change in sleeves, with the exception of that of the *caraco*.

Caps are very fashionable, both in morning

and half-dress: they continue to be made very small. Those adopted in simple morning dress are always composed of muslin; a good many are embroidered in feather-stitch, and trimmed with a *ruche à la vielle* and *brides* of satin ribbon. Some of the prettiest of those for half-dress, are composed of *tulle*, trimmed with two *tulle biais*, and a wreath of blue flowers; these are of a small round shape; others, long at the sides, are composed of muslin, and have the entire of the head-piece covered by several rows of very narrow lace, set on with very little fulness, and divided by small *coques* of crimson velvet; a crimson velvet *chou* is placed at each ear, and several long ends fall from it on the shoulders; the caul is entirely covered with a net composed of velvet.

Some additions have been recently made to the rich silks which I announced to you in the beginning of the season for evening robes. They consist of damask and broads approaching still more nearly to the style of Louis Quatorze-day, than those that have already appeared; there is no doubt that these splendid silks will divide the vogue with velvet in evening dress, and that plain silks, as well as crape gauze and *tulle* will be principally reserved for ball dress. The *corsages* of these rich silks and velvet robes are made tight to the shape, and I observe that they are now cut lower than in the beginning of the season, and the points at the bottom of the waist are deeper. Lace is the trimming most in request for these rich robes; a good many indeed are made without any garniture round the border, but the *corsage* and sleeves are adorned with lace. *Berthes* are very much in vogue, and if lace is not employed, those of *passementerie* are frequently used: this kind of garniture has been brought to great perfection, and is second only to lace in evening trimmings.

Passementerie is also often employed in evening *coiffures*, both of a simple and splendid kind. In the first there are various kinds of nets composed of either silk, bugles, or beads: some envelop the hair in the Spanish style; others are trimmed with fancy silk tassels of a new form; and others, formed always of bugles, are trimmed at the sides with a kind of fringe composed of them, and descending in the *petit barbe* style on each side. The kinds employed for *grandes soirées*, are the *resseau de Venise*, and the nets composed of gold, silver, or pearls, or a mixture of pearls and gold; the *resseau de Venise* has a ground of gold or silver thread, with a border in coloured *chenille*. Turbans of all forms are expected to be much in vogue in evening dress: I may cite among the most novel those composed of a Cashmere scarf, with the border embroidered in silver and coloured silks: the effect of this border arranged in folds, and trimmed with rich fringe, is really magnificent; for a more simple style of turban, *tarlatane* or crape, with the folds intermixed with velvet is novel, and I think likely to be fashionable. I may cite among the *coiffures* particularly calculated for very youthful married *belles*, some turbans composed of an intermixture of *tarlatane* and



silver blonde lace lappets of a small size: the lappets form the front, and are arranged in a double *rouleau*, the ends descending in *demi barbes* at the sides, and also some light blue and pale pink berets composed of velvet or *velours épinglé*: some are trimmed with shaded or frosted marabouts, others with fancy feathers attached by cords and tassels of intermingled silk and gold, or pearl beads.

Although the materials for ball robes cannot yet be said to be quite decided, yet it is generally understood that satin and *taffetas* will be worn, though not perhaps quite so much as the usual light materials—crape, gauze, *tulle*, and lace—the under dresses with these robes being always of satin. Tunics will be very fashionable for light materials, but they will not be adopted for silk or satin robes. Lace is expected to be as fashionable for ball dress as for evening costume. Black lace I know will be very fashionable for evening robes, and I am told it is expected to be introduced in ball dress over coloured satin. A good many robes *tuniques* are of *application de Bruxelles*: they are very costly, but of extreme simplicity, having no other trimming than the border in a superb pattern, which encircles the bottom of the tunic, and of the under dress, and is repeated, but much narrower, round the top of the *corsage* and the bottoms of the sleeves: a good many tunics, both of crape and *organdy*, are trimmed round the border with several rows of gold or silver *cheffs*, intermingled with others of different coloured silks, this style is new and remarkably elegant. There is, however, a very great probability that flowers will be more in request than any other kind of garniture for ball robes. I have seen several gauze and crape tunics looped on each side of the knee by a chain of flowers; these chains are composed of different kinds of small flowers, narrow at the top, but terminated by a single large one: the *corsage* and sleeves are decorated *en suite*. These chains are very novel, and I think likely to supersede the wreaths which have hitherto been so much in vogue. Another new and pretty style of trimming for gauze or crape robes is composed of ten tufts, each containing a full blown rose, with buds and foliage, and some small flowers of a new shade of blue; these loop the robe all round the border, but much higher in front than behind, displaying the satin one underneath: the draperies of the *corsage*, and also the sleeves, are looped to correspond.

Head dresses of hair decorated either with flowers or feathers will certainly be in an immense majority in ball costume; but *toques*, turbans, and berets will also be partially adopted: the flowers employed will be principally wreaths. A new one that has just appeared is called *la Sirène*: you will think the name is very appropriate when I tell you it is composed of a *mélange* of small sea flowers, moss, coral, and foliage; some wreaths of exotics frosted with silver, and called *guirlandes à la Montespan*, are also novel and pretty. There is a great variety of fancy feathers, but nothing so pretty as the shaded and frosted marabouts: however, for those élé-

gantes who prefer what the French style a *coiffure imposante* the *plumet Ibrahim* is a realization of the most superb Oriental style; it is extremely long, shaded in the colours of the rainbow, and, worn round the head in the Eastern turban style, forms a really splendid Turkish head dress. I have no change to announce in fashionable colours since I wrote last.

ADRIENNE DE M—.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATES.

PLATE THE FIRST.

Blue satin robe; a high *corsage* and long tight sleeve. *Chapeau*, an intermixture of velvet and satin; the brim is composed of the first, and the crown, which is of the melon shape, of the latter; it is set in under a velvet band. The *bavolet*, very deep and close, is also of satin; the interior is trimmed with *coques* and *brides* of blue ribbon, and the exterior with a long flat ostrich feather. Ermine *mantelet* lined with white satin; muff *en suite*.

MORNING VISITING DRESS.—Robe of one of the new winter silks, shot in black and red. The *corsage*, quite high at the back, and open down the front, is trimmed *en revers* with *passementerie*, and ornamented on the shoulder with *bouillonné*. Demi long sleeve over a full one of India muslin; the silk sleeve is moderately wide at the bottom, it is finished by *passementerie*; the muslin one with a lace ruffle. The front of the skirt is trimmed in a novel style of *tablier*, with bands and knots of ribbon to correspond with the dress. High *chemisette* of India muslin, ornamented with embroidered *entre deux*, and frilled with Valenciennes lace. *Chapeau* of rose-coloured *velours épinglé*, a moderately close shape, the interior trimmed with *coques*, and *brides* of ribbon to correspond; the exterior with a bouquet *étagé* of short round rose-coloured feathers, the edges spotted with black.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

No. 3. EVENING DRESS.—Robe of pink satin royal, *corsage à trois piece*, cut very low, and round at top, and deeply pointed at bottom; the top is trimmed with a round lappel bordered with two rows of lace descending in the pelerine style round the *corsage*. Very short tight sleeve, finished by a fall of lace. Pink breast knot and sleeve knots. Head-dress of hair decorated with a wreath of yellow roses, from which light clusters of small flowers droop at each side on the neck.

No. 4. DEMI TOILETTE.—Pale fawn coloured silk robe, a half-high *corsage*, and demi long sleeve of the half Venetian form: it is edged with lace set on plain, and looped at the bend of the arm by a knot of ribbon; *ceinture* of ribbon tied in a bow, and short ends in front; India muslin

canezou en cour, embroidered and trimmed with lace; blue satin breast-knot. *Tulle* cap, a small close form, trimmed with yellow roses and blue ribbons.

NO. 5. EVENING DRESS.—Blue taffetas robe, a low *corsage*, and short tight sleeves, the *corsage* round at top, with a rather deep lappel, to which three rows of lace are attached: they are agrafted in the centre of the breast by roses. The short tight sleeve is covered with a lace one; the skirt is closed down the front, but looped high on the left side by an agraft of roses; the under dress is white satin. The *coiffure* gives a back view of number three, but the wreath is of *roses panaches*.

SECOND PLATE.

CARRIAGE DRESS.—Shaded satin robe: a high *corsage*, a little open in front, and decorated with a *revers* bordered with fancy trimming: long tight sleeve, with a *mancheron* and cuff similarly ornamented: two deep black lace flounces encircle the skirt, each headed with the same kind of trimming that is on the *corsage*. Violet velvet *chapeau*, a round and rather close shape: the interior of the brim is trimmed with knots of ribbon; the exterior with two satin *rouleaus* near the edge, and a row of *coques* of velvet ribbon at the bottom of the crown; it is terminated on one side by an end of velvet, bordered with black lace, and on the other by a fancy feather. Green velvet shawl, lined with white satin, and trimmed with a very deep fringe.

MORNING VISITING DRESS.—Black velvet robe, a low *corsage*, and short tight sleeve, with an under one of muslin *bouillonné*; the *corsage*, sleeves, and front of the dress are decorated with black fancy silk trimming. Black velvet *paleto*, a high *corsage* close to the shape; the sleeve rather more than a three-quarter length, and moderately wide, is confined at the bottom by a band, and ornamented with fancy silk trimming. Pink *velours épinglé chapeau*; the interior and exterior trimmed with ribbon to correspond: a long shaded ostrich feather, drooping very low on one side, completes the garniture. When the *paleto* is taken off, the robe may be worn as a dinner or evening dress.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

NO. 3. EVENING DRESS.—Robe of *satin à la reine*, shaded and striped in blue and white. *Corsage à la regence*: it is cut low, and square at the top, into which a fulness of white satin is let in longitudinally; deeply pointed at the bottom, and finished round the waist by a deep *biais*. *Pelerine* trimmed with three rows of shaded velvet, and blue breast-knot, with twisted floating ends. Short tight sleeves, trimmed in a similar style to the *corsage*, as is also the border of the skirt. The head dress is composed of a blonde lace lappel, with the pattern worked in gold, and cherry coloured velvet ribbon, a knot of which is intermingled with the lace on each side: a profusion of twisted ends falls from each knot at the sides.

NO. 4. PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.—Dark *poussière* satin robe. The *corsage*, quite high and close, is trimmed *en amazone*, with a sable fur collar and lappels. Long tight sleeve, close *mancheron* bordered with a sable band; deep pointed cuff, composed of the same fur. The centre of the skirt is decorated with a row of gold buttons, on each side of which is a sable band. Blue velvet *chapeau*, a round shape, bordered with a satin *rouleau* at the edge of the brim, and decorated with blue ribbon, and a fancy feather to correspond.

NO. 5. EVENING DRESS.—Pink satin robe. *Corsage à la Montespan*, made low at top, descending on the bosom in the *demi-cœur* style: it is bordered with a row of Brussels lace standing up: the bottom is deeply pointed. Short tight sleeve, black lace *pelerine* of two falls and of an antique pattern; three deep flounces of lace to correspond; headed by black velvet bands, trim the skirt. The head-dress is a small white cashmere scarf richly wrought with gold, and the ends trimmed with gold fringe and tassels. It is wound round the head so as to display the hair, the ends falling on the neck.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications to be addressed to the Office, 24, Norfolk-street, Strand, where all business is transacted.

BERTHA.—Too late.

Accepted, with many thanks, "Scene from Life;" "The Beacon Oak;" "Viola."

S. N. H.—The Editress declines receiving any unfinished articles. From the specimen, however, submitted by this correspondent she is afraid the tale would *not* be suitable to these pages.

We are sorry to decline Annette's poem; the thoughts are good, but the rhymes and rhythm faulty.

Declined, "The Soldier Boy;" "Vervain;" "The Dying Girl to her Father;" and "Lines;" P. F.

Charade and "Lines on a Tear" declined; but two other poems by the same author are accepted, with many thanks. It would be a great convenience if our contributors would write only on one side of their paper.

Office, No. 24, Norfolk-street, Strand. Sold by Berger, Holywell-street; Steele, Paternoster-row, and by all Booksellers in Town and Country.

Printed by Joseph Rogerson, 24, Norfolk-street, Strand, London.



CONTENTS.

	Page
THE CHIMES. BY P. P. C.	63
THE PILOT. BY FLORENCE	65
SCENES FROM LIFE. BY CHARLES WAINSWORTH	68
FLORENCE; OR, WOMAN'S FRIENDSHIP. BY GRACE AGUILAR.....	69
THE MOON IS BRIGHT. BY VIOLA	80
FANCIES. BY C. H. HITCHINGS, ESQ.....	ib.
"THE WAVERER." BY J. J. REYNOLDS	81
ON A YOUNG LADY	82
THE OBSCURE ARTIST. BY N. MICHELL, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "THE TRANSLATED," &c.	83
THE LAY OF A SPIRIT. BY GEORGINA C. MUNRO	84
LINES. BY MRS. F. B. SCOTT	ib.
ST. VALENTINE'S DAY. BY ELIZABETH YOUATT	85
THE GHOST SHIP. BY MRS. PONSONBY	88
THE POST-OFFICE. BY MISS POWER	89
SONGS OF THE MOUNTAIN. BY W. G. J. BARKER, ESQ.	90
I WILL! BY T. S. ARTHUR.....	91
SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF MY GREAT AUNT. BY MISS JANE W. FRAZER..	94
THE MOTHER; OR MOTHER'S LOVE. BY ELIZA LESLIE	96
A TALE OF THE COAST-GUARD	97
THE PILGRIM. BY S. J. G.	102
A WEEK AT OXFORD. BY CAMILLA TOULMIN	103
WHISPERINGS OF THE MISLETOE, BY W. WEST	107
STANZAS. BY MRS. F. B. SCOTT	ib.
THE ROMANCE OF A GIRLHOOD. BY P. P. C.	108
THE MAID OF ATHENS. BY WILLIAM HENRY FISK	113
OLD AND NEW LAMPS. BY MRS. ABDEY	114
LITERATURE	115
LITERARY INTELLIGENCE	119
AMUSEMENTS OF THE MONTH	120
SONNET. BY J. GOSLIN	123
FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY	124
DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATES	126
TO CORRESPONDENTS	ib.

Just ready, with eighty Engravings on Steel and Wood, elegantly printed in 4to,

LAYS AND LEGENDS;

ILLUSTRATIVE OF ENGLISH LIFE.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

London: Jeremiah How, 132, Fleet Street.

INDIAN TALES.

To be continued at intervals, neatly bound in cloth, gilt, price 3s. 6d.

(Each volume to be complete in itself.)

ON THE FIRST OF FEBRUARY, WITH THE MAGAZINES,

THE TRAPPER'S BRIDE:

A

TALE OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

WITH

THE ROSE OF OUISCONSIN.

BY

PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

London: John Mortimer, Adelaide-street, Trafalgar-square.

And to be had of all Booksellers.



THE ALYD OF SARACONS.

THE MAID OF SARAGOZA.

And must they fall? the young, the proud, the brave,
To swell one bloated Chief's unwholesome reign?
No step between submission and a grave?
The rise of rapine and the fall of Spain?
And doth the Power that man adores ordain
Their doom, nor heed the suppliant's appeal?
Is all that desperate Valour acts in vain?
And Counsel sage, and patriotic Zeal,
The Veteran's skill, Youth's fire, and Manhood's heart of steel?

Is it for this the Spanish maid, aroused,
Hangs on the willow her unstrung guitar,
And, all unsex'd, the anlace hath espoused,
Sung the loud song, and dared the deed of war?
And she, whom once the semblance of a scar
Appall'd, an owlet's larum chill'd with dread,
Now views the column-scattering bay'net jar,
The falchion flash, and o'er the yet warm dead
Stalks with Minerva's step where Mars might quake to tread.

Ye who shall marvel when you hear her tale,
Oh! had you known her in her softer hour,
Mark'd her black eye that mocks her coal-black veil,
Heard her light, lively tones in Lady's bower,
Seen her long locks that foil the painter's power,
Her fairy form, with more than female grace,
Scarce would you deem that Saragoza's tower
Beheld her smile in Danger's Gorgon face,
Thin the closed ranks, and lead in 'Glory's fearful chase.

Her lover sinks—she sheds no ill-timed tear;
Her chief is slain—she fills his fatal post;
Her fellows flee—she checks their base career;
The foe retires—she heads the sallying host:
Who can appease like her a lover's ghost?
Who can avenge so well a leader's fall?
What maid retrieve when man's flush'd hope is lost?
Who hang so fiercely on the flying Gaul,
Foil'd by a woman's hand, before a batter'd wall?

BYRON.

EXETER CATHEDRAL.

Exeter appears to have been the capital of the Damnonian Britons. It was not, however, till several centuries after the introduction of Christianity that it was constituted an episcopal see. In 1050 the diocese of Cornwall, or St. German's, was united to that of Devon, the seat of which was then at Crediton, and the chair of the bishop was fixed at Exeter. Leofric, the last prelate of Crediton, was the first of Exeter. The grant of Edward the Confessor, consolidating the sees, is yet extant.

The church of St. Peter's monastery was the new cathedral. This monastery had been founded in 932, by king Athelstan, for monks of the Benedictine order; who were more than once obliged to fly in consequence of the devastations of the Danes. But their privileges had been finally confirmed by Canute, in 1019. Of the original monastery no part remains, nor of that which, built upon its ruins, became the first cathedral. This was doubtless of very limited dimensions; far inferior to that erected by bishop Warelwast, who commenced a building in 1112, which appears to have been completed by bishop Marshall, in 1203, "according to the plan and foundation which his predecessors had laid." The present two massive transept towers are of Warelwast's church.

In 1280, bishop Quivil succeeded to the episcopal chair. In his time those extensive alterations and additions were begun which, continued by other prelates, have brought this cathedral to the size and grandeur which it now displays. Quivil's chief enlargement was towards the west. The towers already mentioned were originally a part of the western front; but the bold design was formed and successfully executed of converting them and the intervening space into a transept or cross aisle, and placing a nave before it. He raised considerably the roof, and also carried on in some degree the works of the choir. From this prelate, during the incumbency of many successors, the building of the cathedral gradually though slowly advanced. The nave was completed about the year 1350; but it was not till nearly a century later, under bishop Lacy, that all the decorations of the interior of the church were finished.

During the civil wars this fabric, like many others, suffered much.

The cloisters, which are presumed to have been worthy of the cathedral, were, after previous dilapidation, finally destroyed during the commonwealth.

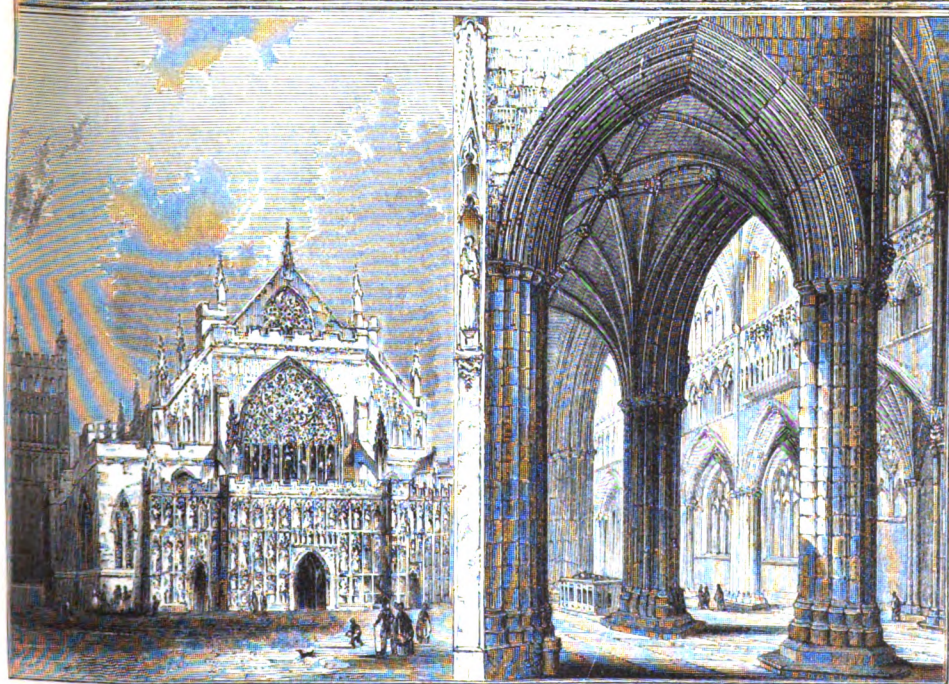
The western front consists of three stories. In the basement, covered with statues in niches, are three portals; above and a little farther back is the west wall of the nave, in which is a magnificent window; and above this, still farther back, is the gable of the nave, containing another window, smaller, but of similar character. Flanking the gable are hexagonal turrets, surmounted each with a single pinnacle, canopied and crocketed. The gable point is adorned with a canopied niche containing a statue, and ending in a crocketed pinnacle. On each side the western wall of the nave is a sloping embattled wall, flanked on the outside with embattled hexagonal turrets. On turning the north-west angle of the cathedral, we come to a building which seems almost entirely window: it is used as the consistory court. Farther to the east is the northern porch. Beyond that we ap-

proach the transept tower. The walls are plain to a considerable height; it is then divided by plain horizontal bands all round into four compartments, adorned with arcades of round headed arches, and it is surmounted by a plain embattled parapet. There is, as has been already observed, a southern tower similar to this. Each had formerly a spire; but that upon the south tower was taken down in the early part of the seventeenth century; that upon the north remained till the year 1752. In the northern tower hangs a celebrated bell, which is called the Peter bell, said to have been brought in 1484 from Llandaff. It was re-cast in 1676: its weight is 12,500 lbs. There is also here a curious clock, constructed in the fourteenth century. Beyond the tower are projecting chapels, and the Lady chapel is at the extreme east of the building. Over the embattled parapet of this is seen the eastern end of the choir (in which is an early perpendicular window), flanked with hexagonal turrets. Above this rises the gable, adorned with a small rose window, and crowned with a pinnacle. The south side of the cathedral is nearly similar to the north just described.

On entering the western door, we find the nave supported by seven clustered pillars on each side, supporting graceful arches. From the north wall of the nave a stone gallery, called the minstrels' gallery, projects over the fifth arch; it is also built over the side aisle, and being thus very deep is capable of holding a large band of musicians. The triforium is low, and over it is a gallery with a front of open stone work; above which is the clerestory. The windows are well proportioned, and the vaulting of the roof is fine; but, unfortunately, as in most of our cathedrals, it is far too low. The greater part of the transept is constructed within the old Norman towers; it has no side aisle. The choir is divided by a screen from the nave and transept. This screen, surmounted by a noble organ, is beautiful in itself, but most objectionable, as has heretofore been repeatedly shown, on account of the obstruction thus offered to the view from one end of the church to the other. In the choir are well-carved stalls: the bishop's throne at their extremity on the southern side is of beautiful design and execution. The painted glass in the eastern window is well preserved. There are represented saints, patriarchs, and other personages, and also armorial bearings. Some of the side windows contain fine specimens of ancient stained glass. The chapels do not require any particular notice, except the lady chapel, which, after being long used as a library, was restored in 1822. It is an excellent example of the style of its age.

The dimensions of the fabric are as follow:—

	FEET.	IN.
Length from west entrance to entrance of Lady chapel	320	0
Length of Lady chapel	60	0
Breadth of nave and aisles	72	0
Length of nave from west door to entrance into choir	168	0
Length of transept	138	0
Breadth of ditto	28	6
Height of vaulting from pavement	66	0
Height of the towers	130	0
The diocese comprises the counties of Cornwall and Devon, with the Scilly Islands.		



EXETER CATHEDRAL.

WEST FRONT.

THE NEW MONTHLY BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

FEBRUARY, 1845.

THE CHIMES.

Here is another tale from the pen of the immortal Dickens; another of his pictures, fresh, racy, and heart-searching, of the life going on around us in this great, this misery-haunted metropolis. Yet, were it not profanity, we might say of this his last work, "How is the fine gold become dim!" For we fear, dearly as we love the author of some of our most delicious dreams, that in this story Dickens has aimed at much, and reached at little. In the first place it surely ill became the mighty master to plagiarise from himself.

Had he, the brimful of invention, no new device for New Year's Day? but must it follow in the wake of good old Christmas? Here have we last year's machinery over again—a dream—a spiritual guide—an unwilling wanderer in the air, and a waking into merriment, with the conclusion huddled up under a grand flourish of trumpets. But we are free to confess, that after those glorious old ghosts, Christmas Past, Present, and Future, each so direct in purpose, so suited to the allegory, so touching in manifestation, after them, the goblins of the bells are mere whiffs of air, whose forms and natures we cannot distinctly make out. It may be that we are not sufficiently ethereal to enter completely into the spirit of "visible music." It is a fine conception; we wish Dickens had worked it out more clearly. After all, he only borrows from Bulwer in that said "visible music."

The touches of Dickens's own wit, his own keen perceptions, enrich the somewhat meagre story. Witness poor Trotty's hands, "poorly defended from the searching cold by threadbare mufflers of grey worsted, with a private apartment only for the thumb, and a common room or tap for the rest of the fingers." Would any brain but that of "Boz" have given birth to such an idea?

Another thing of which we complain is, that the author in the despotism of genius, has opened various little doors that led to mines of richest interest, such as would have been priceless in his hands, and left them ajar without entering. For instance, he tells us of a comfortable looking, red-faced gentleman, who maunders considerably

about the "good old times," and we immediately set ourselves resolutely to enjoy a just, manly, and witty flagellation of the follies and fopperies, *mental* fopperies we mean, of "Young England." But lo and behold! our writer takes no further notice of this tempting opening, than incidentally to satirize a game at skittles between Sir Joseph Bowley, (a great man for talking of his sympathy with the poor) and his own labourers. "Punch," we understand, also adverts to a similar game of cricket between the Lord Coningsby and real labourers. (See Punch's Agricultural Museum.)

Nor in this alone do Dickens and Punch go hand-in-hand. The novelist copies his periodical friends in his personalities touching the Alderman who said "he had put down suicide;" and although such bombastic heartless folly is well worth a lashing, we fear Dickens has injured the general interest of his story by making so much of it unintelligible, save to the "constant readers" of the police report in the Times.

The machinery, the goblin actors are very mystical and confusing, but the human interest is quite painful in its intensity. Any one, who like the dream-bodied father can follow Lilian and Meg through bitter suffering and deadly want, can see Meg's last anguish and terrible fierceness of motherly love and despair. Any one who can read that without tears and heart-rent sympathy, we pity and would avoid. It is a vivid picture, it is true; and knowing that it is so, how we weep for the many women, young, pure, beautiful, who in the streets around our own cheerful homes, are perishing of want or shame, or worn down by ceaseless and hopeless toil. Many may say "We knew all this before; there are many societies to relieve them; the subject is getting stale and threadbare." God forbid that human suffering and human temptation should ever be threadbare among us. When it is so, may we, who have ceased to feel for and to help our fallen fellow creatures, find neither aid nor compassion in our own extremity. No one who has read Hood's magnificent and most direct in purpose poem of the Bridge of Sighs, can fail to remark how closely our author has trod in the steps of his poetical predecessor,

Dickens, by retaining the strong interest of the infant in his picture, makes the description strike home to a thousand thousand mothers' hearts.

Who is it, with a fond, soft tiny arm clasping their neck, a clear glad voice trickling in their ear, can read of the starving mother and her squalid babe, and the anguish of her love, without pressing in convulsion their own rosy, smiling darling close and closer to their breasts. The novelist leads the desperate one "weary of breath," far from human habitation, to a dank and lonely part of the river's banks. The poet, with even more startling imagery, shows his unfortunate leaping into the black waters from a bridge, in the very heart of London life, hustle, and selfishness. We think, terrible as both pictures are, that even Dickens must acknowledge himself outdone by Hood. Let the reader judge.

"To the rolling river swift and dim, where winter night sat brooding like the last dark thoughts of many who had sought a refuge there before her; where scattered lights upon the banks gleamed sullen, red, and dull, as torches that were burning there to show the way to death; where no abode of living people cast its shadow on the deep, impenetrable, melancholy shade."

This has something of Dante's colouring: we can almost hear the wailing of those self-destroyed ones floating on the thick, damp vapours.

But *this* that follows has, we think, more of London in its horror—

"Where the lamps quiver,
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood with amazement,
Houseless by night!

"The bleak winds of March
Made her tremble and shiver,
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river;
Mad from life's history—
Glad to death's mystery
Swift to be hurled—
Anywhere—anywhere
Out of the world!"

Is not that brief expression "anywhere, anywhere, out of the world," the consummation of human despair?

Mr. Dickens writes with such impassioned interest in the cause of the poor, that the vividness of the painting deceives us who follow him through these touching scenes of distress: we forget that we belong to those comfortable, sleek, easy-eyed beings, the middle classes of society. We lay down for a time the prejudices of gentlemen, and flush with all the indignation of an outraged labourer when we read of wrongs, and misconceptions, hypocrisy and neglect, from the conceited lords of the soil. Many a proprietor

will forget his beloved pheasants, his dearly guarded hares, when he reads the manly defence of the "suspicious" Will Fern.

We hardly remember to feel ashamed on seeing that it is the poor man who is the kindest friend of the needy. It is by the mites, and not the talents, that so many are relieved from starvation; and so Dickens shows us, when Trotty Veck carries home to his wretched hovel the weary wanderers, Will Fern and his little niece. The reception they receive there, the tea and bacon lavished on them from poor Trotty's stray sixpence, make one feel quite social and generous for the nonce.

We almost feel inclined to run out and fetch home the first ragged, sturdy labourer out of work, whom we may encounter stretched on the cold grass in the parks; but then, alas! comes memory, with her too faithful warning of the powdered footman, or burly butler, whose eyes would grow out of his forehead, and nose curl upwards to heaven, at the sight of such a guest to master or missus! Would "Thomas" really set a knife and fork for him, or "Johnson," (butlers are fastidious in answering only to surnames) really uncork the special old crusted port for our frieze-clad visitor? No, we are afraid of our own menials, they form a part, and no inconsiderable one, of that "world," whose eyes keep us in such a continual flutter; so we resolve, instead, to give our sovereign to some Dorcas, or visiting society; and by this easy charity, which only postpones our tailors' or milliners' bills a little longer, we salve our consciences, and forget that, to the rich, money gifts are the smallest part of charity.

The mind that has imagined such fair creations as Meg, in this tale; Kate Nickleby, with her high spirit and integrity of heart; Madeline Bray; dear coquettish Dolly Varden; and best of all, contented, busy, loving, little Ruth Pinch, such a mind must be poetical. Yes, and it is so in words as well as in purely fairy visions. Many of Dickens's descriptions are lovely poetry without the rhymes. Sometimes he has a most musical refrain in his sentences, that thrills us with a delicious sweetness. His very superfluity of words is the repetition of some tuneful thought, like the burden of an old Scotch song. His carelessness of style is actually artful. It is like the easy nonchalant air of a fashionable lady's dress, which, however, has cost her a good deal of secret trouble. His expressions, and colloquialisms have the effect of most natural bursts, but if you study them, you see that each is premeditated.

With all his faults, and he has many, he is one of the most fascinating writers of fiction that England has ever produced. His fictions impress themselves on us as facts, even while we exclaim at many of them as gross caricatures: we forget the exaggeration of form, and remember only the fresh powerful colourings. And we now take our leave of him, trusting that he may live long, to give us many more lovely creations even brighter and better than the present; and that we may live also to delight in them, as we have ever admiringly done.

P. P. C.

THE PILOT.

(A True Story.)

BY FLORENCE.

Old Ocean! beautiful Ocean! thou glorious emanation of Almighty power! Who can coldly gaze upon thee, and, insensible to thy grandeur, thy stupendousness, turn unimproved and unthinkingly away? Surely, of all the wondrous objects that adorn our beautiful earth, thou art the most calculated to awaken deep and serious reflection, and to raise the mind to a height of adoration leading on to devotion. Everything connected with thee is fraught with interest of no common order: in thine every change and mood thou bearest the rich, the glowing, the undeniable stamp of beauty; and the enthusiastic admirer of thy vast expanse, in the fervour and intensity of feeling awakened by the contemplation of majesty such as thine, scarcely looks upon thee as an inanimate object, but almost imagines thee gifted with the attributes of life and motive. To me thou art the familiar spectacle of my childhood; my earliest slumbers were hushed by the murmuring of thy wavelets; my first awakening consciousness of the beautiful sprung from thee; and among the first wild and passionate breathings of my lowly minstrelsy sounded the chord which thy sublimity had swept into life. How many of the idle hours of my youth have been passed on thy shore, my eye fixed on thy rolling waters, and my ear soothed by their continuous roar, that ever brought to my youthful mind its most thrilling and impressive ideas of eternity!

Many and weary years have passed since then, and the vicissitudes of life have cast my lot far from the glorious companion of my childhood; yet once more am I standing beside thee, mighty ocean; and for a time—perchance a brief, but oh, how bright, how blest a time—all the long, long intervening space of trial and care seems imperceptibly to fade from the mind, and beneath thy mighty spell memory recalls only the scenes, the thoughts, the aspirations, of the spring-tide of life;

"The time when I roved there a careless child,
With a spirit as free as the billows wild,
And thought every wave of life's unexplored sea
Must wash up some beautiful treasure for me.

"True, these are but visions, these pleasures are
past;

But oh! such a beauteous reflection they cast,
That, like the fond mem'ry of those in the tomb,
They are dearer than when in the height of their
bloom."

Then comes rushing on my mind much that the current of time appeared to have obliterated in its overwhelming force, but now its waters seem to roll back for a season, and disclose what,

although for a space hidden beneath its depths, was too deeply engraven to be effaced; and so strongly, so forcibly, recurs to my mind, a simple narrative, listened to from the lips of a fondly loved parent, in whose family the sad events too actually occurred, that the deeply impressed mind, aroused by the awakening call of old associations, can no more repress the relation of those facts than the flower-stalk, in its full vigour and abundance of sap, can avoid putting forth its leaves and buds. Should no eye but my own ever peruse this "ower true tale" my mind will find a relief in pouring it forth; and here, with the bright sun of July shedding its glorious light on the waters, and a beautiful and invigorating breeze disporting on their broad expanse, now gathering them into wave upon wave in quick succession, and now cresting them with a foam so snowy in its hue as to awaken in the fancy the idea that the graceful naiads of the deep, in the recesses of their coral homes, were sportively flinging up showers of ocean pearl, I will indite the following simple yet sorrowful tale of the sea.

In a little unpretending sea-port, in the north of England, there lived not many years since a loving and happy family, strongly attached to each other, and respected by all around them; the little group consisted of a father and five sons, one and all bred to the sea, and one and all admirably representing the high and honourable character of the British sailor, in its brightest phase; "Hearty and honourable" may well have been their family motto, and it was a truly beautiful sight in this world of selfishness to behold the unity and kindness that pervaded their hearts. The wife and mother had long passed from earth, and her place had never been filled; but still they continued to form one household, and never could father feel more pride and delight in his offspring than did the patriarch of the party in the daily observance of the virtues and excellence of his children.

As I have said, all were bred to the sea, almost from the cradle; the father himself was the most experienced pilot in the port, and had deemed it expedient to bring up one of his sons to the same occupation, that he might in following years succeed to the office he had himself long held: it was his youngest and, as some said, his best-loved son, that he initiated into this branch of seamanship; but this opinion the old man steadily contradicted, justly affirming that to make a favourite of one, where all were equally worthy, was a gross act of injustice to the rest. True, the very fact of George being now almost continually with him, whilst the other brothers

were engaged, and often absent with their several vessels, naturally created sympathy between them, which the estimable disposition of the young man tended to foster, whilst continually receiving the results of his father's long and valuable experience, it was not to be wondered at if he grew up with a strong and deeply seated reverence for the only parent he had ever remembered; indeed, the high character of the old man kept alive every feeling of veneration and love, which George but shared with his brothers, by all of whom their father was looked upon as the very model of what a seaman should be; and as his affection was ever extending to all, no spirit of jealousy against George existed for a moment in either breast; on the contrary, they felt the interest with which elder brothers, from their advance in life, regard the opening career of the youth as yet untried in the world's warfare. And George grew on to manhood, realizing all their hopes, and forming as bright a link in the family chain as had previously appeared; whilst, in the steadiness far beyond his years, his happy father could place every reliance, and gradually began to resign the pilot's office into his hands, and, to use his own expression, "calmly and quietly to rest upon his oars."

But, inured to the sea from his boyhood, it was the old man's home; and, with health and strength but little impaired, the activity of a naturally vigorous mind led him frequently to prefer the exercise of his old avocation; and when, one boisterous December night, George and himself despatched a vessel in the offing making signals for a pilot, he determined to accompany his son, who was preparing to set out alone. The intreaties of the young man to be allowed to do so were, however, fruitless; the roughness of the sea, and the violence of the wind, which he urged as reasons for his father's sheltering himself from them, were the very causes which led the old man steadily to adhere to his intention.

"I would match you against any pilot in the port, George," was his reply to the affectionate urging of his son; "but you cannot yet have gained the experience which a long life has given me, and this is a bad night of weather, in which it may all be needed; and I could not reconcile it either to my conscience or my feelings to let you go alone. There may be danger before us, my son, but we will share it, and, if it please God, weather it too; so think no more of me, but get ready to put off from the shore."

The young man, seeing his father's determination, hastened their departure, and their little boat took its course toward the vessel; but the storm increased in fury till it became truly terrific, and never, in the course of a long life, was the skill of the old seaman more severely tasked; all their united energy and strength was necessary to carry the boat on her way to the vessel, whose position was momentarily becoming more critical, and shipwreck almost inevitable, if assistance were not speedily rendered to conduct her through the many dangers of a wild

and rocky coast, and enable her to make safe anchorage in the bay.

"It blows a perfect hurricane, boy," said the old man after a long silence, in which their whole attention had been necessarily absorbed by the difficulties of their way. "I would have had more hands had I expected the storm would have so increased upon us; but we are nearing the vessel at last, and thank God for it, for we have weathered a dreadful sea; and now, if she be but sea-worthy, I hope we shall bring her safe into port yet; but your father is happy that he did not venture your young life alone to-night, my boy. Now, here we are, bring the boat alongside, and board her while I steady the craft."

The anxious and expectant crew of the sorely-tried vessel gave them a cheer of welcome as they drew up, and the young man, in accordance with his father's directions, sprang hastily from the boat up the ship's side, when instantaneously a cry, thrilling, unearthly, ringing out wildly amid the howling of the storm, startled him, ere he had gained the deck, and froze his blood with agony. Horrible to relate, the young, active, sturdy tread of the son on the boat's edge, at the moment of the breaking of an immense wave, had precipitated the father into the roaring waters, and into the boundless ocean of eternity.

The boat, keel uppermost, was all that met the earnest and straining gaze; futile was every effort to save life; never, from that fatal moment, was the body seen by mortal eye; and poor George, in his wild agony and despair, convulsively shrieking the one word, "Father!" with frightful reiteration, could scarcely be restrained from leaping into the surging waters, in reckless searching for the parent so beloved and revered. Only by the strong exertion of physical force could his passionate impulse be resisted, until, exhausted by excess of emotion, he fell into a long and death-like swoon. In this state he was carried below to the captain's berth, and the awe-stricken crew, rendering him every attention their situation allowed, endeavoured to make the vessel ride through that awful night. Almost beyond their hopes they did so, for the storm, as though it had done its fearful work, gradually subsided, and in the early morning another pilot coming on board, in answer to their repeated signals, learnt the awful catastrophe that had befallen his old friend and companion in many a rough hour, and guided them safely into the harbour. Soon did the sad news fly through the little port, where the old man had so long lived respected and beloved, and poor George was conveyed on shore to his agitated and afflicted relatives, in strong fever and delirium. Long, long, were life and death trembling in the balance; but at length youth and strength of constitution triumphed, and his affectionate and anxious friends hailed his approaching convalescence and returning reason; but alas, with that returned the memory of the horrors of that eventful night, and nothing was able to remove from his mind the one strong, vivid, inefaceable

impression that he had, unwittingly, oh *how* unwittingly! been the cause of his father's death. Often would he sit for hours gazing on the sea from his window, then suddenly starting up would pace the room in a burst of uncontrollable agony; sensibility, thought, memory, all seemed to concentrate their powers on one dark spot of the irreparable past, and the wildness of delirium seemed to have given way but to a deep, fixed, and cureless depression; vain were the unremitting efforts of friends and relatives to soothe his sorrow-wrung soul; vain even the heart-warm sympathy of the gentle girl, whom, ere this affliction had befallen him, he had wooed to become his wife—all seemed vain; and when at length his health was fully restored, and he mingled once more with men, and things of life and bustle, it was with the apathetic and abstracted manner of one whose thoughts are far away.

"'Tis of no use, Lizzy," said he one day, in answer to her gentle pleadings that he would not distress himself with grief too great to be borne, "'tis of no use; I feel now that I was as morally innocent of his death as if I had been here on shore at the time it happened, and I know that it is wrong of me so continually to dwell upon the recollection of it; 'tis like the creature lifting his voice to repine at the dispensations of his Creator. I know that he who has gone would have taught me better, would have bade me meet the cross of my lot, whatever it was, firmly and manfully; I know all this, but then comes the thought of that terrible night, his skill, his courage, as we fought our way through that dreadful sea; his last words of affection to me, then, then the last wild—" And overcome with the recollection, he buried his face in his hands, and wept convulsively. His loving companion, agitated at the spectacle of his grief, wept with him; yet did she rejoice in her tears; never before had he so directly spoken on the subject so engrossing all his mind; never before had a tear been seen to fall from his eye, and rightly did she imagine that they would bring relief to that warm young heart so overcharged with early woe. Unrestrained and unchecked they flowed; gradually their passionate character gave way, and the sorrowful eye was at length raised to hers, and with his arms clasped around her he resumed—"I know I ought not thus to give way, and increase the pain and sorrow of you all, but I strive against it in vain; everything here serves to keep him in my memory, and it is now too late in the day for me to give up the sea; my habits are too fixed for that; I could do nothing on land. But I can never be a pilot again; and I think I will leave B— altogether, and take a few voyages, and see if removing from these scenes, and entering upon fresh ones, will at all lighten the load on my heart. I cannot like to think of leaving you, Lizzy, even for a short time; but if I find that in other places my mind is happier, I will make a home elsewhere, if you will submit to the separation from your friends, and settle with me."

Poor Lizzy, delighted at this partial return of

the mind's energy, gladly acquiesced in their temporary separation, in the strong hope of the beneficial effect which change of scene was likely to have upon him she truly loved. Their mutual friends all hailed the determination with joy, and unitedly assisting him in the necessary arrangements, George soon started on his first voyage. And merrily the good ship sped on her way; and the young mate entering earnestly into the interests of the master and captain, endeavoured in strict attention to his duties to obliterate, or at least to weaken the remembrance of his individual grief. But alas! we have still to record sorrow and woe, old ocean, connected with thee in thy dreadful might. After a prosperous voyage to the place of her destination the homeward passage was commenced, but a violent equinoctial gale driving the vessel suddenly on a rocky shore, she split, went down, and most of her gallant crew perished; two only, battling with the waters, were flung exhausted on the barren coast; and one of them was poor George; but alas! both himself and his companion reached the land only to die. Not till the dawn of morning did footsteps approach the spot where he lay the sole survivor of the wreck, and evidently fast sinking in death. Feebly replying to their inquiry, he gave his name and place of abode; and then, as one worn down with sorrow and suffering, quietly breathed his last in the arms of his kindly supporter. Communication being instantly made, in accordance with his dying information, one of his brothers sought the spot, and in the lifeless form presented to his gaze recognised the beloved, the hapless youth, now past all sorrow. Unfeigned and bitter was the grief of the hardy sailor, and when the last sad offices were performed, he mournfully returned to the bosom of his once happy family, with the melancholy confirmation of the fate of one so deservedly beloved. Deep gloom and fond regret weighed down the hearts of all, and poor Lizzy's grief was agony; in the bosom of his affectionate family she was fondly cherished and warmly loved; but when time had softened the intensity of her grief, she acknowledged that, heavy as her own trial and loss might be, it was in mercy poor George was taken from earth, where his ardent spirit, however soothed by time and love, would have saddened and withered under the recollection of the past.

July, 1844.

Persons unconstrained by necessity are so apt to be allured by indolence and amusement, that their better faculties are seldom exercised as they ought to be.

The joys of a benevolent heart animated by an active, diligent spirit, refined sentiments, and affections justly warm, exceed the most gay imagination.

SCENES FROM LIFE.

BY CHARLES WAINS GUNN.

Author of "Desultory Hours."

(RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO S. R. —, CAMBRIDGE.)

How bright is summer oft portrayed in life's first
 op'ning spring !
 When hopes paint prospects lovely, and when,
 trembling on the wing,
 The soul pursues her mystic flight through many a
 darkened maze,
 Or led as by a meteor false, a bright, delusive blaze !
 Sad is the sight of youthful grief, the sanguine heart
 undone ;
 How quickly clouds will gather o'er the glory of the
 sun !

Thus 'twas with thee—'twas little known that hopes
 are passing shades ;
 Anticipation often culls the flower that soonest fades ;
 When doating on futurity, imaginations fair,
 Thou little thought'st thou wert a prey, thy foe was
 in his lair !
 When future bliss enwrapt thy soul, how little didst
 thou dream
 Thy joy a fleeting shadow, and thy bliss a passing
 dream !

But such is life ! Be not dismayed, although thy
 heart may feel
 The ranking of the weapon, and the lancing of the
 steel ;
 Though flowers of bliss adorn thy path, these flowers
 will cease to bloom—
 The brightest summer will be chased by winter's
 dreary gloom ;
 And oft, alas ! one hour will blast the hopes of many
 years,
 And buds which promised blooming joys will often
 blossom cares !

How calm the ocean, hushed the wind, when o'er the
 crisped wave
 Thy little barque skimmed gallantly ! That ocean
 seemed thy grave ;
 The billows foamed, the angry blast of hurricane
 swept o'er,
 And here thou art a wreck, compared to what thou
 wert before !
 How distant from thy heart the thought that so
 serene a form
 Should e'er be roughened by the wind, or maddened
 with a storm !

As children at the mountain's base will often gaze on
 high,
 And fondly deem its summit is enveloped in the sky,
 And climb its steep, in hopes to find, upon its hidden
 height,
 Their fancied heaven, when on its top still distant
 from the sight ;
 Thus didst thou innocently gaze, and climb life's
 giddy steep ;
 Thy bliss was all delusion, it has left thee now to
 weep.

The world's a stage, a busy stage—how sad a part
 was thine !
 How gay the garbs of actors are, how tinselled gaudes
 will shine !

Delusion all ! it is not here bliss is allowed to dwell ;
 Its charms are in futurity, deception's in the spell ;
 The visions of our youth are bright, we grasp, but
 ah ! in vain,
 'Tis but a phantom hovering o'er this dark abode of
 pain !

The garland's vanished from thy brow, and from thy
 cheek is flown
 The roseate beauty of thy youth, unknowing and
 unknown ;
 The lightning flash from darksome clouds has struck
 thy beauteous form,
 Thy bright horizon now is black with one perpetual
 storm ;
 The foliage of thy spring is past, thy summer's
 quickly fled,
 And winter, bringing up the rear, methinks will
 mourn thee dead !

The loss of early friends is keen, it marred thy
 beauteous bloom,
 To follow friends of youth so dear, thy parents, to
 the tomb ;
 That was the will of Him who knows whom best to
 call away.
 Perhaps they were thine idols fond, forgetting to
 obey
 Him who bestowed at first these friends—whilst
 hoping here below
 Earth would prepare rich draughts of bliss, how bit-
 ter was thy woe !

The wild caprice of traitor man oft blasts the bloom
 of youth—
 A villain's smile too oft repays fond woman's love
 and truth ;
 Coiled in the honeyed bower lies hid the viper ; 'neath
 a smile
 May lurk the foul designs of man, the garb of many
 a wile !
 That quiver winged its way, alas ! and sheltered in
 thy heart,
 And he who feigned to love thee once, now acts the
 traitor's part !

Sad is the sight of youthful grief—a cancer in thy
 mind ;
 But cursed be the one whose plots against thee were
 designed !
 Oh ! could I bring again thy bloom of youth ; but
 ah ! in vain
 To wish—the sad remembrance creates a keener pain ;
 For blighted hopes of future bliss are stamped upon
 thy brow,
 Whilst spectres of false joys deride and mock thy
 bitter woe !

Oh ! could I pour the healing oil into thy wounded
 heart,
 And pierce through him who aimed the shaft the
 barbed and quivering dart ;
 Speak to the surging waves that roll, and bid the
 tempest cease,
 And hold the hurricane that sweeps, and charge thy
 storm to peace !
 But no, alas ! 'tis not for me—Time's curtain soon
 will fall,
 And death will end this chequered scene, and spread
 thy funeral pall.

Sudbury, Nov. 13, 1844.

FLORENCE; OR, WOMAN'S FRIENDSHIP.

(A Domestic Tale.)

BY GRACE AGUILAR.

(Continued from Page 23.)

"To show us how divine a thing
A woman may be made."
WORDSWORTH.

CHAP. XXXVII.

That night Florence sate alone in her own room, hours, long hours after all other eyes were closed in peaceful slumber; her hair loosed, and pushed from her throbbing brow, as if its weight were insupportable. One thought shone out, clear, distinct, and at such a moment almost maddening in its intensity, from the dead weight of misery which seemed to have fallen on her. She knew she loved, and one whose own words had thrown an insuperable barrier between them. Why had those words come now, as if written in fire on her brain? What, what, could they be to her? He did not love her—it was not his happiness she wrecked; and her bruised heart struggled for quietness, for strength in that one reviving thought. Alas! she overtasked herself. She could not, indeed, recall a word, or tone, or murmur, which could reveal that he felt more than simple kindness towards her; and yet, in all the incongruity of mental torture, she lingered on the idea that she was beloved, and her doom was to wreck his happiness even as her own. And midst these thoughts never once did the recollection of her unexpected inheritance arise, save instantly to be repelled with a loathing shudder, as if, coming at such a moment, it was associated only with misery; while, by an indefinable contradiction, those days of privation and suffering encountered before Lady St. Maur's return, were suddenly transformed to actual joy. Yet all was inward; her whole being rose up against the betrayal of her woe, even in those moments when the burden of that fatal secret seemed too heavy to be borne.

So days passed on. Florence had earnestly intreated the Countess to permit her continuing her former occupations in the family, at least till the year of mourning was at an end; not, indeed, as a salaried governess, but simply because she preferred instructing Constance in her retirement to absolute idleness. In vain the Earl and Countess combated this resolution. Florence shrunk from the idea of rest and quietness as from appalling spectres, knowing well that nothing but continued occupation could, in any

degree, chain thought. She had been so happy in that employment, that, by a strange pertinacity, her mind clung to it as if, in giving it up, she loosed another link from the past, and sank yet deeper into the dark abyss of the present. "Let me, only let me still feel myself of use to you," was her reiterated cry: "I cannot live without being of service to any one, as if I were alone upon the earth. Do not, in mercy do not give me time to think!"

The Countess looked at her with astonishment. "You are not speaking like yourself, Florence," she said: "I am sure you are enduring more than you will permit me to know; for such semblance of impatience under trial is not at all natural to you. Granted that I accede to your request, what am I to do next year? I shall only miss your usefulness the more."

"Then seek for some one to supply my place, and let me feel that I am still of real use to you in imparting to her your plans and wishes," replied Florence; and it was strange how clearly, in the midst of this fiery ordeal, her mind retained its energies, as if more effectually to prevent her secret being revealed. Partly to soothe her, and partly to enable her at any time to give up her present determination, Lady St. Maur acceded to her wishes. She further requested the Earl to act for her, in seeing that all Mrs. Rivers's behests were fulfilled. She had an interview with Mr. Carlton; and during the whole dry, business-like details upon which she was compelled to enter, neither intellect nor composure failed. The lawyer was pleased with her acuteness and ready comprehension of all his lengthy particulars. One very important question he urged upon her—would she, or would she not continue Mrs. Major Hardwicke's annuity? It was entirely at her option: Mrs. Rivers having heard rumours of injuries which Miss Leslie had received from that quarter, and wishing her to act with perfect freedom, had expressed no desire herself on the subject.

"You will then have the kindness to treble that annuity," was her instant and unhesitating reply. "And should you ever discover that Mrs. Hardwicke requires more, you will oblige me by instantly making application to me.

Above all, let this annuity be made a settlement on her and on her heirs. I do not wish her to feel herself under any obligation to me personally, or give any one the power of withdrawing it."

Mr. Carlton understood her perfectly, and promised compliance. Woodlands was still inhabited; the term, however, of her present tenant would expire within the year of mourning for her mother, and she rather rejoiced that it would not be vacant for the next few months, as giving her time to think of her future plans. The steward she also saw; and prevailing on him to accept the gift of a rich farm on the Woodland estate, intreated him to be to her all he had been to his former mistress. The old man was rejoiced at seeing her again, and from him she heard many particulars concerning Mrs. Rivers. He told her that she had gradually become more and more infirm, but had rejected every persuasion of himself and her housekeeper (the only two persons she permitted to be about her) to recall herself to her former acquaintances, till, about a twelvemonth previously, she had consented to inquiries being made for Mrs. Leslie's family, but secretly, as she wished nothing to be said of herself until her mind was quite made up as to her future proceedings. After many disappointments, Watson learned all particulars, which, when imparted to his mistress, distressed her exceedingly. She reproached herself painfully for her selfish shrinking from the world, and the useless hoarding of wealth, which, judiciously applied, might have shielded Mrs. Leslie and her family from many sorrows. She never rested, after Watson's return, until her will was made in Mrs. Leslie's favour, speaking of her with more real affection than she had ever been heard to speak of any one, but still persisting in refusing to write and say how ill she was, and how much she really wished for Florence. "No, no," she repeated; "she has found a real friend, and I will not take her from her. She suffered enough from coming to me before: I will not risk her happiness again." Atone for her total neglect of her relatives she said she could not, for she could not bring the dead to life; but she would leave all she possessed to Florence, and her warmest blessing with it.

Watson's every word revealed that Mrs. Rivers's heart had dictated the will, and Florence could have no remaining scruple. The Earl and Watson consented to further the young heiress's inclinations on all points, and Lady St. Maur jestingly assured her that, with two such agents, she ought not to permit a single care to sully her unexpected good fortune, prophesying that, little as Florence seemed to rejoice in it now, there would come a day when she would discover that nearly nine thousand a-year was something worth.

Minie's affectionate and artless letters of congratulations would, at any other time, have been sources of unalloyed pleasure; but now, though she spoke and acted as usual, she was, in reality, conscious of but one all-absorbing woe. The

mind bore up, but the frame dwindled, notwithstanding all Lady St. Maur's affectionate care: she became paler, thinner, more drooping every week; still the Countess imagined nothing beyond what she saw. If, indeed, she sometimes thought Florence was not quite so "fancy free" as when she first came to her, she also thought and hoped, too, that even there joy was dawning for her. But here Florence puzzled her; her manner had become cold, reserved, if it might be, even proud to young Howard; while his became, each time they met, more respectfully eager, and his attention more decidedly marked. Lady St. Maur would have seriously remonstrated with Florence, but her husband entreated her not. "I have a particular objection both to *making* and *marring* matches, my dear Ida," he said; "and I always find the very best way is to let lovers alone; they always come round at last."

"But though I want them to be lovers, I begin to fear I have built my hopes on air, instead of solid earth," she replied. "I set my heart on this match long ago, and was wicked enough to wish Lord Glenville out of the way; for I know Frank himself would never object to marrying a portionless bride. I am certain it was only the idea of his father's refusing his consent which deterred him from coming forward before; and now that Florence is independent as herself, and there is nothing against it, she becomes cold, distant, and all unlike herself."

"But perhaps she really does not like him; and if so, she acts very properly."

"I am very certain that she does love him, as only a girl like that can love."

"And who made you so wise, love?" asked her husband, smiling.

"Woman's wit, and woman's intuitive perception of all relating to her own sex, my dear husband. I have known Florence too many years not to discover this, although not a word on the subject has ever passed between us. Now, in truth, she puzzles me; for what can make her act so contradictorily?"

"Perhaps she does not like his only coming forward now. She cannot know that he only kept aloof, fearing to expose her to the capricious refusal of his father. It is not at all unlikely, for she has some pride."

"Pride! she has, indeed; and if this should be the case, it would be a real kindness to give Frank a hint, and let him tell the truth. I am half-inclined: I do so dislike misunderstandings."

"Take care, my fair diplomatist," was the Earl's laughing reply; "do not spoil all: better let them go their own way."

Whether the Countess followed his advice, or her own inclinations on this important subject, we know not; but certain it is, that not long afterwards, Florence did receive a letter from young Howard, the contents of which were very much as if Lady St. Maur had really given him an explanatory hint.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

Frank wrote as he always spoke—to the point, and with feeling. Still, though Florence felt it not, passionate love was wanting. An offer of his hand it certainly was; and a warm allusion to those gentle domestic virtues which, he said, had soriveted his regard, that he felt her acceptance of his love would make him far happier than he had ever yet been. Still, with all this, it was much more an eloquent vindication of what might have appeared interested in his conduct, only coming forward then, than the letter of a lover. He spoke of his father's prejudices; that knowing his consent to their union would never be obtained while she had been in what Lord Glen-ville termed a dependent position, he having vowed that he would never permit his son's marriage with any but an heiress, he had feared to wreck his own peace and hers; if, indeed, he might hope that she was not wholly indifferent to his suit. He conjured her not to believe him the money-loving, fortune-hunting worldling which he certainly appeared, to put his sincerity to any proof she pleased, but not to judge him thus; concluding by entreating her to show by her manner that evening, whether he had pleaded indeed successfully or in vain.

Meet him that evening! and it depended on herself, herself alone to seal her happiness or misery! The cheek grew paler, more ghastly still; the lip more sternly rigid, and the storm within seemed to crush her as she sat.

"Love me—why, why does he love me?" were her mental words. "Is it not enough to bear my own misery, but I must have his also to endure? But why must this be? Why may I not be his? Who is to know the truth that he has called down upon himself the very evil he forswore? Why should I doom myself to misery? He needs never know it." And for one brief minute her features were lit up with the sudden irradiation of joy, yet it was but mocking brilliance. Pressing both hands on her throbbing temples, she called aloud for help and strength. "No, no, I cannot wed him falsely. If I speak, it shall be the truth; and then, will he woo me then? No, no, he cannot, will not; it would but be increase of misery for him and for myself. He can better conquer love, if he believe that he loves alone. Pride will rise up to quell it; he will in time be happy, may forget me. Yes, yes, I will be silent, cost what it may. I care not for myself. Let him be happy, let him forget me, ay, even love another, better, far better than link his fate with mine."

Florence herself knew not the inward fervour of her prayer. She was only conscious that her happiness was in her own hands, and she had decided to cast it from her. She wished to write to him; to tell him how gratefully she felt his uncalled for explanations, though she could not accept his offer. But in vain she tried to write these simple words. Sheet after sheet she spoiled and burnt, and gave up the task in despair; and then she thought, could she indeed meet him, and let her manner speak? She

dared not trust herself. If she did not appear, would not that be an all-sufficient answer? Hour after hour passed, and she could come to no decision. Again and again the question rose, why did she make this sacrifice? Was it in truth needed, or was she dooming herself to misery uncalled for? Oh! had she but one friend to whom she could appeal; and then the childlike trust and faith of her girlhood seemed to steal over her, leading her to that only Friend who could aid and guide. The power of prayer had of late seemed denied to her, but now an inward voice called her to her Father's throne, and she knelt and prayed almost calmly for guidance, help to do that which his wisdom deemed the best, that which would tend most to future happiness and peace, however dark and troubled seemed her portion now. In after years she looked back on that hour of prayer almost in awe, for she felt that words had been put into her mouth, she could not of herself have framed them, and with them strength had been infused to preserve her from a doom compared with which her present grief was joy. When she rose, there was strength in her spirit, decision in her heart. She would not see him, and she did not. Resisting all Lady St. Maur's persuasions, even her reproaches, and several messages from the Earl, she remained that evening in her own room.

But her trial was not over. The following morning a message was brought her that Mr. Howard was in the library, and wished particularly to see her, but that he would not detain her long. A sickness so deadly crept over Florence, that the effort either to speak or rise seemed for the moment impossible; but after a few minutes the prayer of the evening rose in her heart, and seemed to give it strength. She descended the staircase, and entered the library; cheek, lip, and brow vied with the marble in their whiteness, yet not a limb trembled, not a quiver in the voice with which she calmly bade him good morning, as she entered, betrayed what was passing within.

Howard was in appearance the much more agitated of the two. He tried to say something indifferent, but it would not do, and he plunged at once into the subject which had brought him there.

"I thought," he said hurriedly, "that I could have waited calmly the answer which I requested, but I overrated my own powers. Lady St. Maur spoke of indisposition as confining you to your chamber last night, yet seemed to think inclination more than indisposition was the cause. That should have been enough, but I could not feel it so, and I came to hear my doom from your own lips, to conjure you to tell me that you will at least acquit me of that mean and petty interestedness which may appear to mark my conduct. Speak to me, Miss Leslie; tell me, in mercy, that of this at least you believe my motives free. Presumptuous I may be, but interested! seeking worth only when set in gold!" He spoke passionately, hurrying on as if he dreaded the answer. At length it came.

"Believe me," she said earnestly, "that no thought of such unworthiness could enter my mind, as coupled with one true, kind, honourable as yourself. I grieve that my manner should have caused you to feel one moment's suffering from a thought so groundless. Perhaps it is better we have thus met, clearly to understand each other. Though wishing to spare myself the pain of apparent coldness to one I esteem so highly (her voice faltered), I refused last night to meet you, trusting that absence and silence would speak for me."

"Then why, if on this point you so generously and justly acquit me, oh! why has your manner so changed towards me? Once I dared to hope that the regard I felt was not wholly unreturned, that you looked on me with a preference to some others around you. Miss Leslie—Florence, dearest Florence! what have I done to change that feeling, or was I indeed too presumptuous, believing that which never was?"

"Pardon me, Mr. Howard, but perhaps had there been no change in your manner, mine would still have been the same. As a friend, whose every act and word towards me was dictated and offered by the most heartfelt kindness, could I feel other than regard, esteem, as much above that which I gave to others, as your high character was superior to theirs? Your manner changed, speaking, as it seemed, of other feelings than those which had at first actuated you. Should I have been right to encourage those feelings when I knew that I might give you nothing in return, except the sincere regard and high esteem which, I trust, under all circumstances, I may be permitted to retain?"

"And with this high esteem, Miss Leslie, have you, can you give me nothing more? Must I teach my heart to forego all its hopes of happiness, all those blissful domestic feelings of which, till I knew you, I was unconscious? May I not look to time to gain me that blessing which I crave; to turn those cold words 'regard, esteem,' to some kinder feeling? Oh, do not condemn me at once to disappointment! Give me at least hope!"

He spoke with emotion, and his was a voice, when in persuasion, difficult to resist; but now it was resisted, and by one whose sinking heart and fragile frame seemed scarcely able to support her many minutes longer.

"Mr. Howard," she said distinctly and slowly, "you must not hope this. I should be guilty of deceit, should I bid you encourage feelings to which I may *never* give return. I am grateful, most deeply grateful for the high regard you must feel towards me, to select me from others so much more worthy. Let me retain a portion of that regard, even while I beseech you to conquer every feeling towards me, which can only create distress. Let us be friends as we have been, Mr. Howard; indeed, indeed it is better for us both, to be—to feel no more."

Frank Howard looked at her with wondering admiration; a strange feeling for a rejected man. Yet if truth must be spoken, he could not understand himself. If, indeed, he was under the

influence of passionate love, as he fancied, how came it that disappointment, that unpleasant lowering of self-esteem generally attendant on rejection, did not so oppress him, as to banish all feeling save for himself? It seemed as if the very respect he felt for Florence restrained all inclination to urge his suit. Yet these were incomprehensible emotions to a man who felt that all his hopes were at an end; he tried to define them, but felt it was impossible. He lingered, gazing on her sadly and silently, for several minutes; then raising her hand to his lips, pressed it strongly between both his own, and said fervently—

"God bless you, Florence; you have spoken kindly, openly, like yourself. I will conquer, if I can, all that can throw a barrier between our continued intimacy. Let us be friends, as you say, and grant me this one proof of your regard. Should you ever need a faithful friend—a brother—let me be that one, trust me without scruple, for no personal disappointment, no individual feelings shall ever interfere to check my interest in your welfare. Once more, God bless you!"

He was gone ere she could reply, and Florence was alone. She made no effort to recall him, but her intense gaze remained fixed on the door through which he passed. She was not conscious of the wild, agonized torrent of thought rushing over heart and brain, save that it felt like waves of molten fire; and then there came a low gasping cry, and her burning forehead drooped on her pale hands, her whole frame shook as with convulsion. Time passed, but Florence knew it not; all outward emotion had given way to a stillness as of death; her very figure seemed contracted with the soul's agony. A voice at length aroused her; and though it was colder, severer far than its wont, it recalled her scattered senses, and as Lady St. Maur pronounced her name, she looked up.

"Florence, what is the meaning of all this?" she said impatiently. "What can have made you act as you have done? You know of all things, I abhor mystery and caprice. You have told me, or rather your general actions have, that you consider me as your friend; prove that you do so now, and tell me the reason of this extraordinary decision."

Florence endeavoured to obey, but though her lips moved, no sound came from them. Lady St. Maur was touched in the midst of her unwonted impatience, and sitting down by her, she said more kindly—

"Now do be the same candid ingenuous Florence you have always been. You know all I mean, for there is only one subject on which you can feel guilty of a proper want of candour. Make up for it now, and tell me why you have chosen misery, when happiness was offered to you. Frank has just been to bid me farewell, intending to join Lord Edgemere's family in Scotland, instead of telling me that you and he were two of the happiest people in the world. I have wrung the truth from him, that you have refused to accept his love, on plea that you have

none to give in return, nothing but cold regard. Florence, I never read woman's countenance rightly, if you have not told him falsely!"

A cry of intense though smothered anguish burst from poor Florence, and she bowed her head on her clasped hands, as if she shrunk in suffering from the Countess's searching look. Lady St. Maur gazed at her with increased astonishment.

"What is this dreadful mystery, Florence? for dreadful it must be to occasion this decision, and your overwhelming wretchedness. I will not believe that you have grown so suddenly ambitious as to reject one like Frank because you do not think him good enough for your present prospects."

"No, no, no," gasped Florence, the effort to speak causing her very brain to reel; "Believe anything, everything but that! I am not worthy of him, not fit to be his wife, when not the very lowest would wed with me."

"Florence!" exclaimed the Countess; "you cannot know what you say. Not worthy, not fit? When dependent and portionless, your pride might have suggested this, but not now. Even then it would have been absurd, but now it is incomprehensible, quite unlike yourself. I am certain that you love him. You neither can, nor dare deny it."

"It is because of this; because I love him, that I would not link his fate with mine. I care not for myself; it seems easy to die but for him. No, no! I love him all too well."

"Will you gratify me by speaking comprehensibly, my dear Florence, because you certainly do mystify me more and more. If you wish me to retain my good opinion of you, and desire our mutual confidence to continue, speak out. I cannot continue regard toward one who, professing friendship, fails in its most important duties—sincerity and confidence."

Lady St. Maur's temper and patience very seldom failed her, except in cases like this. She could not feel for Florence, because the real truth was so completely unsuspected, that she could not frame any reason for Florence's mysterious conduct, and still more mysterious words. It appeared to her that she had chosen misery instead of happiness, for some very unfounded cause, some fancied injury to her proper pride by Frank's holding back so long, that she had worked herself into the idea of a necessity for self-sacrifice, to which the Countess fancied her exceedingly prone, and was now suffering the consequences of her own delusion. Florence withdrew her hands from her brow, and looked up in Lady St. Maur's face.

"Cannot continue regard without sincerity and confidence," she murmured, more to herself than to the Countess. "I did not dream of this. But perhaps it is better; I have no right to conceal the truth from her, but yet, to lose all at once—love—friendship, to find myself an object of scorn, instead of love, oh! how may I bear it?" and again a strong convulsion bowed her frame.

Some sudden revulsion of thought brought

before Lady St. Maur, at that moment, several trifling circumstances, unnoticed at the time, which now congregated to convince her as with a flash of intelligence, that there was more real meaning in Florence's wild words and agonized manner than her first irritation had supposed. In an instant, she remembered also that all this had been since Mrs. Leslie's death, and Florence had, in fact, been unlike herself ever since. What the mystery could be, in truth, she guessed not; but her words rushed back upon her as cruel and unjust, and throwing her arm caressingly round the unhappy girl, she drew her closer to her, saying in her own natural voice—

"Forgive me, my own Florence, I have been very cruel, feeling more for Frank than for you. Even if I think you wrong, or at least unwise to continue this strange mystery, I have not tried the kindest way to solve it. Will you forgive me, and trust me too? It must be some terrible secret to move you thus," she continued, becoming really alarmed, as the sofa actually shook beneath Florence's tearless sobs. "Yet give it words, dearest; do not let it lie on your heart and break it. You can have nothing to tell which will change my love. Sorrow and evil are always magnified unless revealed. Come, tell me this weighty grief, my Florence, and try if I have not power to dissolve it into air."

"No, no, not this! no one on earth can remedy this!" she wildly reiterated, starting from Lady St. Maur's detaining hold, and standing erect before her. "Fit wife for him whose own lips vowed that he would rather bear the anguish of unconquered love, than wed with infamy; that his wife must have no stain, no, not even a mother's! and knowing this, might I wed him, when the truth seemed revealed but to save him from misery. No, no, I have prayed to die ere the words were spoken; but I live, breathe, feel still, and they must be said. Fit wife for him! I, who have no name, no rank; who know not what I am, save that I am not Florence Leslie! Not Mary Leslie's child! Nought—nought—but a child of—of—"

Sense, motion, strength, all failed with the convulsive effort, and she fell forward powerless at Lady St. Maur's feet.

CHAP. XXXIX.

When Florence recovered, she found herself laid on her own bed, partially undressed; Alice holding some strong essence which had evidently been used, and the Countess plentifully bathing her temples and hands with cold water. For nearly a quarter of an hour Florence seemed hovering between sense and unconsciousness, aware that Lady St. Maur and Alice were near her, but unable to define the cause of her sudden illness. She had often fainted before, but it seemed to her never so painfully as then; and the difficulty to regain sense, power, and thought never was so overwhelming. Her head felt as if bound to the pillow by weights of lead; with

an incessant throb, and burning of the temples, accompanied by sharp pain. Still the mind would work; the efforts to think never relaxed; and amidst the dark, formless mist which enveloped her brain, there felt one indefinable but unconquerable sense of pain. Her eyes closed upon the light, as if it wrung the mind to deeper torture, till Lady St. Maur bending over, said in accents of the deepest feeling—

"My poor girl, my own Florence, do you not know me? Will you not speak to me?"

The voice recalled her terribly to life, and all— all which had passed; the *cause* of that faintness, the misery which was not alone upon her now, but hemmed her in as by a wall, whence there was no escaping, no retreat. Her eyes opened, and her lips moved; but only a strong convulsion contracted her features. The Countess made a sign to Alice to leave them, and Florence seemed partially relieved by her departure, but still she did not speak; it was only the despairing, yet imploring gaze, which betrayed thought had regained its sway. For several minutes Lady St. Maur felt as if she could not address her. Every usual suggestion of comfort seemed irrelevant to grief such as this. She could only press her lips caressingly on her burning brow, and chafe her hands within both her own.

"Florence! dearest Florence! Do not look upon me thus," she said at length, her own tears falling fast as she spoke. "Speak to me; surely there must be some mistake, and you are labouring under some strange delusion. What foundation, what proof can you have, after so many years?"

"It is truth," murmured Florence, and though her voice was hollow it was perfectly distinct; "a mother's dying words, a mother's dying hand affirmed it. A mother; oh, God! she was not my mother! I was not so blessed."

"She was your mother in affection—in all which makes that precious tie, my Florence! Do not add to the agony of this moment by darker thoughts than need be. Think how she loved, cherished you."

"Would—would that she had not thus loved me, but left me to die with her who gave me birth, I had been spared this moment!" wildly and despairingly burst from Florence's parched lips.

"Do not say so, my sweet girl; it is wrong, it is sinful, even in agony such as this, to give way to despair. Think on the blessing you have been—ay, and may still be."

"Still be!" reiterated Florence, "to whom? Who is there will love me—associate with me, now? An outcast, abandoned; with a stain that who can bear?"

"I will," replied the Countess, frankly and unhesitatingly. "Florence! can you think this unlooked for misfortune is to throw a barrier between you and me? It shall not, even if all must be proclaimed. But can there be any cause for you to abandon a name which you have so long and nobly borne? You are not well enough to tell me all, or I would entreat you to

confide in my friendship, and let me think for you."

"I will—I will, if I can; but, oh! forgive me," she exclaimed, half rising and clasping Lady St. Maur's arm with passionate eagerness, "check me, stop me, if I say ought madly; I do not mean it. I would not say it; but there have been times when I felt as if I were going mad—and now it is stronger than ever!" and she sunk back almost exhausted; but, after a few minutes, faintly resumed:—

"In the private drawer of my desk is the M.S. Read it; do what you will. But, oh! do not let it"—

"Hush, dearest! I will not hear such words. Your confidence, indeed, I accept; and, trust me, it shall not be misplaced. But my husband"—She paused, evidently anxious, and Florence became again fearfully agitated.

"Yes—yes, it must be; I will not burden you with anything that must be kept from him. Tell him all you will, I will risk even the agony of being forbidden to associate with you; for I know he will not think as you do."

"I know him better, Florence. Try and banish such miserable thoughts. For my sake, for Minie's, endeavour to be calm; to hope that all may not be as wretched as it seems. I know that at this moment all I say seems vain, worse than vain, almost cruel; but, oh! trust to a God of love, my Florence! You shall be happy yet."

"Happy!" repeated poor Florence, with an irrepressible shudder. "Not in this world. God forgive me, and bless you for all you would do! ay, and for all you feel! If I am ill, if I cannot tell you then, do not let Minie know; keep it from her. Let her still believe me the sister she has so long loved. I cannot break every link at once."

Her voice became fainter, and utter exhaustion followed. Lady St. Maur promised all. But vainly Florence struggled to be calm. Agony such as hers mocks at will, and hour after hour of that dreadful day passed, leaving her with alternate fever and exhaustion.

Every precaution was taken, but before night Lady St. Maur watched over her, as she struggled in all the paroxysms of delirium.

The Earl and Countess had been engaged that day both for dinner and the evening. No one enjoyed such things more, when happiness was around her, for there was that in her own noble heart and happy temper which reflected itself on all around, and ever enabled her to cull flowers when others saw but weeds. But when aught of suffering appealed to her for sympathy, scenes of revelry were relinquished, not only without a sigh, but simply because she could not join them. This day finding it even more than usually impossible, she succeeded in persuading her husband to go without her; entreating him to wait the solution of Florence's sudden illness and its effect on her till he returned.

Finding that Florence had sunk into the heavy slumber of a powerful opiate, and that even when awake she could do nothing for her—the poor girl was now unconscious of her

presence—Lady St. Maur left her to the united care of Alice and Ferrers, and retreated with the important manuscripts to her own boudoir. It was near midnight, but she had determined not to retire to rest till her husband's return, and took advantage of that hour of quiet to become acquainted with the real cause of Florence's deep agony, still hoping that all was not so dark as it seemed. At first she had felt half indignant at the long concealment on the part of Mrs. Leslie; but the feeling did not last. She could well understand how, loving her as she did, she should shrink in anguish from inflicting a shock so terrible. But why then reveal it at all? It surely could not be needed, and she thought the act of doing so misguided and cruel. Many things in Florence, since her mother's death, returned to her mind, and Lady St. Maur felt that while she had that terrible secret to conceal she might bear up; but once revealed, she should sink powerless beneath it. And Frank Howard too! Lady St. Maur actually shuddered as she pictured the interview between them. Yet she could not blame the sacrifice; she could not believe it under the circumstances uncalled for. Howard's sentiments had been too lately, too powerfully expressed to admit a doubt as to his course of acting, if the truth were known; and as such it was far better that Florence's ill-fated love should never be revealed. But Florence, even if she had only this with which to contend, what misery must be her portion; and, oh! how nobly, how admirably, she had acted up to the promise of her girlhood! The happiness of those she loved was dearer than her own.

It was with tearful eyes the Countess took up the manuscript. The hand had evidently trembled in its task; for here and there words were illegible, but as a whole, the sense was clear and continued. The mind of the writer had evidently never failed. We might give a brief sketch of the contents, but our readers may better enter into Florence's feelings by following Mrs. Leslie's words.

CHAP. XI.

Mrs. Leslie's Manuscript.

"Florence, my beloved one!" so that important letter began—"I know not when, or indeed if ever, your eyes will rest upon these words; yet there is that upon my heart urging, impelling, nay, commanding me to write that secret which has dwelt with me for nearly three-and-twenty years, sternly forbidding me to bear it with me, as my love would dictate, to the grave. I have sought to disobey that inward voice; but it haunts me still, like tones from another world, and as if sin, and suffering, and horror would rest on its disobedience. I must obey. I have prayed that our God would, in his great mercy, keep this dread secret unrevealed, unless its concealment threatened deeper agony than its betrayal; and still, oh still, he

may grant my prayer! I will write the truth; and if His wisdom bids it be revealed, Florence, my child, believe he wills it for some secret, yet important good, to spare yet deeper woe. But I must be calm. I thought to have conquered all of earth, to have buried its wild, passionate yearnings in my Walter's grave; but when I think of you, my Florence, I know that feeling is unconquered still. The years of devoted love you have lavished on me, and on my children, the lispings endearments of infancy, the willing obedience, the fond affection of your youth, the blessings you lavished upon our home in the hours of trial—when I recall these things, Florence, what right have I to break the sweet delusion which I myself have fostered in your heart? How dare I breathe one word, which would whisper that no tie of nature bound us? God of mercy, spare me this! I cannot, cannot inflict such misery on my child!

* * * * *

"I was very ill after writing the above, my Florence; and it seemed as if, indeed, this dreaded trial would be spared me; but once more I have rallied, and again I hear that spiritual voice urging me on. Let me write, then, ere strength and calmness again fail. You know I was very young when I lost my mother; my father then placed me at school, thinking he better insured my comfort and happiness than his taking me with him abroad. I never saw him again for five years afterwards: he died abroad. A distant relation, but our only family connexion, who had been with him in his last moments, came to England, and took me to live with her, making no difference between me and her own child. From that hour I should have been perfectly happy, had not my friend had griefs and trials, which I could not witness without sympathy. She was an Englishwoman by descent, but Italian by birth, and had also married an Italian, and had lived the greater portion of her life in Italy, long enough to regard it, indeed, as her own country, more particularly as it had been the birth-place of her only child—a daughter, and the scene of an unusually happy wedded life. It would be a long and tedious task, my Florence, to dilate on all she did for me; suffice it that she bound me to her with such strong ties of veneration, gratitude, and love, that I felt as if even the devotion of a life could never adequately repay her. For her I felt I could do little, but I made a secret and solemn promise, that to her daughter I would endeavour to return, in part, all I owed herself: and this seemed an easy task; for Madeleine, in spite of faults which wrung her mother's heart with forboding misery, was, in truth, one to cherish and caress, to feel that her very failings excited no common love. She was my senior by two years; endowed with a vivacity, an intelligence, and beauty, that would have made me feel almost painfully her inferior, had she not loved me as fondly as I loved her—nay, she would listen to my representation: my influence would often lead her repentant and sorrowing to her

mother's neck, when all the good advice of our worthy governess had been without effect. Essentially Italian, a very child of impulse, she could not be indifferent—she either loved or hated. Few could understand her, even amongst those she would have loved; and therefore was she continually disappointed, continually mortified, till haughtiness and pride at length kept her aloof from all, except ourselves. Lovely she was, but it was not the loveliness of our more northern clime. The large, dark, soul-beaming eye—the clear, olive complexion—the luxuriant tresses of raven hair—the lip, so full of sentiment and love, that even when her eyes were closed the face retained its exquisite expression—such she was, in feature as in character a daughter of that land in which the blood cannot flow as calmly as in less sunny shores.

“Florence, my child, is there none to whom these traits of feature (not of character) seem applicable, even as to Madeleine? Know you of none whom they might, with equal force describe? Alas! my child, my pen still shrinks from its task, and lingers on these minute particulars, as if it would not pass to those so much more important to us both.

* * * * *

“When Madeleine was about nineteen, some affairs respecting her late husband's Italian property recalled Madame Montoni to Italy. I was of course to accompany them; but my quiet tastes were peculiarly English, and I shrunk almost in pain from residing in other lands. Not so Madeleine. Though only thirteen at the period of her quitting Italy, her love for her native land amounted also to a passion. She was never weary of expatiating on its varied charms, alike of nature and of art—the warm feelings of its inhabitants, the glow of poetry and love, which (girl as she was) she described as existing there in contradistinction to what she termed the coldness, the worldliness, the heartlessness of England. I could not understand the wild flights of her vivid imagination, but my own quieter love for my English home enabled me to bear with her, and give her the sympathy she craved. With these associations, loving her and her angel mother as I did, do you wonder any longer, my beloved child, at the sadness which your passionate longings to look on Italy once occasioned? Alas! I knew it was nature that spoke, and I have looked upon you, at such times, till the agony of recollection seemed too heavy to be borne.

“We went to Italy. The Montoni estates lay in the neighbourhood of Rome, and that city alternately with Florence became our residence. Madeleine had not been introduced in England, but now entered with avidity into the delights of society, which was, indeed, fascinating, including all the highest Italian families, with many English visitants of first-rate rank and talent. It was at this time that Madame Montoni's anxieties for Madeleine redoubled. Surrounded by adulation and gallantry, by all that has power

to shake even the steadiest—and she loved these things—she laughed at her mother's fears, declaring that not one of those whose devotion she permitted—nay, enjoyed—had power over her heart—that the pleasures of her present life were far too agreeable, to permit a thought of her changing them for the quieter enjoyments of a wife. In vain her mother remonstrated that she was acting wrongfully, cruelly, in permitting, as she did, the attentions of one for a time, and then remorselessly forsaking him for others who pleased her more. It was her pleasure, she said, and could do no harm, for every one must be accustomed to her now. I could perceive the anxiety of my beloved friend, and she made me the confidant of her many fears. My heart was often wrung by the tears I have seen her shed, under the painful belief that her child's very affection for and confidence in herself were lost in the wild turbulence of spirit which these exciting pleasures caused. Her impulse was to return to England; but affairs of importance still detained her in Italy, and Madeleine had petulantly declared—and we knew her too well to doubt her—that, rather than return to England, she would give herself away to the first who offered, and dare all the miseries of an union without love. Still we loved her; she riveted our affections as by a spell, and we could but pray that true affection might, in time, be excited, and tame those restless spirits, and that love of universal sway, into devotedness to one. She did really love at length, and madly, passionately, as was her nature. It was strange, with her avowed hatred to everything English, that it should have been by an Englishman that all the deep, fervid feelings of her character were called forth! But Charles Neville possessed few of the quiet, unpretending marks of a genuine English gentleman. Eminently handsome, fascinating in manner, and combining all the attractions of solid education with elegant accomplishment, he became the leading star of every circle at the capital, obtaining, with neither the rank of birth nor of decided talent, the suffrages of all.

“Unlike any other who had before bowed down to her, Madeleine's curiosity was first excited towards the stranger; and then quick, impetuous, as every other impulse, the rushing torrent of her love. She believed it returned, and so did all those who saw them together. But Madame Montoni herself was not aware of the extent of Neville's admiration and devotion. She was at that time in declining health, and Madeleine joined society under the care of a female friend. I was also to have been introduced, but I preferred remaining with my benefactress—a resolution she permitted the more willingly, as Edward Leslie, afterwards my beloved husband, was almost always with us, and our affections mutually engaged.

“Madeleine was strangely silent at home upon the attractions of her new admirer. It was this fact which first made me believe she really loved him, and I tried to obtain her confidence, but, for the first time, it was refused me. ‘You can-

not understand me,' was her reiterated answer. 'Your feelings, even in love, are all too calmly happy—too unimpassioned, for the comprehension of mine. Be satisfied, that I can never again be the girl I was.'

"I imparted my thoughts on the subject to my friend; but she did not think much of them, believing it scarcely likely, with Madeleine's peculiar feelings, that an Englishman would eventually be her choice.

"About this time, I know not how they first arose, but rumours were afloat greatly to the discredit of Mr. Neville. At first they were unheeded; his influence, his many fascinations retained the more powerful ascendancy. But, at length, reports became certainties; positive proofs were collected (at least so it was alledged) that Charles Neville was not his real name—that he had been traced through many of the Italian cities as a man of the most dishonourable practices—that many a domestic circle had been plunged into misery by his means; with other charges equally base, and perhaps equally unfounded; for, terrible as were the consequences of his introduction to our family, we have learned little of him even to this day. Several of Madame Montoni's confidential friends informed her of these rumours; but Madame Montoni did not credit all she heard. She knew the malignant influence of envy towards all who had ever been made the star of fashion; still she did her duty: she refused to permit her daughter to meet or associate with him, unless he came forward with decided proofs of innocence. Never can I forget poor Madeleine's look when this command was given; but she uttered no word of either assent or refusal. I saw that she rejected, without the smallest reservation, all the reports against him; and every kindly feeling towards those who dared to mention them turned into contempt and hate. Once, only, I ventured to speak on the subject, but she silenced me at once. 'Mary, if you would not have me hate and despise you, as I do others, breathe not this fool's tale. I could better doubt my own life than his worth and honour. Do not attempt to read my heart; you cannot. I would love you still; then oh! do not you, too, seek to reason with me.' And for one brief minute she threw herself on my neck, in a convulsive passion of tears; but there was never again any visible interruption to her extraordinary calmness: her whole character, indeed, was changed. From being impetuous and self-willed, even in trifles, she became cold and calm. She no longer sought the scenes of pleasure, once enjoyed with so much avidity. To indifferent persons she was haughtier than ever; to her mother and myself more softly and gently affectionate. To me it was so evident that she was under the influence of some one overwhelming passion, that even now it appears strange that by her mother the real fact was unsuspected.

"Neville quitted home; at least so it was supposed, for by none but our poor Madeleine was he ever seen within the city again, and soon afterwards Madame Montoni removed her esta-

blishment to Florence. We had not been there long before an Italian of high character, attracted by Madeleine's surpassing beauty, paid her attentions too marked to be mistaken. She did not perhaps encourage, but certainly did not repulse him. Her poor mother rejoiced, but I could only feel uneasy; convinced that Madeleine still loved Neville, I feared, oh, how forebodingly, that her present conduct was but a veil concealing other and far different resolutions. After a reasonable time the Count made his proposals for her to her mother, conjuring her to plead his cause: she did so, and Madeleine, with the same unfaltering composure signified her acceptance, throwing an impassable barrier between her own feelings and her mother's affectionate sympathy, checking the one effectually by her determined concealment of the other. Not a fortnight afterwards, Madeleine disappeared, leaving no trace of her path, no clue by which she might be followed; nothing but a note, undiscovered in the confusion, and not found till some days afterwards. I have preserved it: it was simply this:—

" 'Mother, it is over. Before you receive this I shall be the wife of Charles Neville; and without one doubt, one fear, do I become so; I believe not one tittle of the charges brought against him; he holds my fate, and I *must* be his alone. All existence, save his love for me, and mine for him, is burnt up within me. I would weep for the grief this decision will cause you, my mother, but I cannot; I would ask you to forgive me, but I cannot feel that I have done ought to need forgiveness. You laid a positive command on me never to speak with him again, a command impossible to be obeyed, and therefore I have spared all needless altercation, deeming it better tacitly to acquiesce than to excite arguments which could easier shake the ocean rock than Madeleine. For him who sought my hand I told him I had no heart to give; yet he persisted, and he is fooled according to his folly; I can spare no farther thought for him; all, all are concentrated in my husband; his fate is mine; be it ignominy or honour, I glory thus to share it. I know not our home. He is a wanderer, and long years must pass ere we meet again. Forget me; I was never, could never be, the friend, the comforter to you that Mary is; let her be now your only child; give her the love you lavished but too fondly upon me. God bless you, mother, too good, too fond for one like me.' 'MADELEINE.'

"It was enough; Madame Montoni sunk beneath it. Every inquiry, every effort was made to discover some traces of the fugitives; but all was vain. My wedding-day had been originally fixed in the very week of Madeleine's flight, but of course it was postponed. After three months, however, Madame Montoni would not permit a longer delay; she said she had no wish in life but to see us united, to feel that I was happy, and would be loved and cared for when she was gone. And we were married according to her wish; she bore up a few weeks longer, and then

sank, her child's name (coupled with forgiveness and with blessing) the last word upon her lips. Her death, and the lingering anxieties for Madeleine, whom I still loved with unchanging affection, were heavy clouds on the dawn of our wedded life.

"We were anxious for the calm, quiet joys of England, yet neither regretted that my husband was unavoidably detained in Italy, still hoping that we might yet receive tidings of Madeleine. I saw that Edward feared more even than he expressed, and the sweet promise of an addition to our domestic happiness, in the birth of a child, could not make me happy or at rest. At length the longed-for tidings came. It would have been difficult for any one less intimately acquainted with my poor friend's writing to have recognised it, in the almost illegible scrawl, but for me the wording alone was sufficient. And oh! even now the agony that brief note caused returns in all its force.

"*'Mary,'* it ran, for I have it now before me. *'Mary, he has betrayed me! It was all true, the tale they told. Oh God! oh God! that I should live to say it. Yet still I loved him, ay, so loved him, that though I knew him guilty, miserably, unredeemingly guilty, I clung to him, worshipped him still; I would have done so yet; I would have followed him wherever his wild will led; I would have been faithful, loving, to the end; but he has trampled on me, scorned, betrayed, forsaken me, laughed at my mad folly in so loving him; sneered at the weak credulity which believed in his truth and worth; and more, he has dared assert that our marriage was null and void, a mere mockery of form; that I have no claim on him; that he has done by me as by many others, deceived, betrayed, and left to die. Die! I WILL NOT die till my unborn babe is righted, till I have *proofs* that the marriage was not false. I know it was not, and he knows it also; for he has quailed before me in the utterance of his foul lie. I will traverse Italy till I have discovered the priest who united us, till I have proofs that I am not the foul thing he, even he, the merciless betrayer, has dared to term me. Mary, I WILL do this; you know me; I shall not fail. And when it is done, when my child is cleared from aught of stain, I will come to my mother's grave (*he told me I had killed her*), come to her grave and die!'*"

"Florence, my child, will *you* read this unmoved? Has it no deeper voice than the mere narrative of one now gone? Alas, alas! I dare not hope it. Nature will have voice. My child, my blessed child, believe those words, believe them as I do, as I have ever done, that she was not deceived, but the villain foiled himself.

* * *

"Again I have been ill, my Florence, but am once more permitted to resume my task; I would not end it as above; I would conclude, conceal these papers where nought but a special Providence can bring them to your eye. I am not weakly superstitious; I believe in neither

fate nor chance, but I do believe that a Father's arm is round us; that a Father's love will spare my child all needless woe; and, if it be not for a special good, will permit these papers to remain unseen for ever.

"The emotions caused by that dreadful letter occasioned premature confinement. I was very ill some weeks; but my child, a girl, though weakly, promised to survive. But for Madeleine what could we do? The letter bore no date, no place of residence; the post-mark was obliterated—all seemed a dark, shapeless mystery, which no effort could solve. We were then at Rome, and the wisest plan appeared to be, to return to Florence, and there wait (making every possible inquiry meanwhile) my poor friend's appearance; I never doubted she would come. Though her intentions with regard to the curé who had married them were vague and undefined, I knew her so well that I felt convinced she would persevere in finding him, and hoped she had more perfect intelligence of his abode than her letter revealed.

"To Florence then we determined on returning, as soon as my strength would permit; but so greatly had my health been shaken that it was full ten weeks after hearing from her ere we set off. My child of course accompanied us, and one female attendant who had long been in Madame Montoni's service, and was faithfully attached to us all. About the middle of the second day's journey my poor babe was suddenly taken ill. No house or village being near, we proceeded as rapidly as possible, hoping to reach some town where medical aid might be procured. Speed, however, for my infant was of no avail; she expired in my arms before evening fell, and just as we reached a miserable-looking house near the source of the Arno. My husband saw that assistance for our child was indeed vain; but being greatly alarmed for me, he determined, if he could but procure a comfortable room, to remain there that night instead of going farther.

"The hostess received us kindly and hospitably, but declared she hardly knew how to accommodate us, as the only good room she had was occupied by a lady who had only been confined three days, and was very ill indeed; adding that the poor lady was quite alone, and she thought something was wrong in her mind, she looked and talked so strangely. Much more she might have said, but I heard her not; a new and terrible emotion roused me from the stupor which had fallen on me; strength, mental and bodily, seemed suddenly restored in the thought that Madeleine, my poor Madeleine was found, and needed me; I flew to the apartment pointed out as hers, I stood beside the miserable couch, and one glance sufficed me. Notwithstanding the awful change from blooming health to the hues of death—for at first I thought she was gone for ever—I recognised my beloved and suffering friend. She lay as if unconscious, save that her arm clasped her child, who was sleeping in all the peace of infant slumber, its little head cradled on the bosom which had nought but love to give.

"'Madeleine,' I shrieked, as I threw myself on my knees beside her, and pressed the thin, cold hand again and again to my lips; 'Madeleine, friend, sister; speak to me but one word; tell me you know me—love me.'

"My wild words recalled the departing soul; her eyes opened, fixed themselves on my face with such a glare of inquiry, of hope struggling with doubt, that I could scarcely sustain the gaze; and then she sprung up; she threw one arm convulsively round my neck, and the wild, sharp, agonized accents of her voice thrill on me now.

"'Mary—Mary—Mary,' she reiterated; 'God has brought you—none but He, to save, love—my child, my child—no stain, no shame. I have—' and her voice was lost in a gurgling rush of blood, streaming from mouth and ear and nostril; her head drooped, her arm sunk powerless—a few minutes, the rushing torrent ceased, and all was still!

"I know not how long I remained kneeling motionless beside the couch, gazing as if fascinated at the countenance of the dead, gleaming forth in such ghastly whiteness from the dark lurid stains which had dyed the linen all around her. I heard not my husband's voice, nor knew that he stood beside me. It was the feeble wail of an infant which aroused me; bewildered and feverish, I imagined it the voice of my own child, and snatched it to my bosom; its little face and hands and dress were dyed with its mother's blood. Fearfully, hurriedly, I removed those unseemly stains, clothed it in clean, refreshing garments; and then I gave it food, its natural food; and as it eagerly and helplessly clung to my breast, as I felt its little head nestling against me as my own poor babe had done, sense and energy returned in a passionate burst of tears.

"Night came. They had removed all that was horrible from the chamber of death; and side by side they had laid the dead, my infant and my friend. All but my own maid believed them mother and child; and there was no need to dispel the illusion. That night, as I looked upon the innocent babe so strangely, so providentially thrown upon my care, the sole record of those I had loved with a daughter's and sister's tenderness, who appeared made mine to fill up the void which my poor babe's death had wrought; as I felt how utterly it was dependent upon me, nay, mine in all save life itself, I knelt before my husband, I conjured him to let me call it ours, to fold it to our hearts in lieu of the infant taken from us; like her it was a girl, and whoever its father might be, we robbed it, by adoption, of no legal heritage. It was indeed a weighty boon, though at the moment I knew not its extent; I only saw the struggle in my husband ere he could grant it. He bade me reflect on all I might draw down upon myself—we knew nothing of its father, but that he was a man of sin; he knew not even if its birth were legitimate. He bade me ponder well if, should we have other children, I could still bestow on our adopted one the same love. It needs not to repeat all

that passed between us. It was evident his only objection was its doubtful birth, and the evil passions it might inherit from both its parents. Even after a long struggle, and he had granted my boon, and granted it in such a manner as tenfold to increase the love and esteem I bore him, he still wished me to bring up the child as an adopted one, *not* as my own, fearing the effect of concealment and deception on my own heart. But at such a moment I could not realize this fear—I could not believe that ought of misery or remorse could spring from a deception only acted to secure the happiness of an innocent being committed to my care. And even to this my generous Edward at length acceded. And in after years, when in your deep yearnings for Italy, your love for all that was high and noble in art and poetry, there I traced your mother's nature, and trembled lest similar sufferings should be yours; when I saw you quitting the child, for the high-souled loving girl, and I thought on all woman's trials, and dark forebodings and remorseful fears crept over me, bidding me dread I knew not what. Never once did my beloved husband upbraid me for having acted contrary to his advice; nay, he could not share my fears; for when I was tortured by the feeling that, even to secure your happiness, I had done wrong—that there was actual sin in forfeiting the straight line of truth, he soothed me by the assurance, which I could see he felt himself, that I had done right—I had secured the happiness of our adopted, and given him a treasure blessed and blessing as his own children. And so we both felt, my Florence. Every year that passed bringing forth new virtues, new qualities to endure. We blessed God for you, my child, as for our others; ay, and bless him now, for what have you not been to us? how blessedly have you repaid our cares! Are you not ours still? Mine has been the breast to nourish, the hand to guide, the lips to train. Florence, my beloved, my own, oh! think of me, call me your mother still.

* * * *

"My strength is waning, my sweet child. With increase of difficulty my pen resumes its task.

"By my poor Madeleine's dying words, it seemed to us that she must have obtained some positive proof of the legality of her marriage, and was in possession of papers to that effect. Greatly to our disappointment, however, not any such could be found. The hostess reiterated her assurances that the poor lady had brought nothing with her, and as there could be nothing in a bundle of papers to tempt cupidity or falsehood, we were compelled to believe her. My husband, I saw, imagined poor Madeleine's words the mere excitement of her own belief. I could not think this, and still believe she had foundation for her assertion. There was no need of a bribe to persuade our hostess to declare, if any inquiries should be made, that the poor infant had died with its mother; for she herself believed it was so. I know not if such

inquiries were ever made, for we never saw the vale of Arno nor its inmates again. Our own maid, the only participator of our treasured secret, was too faithfully attached to us and to the poor child ever to divulge it. Even in her marriage (for she married soon afterwards, and went to France), to the hour of her death, it never passed her lips. We stayed another year in Italy, and then returned to England. Walter and Minie were successively granted us, and the love you bore them, the constant sacrifices of your own childish pleasures to enhance theirs, only strengthened the links between us, and instead of lessening the love we bore you, incalculably increased it. All was forgotten, save that you were indeed our own.

"Nearly three-and-twenty years have passed since the day which made you ours; yet never have we heard the name of Charles Neville, or traced his course. His countenance, his figure were too remarkable ever to be forgotten or mistaken, and notwithstanding the lapse of years, both my husband and myself would have recognised him on the instant, had he ever crossed our path. Every inquiry we could make without exciting suspicion was made both in Italy and England, but all have been without effect; and if he still lives, it must be under some other name. I have seen none like him, none who ever recalled his features—I am wrong, I have seen one, but the image was faint and shadowy; yet it brought back thoughts of the past, strangely and undefinably. My hand fails me—what is this sudden mist? Florence—my child—"

* * * *

The last line was almost wholly illegible, the words "Florence, my child," were blotted, as if the pen had there fallen; and the desire to conclude and to conceal those momentous records, was frustrated by the stroke of unconsciousness, and of death.

(To be Continued.)

THE MOON IS BRIGHT.

The moon is bright, in azure light
The clouds are softly sleeping;
And, 'neath her beams, the mists of night,
Their gentle tears are weeping.

'Tis sweet to gaze on the moonlit rays,
In mystic beauty blending;
Whilst stars a brilliant coronet
Their fairy light are lending.

But the floating clouds from their amber shrouds
The morning beams are parting,
And swift the glorious lamp of day
From its golden bed is starting.

We search again, but all in vain,
Where the "barque of heaven" was riding;
Unseen, amidst the sunbeam's glare,
Its silver orb is gliding.

Thus, like the moon, how oft too soon,
When stronger fires are lighted,
Amidst their blaze sweet Friendship's rays
Are shadowed and benighted!

But the moon's sweet power is at evening's hour,
When sunshine is not near us;
And friendship thus, when love is fled,
Shall clearer burn to cheer us.

VIOLA.

FANCIES.

BY C. H. HITCHINGS, ESQ.

As our life fades away,
Time on the wing
Bears into swift decay
Sweet flowers of spring—
Heart-flowers of early years,
Dewed o'er with happy tears,
Young hopes and tender fears,
Passed, passed and gone;
Yet are there left us some
Bright things to cheer our home—
Bright things that gladly come
Fresh as the dawn.

Spirit-gifts to the soul,
Fancies, are ye;
Scorning the world's control,
Gentle and free;
Angels of joy, that cling,
E'en 'mid our sorrowing,
Close round the heart, and bring
Dreams of delight.
Fancies I know ye are;
Yet fancies passing fair,
Hiding the face of care
Out of our sight.

Old faces in the fire,
Which oft we see—
Tones of a fairy lyre
Strung i' the tree—
And every kindly word
Ofttimes my soul hath heard
Breathed by the winter bird
In the still night—
Fancies I own ye are;
Yet fancies passing fair,
Hiding the face of care
Out of our sight.

Fays of the magic ring,
Worn in the grass,
Whose floor of revelling
Ofttimes I pass—
Dryads of pathful woods—
Naiads of rainbow floods—
Pixies of franksome moods—
Dreams of delight!—
Fancies I know ye are;
Yet fancies passing fair,
Hiding the face of care
Out of our sight.

Legends of early years
Which memory brings,
Mingling with manhood's tears
Old happy things—
Bright thoughts the world derides,
Shaking its sober sides;
God knows, in such abides
Purest delight—
Fancies I own they are;
Yet fancies passing fair,
Hiding the face of care
Out of our sight.

"THE W A V E R E R."

BY J. J. REYNOLDS.

"The feeble, fragile worm, mankind calls man."

"NIGHT," BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

Courteous Reader! Have you not, in the course of your peregrinations through the highways and by-ways of this many-visaged world, frequently met with a being, pursuing his daily avocations without any precise object in view, undecided what to do, and indecisive in all that he does? If so, that man is the waverer!

Suppose we devote a few minutes to the inspection of his character.

If ever mortal was "bound in, to saucy doubts and fears," the waverer is that individual. Uncertainty marks all his actions, perplexity rules his every thought, and timidity sways each word that he utters. His resolutions are no more to be depended upon than the wind that blows. Should he, as he may vainly imagine, have *made up* his mind to one thing yesterday, by to-day he has either consulted a friend, turned it over in his mind, or some fresh view of the matter has struck him which entirely alters his purpose, and formed a conclusion which is as equally liable to be upset as the preceding; for the waverer is a man who never will act on the spur of the moment, but always on the principle of second thoughts being the best. Firmness, promptitude, and decision, in fact any qualities bearing affinity to these, are characteristics of which he is altogether deficient. Hence the waverer never attains that eminence which another without half his talent will and *does* reach, heedless of all obstacle. He seldom lacks sense; it is fixedness of purpose, and a stock of that useful article so nearly allied to impudence, and yet not impudence, commonly designated "easy assurance" that he is wanting in. Neither will he make the most of opportunities falling in his path, but let them slip away as though unserviceable and valueless.

The waverer is of a retiring disposition, undesirous that the star of public favour should ever shine on him. No man can be less anxious for popular applause than himself; a very lucky coincidence, truly, since how many disasters and failures would befall him in his career were it otherwise! He is generally a "nervous, fidgetty body," which, by-the-bye, greatly tends to swell the sea of doubt flowing around him. Poor fellow! (smile, if you please, he certainly deserves the epithet) when in a large company, from an absurd fear of doing something contrary to fashion's strict laws, and thus rendering himself unavoidably conspicuous, he sits in misery the whole time, and at the hour of

separation seeks his own abode with as much pleasure as an uncaged bird flies to its native woods. Not only in important affairs does his character shew itself, but in the most trivial occurrences also. Sometimes these wavering propensities are born with the man himself. In such case they ever abide with,

"And cling through life inseparably close"

to, the possessor; but they are often the offspring of habit, brought on by indulging in them, and giving way to that thief of time, procrastination.

Frank L—— was a waverer, a born waverer too, and from his first appearance in the world, "to play at leap-frog with its troubles," gave indications of the fact. Frank had what we call a good education bestowed on him; and at the age of seventeen threw off the trammels of school. Unluckily for him, he possessed a father indulgent in the highest degree. Mr. L——, kind gentleman, was one of those who let boys have their own way too much. So when the point arose what should be his son's future employment, he did not press him to anything in particular.

"Let Frank choose for himself," he remarked; "'t will be the best in the end"—an assertion, it must be candidly avowed, open to very great dispute.

Being an only son, of course he was his mother's pet; so little coercion arose in that quarter. Situated thus, and with his wavering mind, no wonder the young man "took time to consider," or rather to silence the many "ifs and buts" that engrossed his attention on the subject. Two years of the most valuable part of life did Frank *waver* away ere he could determine whether to be one of England's merchant kings or a surgeon. At length, with the aid of others (unquestionably not of himself, for who of the class ever did yet?), he decided on the latter vocation—a profession requiring a greater amount of self-confidence than any one that may be named. After going through the regular training, as Sam Weller would express it, he became a "*thorough sawbones*." Then the question had to be discussed where he should commence practising? A. and B. were towns that attracted his notice, as advantageous places for this purpose; but the former was certainly the more desirable. Frank, however, had to undergo his allotted quantum of wavering before coming to

a conclusion: meanwhile he received intelligence that he had been forestalled at A. Hobson's choice was now left. Being eased of the burden of fixing for himself, he settled at B., and mounted a brass-plate according to time-honoured custom.

The said brass-plate had not often undergone the burnishing process, neither had the repose of the bell-handle engraved "Surgery" been many times disturbed, when one morning, at breakfast, while employing himself in the perusal of the newspaper organ of the town, Frank caught his eye on an advertisement addressed "To Medical Practitioners." It appeared that a vacancy had occurred in the surgical staff of a hospital at B., and gentlemen were requested to offer themselves for the situation, as the governors would proceed to supply it in a short time.

"Ha!" exclaimed Frank, as he laid down the paper when he had finished reading the announcement, "just the thing for a young member of the profession like me. I'll issue a circular, and offer myself at once."

Doubtless he would have done so had he not been a waverer; but being such, did *not*!

"Ahem!" said he, as he paused over the task of penning the circular; "perhaps I had better not be doing things in too much of a hurry, so I'll just mention the affair to Jack N—; his opinion shall decide."

This is always the custom of waverers. Whether through timidity or stupidity is uncertain, but they never will act on their own mental promptitude without troubling some special intimate, whose advice they delude themselves by supposing shall be their guide.

Half an hour afterwards, Frank called on his friend, and was of course advised to proceed agreeably with his resolve. But what avail? the solitary cogitation had still to be gone through; and the plan finally formed was to wait awhile, and see who would come forward; "as it would be," he said, "rather mortifying to be pitted against an old stager, and come off second best." The waverer therefore halted, accordingly, till the next number of the newspaper appeared. It contained no address from any other party. Our hero, when aware of the fact, thus imagined he had a clear stage and a great deal of favour before him; so at once began canvassing. Was it successful? Alas! no. To his disappointment he found that the majority of the governors had promised their support to another, who had secretly taken an *early* opportunity of soliciting votes in person. At the same time, to heighten it, all expressed their regrets, &c.; were not aware, &c.; himself as a candidate, or &c.; in the ordinary manner. The eventful day arrived, and Frank found himself beaten by one whom he could have left in a miserable minority had he himself been sooner "in the field:" but it was part of his destiny to be, as thousands have been, THE VICTIM OF WAVERISM.

It were needless to relate all the occurrences of his life where his vacillating disposition proved his bane; I will, however, mention the following:

It was a December morning, some snow which had fallen the previous day had frozen in the night, and rendered the streets, in consequence of their slippery state, extremely dangerous to pedestrians. Several accidents happened. Among the rest, a poor labouring man fell down and severely fractured his thigh; this was near the wavering surgeon's residence. As is usual in these cases, the nearest medical man was sent for. Frank answered the summons, and saw at a glance that amputation was the course to be pursued; but, as the reader is aware, he wanted the true qualification for the profession, decision. Thus he allowed himself to reflect. "This man," thought he, "depends upon his limbs for support; perhaps a family also. How cruel, therefore, to deprive him of their service while there is hope." And as the sufferer himself seemed averse to the operation, he was induced to set the broken limb as well as he could, and use the extreme alternative, if requisite, at a future time. So the man was conveyed to his home, a short distance from B. This delay, however, caused death. On Frank's calling the next day, matters had taken a bad aspect. Mortification had secretly commenced, and the poor fellow was weakened in his frame to such a degree that while undergoing the operation of dismemberment, which was now found absolutely necessary, he sunk under the torture, and soon afterwards expired. Still the most galling part of the business to Frank was to hear it rumoured abroad that bad management had led to this result. Frank's conscience told him a similar tale; but, I repeat, he was a born waverer!

Year stole after year, the few patients the M.R.C.S. ever had dropped away "by one, two, and three" when he himself was taken seriously ill. It was a disease that required the closest and earliest attention. His friends besought him to take the advice of a brother Professor, and after much ill-timed wavering—(it was the ruling passion strong to the last!)—he consented.

"Two of a trade seldom agree," says the proverb. So it was, unfortunately, in this instance. Frank had learnt a different method of treatment to his attendant; he, therefore, would not trust himself wholly to his prescriptions, followed his own plan a little, and the other's less, and between two stools fell to the ground, thus

"Making his exit, vulgarly called DEATH."

ON A YOUNG LADY.

OB. 28 DEC., A.D. 1844.

With many tears, but humble hope, we gave
The lovely tenant of this early grave
To mother earth, a consecrated trust;
Till dawns the morning that shall wake the just.
Our prayer that, through the sacrifice most blest
Of CHRIST our Lord, she may be granted rest;
And having passed the mournful bounds of night,
Enjoy His vision and perpetual light.
Banks of the Yore.

THE OBSCURE ARTIST.

BY N. MICHELL, ESQ. AUTHOR OF "THE TRADUCED," &c.

The number of artists, male and female, in this our great metropolis, who depend for bread solely on the efforts of their pencil, almost exceeds belief. With the exception of a favoured few, who have acquired notoriety in many instances as much through patronage and fashion as real merit, how scanty and hardly-earned is the livelihood which they obtain! An artist without a name is, perhaps, in a worse situation than the obscure musician, actor, or author; they can avail themselves of divers channels and methods whereby they can present themselves to the public, and make their talents known. The author, for instance, may multiply his creations *ad libitum*; he can send copies of his work north, south, east, and west; and by appealing to many, the chances are that he will be appreciated by a few.

But the artist sits in his solitary room; his master-piece is hung on his wall; he cannot multiply the original; he cannot draw people in from the streets to look at his picture; and it has been refused a place at the exhibition. He gazes at it with feelings of pride strangely mingled with bitterest disappointment; he has bestowed upon it six months of unremitting application, and its sale would not produce him a sum equivalent to the wages earned in a similar length of time by the commonest mechanic. In truth, it must moulder there, like its creator, unappreciated and unknown. We will illustrate our observations by a sketch of an obscure painter, who may be considered, in many respects, a type of his class.

In one of the upper rooms of a house in the vicinity of Tottenham-court-road, a young man was seated at his easel; his features were thin and pale, but expressive of a high intellect, and a gentle disposition; his dress, which was extremely neat, might even to "eyes fastidious" have bespoken the wearer to have been a gentleman, but the room offered a sad contrast to the respectable appearance of the occupant. There was a deal table in the centre; a few rickety cane-bottomed chairs were placed against the wall; and a coarse moreen-covered sofa, thrust into a nook, betrayed by its "hanging well" that it served in the double capacity of a seat for customers, whenever such phenomena might make their appearance, and the artist's own bed.

Tyrell, for so we will name the painter, lifted his eyes from his canvas, as an individual, without even the common civility of knocking, entered the room.

"Oh, you are at home, are you?" said the man, who kept a small picture-shop in the New-road, and professed to buy up "old masters," and sell them again at an extraordinarily cheap rate; "I

hope, mister, you've finished the picture as I spoke to you upon a few days ago?"

"I am sorry, Mr. Patch, but on further calculation, I find that the sum which you proposed paying me will scarcely do more than defray the expense of canvas and paint."

"Now, I like that. Then you mean to tell me it ain't done, do you?"

"I regret to confess that it is not, sir."

"Well then, I must say that this is rather too bad; why you lazy——"

"Stop, sir! do not abuse me, I pray; I have no desire to quarrel with you; and though, I assure you, I shall not get sixpence a-day for my labour, I will paint the piece still, on one condition."

"Name it, young man."

"That when you place the picture in your shop, you allow my name to appear in the corner."

"And why, I should like to know?"

"I am in utter obscurity, sir; I shall make little progress in my art or profession, if no one is to be made acquainted with my existence. Fame to me is far dearer than money, though heaven knows I need the latter bad enough."

"Fame! proper stuff and nonsense! What's fame? I can't take your pictures on any such terms, I assure you. Why, they'd never sell, they wouldn't, if people saw a name in the corner, top, or where you will, as they never heard of before, nor care two straws about."

"Well, sir," said Tyrell, "if I agree to paint the landscape in question, may I ask upon whom you intend to father it?"

"Look here now," said Mr. Patch; "I told you to get me up a foot-and-half square oil; three cows in front, a boy, rosy and ragged, with a farm house behind; the canvas must look old and dirty, and a dull, dingy tone be given to the whole: its to be a Cuyp."

"I confess, Mr. Patch, to say nothing of the deception of the thing, I consider it extremely hard that my creations should always pass for those of another party, robbing me of my justly earned laurels. I don't know what to say to this kind of business, I am sure."

"Pish! all that talk about deception and justly-earned laurels is too absurd for a young man of your good sense, it is. But I don't want to be hard upon you either, Mr. Tyrell; I offered seven shillings for the piece—come, I'll say eighteen-pence more—eight and sixpence—there!"

The indigent artist cast a melancholy look around his squalid apartment; the door of his small cupboard was half open, and disclosed its empty condition; he sighed inwardly; the pic-

ture would occupy him several days, and the canvas with other items would, at least, cost half of the money offered; but physical want was all-powerful in conquering any reluctance which the independent mind might entertain; and when the heartless dealer placed upon the table half-a-crown in advance for "the job," the unfortunate painter, shaking his head, closed the bargain with a sigh.

Time passed, and Tyrell had no better prospect of casting aside the veil of obscurity, which hung like a pall upon all his efforts, than he possessed at the commencement of his career. When the exhibition opened for the season, he mustered a shilling to obtain admittance; but better had he given his only coat to have staid away, for the sickness of heart which came over him, and the indignation, the fruitless indignation which swelled his bosom, words cannot describe. He beheld some good paintings, it is true; but many there occupying prominent places, he felt certain, were far inferior to those that mouldered in his own poor garret. But *his* productions, year after year, had been rejected; the place was forbidden, barred to him; people could see no beauty in the creations of genius unhallowed by a name; in a word, the charm of fashion and celebrity was wanting.

Tyrell had now nearly reached the crisis of his fate; he was almost starving. Each picture that had adorned his dingy little apartment was disposed of; and, saving that one druggist's apprentice and two drapers' assistants had sat for their profiles to be "done" cheap, he had not earned a shilling for a month; in truth, he was now quite spiritless, and almost in despair; the inextinguishable love of the art he cultivated only forbade his sighing for death.

"I say, Mr. Tyrell," said the landlady, walking into his desolate apartment one morning with a most independent air and angry curl of the lip; "this won't do, you know; one blessed month's lodging is due this day, which, at half-a-crown a week, makes ten shillin'. You must pay me, young man. I am not a woman to be trifled with."

"Mrs. Newman, I confess business has been rather slack with me of late, but if you will have a little further patience, I have every prospect—"

"Patience, young man? I have patience enough I think. Prospect? its all prospects, and nothing else. No, no, don't think to get the blind side of me with fine speeches. Those brushes, paints, and rubbish, I dare you to move away. I shall seize 'em; and hark'ee, young man, you leave my house this day week!"

The notice being given in the presence of her servant, who grinned over her shoulder, the amiable lady quitted the room, slamming the door after her. The unfortunate painter, in due course, was turned into the street. Without a penny in his pocket, he had no alternative but to beg, rob, or sweep a crossing; we have authority to state that he applied himself to the last-named avocation, which, at least, has honesty to recommend it; and the wayfarer, as he proceeds down Tottenham-court-road, will sometimes see a man

standing by the curb-stone, with a thin, pallid, intellectual face, and arrayed in most tattered habiliments—that man, with a broom in his hand, was the "Obscure Artist," a painter who, had his genius been fostered and encouraged, had he possessed friends to introduce him, and the means of bringing his productions properly before the public, might have been another Gainsborough, Kneller, or Opie.

THE LAY OF A SPIRIT.

BY GEORGINA C. MUNRO.

They are weeping, they are weeping,
They who love me, round the bed
Where my mortal part lies sleeping,
And they mourn that I am fled
From the home where love and gladness
Dwelt for ever by our hearth,
Ere the blighting touch of sadness
Stole one charm away from earth.

There were ties the brightest, purest
Of earth, chained my heart below;
But, oh life! while thou endurest
All are heritors of woe!
But the soul which once hath broken
The bonds it bent beneath,
No words to mortal spoken
Its immortal triumph breathe.

And would their love recall it
To the world where care is nurs'd?
Would affection re-enthral it
By the fetters it hath burst?
They are weeping, they are weeping,
In the home where all is night,
Where my mortal part lies sleeping,
While my spirit wakes in light.

Could its joy and brightness borrow
One shadow from that sphere,
Could I mourn—'twould be their sorrow
Which would cast the darkness here;
But no earthly grief can waken
An echo to its sigh;
The might of pain is shaken,
And its kingdom fleeted by.

LINES.

BY MRS. F. B. SCOTT.

Afar, thro' all my weary pilgrimage,
Beloved, my heart keeps well its truth for thee;
Thou, in that heart the closely-written page,
The one sole page of purest poetry.

Wildly my thoughts turn to that stranger shore,
Where 'neath the linden trees thy feet are straying;
Hope, tho' forsaken, wanders evermore
Around the shrine where ruin's hand is staying.

At morn—at eve—my thoughts are of *thee* only
(Like swallows to a sunny climate flying);
One prayer alone cheering the sad and lonely—
The prayer of *peace for thee*, breathed from the
dying.

And, vainly one wild wish (like sunshine, waking
From the dark clouds which veil the stormy sea),
O'er the tossed waters of my heart is breaking—
To be remembered, *after death*, by *thee*!

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

BY ELIZABETH YOUATT.

"Oh, when I am laid in the peaceful grave;
Nay, weep not mother mine!
Let them place no flower-wreath on my breast,
But only this valentine."

THE DYING GIRL'S REQUEST.

February has come—dark, cold, stormy February! But for us it has ever one sunny day, snatched from amidst the simple and time-hallowed, but fast departing superstitions of "auld lang syne"—we mean the fourteenth, St. Valentine's day. Let us take any quiet, respectable street in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, even a very few years ago, for such histories as we would relate were much the same everywhere. What music there was in the postman's rap! rap! What an arch smile upon his weather-stained face, in spite of the nipping cold. The servant girl smiles too, as she takes the letters from him, and her young mistress brighter still when she receives them.

"What! two at once, my Alice?" exclaims the mother, while her little sisters gather round, uttering aloud their wonder and admiration at the beautiful flowers and Cupids and turtle doves, or trying to make out the French mottoes inserted at intervals in the richly embossed border. "Well, this is a handsome one, whoever sent it!" continued the old lady, "and must have cost seven-and-sixpence at the very least. But what is the other about? Oh, nothing but poetry; not to be compared to it. I wonder whom it can possibly be from?" And while she was scrutinizing the post mark, and the children were still hanging enraptured over the picture, Alice stole away to her own room, and read the despised verses quietly to herself, with alternate tears and smiles, never moving thence again until she knew them by heart, and then setting them to a simple tune of her own composing, went singing about the house all that day like a bird, and even, it is said, was heard to repeat them once again in her dream-haunted sleep.

Meanwhile the postman had passed on to the next house, which was inhabited by three maiden sisters, of a certain, or rather an uncertain age; and a head disappearing like magic from over the parlour blinds, appeared again, in an incredibly short space of time, thrust anxiously round the door.

"Miss Brown," said the man of business, who certainly on that morning at least had no cause to complain that he was kept waiting a single instant longer than was absolutely necessary.

"Are you sure it is for you, Becky?" asked the second sister, "for you know I am oftener called Miss Brown than not, from being the tallest."

"And I, too," interrupted Jemima, "at school especially, I was never known by any other name." What a memory she must have had!

Our eldest, as gentle Mary Howitt would say, broke the seal with an air of dignified indifference to these remarks, but a perusal of the contents seemed to convince her of their justness, and flinging them the letter with a sneer, she declared she had no doubt they were right, and that they were at liberty to settle the matter between themselves. And we fancied, as we caught a hasty glimpse of the valentine instantly committed to the flames by the impatient Jemima, a vision of a tall, thin, vixenish woman, with a sharp, red nose, and a cat sitting on her shoulder. It was really too bad, whoever did it; but the Misses Brown had their suspicions—woe to the luckless individual should they prove right.

Rap! rap! this time at the house of the young and wealthy heiress, Miss Arden; and this is neither the first nor last visit he has paid or will pay there to-day; and yet she cannot help starting at the sound, although she smiles a moment afterwards at herself for being so silly. The footman brings it in upon a silver waiter, and he notices that the small white hand of his gentle mistress trembles as she takes it.

"Another valentine, I suppose," said her aunt, looking haughtily up from her embroidery-frame; "it is the penalty that wealth and beauty must always pay, to be surrounded by a set of needy fortune hunters. I wonder you allow them to be brought in."

"It amuses me," replied the girl, in a tone of assumed carelessness, while the tears were all the time falling fast and heavily upon her velvet robe, as though they would blot out the passionate lines which had called them forth, and she would not have done that for worlds; for well she knew who it was who had dared thus to breathe out the love that was consuming his whole life, and he too proud to give it utterance in any other way, simply because he was poor, and she, alas for her! if it was to be the barrier to happiness, a heiress. Poor Mary Arden! we can almost read the guileless thoughts of thy noble and child-like heart, how it is panting to overleap the cold limits of worldly prudence, and pouring itself out before thy shy and wayward lover, shame him into trusting thee. And you, a timid girl, would defy the world for him; and yet he fears its sneer and bitter jest. Nav,

dry those wild tears, for he may be thy valentine yet, if he have but faith, and otherwise he is not worthy of them.

The postman has passed on, and his loud knock seems somewhat to have disturbed the morning studies of the young Grahams, for the dark, merry eyes of the eldest boy wander restlessly towards the door; while his sister makes three blunders, one after the other, in her Italian lesson, so that even the gentle governess is obliged to chide, but is interrupted in the midst of her rebuke by the arrival of a letter for Miss Graham.

"I do think it is a valentine, Meggy!" exclaims the boy.

"May I open it, Miss Vere?" asked the blushing Margaret.

"Certainly," and the patient instructress turned away with a faint sigh; she knew it was no use thinking of study until the mystery was solved; and sure enough George was right, it was a valentine, and the first she had ever received, all about loves and doves, and hearts and darts, and enough to turn the head of any young girl of sixteen.

"Who in the world can it be from!" exclaimed Margaret, her dark eyes glistening with pleasure; "I am sure I know no one, except that fair young man at church, who always stares so, and might easily have followed us home, and learnt the name and address, without our perceiving it. Or, perhaps, Ensign Laurington, who was so attentive when he was staying here at Christmas. Miss Vere, you have seen his hand-writing; do you think it at all resembles this?"

The governess looked up with a little start of surprise, as one awakened from a sad dream.

"I should say not," said she; "and yet it is familiar, too." She paused, catching George's pleading glance, and the whole truth flashed across her mind.

It was in vain to expect Margaret to again bend her mind to her studies, nor did Miss Vere herself seem much more inclined; so leaving the brother and sister together, she went up stairs to her quiet little bed-room, and first bolting her door, drew forth from its secret hiding place a faded, rumpled, worn-out sheet of paper, blistered with many a tear stain, and kneeling down before it, wept like a child. It was her first valentine, and she was young and beautiful and joyous-hearted in those days, with kind parents and troops of friends—and one dearer than all the rest. But death and change had done their work since then, and she was alone in the world—save with memory.

George Graham was laughing merrily when she re-entered the study some few hours afterwards, calm and tranquil as usual; but there were traces of vexation upon the clouded brow of his sister; the dreams of the governess and her pupil had both passed away.

Rap! rap! goes our modern Mercury. A letter for Mr. Frederick Howard, the handsomest man, and alas! that truth should compel us to say so, the greatest puppy in the neighbourhood.

He opens it with an air of languid indifference; admiration has long ceased to be a novelty to him, but gradually as he reads, a slight frown darkens upon his high and polished brow. It is his very self upon which he gazes; the likeness could not have been better if he had sat for it, perhaps not so good, for the artist might have flattered him, which this unknown limner had apparently never thought of doing. There was the long hair and incipient moustache, the Stultified figure arrayed in the very identical Taglioni in which he was then about to issue forth, with the short cane thrust into its capacious pocket, and even his favourite cigar—"Another, yet the same." The verses, too, appear to be pointed and witty, but the fair telltale band in which they are written has betrayed everything, and Mr. Frederick Howard thinks with us that he could almost swear to the peculiar flourish of those g's and y's.

Perhaps he may go to pretty Anne Grey's that very evening, and accuse her of it, at which she will only laugh as she always does; and how bewitching is that glad and joyous burst of merriment! and when she has teased him almost as much as she thinks he will bear, grow on a sudden so quiet and demure, that no one would take her to be the same creature, declares "It was a great shame, whoever did it, to send him such a Valentine; and yet it is very like too." While Mr. Howard scarcely knows whether to frown or smile, as he meets the veiled glance of those mischief-loving eyes, but is finally beguiled by their brightness into the latter; and seizing both her hands in his, asks with playful meaning what punishment she thinks the perpetrator of such a libel deserves to suffer? At which the maiden becomes embarrassed, and somewhat frightened beside; but we forbear to pursue this scene any further than just to mention that Anne's maiden aunt has dropped her knitting and looks quite shocked.

Mr. Frederick Howard's opposite neighbour has likewise got a valentine, sent by some merry wag, whom the smart cab and tiger which he sports, and exquisitely furnished house, cannot charm into forgetfulness of the source from whence flows all this wealth. Mr. Smith is a patient—a very patient man, and can bear a great deal; but that odious heraldic device of a goose and cabbage, supported crossways on a pair of shears, was enough to upset the philosophy of a saint.

It is whispered that Miss or Mrs. Allen, of number nine—for the fair spinster has arrived at that age when tradespeople are apt to make the most provoking blunders on that point—has given positive order that no letters are to be left on that particular day, until she has first ascertained, by a rigid examination of the hand-writing and postmark, that they are from intimate acquaintances; and there seems little danger of the domestics being tempted to disobey so needless a caution, a fact of which from long experience she was doubtless aware, but wished to be able to say with truth, when asked by her young friends if she had received any valentines, a

question which out of mischief they seldom failed to put, that she dares say there were plenty, but had peremptorily forbidden any being taken in, a precaution she had found it of late absolutely necessary to adopt.

And now let us descend a step lower in the scale of society, from the drawing-room to the kitchen, and a similar scene will present itself to our view. Betty, the cook, has just got a valentine, in the middle of which is a flaming heart, which, from the size, must be a bullock's at least, with a skewer—we beg pardon, a dart stuck through it, and tied with a knot of blue ribbon; but she is undecided whether it comes from the baker's young man or not, who has been caught lately in the frequent act of levelling most insinuating glances at the rosy-cheeked Betty, and she wishes that if people are foolish enough to send her such things, they would just take the trouble to put their names to it, that she might know whom she had to thank for the compliment. But the verses, how full of passion and earnestness they are! How gentle and trustful!—

“If you love me as I love you,
No knife shall cut our love in two!”

Betty, as she cons them over again at night, wonders whether the unknown took them out of Shake-his-spear, or made them himself; but suspects the former, from their being so “grand like.”

Even the poor maid-of-all-work (and they may well call her that), at number five, has taken in a letter from the postman, in the corner of her wet apron; and what a smile steals over her pale, thin face! we can almost fancy she must have been pretty once, and would be again if less severely tasked. And a few hours afterwards we hear her—can it be possible?—actually singing as she goes about her never-ending work, ay, in spite of the shrill, scolding voice of her mistress. Poor Kate! she feels as if she could bear anything now, since there is one at least to love her.

For weeks before the magic day arrives, the mirth-loving maiden has determined upon her victims, and called in the readily proffered assistance of pen and pencil from her equally fair and mischievous companions, or sought with patience worthy of a better cause, from shop to shop, before she can find the exact thing required. And then what shouts of wicked laughter! What vain wishing to be by when poor Mr. Jones receives his donkey's head, accompanied by its very fraternal greeting; with now and then a timid expostulation of

“It really is too bad! Suppose he should find it out?” interrupted by the playful rejoinder, “Who cares? Serve him right for being so stupid!” as if the poor man could help it.

What scrambling to put them out of sight at the sudden announcement of a male visitor, perhaps the very identical individual himself, in a most blissful state of ignorance as to the conspiracy afloat against him! What innocent un-

consciousness when the deed is done, and suspicion chances to alight for once on the right person! We can scarcely fancy it to be the same being, who, when all her young companions have departed and left her quite alone, draws one more letter from her bosom, upon which she traces a direction in a trembling and disguised hand, and then steals out to put it in the post herself, lest another should guess the hidden secret of her timid yet loveful heart. Even the fortunate possessor of that gentle messenger will, ten to one, ascribe it in his own mind, to every person but the right, for how is he to guess at the passionate devotion which shrouds itself from the world beneath light, laughing words and merry jests? and she would have it so, for her pride is as great as her affection, and woman's love far too precious a jewel to be flung away unsought. Some day he may grow wiser, and then she will tell him all, with many a burning blush and tearful smile at her own frowardness.

And now we must pause awhile, not in weariness of our gentle theme, but lest others should not take the same interest in its revealings, for of a truth it is one that might be spun out into volumes, faithful chroniclers of the heart's earliest and best affections. Sweet St. Valentine! but for thee, how many a love-tale, which else had not dared to find a voice, might have remained for ever untold! How many a merry jest unperpetrated—how many a glad laugh or timid sigh unheard! We enter the humble cottage, far away in some sunny nook, and there is thy bright messenger of old times, framed and glazed by the good housewife, and hanging beside the sampler she worked when a child, and over the Bible which is the solace of her age, forming, as it were, the middle link in life's chain. We peep into the dusty hoards of yonder pale and solitary being, as she sits with her head bowed down upon her hands, and a cold, withering sneer on her white lips, unknown—unloved—uncared for; and find there thy fond, tear-stained record, hinting that it was not always thus, and teaching us to pity, rather than laugh at her. The mother, as she sits beside the cheerful hearth, surrounded by her children, draws forth thy missive from the recesses of her capacious work-box, and holds it playfully up before the face of her kind husband, who is obliged to put on his spectacles before he can well make out exactly what it is, and even then sees but dimly, as though the glasses had become clouded all of a sudden.

“Oh! those were happy times, Jane,” said the worthy man, passing his arm around her waist, with somewhat less ease than in former days, while the baby upon her lap looked up into his face, and smiled as infants only smile; and three more, a few years older, hushed their wild sports to look at the pretty pictures mamma had got; “those were happy times, but they are happier still now.”

The merchant bends wearily over his desk: he is a hard, proud man, with but few friends—a confirmed old bachelor, to whom this daily toil has become so habitual, that we doubt if he would

exist without it. His eyes wander mechanically over a long line of figures, but there is something wrong, and referring back to a heap of musty-looking parchments tied with red tape, there suddenly falls out an old crumpled letter—a valentine we would almost venture to swear! The merchant sees it too, and a change comes over him. Oh! little does the world dream of tears shed in secret for apparently so simple a thing; but she who wrote it might have died young, or jilted him; for women, we grieve to say, have been known to do such things. God forgive her, in the lattercase, for the blight which her falsehood has cast over the whole lifetime of another. No more toil to-day; the papers are replaced in the desk, the letter consigned to his bosom, and he has gone home in a gentler mood than is unfortunately the case with him in general.

St. Valentine's day is often an epoch in young lives; an anniversary at which we are merry one year, and sad the next; a delightful mystery, which we would fain believe none can solve but ourselves; a season when the aged dream, and their children laugh or sigh, as the case may be, and telleth its own tale of hope, and joy, and change to the silent chronicler. May the utilitarian spirit of the age have no power to sweep it out from the brief catalogue of gentle superstitions which yet remain, to whisper of the simple and beautiful faith of our forefathers!

THE GHOST SHIP.

BY MRS. PONSONBY.

An old man sits in a stately hall, an old and lonely man;
His hair is white with many years, his withered cheek is wan,
His withered hands are trembling, as he clasps them on his knee,
And he looks from the casement evermore, looks forth upon the sea.

At morn the old man looks abroad, nor deems he looks in vain;
“And where art thou, my son?” he cries, “when wilt thou come again?
The breeze is rising with the sun, the dark blue wave rolls on;
The ships sail fast, the ships sail past, and where art thou, my son?”

At noon the old man still looks forth, nor knows he looks in vain—
“A little space, a little space, and thou wilt come again;
The roaring wind is right ahead, the day is wearing fast,
And weary is the lengthened tack, but thou wilt come at last.”

At eve, how softly twilight comes, with its rose and purple glow,
The murmuring wave forgets to rave, the wind is soft and low;

The old man rises from his seat—“My son, the hour is dark!”
He leans from the casement, opened wide—“Ah! homeward steer thy bark.”

He leans from the opened window, and the moon comes forth in light,
And the stars are shining on the sea, where the moon's long wake is bright;
There gliding through the dusk it comes, with sails so white and free,
A ship! with all her canvas set, ploughing the deep blue sea.

The old man stands with folded hands, the breeze flings back his hair,
His pale lips move to sounds of love, a faintly murmured prayer;
But forward bounds a gallant ship, the gallant bark flies on—
“Oh! here is haven, here is home, return, return, my son!”

But with all her canvas standing, the gallant ship goes by,
And long upon the soft night air is heard that mournful cry—
“Ah! whither dost thou go, my son? the night is always drear;
The ship sails fast, the ship sails past—my son, thy home is *here*!”

“’Tis true I drove thee from my house, with angry word and blow;
But wrath with love abides not—I forgave thee long ago;
And I have watch'd from day to day, from weary year to year,
And I am old and lonely now—my son, thy home is *here*.

“They told me that in distant lands they laid that radiant head,
That far away the sweet south wind sighs on thy lonely bed;
That the good ship that bore thee hence came homeward through the spray,
Proudly with all her canvas set, yet left thee far away.

“But well I know this cannot be, not ours so sad a fate—
That thou in death, and I in life, should be so desolate;
And I have seen thy vessel near—to-morrow thou wilt come;
Morning will dawn, though night is drear, and thou art steering home.”

And thus each day the old man sits, nor deems he looks in vain,
Watching the ships whose snow-white wings people the heaving main;
And thus each night that ghostly bark comes through the purple glow,
When the murmuring wave forgets to rave, and the wind is soft and low.

THE POST-OFFICE.

(An Irish Sketch.)

BY MISS POWER.

It is, I believe, a peculiarity of almost all Irish towns, that the tourist who strolls through them, with his eyes and ears open, can hardly fail to return to his inn with materials for a pen or pencil sketch, furnished by the lower classes of its inhabitants, more especially the beggars: their picturesque faces and costumes are well worthy the attention of the artist, while he who wields the quill (a *goose-quill* is ineligible for the service) will find many occasions to use it in noting down the scraps of conversation that are carried on, for the benefit of the public around him. During a visit of some weeks at the town of N—, in the north of Ireland, I strolled down “the big street,” according to my daily custom, to inquire at the post-office for my letters; and finding there were none, I stopped to regale my eyes and ears at the expense of the various querists who came on the same errand. Among the rest was one who particularly attracted my attention, by the eagerness with which he pushed his way through the other applicants and advanced to the window, where, behind the half lowered blind, sat ensconced the pretty daughter of the postmaster, whose duty it was to give out the letters when her father was away. No sooner arrived at the goal than, pulling off his hat with the instinctive good breeding which an Irishman displays towards the *beau sexe*, he demanded with a rich brogue:—

“If ye plase, Miss O’Brady, have ye ever a letther for me?”

“Who are *you*?” inquired the damsel, sorting over the heap.

“Is it who am I? Sure and thruth I’m a dacent boy as e’er a wan (one) in the parish, tho’ it’s meself says it; and Misther Fleenan, that I last sarved, ’ill give me a right good crackther any day—faicks an’ he will.”

“Yes, but I must know y’r name.”

“My name? an welcome! Sure it’s no sacret! There’s not a man, woman, or child in the town that does n’t know it; and in throth I’ve no raison to be ashamed of it.”

“Well, but I don’t know it; can’t you tell me who you are at once?”

“Arrah now, Miss Honey, if ye havn’t got a letther for me, it ’ud be a dale kinder in ye to tell me so; an’ not be divartin’ yerself axin me questions.”

“Diverting myself! It isn’t to *divert* myself I ask you. Sure I must know y’r name to know who the letter is to be directed to.”

“To me. Who else wou’d poor Thady, that’s far away, write to but me?—me that’s his own brother.”

“Once for all, *will* you tell me y’r name?”

“Wid all the playsure in life! I said before, and I say again, I never done nothin’ to make me ashamed of it; an’ if it *war* a sacret even, sure would n’t ye see it on the letther?”

“But don’t you understand that I must know your name, to see if there is a letter directed to that same name?”

“In coorse it ’ud be directed to that same name; that is, to my name. D’ye think Thady ’ud be afther directing it to Father Mathew or Dan O’Connell?”

The unfortunate Miss O’Brady was nearly driven to her wit’s end, and she paused to think of some expedient to “*insinse*” the obtuse inquirer into the necessity of giving his name. At length a thought struck her:

“Where is y’r brother?” she inquired.

“In throth an’ he’s in Philadelphia this two year come Michaelmas.”

“Oh, in Philadelphia?” she said, turning over the letters, and at last selecting one of which the postmark led her to hope she had finally hit the mark.

“‘Mr. Jimmy Nowlan.’ Is this it?” she inquired.

“Throth an’ it is jest itself. Ah! I thought it was makin’ game of me ye war all the time!” said the fellow; his broad face distending into a good-humoured smile. And putting the letter into his pocket, he walked off, probably in search of some one who, more learned than himself, could decipher what was about as intelligible as Arabic to him.

SONGS OF THE MOUNTAIN.

BY W. G. J. BARKER, ESQ.

VI.

The flowers that so profusely spring
Upon the mountain's sunny side,
Waving their small but graceful bells
In every breeze with mimic pride;

Transplanted to the garden's bound,
Where gaudier, rarer blossoms grow,
Though not a leaf its hue has chang'd
May yet by all unnotic'd blow.

And thus the maid whose modest charms
Were in our glens supreme allow'd,
Tempted to leave her native haunts
And mingle with the city's crowd,

Finds haughty dames, not half so fair,
Whose beauty is by wealth conferr'd,
The theme of every flatterer's tongue,
By each admiring swain preferr'd.

And has the gentle maiden lost
Her charms by dwelling on your plain?
Cold ones! ye know not half her worth—
Oh! send her to our hills again.

VII.

Oh! 'tis a joyous thing
To spread the snow-white sail,
And bound along the briny deep
Like an arrow in the gale;
To watch the giant waves
Go tumbling in their might,
A hundred, hundred leagues from shore,
Amid the sunshine bright;
For then the soul is freed
From all life's grosser cares,
And feebleth like a wanton bird
That hath burst the fowler's snares.

But sweeter far to me,
Beside some moss-clad rock,
That for uncounted centuries
Hath defied each tempest shock,
Upon the scented heath
All carelessly reclin'd,
To lie and listen joyously
To the ever murmuring wind;
That sometimes, faint and low,
Moaneth like one in pain,
Anon comes brisk and merrily,
In a glad rejoicing strain.

I mark the fleecy clouds
Float on the clear blue sky,
And number not the happy hours
As they glide smoothly by.
Far from the busy world,
From noisy wrangles far,
Where nothing silence can disturb,
Save the elemental war;
And if a storm should rise,
I love to watch the strife,
And the dark battling thunder-clouds
Contend like things of life.

Some men may choose to dwell
In smoky cities pent,
And others amid rural bowers
Seek, but never find, Content.
The city suits not me,
With all its strange turmoils;
Nor would I in the vale partake
Of the rustic's anxious toils:
Rather on the high hills
In freedom let me roam,
And among their grey and splinter'd cliffs
Share the freeman's happy home.

VIII.

Maiden! that lonely dwellest
On the unfrequented hill,
The heath that grows around thy bower
Flings sweetness from its purple flower,
But thou art sweeter still.

When morning slowly breaketh
All along the mountains grey,
The lav'rock, from his misty cloud,
Poureth a joyful song aloud,
But far more blithe thy lay.

The lake for thee a mirror
Keeps in its breast conceal'd;
Look down, and see each modest grace
Of thy slight form and blooming face
By the smooth wave reveal'd.

The early mavis greets thee
In the music heaven hath taught;
For thee the whisp'ring gales sigh low,
And fondly ling'ring, softly blow,
With thousand odours fraught.

A chaplet for thy tresses
Hath the rock-fenc'd glen brought forth;
The yellow broom and harebell blue,
Blossoms of various scent and hue,
The glories of the north.

All living creatures love thee,
Whether tam'd beasts or wild;
E'en the stars seem to burn more bright
When thou dost gaze upon the night,
For thou art Nature's child.

And since with her thou dwellest
In the regions of her pride,
She has taught thee silently her lore,
And in thy breast infus'd a store
Of holy peace beside.

Sweet maiden, thou art guiltless
Of every sinful thought;
No care thy young heart hath possess'd,
And Love hath never in thy breast
With subtle poison wrought.

Then in thy quiet shealing
Abide thou upon the hill,
Far from the evil haunts of men,
Where blithe amid the birchen glen
The linnet warbles still.

Banks of the Yore.

I WILL!

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"You look sober, Laura. What has thrown a veil over your happy face?" said Mrs. Cleaveland to her niece, one morning, on finding her alone, and with a very thoughtful countenance.

"Do I really look sober?" and Laura smiled as she spoke.

"You did just now. But the sunshine has already dispelled the transient cloud. I am glad that a storm was not portended."

"I felt sober, aunt," Laura said, after a few moments—her face again becoming serious.

"So I supposed, from your looks."

"And I feel sober still."

"Why?"

"I am really discouraged, aunt."

"About what?"

The maiden's cheek deepened its hue, but she did not reply.

"You and Harry have not fallen out like a pair of foolish lovers, I hope."

"Oh, no!" was the quick and emphatic answer.

"Then what has troubled the quiet waters of your spirit? About what are you discouraged?"

"I will tell you," the maiden replied. "It was only about a week after my engagement with Harry that I called upon Alice Stacy and found her quite unhappy. She had not been married over a few months. I asked what troubled her, and she said, 'I feel as miserable as I can be.' 'But what makes you miserable, Alice?' I inquired. 'Because, William and I have quarrelled—that's the reason,' she said, with some levity, tossing her head and compressing her lips with a kind of defiance. I was shocked—so much so, that I could not speak. 'The fact is,' she resumed, before I could reply, 'all men are arbitrary and unreasonable. They think women inferior to them, and their wives are a higher order of slaves. But I am not one to be put under any man's feet. William has tried that trick with me, and failed. Of course, to be foiled by a woman is no very pleasant thing for one of your lords of creation. A tempest in a teapot was the consequence. But I did not yield the point in dispute; and what is more, have no idea of doing so. He will have to find out, sooner or later, that I am his equal in every way; and the quicker he can be made conscious of this, the better for us both. Don't you think so?' I made no answer. I was too much surprised and shocked. 'All men,' she continued, 'have to be taught this. There never was a husband who did not, at first, attempt to lord it over his wife. And there never was a woman, whose condition as a wife was at all above that of a passive slave, who did not find it necessary to oppose herself at first with unflinching perseverance.'"

"To all this, and a great deal more, I could say nothing. It choked me. Since then, I have met her frequently, at home and elsewhere, but she has never looked happy. Several times she has said to me, in company, when I have taken a seat beside her, and remarked that she seemed dull. 'Yes, I am dull; but Mr. Stacy there, you see, enjoys himself. Men always enjoy themselves in company—apart from their wives, of course.' I would sometimes oppose to this a sentiment palliative of her husband; as that, in company, a man very naturally wished to add his mite to the general joyousness, or something of a like nature. But it only excited her, and drew forth remarks that shocked my feelings. Up to this day they do not appear to be on any better terms. Then, there is Frances Glenn—married only three months, and as fond of carping at her husband for his arbitrary, domineering spirit, as is Mrs. Stacy. I could name two or three others who have been married, some a shorter and some a longer period, that do not seem to be united by any closer bonds.

"It is the condition of these young friends, aunt, that causes me to feel serious. I am to be married in a few weeks. Can it be possible that my union with Henry Armour will be no happier, no more perfect than theirs? This I cannot believe. And yet the relation that Alice and Frances hold to their husbands troubles me whenever I think of it. Henry, as far as I have been able to understand him, has strong points in his character. From a *right course* of action—or, from a course of action that he thinks right—no consideration, I am sure, would turn him. I, too, have mental characteristics somewhat similar. There is, likewise, about me a leaven of stubbornness. I tremble when the thought of opposition between us upon any subject crosses my mind: I would rather die—so I feel about it—than ever have a misunderstanding with my husband."

Laura ceased, and her aunt, who was, she now perceived, much agitated, arose and left the room without speaking. The reason of this to Laura was altogether unaccountable. Her aunt Cleaveland, always so mild, so calm, to be thus strongly disturbed! What could it mean? What could there be in her maidenly fears to excite the feelings of one so good, and wise, and gentle? An hour afterwards, and while she still sat, sober and perplexed in mind, in the same place where Mrs. Cleaveland had left her, a domestic came in and said that her aunt wished to see her in her own room. Laura attended her immediately. She found her calm and self-possessed, but paler than usual.

"Sit down beside me, dear," Mrs. Cleaveland said, smiling faintly, as her niece came in,

"What you said this morning, Laura," she began, after a few moments, "recalled my own early years so vividly, that I could not keep down emotions I had deemed long since powerless. The cause of those emotions it is now, I clearly see, my duty to reveal—that is, to you. For years I have carefully avoided permitting my mind to go back to the past in vain musings over scenes that bring no pleasant thoughts, no glad feelings. I have, rather, looked into the future with a steady hope, a calm reliance. But, for your sake, I will draw aside the veil. May the relation I am now about to give you have the effect I desire! Then shall I not suffer in vain. How vividly, at this moment, do I remember the joyful feelings that pervaded my bosom when, like you, a maiden, I looked forward to my wedding-day. Mr. Cleaveland was a man, in many respects, like Henry Armour; proud, firm, yet gentle and amiable when not opposed; a man with whom I might have been supremely happy; a man whose faults I might have corrected, not by open opposition to them, not by seeming to notice them, but by leading him to see them himself. But this course I did not pursue; I was proud, I was self-willed, I was unyielding. Elements like these can never come into opposition without a victory on either side being as disastrous as the defeats. We were married; oh, how sweet was the promise of my wedding-day! Of my husband I was very fond: handsome, educated, and with talents of a high order, there was everything about him to make the heart of a young wife proud; tenderly we loved each other; like days in Elysium passed the first few months of our wedded life; our thoughts and wishes were one. After that, gradually a change appeared to come over my husband; he deferred less readily to my wishes; his own will was more frequently opposed to mine, and his contentions for victory longer and longer continued. This surprised and pained me; but it did not occur to me that my tenaciousness of opinion might seem as strange to him as did his to me; it did not occur to me that there would be a propriety in my deferring to him, at least so far as to give up opposition. I never for a moment reflected that a proud, firm-spirited man, might be driven off from an opposing wife, rather than drawn closer and united in tenderer bonds. I only perceived my rights as an equal assailed; and from that point of view saw his conduct as dogmatical and overbearing, whenever he resolutely set himself against me, as was far too frequently the case.

"One day—we had then been married about six months—he said to me, a little seriously, yet smiling as he spoke, 'Jane, did not I see you in the street this morning?' 'You did,' I replied. 'And with Mrs. Corbin?' 'Yes.' My answer to this last question was not given in a very pleasant tone. The reason was this: Mrs. Corbin, a recent acquaintance, was no favourite with my husband; and he had more than once mildly suggested that she was not, in his view, a fit associate for me. This rather touched my pride; it occurred to me that I ought to be the

best judge of my female associates, and that for my husband to make any objections was an assumption on his part that, as a wife, I was called upon to resist. I did not, on previous occasions, say anything very decided, contenting myself with parrying his objections laughingly. This time, however, I was in a less forbearing mood. 'I wish you would not make that woman your friend,' he said, after I had admitted that he was right in his observation. 'And why not, pray?' I asked, looking at him quite steadily. 'For reasons before given, Jane,' he replied, mildly, but firmly. 'There are reports in circulation touching her character that I fear are —' 'They are false!' I interrupted him; 'I know they are false!' I spoke with a sudden excitement; my voice trembled, my cheek burned, and I was conscious that my eye shot forth no mild light. 'They are true, I know they are true!' Mr. Cleaveland said, sternly, but apparently unruffled. 'I don't believe it,' I retorted. 'I know her far better; she is an injured woman.'

"'Jane,' my husband now said, his voice slightly trembling, 'you are my wife. As such, your reputation is dear to me as the apple of my eye. Suspicion has been cast upon Mrs. Corbin, and that suspicion I have good reason for believing well founded. If you associate with her—if you are seen walking with her, your fair fame will receive a taint. This I cannot permit.'

"There was, to my mind, a threat contained in the last sentence, a threat of authoritative intervention. At this my pride took fire.

"'Cannot permit,' I said, drawing myself up, 'What do you mean, Mr. Cleaveland?'

"The brow of my husband instantly flushed. He was silent for a moment or two. Then he said, with forced calmness, yet in a resolute, meaning tone—

"'Jane, I do not wish you to keep company with Mrs. Corbin.'

"'I WILL!' was my indignant reply.

"His face grew deadly pale. For a moment his whole frame trembled as if some fearful struggle were going on within. Then he quietly arose, and without looking at me, left the room. Oh! how deeply did I regret uttering those unhappy words the instant they were spoken! But repentance came too late. For about the space of ten minutes pride struggled with affection and duty: at the end of that time the latter triumphed, and I hastened after my husband to ask his forgiveness for what I had said; but he was not in the parlours; he was not in the house. I asked a servant if she had seen him, and received for reply that he had gone out.

"Anxiously passed the hours until nightfall. The sad twilight, as it gathered dimly around, threw a deeper gloom over my heart. My husband usually came home before dark. Now he was away beyond his accustomed hour. Instead of returning gladly to meet his young wife, he was staying away because that young wife had thrown off the attractions of love, and presented to him features harsh and repulsive. How

anxiously I longed to hear the sound of his footsteps, to see his face, to hear his voice! The moment of his entrance I resolved should be the moment of my humble confession of wrong, of my faithful promise never again to set up my will determinedly in opposition to his judgment. But minute after minute passed after nightfall, hours succeeded minutes, and these rolled on until the whole night wore away, and he came not back to me. As the grey light of morning stole into my chamber, a terrible fear took hold of me, that made my heart grow still in my bosom; the fear that he would never return; that I had driven him off from me. Alas! this fear was too nigh the truth. The whole of that day passed, and the next and the next, without any tidings. No one had seen him since he left me. An anxious excitement spread among all his friends. The only account I could give of him was that he had parted from me in good health and in a sane mind.

"A week rolled by, and still no word came. I was nearly distracted. What I suffered no tongue can tell, no heart conceive. I have often wondered that I did not become insane; but from this sad condition I was saved. Through all, my reason, though often trembling, did not once forsake me. It was on the tenth day from that upon which we had jarred so heavily as to be driven widely asunder, that a letter came to me, post-marked New York, and indorsed 'In haste.' My hands trembled so that I could with difficulty break the seal. The contents were to the effect that my husband had been lying for several days at one of the hotels there, very ill, but now past the crisis of his disease, and thought by the physician to be out of danger. The writer urged me, from my husband, to come on immediately. In eight hours from the time I received that letter I was in New York. Alas! it was too late. The disease had returned with double violence, and snapped the feeble thread of life. I never saw my husband's living face again."

The self-possession of Mrs. Cleaveland, at this part of her narrative, gave way. Covering her face with her hands, she sobbed violently, while the tears came trickling through her fingers.

"My dear Laura," she resumed, after the lapse of many minutes, looking up as she spoke with a clear eye, and a sober, but placid countenance, "it is for your sake that I have turned my gaze resolutely back. May the painful history I have given you make a deep impression upon your heart. Let it warn you of the sunken rock upon which my bark foundered. Avoid carefully, religiously avoid, setting yourself in opposition to your husband. Should he prove unreasonable or arbitrary, nothing is to be gained and everything lost by contention. By gentleness, by forbearance, by even suffering wrong at times, you will be able to win him over to a better spirit. An opposite course will as assuredly put thorns in your pillow as you adopt it. Look at the unhappy condition of the friends you have named. Their husbands are,

in their eyes, exacting, domineering tyrants. But this need not be. Let them act truly the woman's part. Let them not oppose, but yield, and they will find that their present tyrants will become their lovers. Above all, never, under any circumstances, either jestingly or in earnest, say, '*I will*,' when you are opposed. That declaration is never made without its robbing the wife of a portion of her husband's confidence and love. Its utterance has dimmed the fire upon many a smiling hearth-stone."

Laura could not reply. The relation of her aunt had deeply shocked her feelings. But the words she had uttered sunk into her heart; and when her trial came—when she was tempted to set her will in opposition to her husband's, and resolutely to contend for what she deemed right, a thought of Mrs. Cleaveland's story would put a seal upon her lips. It was well. The character of Henry Armour too nearly resembled that of Mr. Cleaveland. He could ill have brooked a wife's opposition. But her tenderness, her forbearance, her devoted love, bound her to him with cords that drew closer and closer each revolving year. She never opposed him further than to express a difference of opinion when such a difference existed, and its utterance was deemed useful; and she carefully avoided, on all occasions, the doing of anything that he in the smallest degree disapproved. The consequence was, that her opinion was always weighed by him carefully, and often deferred to. A mutual confidence, and a mutual dependence upon each other, gradually took the place of early reserves, and now they sweetly draw together—now they smoothly glide along the stream of life blessed indeed in all their marriage relations. Who will say that Laura did not act a wise part? Who will say, that in sacrificing pride and self-will, she did not gain beyond all calculation? No one, surely. She is not her husband's slave, but his companion and equal. She has helped to reform, to remodel his character, and make him less arbitrary, less self-willed, less disposed to be tyrannical. In her mild forbearance he has seen a beauty more attractive far than lip or cheek, or beaming eye. Instead of looking upon his wife as below him, Henry Armour feels that she is his superior, and as such, he tenderly regards and lovingly cherishes her. He never thinks of obedience from her, but rather studies to conform himself to her most lightly spoken wish. To be thus united, what wife will not for a time sacrifice her feelings when her young self-willed husband so far forgets himself as to become exacting? The temporary loss will turn out in the future to be a great gain.

SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF MY GREAT AUNT.

BY MISS JANE W. FRAZER.

My great aunt was a woman of strong mind and stronger nerves. She was, in truth, a great woman—both body and spirit being on a grand scale. And it was long her favourite boast, that she had a “frame of iron and a heart of stone.” Yet that the rock was capable of being softened may be inferred from the fact of her having been twice led to the hymeneal altar. She had great personal loveliness; but at the period of my earliest recollections she might have passed for the twin sister of Daniel Lambert, of monstrous memory, or for one of the infant brood of Gog and Magog, whose effigies so long adorned the church of St. Dunstan, in the far-famed city of London.

My great aunt loved talking; but she had not passed on the journey of life without using her eyes and ears as well as her tongue, so that, in the course of fifty or sixty years, she had collected an amazing fund of anecdote, which, together with her known skill in compounding pies, cakes, jellies and sweetmeats, made the stated visits of the children of the family a jubilee to which they looked forward with unmixed delight. I was always a dear lover of stories, and I can well remember the greedy attention with which I hung upon her words while seated in the little high-backed straw chair at her feet—the wide tile-lined chimney sending up its volumes of sparkling flame, illuminating the small, curiously papered room, and throwing the shadows of the heavy old-fashioned mahogany furniture in grotesque figures on the wall.

Sometimes her legends recorded the loves and deeds of my ancestors; the fair smirking dames, in stomachers and point lace; and the venerable-looking gentlemen, whose gold embroidery and huge wigs, adorned with flowing masses of snow-white curls, denoted the high stations they had filled before the glory of royalty had departed from the land. Their portraits hung in heavy carved frames round the apartment, while the space over the ample mantel-piece was filled by some half dozen more than half naked, white-haired little children, my aunts and uncles, who were distinguishable from each other only by the choice of their pets and playthings; and to attain this desirable end, the painter had nearly exhausted the beauties of the animal and vegetable creation.

My great aunt, as I have already mentioned, had been twice married. Her first establishment had been the provident care of her friends, who were scrupulous in their selection of wealth, birth, and station equal to her own. But when the hand of death had broken the fetters which had been imposed on her youth, and set her once more free, she exercised the privilege of her

recovered liberty by choosing for herself the exact counterpart of him whom she had duly mourned in all the “pomp and circumstance of woe.”

Captain R—— was a handsome, frank, fearless soldier of fortune, who was only too happy to be permitted to lay his freshly gathered laurels at her feet, and to learn the duty of submitting to a new commander.

The woman who believes she has *condescended* in the choice of a helpmate, seldom fails to indemnify herself for any loss of consequence which she may have sustained. In this particular, my great aunt did not deviate from the wise customs of her sex. In short, they were a notoriously happy couple; for, in process of time, my great aunt imbibed the political opinions of her husband, and thus was removed the sole temptation to rebellion which had ever caused domestic dissension in their household. Finally, she deserted entirely from the Tory ranks, and ever after kept up a sort of running fire of *small shot* against her ancient allies. To do her justice, she never harboured malice on a large scale—her faults being among the few small things in her composition. But it was ever one of my sins in her estimation, that my progenitors had well learned and always remembered the inseparable lesson to “fear God and honour the king;” and many and earnest were her endeavours that the scions of the stock should be nurtured at the fresh well-springs of patriotism.

When sometimes wearied of often repeated tales of rapine and murder, and shrinking from the exaggerated details of the evils and cruelties inseparably attendant on intestine war, it was my practice, by sly intimation or artfully expressed opposition to some particular opinion, to lead the good lady to the discussion of themes more congenial to my age and taste. And it was amusing to see the eagerness with which she would fall into the snare, and the avidity with which she would pursue the topics to which I had drawn her attention.

My great aunt had been educated in all the easy faith of ignorance and credulity. But in her, superstition was not weakness; she held its belief without admitting its fears. It was the seed which, implanted in early life, had taken root in a strong and tenacious soil; and though shooting forth into thorns and thistles, still the plants were hardy and vigorous, and could never be eradicated. Few events occurred, in the even tenor of her ways, which had not been foretold by some prognostics; and every object in nature was made instrumental as signs and tokens of her minor prophecies. Purses and coffins were indicated by sparks

from the fire; funeral processions and wedding festivities might be spied in the bottom of her tea cup; the noisy master of the poultry yard advised her of a coming guest; and the falling of her scissors ascertained that the expected visitor was also a stranger. But chiefly she was wont to dwell with thrilling interest on those well-attested tales on which she grounded her implicit confidence in the reappearance of departed spirits. On this long-contested point her faith was undoubting and unshaken; and many a blanched cheek and quivering lip has admonished her to break the thread of her narrative in compassion to her little auditory. The strange mysterious awe which bewildered and affrighted, yet had invisible charms for me, and I usually seized the earliest opportunity to induce her to resume the discourse.

The feverish excitement of my mind, under this powerful stimulus of the imagination, might have been productive of the most pernicious consequences to my character and happiness through life, had it not been fortunately counteracted by the judicious management and watchful care which I met with at home. Yet I long felt its baneful effects on my senses, and my heart often quailed under its influence. Reason must struggle hard for the victory when her opponents have twined themselves with our earliest prejudices.

Among the various recitals which "froze my young blood," and yet, by a species of magic, kept me spell-bound, as if touched by the rod of the enchantress, was one which, relating to herself, and the facts not resting on tradition or report, but vouched for on the credit of her own unimpeached veracity, made an impression not to be obliterated from my memory by succeeding years, or the various changes of a not uneventful life.

My great aunt, with all her well-merited influence over the actions of her second husband, had never been able to reduce his opinions to the same subordination, though the severity of her discipline made it advisable to conceal the rebellious principle under the semblance of obedience. Yet she often suspected the pious fraud; and, ever and anon, by way of exercise, would encourage him to try his strength in the debate.

One evening the harvest moon was in its loveliest splendour, and threw its long lines of silvery radiance on the placid waters of the beautiful bay on which their residence was situated. The sweet summer breeze wafted on its gentle wing the fragrance of unnumbered flowers, and the busy hum of the crowded city, which lay behind them, had died away till its faint murmurs scarce reached the ear. The holy calm which the repose of nature breathed around might have produced in the least romantic of human hearts elevated thoughts and devout meditations; those of my great aunt and uncle were touched with unusual tenderness. On the morrow they were to part for an indefinite period. Hope cheered them with the prospect of a speedy reunion; but to those who truly love, even a short separation is painful, and often gives birth to serious, if not solemn meditations, and

vague apprehensions of future evil. My great aunt's firm soul shrank not, though at that very moment her awakened spirit saw, with prescient eye, beyond the dark curtain of futurity, and was sadly conscious of the impending ill. The mysterious intimation was evidenced by the resistless impulse to require a solemn promise from her beloved companion, that should they never meet on earth again, the departed spirit should return to its former haunts, and appear visibly to the survivor. Such compacts, however presumptuous they may be, have been often entered into. It could not therefore have been the singularity of the request that startled him, yet he was sensibly agitated.

But recovering from a transient emotion, of which he was a little ashamed, he pledged himself to the performance of all that she desired, as far as divine wisdom should permit. The time and place were precisely specified; even the interval that should be allowed to elapse after the dissolution of the ties which bind the immortal and immaterial soul to its corporeal partner, was clearly stated; and then the whole transaction was dismissed from the mind of the sceptic as a weakness to which a wise man and a brave soldier should hardly have submitted.

He left home the next morning, high in health, in the vigour of manhood, buoyant with cheerful animation, and a constitutional gaiety which saw nothing in the long vista of coming years but honours, prosperity, and happiness. A few short days afterwards he lay on the bed of death. A violent fever, the consequence of over exertion on a hunting party, put a speedy termination to his existence.

My great aunt bore the intelligence of this calamity with the heroic fortitude which had marked every event of her life; and her grief was, perhaps, softened by a secret exultation in the verification of her prediction. Be that as it may, the thought which chiefly occupied her was the promised visitation, to which she looked forward with certainty. Her spirit was elevated by constant anticipations of the revelations of the unseen world, for which she had so long thirsted, and which were now on the point of being disclosed.

In this frame of mind, she received the condolences of her friends and relatives with an air of coldness and pre-occupation that surprised and disconcerted them, and rendered wholly superfluous the moral apothegms and threadbare consolations which had been brought forth and prepared for the occasion. All the energy of her spirit, all her natural activity and promptitude of action, were put into requisition to hasten the preparations for her removal into the country at the usual period of the winter migration; and after some necessary delay, to which she submitted with ill-disguised impatience, she proceeded to the family seat, attended only by her personal servants, having peremptorily declined all society and companionship.

For three successive nights, she repaired at the appointed hour to the dark and solitary apartment which had been selected as the scene

of this singular nocturnal interview. With untiring perseverance she prolonged her anxious vigil till the gray light of morning dismissed her, restless, excited, and disappointed, to her sleepless pillow. She wandered with disturbed and hasty step from place to place during the day; sometimes almost persuaded of the inutility of continuing her nightly watch, and then, by a sudden transition of feeling, clinging with renewed ardour to a belief which had become one of the most cherished articles of her creed. One night more, and if again she watched in vain, she must, however reluctantly, yield to conviction. Again she dismissed her attendants, and with renovated hope and invigorated resolution, resumed her post. But scarcely had an hour passed away, when suddenly a dazzling light illuminated every part of her chamber; for a second she was blinded by its excessive brilliancy. Her heart beat with tumultuous violence; she passed her hand over her eyes to clear her vision, and saw, receding along the wall, at the extremity of the apartment, a figure of colossal dimensions, which was passing rapidly onwards. She rushed forward; she stretched out her arms to arrest its flight; she would have supplicated for its stay, but her voice failed, and she sank senseless on the floor.

The heavy sound of her fall aroused the domestics, who in alarm hastened to the spot, and on discovering her situation, removed her to her own chamber, where she was instantly put to bed. The fainting fit in which she had been found was succeeded by a lethargic stupor, which rendered medical advice necessary. But on the entire recovery of her health, she would give no account of the cause which had led to so unusual a seizure. To one person alone, the dearest friend of her deceased husband, was she at length prevailed on to reveal it. In vain did he endeavour to explain the supernatural appearance, which she firmly believed herself to have witnessed; and after much useless discussion, the argument was closed on her side by a positive prohibition of the subject for ever after.

But as this gentleman was a person little disposed to admit with blind credulity the existence of facts against which the testimony of his reason revolted, he made a most minute investigation into every circumstance that might be, however remotely, connected with the event or tend to the elucidation of the mystery.

After the most indefatigable inquiry, he succeeded so far as to ascertain, that on the night above-mentioned, two of the slaves had agreed to make a secret visit to a neighbouring plantation, and in order to escape detection, they had taken a circuitous route which lay near the back part of the dwelling house, nearly beneath the windows of the retired apartment in which their mistress was seated in silence and darkness. The night was murky and obscure, and they had provided themselves with large flaming torches, of a bituminous dry pine, which emits a strong, red, glaring light; the shutters had been left accidentally unclosed, and the flashing of their

rustic flambeaux against the white wall, occasioned the sudden illumination. The colossal figure was naturally enough accounted for as the reflection of one of the men, enlarged to uncouth and extravagant proportions; and the excited imagination of my great aunt was sufficient answer for the effect.

Time rolled on, till the garrulity of "narrative old age" broke through the barriers of jealous reserve which had hitherto guarded the long-cherished secret. The habit of brooding over it in silence had but fixed it more firmly in her belief; and a memory, become treacherous as to events of every day occurrence, treasured with peculiar care and maintained with petulant pertinacity every circumstance corroborative of opinions which had gathered strength even from the wreck of intellect, which marked the closing years of her life.

THE MOTHER; OR MOTHER'S LOVE.

(FROM THE GERMAN.)

Is the day dawn fair, my child?
Brighter, fairer far thou art!
When I snatch thee to my heart—
Blest angels watch thy sportings wild,
And feel more blessed to view my child.

Thy young love is passing sweet,
Peeping forth like tiny flower
In the soft meridian hour.
Ah! this mother-bliss, I weet,
Than buds of roses is more sweet.

If I read into those eyes,
There an open heaven I see—
E'en my holiest hope for thee,
Mirrored in the blue depths lies
Of those sunbeams, thy dear eyes!

Should he, of all good the foe,
In my presence now appear—
Dare he come my darling near?
Could he harm him? never, no!
One soft glance, there flies the foe.

For thy festal day the rose,
Ever blooming, never fades—
E'en in winter never pales:
Though it sleep beneath the snows,
Pillows thy young cheek the rose.

Blessings shower upon my child!
May thy young cheek never feel
Sorrow's tear-drops downward steal!
Safe as when my bosom bore thee,
May the ill of life pass o'er thee!
Blessing, may'st thou still be blest,
Pouring balm o'er wounded breast;
Till at last, an angel mild,
In heav'n shall sing my sainted child.

ELIZA LESLIE.

Jan. 11th, 1845.

A TALE OF THE COAST-GUARD.

"Why linger, why turn back, why shrink my heart?
The hopes are gone before: from all things here
They have departed; thou should'st now depart!"

SHELLEY'S ADONAIS.

After having been a wanderer on the face of the earth, an exile from my native land, without one fond or familiar face to lighten my pilgrimage and cheer my wandering steps, I returned at a time when a frightful disease was making sad ravages, indiscriminately amongst poor and rich. No one who has not been long a roamer can tell the feelings with which I first stepped on shore, and heard the accents of old England ringing around me its different dialects. How I longed to hug each kindly looking individual, as though he had been one of my own family. I ordered a chaise immediately to repair to the village which had been once my home; yes, the night saw me standing amongst a group of villagers whom I had left on the most friendly terms, but who now knew not the weather-beaten stranger; and they looked suspiciously at me as I sat apparently buried in thought, at a short distance from them, in the only comfortable room that the little seaport inn affords. They seemed to consider it a strange circumstance for any one in so superior a dress to remain in such plebeian company. Alas! thought I, ten years have made them forget the youth who took so great an interest in their conversation and company, sharing in their joys and sorrows, and occasionally laughing at some of his own harmless freaks on them. Finding that my presence threw a shade on them and checked their conversation, I withdrew, requesting the civil landlord to accompany me for a stroll, if not otherwise better engaged; and we sauntered through the narrow old street, making observations on the houses; and finding that he knew me still no better than the rest, I proceeded to make inquiries for one whom I had missed from the circle. When I left he was a youth of nineteen or twenty, and the favourite of old and young. A fine, bold, manly fellow was Philip Harding, with a dark, yet open countenance, that told you at once his was a noble heart. Many a pleasant hour had I spent with the young fisherman in his swift and safe little boat, that seemed the pet plaything of the rude billows, for they always dealt kindly with her; and many a scheme had I planned for bettering his condition, and getting him a good situation where I might watch over his fortunes; for I always fancied him born for higher things than his present employment, more especially when his fine deep voice trolled forth songs that he had learnt from the few passengers whom he had

occasionally landed on the French coast; but all my projects had been quickly and entirely overthrown—circumstances, that I love not now to recall, had obliged me at a few hours' notice to quit England unknown to any one.

"Do you know one Philip Harding?" I inquired of him.

"Know him! aye, well did I know him years ago, and loved my own child but little better. But times are changed, and all change with time. He is a rich man now."

These last words were uttered slowly and mysteriously, as though the speaker meant more than he said.

"How came he by his riches? He was poor enough ten years ago."

"That he was, and nobody knows how he got it, nor where he has spent his time. Before the last two years he had been missed for seven or eight, and every one thought he was dead, as the boat that took him to his station was lost, and all her crew disappeared at the same time. One body only was found, and the others must have sunk; the sea was calm for months after, no fresh wind to stir up the depths, so that no trace was ever discovered. Whether they escaped or not no one can tell, as he says that they left him at his appointed watch, and that he saw no more of them. He has continued silent as to where he spent the time during his absence; there were some whispers of inquiries being made by the authorities, but they have been silenced, for he is a rich man now. He has, however, seen the widow of the man whose body was found placed in a comfortable situation, and had a neat stone erected in our church-yard to his memory, with the image of a dog crouched at the bottom. Ha! there he goes!"

And I saw, at a distance, a well-dressed, gentlemanly-looking man, whom I certainly should not have recognized had he not been pointed out to me. He only, of all my humble friends, was so altered as to make him unknown. Not wishing, however, to address him before my landlord, I turned quickly, saying that our walk had been long enough. In the evening, after having made inquiries respecting the situation of his house, I walked to it, and found it to be a small, strong looking place, surrounded by tall trees with winding walks between, and flower beds tastefully arranged and covered with such flowers as continued to bloom now that the

autumn was so far advanced, and the clematis hung down over the windows so low as must have almost excluded the light from two or three rooms. The old woman who answered my summons said, that her master was not returned from his daily ramble, but that she expected him every minute. Requesting me to walk in and await his return, she then showed me into a large, well furnished apartment, hung round with a great many pictures, mostly marine views and military pieces; but over the mantel-piece in massive gilt frames were two exquisitely finished portraits; one very much resembled Philip at the time I had last seen him, only that instead of his dark glossy hair, that the vainest dandy would have given hundreds for, and have expended half his time in arranging, that of the picture was a light golden brown, and the eyes were of a deep, piercing blue, nevertheless the features and expression strongly reminded me of him. The other was the strangest picture that ever I beheld, it was that of a lovely woman; and as you gazed at the bright eyes and clear white forehead, they expressed a devotion, yet a melancholy, that had no share in hope, whilst the lower part of the face seemed lit up with happiness; so radiant an expression was cast around it, and the whole mingled with a beauty and tenderness that I cannot describe, and never have seen equalled. It was impossible for any one who once had marked that countenance ever to forget it, it must rise on their memory whenever anything lovely attracted their attention, and if a comparison had been proposed, even in their minds, all must have fallen short of it. The figure was tall and perfectly proportioned, yet delicate and slender. I gazed intently on it, and forgot all besides, for how long I know not, until the opening door presented to my view Philip Harding. It was indeed he, but how changed! though few would have said for the worse. He was still decidedly handsome, but the rich dark colour had left his cheeks pale, and they were thinner and longer. His dark curls were as glossy and bright as ever, but they clung around a brow that had lost its old look of careless gaiety; and in its place might be traced a kind of indistinct pain, an unsettled restlessness of spirit that he might never for a moment forget or shake off. I saw at a glance that the sunshine of his life was over, that he could never again be as he had been; something had come across his path and swept the bright flowers away that once had bloomed there; they had perished for ever. I held out my hand to him as he advanced, and he started as I uttered his name; but for my voice he would not have known me.

"I must be very much changed, Philip," said I, as he grasped my hand and shook it heartily; "for only you, of all my old friends, have recognized me; though I spent some time with them too."

"Altered, indeed! but not your voice: no, I could not mistake that, for I have seldom slept a night since you left without hearing it distinctly in my dreams; by sea, by land, in storm and

calm, in peace and battle, it has ever cheered and soothed me; and when all other hope failed, I felt that there was something to live for whilst you were on earth. And now that we have met, let us not part again quickly: you have now no relations and few friends, and you used to say that we would seek our fortunes together."

"I did, Philip, but fortune has been favourable to you, they tell me, since that time, and made you a rich and happy man. The lady has jilted me, and left me comparatively poor." I said this to draw him out a little, seeing how excited he had become.

"Do they say so?" he sighed and smiled; "well of course they know best, and I would have them think so. I love not to be pitied—better be envied than that. Ah! we have both seen much since we parted, and I hope that one at least is happier for it. You will not leave to-night; the apartments at our little inn are not such as you have been accustomed to, and if you will make yourself at home here, I shall be but too well pleased. I know you too well to fear that you will be offended with my free offer; you never estimated rank looking down with supreme contempt on those whom the accident of birth has placed beneath them."

All this was said with bitterness, yet with an eloquence of manner, that I should never have expected from my humble fishing acquaintance; though I had often remarked that his bearing and manners were unusual for one in his station.

"Well, you shall have your own way, Harding, as usual; but how have you passed your time since my departure?"

He thought for some moments, then replied, "It is a long tale; you shall hear it by-and-bye."

Ringling for candles, he desired the dinner to be served, to which I did ample justice, though he ate but little; he, however, drank several glasses of wine, and afterwards drawing our large comfortable chairs before the fire, I reminded him of his promise. He smiled sadly, and said:—

"Really I almost repent it; for, never having told this strange story before, I feel that you may not credit it; for at times, when I think over the past, it seems more like a wild dream than the realities of life; still, having in a manner promised you, I will keep my word even at the risk of being charged by you with extravagance. You may remember that when you left England, ten years ago, it was early spring. Oh! how I missed you! how every one lamented you, at least amongst the poor, whose kind benefactor you were! I wondered at your sudden departure, without saying a word to any one of it, or even bidding me good-bye, whom you had treated more as an equal and friend, than as an inferior; yet I knew that you must have some good reason for it, and therefore I listened to the various remarks made on it in silence, or when questioned, merely replied that you doubtless knew your own affairs best. Yet I no longer took the pleasure in my occupations that I was wont to do, and the time spent on the water seemed

long and wearisome. I missed you more than I could have imagined possible, and soon became unsettled and unhappy. I could no longer bear to join the circle at the little inn, where we used to amuse ourselves in the pleasant evenings, laughing and joking at, and with them, but avoided every one as much as possible, and as my reserve had increased day by day, the charitable people, I believe, half suspected that I had made away with you myself. It was then that I joined the coast-guard service, as they wanted extra hands, several of the men being ill with the disease that is now spreading so rapidly over the country. The silence and desolation of the scenery amongst which my nights were passed, suited my mood, and I began to get reconciled to my situation. It was a very dangerous coast, and smugglers were seldom bold enough to land any of their contraband goods on it, so that the watch were placed at a distance of two or three miles from each other. Thus passed the summer, and autumn came; one night, such an one as we only meet with in the closing season, I went as usual to my station, beneath the high and lonely rocks: I never shall forget the sensation I experienced as my companions rowed away in the bright moonlight; there was not a ripple on the water, the sky was clear and blue, gemmed with a thousand bright burning stars. I felt, as they pushed off, that we should never meet again, and as their voices grew fainter in the distance, and the boat finally disappeared, this consciousness pressed with an overpowering weight upon me; I was certain they were doomed, and I raised my voice to the highest pitch, and shouted after them, then remembering the folly of my ideas should they return, I sat down on the solitary beach; something touched my shoulder, I started and looked round, it was a dog belonging to one of the men in the boat; the poor animal had, perhaps, taken me for its master, and now whined as it found out its mistake. Poor fellow! I patted him, and resolved to take care of him, feeling certain that he would want a new master. Once or twice I thought I heard a slight sound, and the dog looked anxiously at me, then turned to the sea. I now began to think how absurd the idea was that made me fancy them in danger; no wind, a stout boat, and two sturdy men, both of whom could swim well, and what could there be of danger? Nevertheless, the certainty of accident clung to me so that I could not shake it off. Two or three hours passed, I and my companion had walked up and down many a time along the solitary beach; the tide was set very strong, running almost like a rapid river; a low growl from Rover attracted my attention to a dark spot on the water, the tide bore it fast towards us, and as the moonbeams fell on it, something glittered—“Hey boy, seize it,” I cried; it was about twelve or fifteen yards away from us then, but he was not a water dog, and crouching down he growled fiercely; it came still nearer, then passed; a light breeze rippled the water at this moment, the dog stood erect sniffing it,

then with an agonizing cry sprang in and swam after the dark substance; I ran along the beach and soon saw him reach it; he was a powerful dog, and slowly returned towards the land, dragging along his burthen with great difficulty. I walked in up to my waist to assist him, and to my horror I found it to be the body of a man, and when I came to look closer at the face in the moonlight, saw that it was one of my companions, Rover’s master. Poor creature, I could hardly help shedding tears, to see him looking into his master’s face, and to hear his piteous moans as I rubbed the body, trying to reanimate it; when I found all my efforts useless, and wrapped it round in my cloak, he gently pushed it aside, licked the face, and then stretched his warm body against his master’s breast. I could not drive him away, but left them together, where I knew the tide would not reach them. In about an hour I returned, and called to the dog as I approached, but he came not, and when I tried to rouse him, he was cold as his master—they were both dead. The moon went down early, and it would have been dark but for the faint light of the stars; and I sat sad and lonely beside the bodies, thinking how little was known or cared for of the deep affection, and many good qualities that exist in those brutes we consider so much our inferiors. Perhaps this very man had often kicked and tormented his faithful servant, indeed I knew that he had; yet once he had saved it from drowning to serve himself, and though half-starved, and unkindly treated, how courageous, how faithful, how affectionate had he proved! Oh! man, man, thou mayest indeed learn a lesson of the despised dog.”

My companion paused. “And did you never find out what occasioned the loss of the boat, and if any of the others were saved? surely they must have been mad or drunk.”

“No,” replied he; “but the night was not yet half over, and there is much remaining to be told; though, if you marvel at what you have already heard, you will quite disbelieve the rest.”

“Go on,” I replied; and he proceeded:—

“Leaving them once more, I walked back again; the tide had ebbed a good deal, and left a plain sand path, unmarked by shell or shingle, so soft that you could not hear your own footstep, spite of the heavy nailed shoes that we were obliged to wear on that iron-bound coast. At one particular part, the cliff arose all at once perpendicularly to a height of several hundred feet, so that it was impossible to scale it; numbers of sea-gulls and crows had their nests there, where their young were secure from the hand of man. This cliff is always crumbling away, but so small are the fragments that fall at a time, that it recedes imperceptibly from the waves, that forget not to follow up their increasing boundary. I walked on with my eyes fixed on the ground, sorrowfully meditating on the events of the night, and of the anguish of the morrow, when their friends should be informed of it, when a larger fragment than

ordinary gave me a smart rap on the elbow, and caused me to look up. Could it be a light mid-way in the cliff? it was perhaps a glowworm; not that either, they must be sharp eyes to espy a glow-worm at that distance; besides, they love not to come so near the sea: it disappeared for a moment, then came again, and threw a stronger light on the cliff; this is strange indeed, thought I, no smuggler can have climbed up there, I am certain. I stepped on a few paces to where a sharp projection cast a deep shadow, and leaning back, watched the light for many minutes; at last came a faint murmur as of a human voice in the distance, and the light was entirely withdrawn. I drew forth my rocket to give an alarm, but just as I was about to light it, something knocked it out of my hand, at the same time giving me so severe a blow as completely to disable that arm; with the other, however, I seized one of my pistols, and was about to fire it, when my arms were clutched and pinned with a giant's strength behind my back, at the same time a hoarse voice whispered in my ear, 'Fool, be silent, as you value your life.' I was then thrown heavily on the ground, and heard several voices muttering indistinctly to each other, as the light appeared lower down than before. They must have had a door concealed in the rock against which I leaned, at least that was the only way in which I could account for their having surprised me so suddenly. All then was silent for some minutes, until a light was thrown full in my face by a lamp shaded on one side by a round piece of green stiffening, which entirely prevented my seeing those around. 'Bring him away quickly,' whispered a female voice, and I was easily lifted in the arms of three or four men who followed the person with the light. I was now quite incapable of giving any alarm had I wished to do so, as they had placed a gag in my mouth, and a handkerchief over my eyes, preventing me likewise from seeing what sort of a passage they were taking me through; they ascended a great many steps, until they were obliged to rest awhile with their load, and continued to talk together in a whisper; presently they lifted me up and again continued their uphill journey, and, I believe, that they must have had a subterraneous passage through the cliff, for it smelt close, and felt damper and colder as we advanced. Presently they left me, and I remained in this most uncomfortable position for about half an hour, when some one came and removed the handkerchief from my face, and the gag, and I perceived the lampholder before me; she then unbound my arms and feet, and in a quiet, sweet voice desired me to follow her. I gladly obeyed, and presently found myself seated more comfortably; for I was quite stiff from having lain so long on the cold ground. My arm now began to pain me exceedingly, and as I tried to lift it to my head, the twinge was so acute, that I involuntarily groaned, and it dropped helpless by my side; the female approached, and taking a black shawl from her neck, tied it loosely around mine, and gently raising my arm placed it in the sling, without speaking a word, and then with-

drew. I was now quite alone, and had time to look around, and great was my wonder at observing the place to which I had been borne; it was a very large high room, lined with dark cloth, embroidered with light colors in various devices, wreaths of flowers, musical instruments, and other things; rich and gorgeous were the curtains that seemed to be drawn over large windows; around were scattered couches piled with soft cushions, and ebony tables inlaid with gold and ivory, on one of which stood writing materials, on another a work-box, and baskets of beads, and beautiful shells, and artificial flowers; before me burnt a bright, cheerful fire, and I, myself, was sitting on a magnificent velvet covered sofa. I rose and approached the fire, as I considered how my sea-drenched clothes would stain the gorgeous cover. I was quickly enveloped in steam, when some one lifted up what I had thought to be a window curtain (but which covered, in reality, a door) and entered. An exclamation of surprise and alarm broke from my visitor, who had returned with a bundle of dry clothes, which it seemed she could hardly carry. She laid them on a chair, and I thought I heard a slight laugh as she found there was nothing to be alarmed at, and in a low voice she desired me to change my clothes, as I should be soon wanted. As she turned to go away again, I had a full view of her for the first time, the crape, which had hitherto covered her face, being removed, and the massive silver lamp that hung from the ceiling shining full on it, and I stood motionless, for so dazzling a creature I had never dreamed of; but I will not describe her, before you is her picture, but not half so lovely; for how can the still canvas pourtray the life, the divine expression, the soul that was in every movement and glance; had I never seen her again, still I should have worshipped the memory of that vision, though pale and wan. Oh! how surpassingly beautiful have I seen her since! Now she quickly vanished, and I hastened to dress, wondering what next was to happen. The suit provided fitted me well, and was altogether that of an English sailor, but the materials were very fine, and rich, and the buttons had a crossed sword on each. I was scarcely dressed before she again entered, accompanied by a young man, tall, with sharp blue eyes, and light, glossy hair. He stood a minute gazing at me without speaking, and would have continued so longer, for he seemed lost in thought, had not his companion touched his arm, and whispered, 'You forget, Arthur, the time is precious.'

"Ah! yes, Therese, I had indeed forgotten, but I will not delay now. Young man, your name is Philip Harding, or thus at least you are called in your native village?"

"I am."

"You are at present in the coast-guard service, but were formerly a fisherman for years; is it not so?"

"It is."

"Who were your parents? Do you remember them?"

"I know not by what authority you ask these

questions,' I replied; beginning to grow impatient at the commanding air with which he addressed me; 'I am your prisoner; why, you best know, but I am not obliged to answer what questions your wit and curiosity may choose to put to me.'

"'Patience, young man,' he replied, 'these are not unnecessary interrogations; you little know how much depends on your answers.'

"'The safety of some bales of smuggled silks and lace, doubtless; but even in that case I shall decline further examination,' and rather unpolitely I turned away from them—the lady stopped before me.

"'Answer, I beseech you, answer his questions; indeed he means you no harm.'

"I turned immediately, for there was a beseeching look in her soft dark eyes that I could not resist, and I met his glance fixed on me as though he would read my thoughts.

"'You asked me,' I said, 'if I remember my parents, the lady desires an answer, therefore I give it; though doubtless you, who have told so much of my history, know the rest. I have never known my parents, for I was the only human being saved from the wreck of a merchant vessel many years ago, by the courage and strength of a Newfoundland dog, to whom I was tied.'

"'Ay, then it is so,' muttered he, 'she told the truth; but can the rest follow? No, no, and he glanced quickly at the lady. 'Do you know the name of the ship?' he continued.

"'No, but the dog wore a brass collar, with a star engraved on it; I have it still.'

"'Arthur, it is,' she cried, grasping my arm; 'it is your brother.'

"He laid his hand quickly on her shoulder, and his brow darkened into a terrible frown, as sternly drawing her back, he cried—

"'Touch him not, I warn you.'

"Timidly she shrunk away, then putting her arm through his, and looking him in the face, whispered—

"'Arthur, you forget yourself; why will you always thus wrong me by distrust and suspicion? What, if the seer told you of him,' pointing at me; 'you know, as well as I do, that the rest could not come to pass; he is at best but a wicked man to try and turn you against your own Therese.'

"'Forgive me, I know I wrong you, but it is my nature; we must be soon past all this uneasiness. Philip Harding, you are my brother, I know it to be so, would that I had known it earlier, and then I had met you in a happier mood; as it is, we now meet for the first time, and must soon part again for ever. You, I know, are a good sailor, and well acquainted with the northern coast of France; I request you to guide our vessel across to-night; to-morrow we shall be beyond the reach of danger, and you shall be well rewarded.'

"'Remember, I cannot leave my station.'

"'Philip, I have asked you as a brother, for though time will not allow me to make you acquainted with particulars, my life, and the

life of one far dearer, depend on it; but if this is not enough, I must forget our new-found ties, and oblige you to do that which I would willingly ask as the greatest favour.'

"'Oh! say you will,' supplicated Therese, seeing that I still hesitated.

"It was enough; I assented directly, and had the stake been a thousand times greater, I must have given up to a word from her, for I felt that I could risk everything for her. It could not be, surely, that I loved her; the shortness of our acquaintance, her apparent devotedness to my brother, all precluded the idea of such a thing; yet have I never felt for mortal as I felt for her. In about half an hour all was ready; I was silently conducted to the sea side, where a boat was waiting, manned by six sailors; my new-found brother and the lady were quickly seated, and we soon reached a large yacht that was at anchor near. It still wanted some hours of day, and we were many miles from land ere it broke; the wind was fresh off the shore, and after a fair passage we landed safely in France. I saw but little of my new-found brother during this time, he was busy writing, [and I was obliged to remain on deck to steer. About an hour before we landed, Therese joined me, and after making some observations on our voyage, said how much she regretted that uncontrollable circumstances obliged us so soon to part, in all human probability for ever.

"'But am I really never to know more of the meaning of last night's occurrences?' I questioned.

"'I may not tell you more than you already know,' she replied, 'but depend on it we shall ever remember you with gratitude, and wish we could have known more of you;' then taking a ring from her finger, she placed it in my hand, requesting me sometimes when I looked on it to think of them kindly, and not blame her nor her husband for being unable to withstand that fate which thus separated us. At that moment he came up, and after warmly embracing me, and uttering many thanks and kindly wishes, bade me farewell. Therese shook me by the hand, and I felt a tear fall on it as I assisted her into the boat, after which no word was spoken whilst they remained in hearing.

"The next morning early I was put on shore, and found a man waiting to conduct me to an hotel, where I found apartments taken ready for me, and several boxes directed to me, which, on opening I found contained jewels and other things of immense value, likewise large sums of money, and the two portraits you see above us, and a letter, saying that my parent's property had been equally divided between his two children, and all this was mine, at the same time desiring me to make no inquiries, as they would but prove useless. I had now no wish to return to England, therefore I made up my mind to travel, and after spending a year or two in going from place to place, entered a foreign service, endeavouring to forget the past. But it was in vain; sleeping or waking the faces that I had seen but for so short a time, seemed to haunt

me, and one in particular was ever present to me. Ruthless and melancholy I strove to get rid of an existence that was but a burthen, and threw myself in the thickest of the engagements, but death shunned me, and rank and honours were heaped upon me; and though I knew it was very, very wrong, yet my heart pined for those ties that had been wrested so strangely away, as soon as discovered. I have been now nearly two years in possession of my present abode, which I purchased on my return, for at last I felt a yearning to retrace old scenes again; often have I visited that cliff, and had it closely examined, but there is no sign of any passage whatever through it. The unfortunate coast-guard, whose body I had found, was buried in the churchyard, his companion left for the crows to feast on; a not uncommon reward on earth for brute affection and fidelity. The others were never heard of; the boat was found empty many days afterwards, drifted miles away from the place. I have lately cherished a vague idea that you were in some way connected with this most singular affair; if not, my only chance or hope is now ended."

He paused, and seeing that I shook my head, turned hopelessly away, then rallying himself, began talking fast of other things, and when we parted for the night I hoped that I had left him a little more cheerful. Poor fellow! the next day he was taken suddenly ill in the prevailing disorder, and no wonder; for, as I afterwards learned, he had devoted many hours in the day attending those who were suffering from it, without using any precautions to guard against infection, and though this attack did not cause his death, it left him so weak as to prevent his taking the least exercise; he begged of me not to leave him in this state, and I determined to comply with his desire: but he did not require my attentions long; day by day he grew weaker, yet as his bodily health declined, his spirits seemed to rise, for he said he was going to a land of peace, which he had been long years waiting for, and where he should perhaps meet those he so longed to see; he had but one tie to earth, and he would watch over my welfare, if permitted. After he had been long talking thus, one day he seemed fatigued, and sunk back on the sofa with his eyes fixed on the portrait; and little did I think that he was sleeping his last sleep, so gently, so calmly, until I took his hand, and started from its icy coldness.

THE PILGRIM.

'Tis the moonlight hour—over tree and flower
The fairy light is streaming;
And the fragrant dew in its diamond hue
On the silver'd sward is gleaming.

In the deep blue dye of the cloudless sky
A thousand starlights burn;
And the balmy breeze, that flies through the trees,
The light leaves scarcely turn.

The pilgrim now hath accomplished her vow—
By the holy fount she is resting;
She hath gazed with delight on the waters bright,
That the moon with silver is cresting.

But the rosy red of her cheek is fled—
The calm of her brow hath left it;
And dim is the gleam of her dark eye's beam,
For grief hath of brilliance bereft it.

The joyous tone of her voice hath flown—
It is filled with a boding sadness;
And that beautiful lip, where the bee might sip,
Hath lost its smile of gladness.

There seems a spell by that holy well
To recall the days that are fled,
And the hopes and fears of bye-gone years,
And to raise up the forms of the dead.

Once more she sees that cot 'mid the trees,
With the vine leaves clustering o'er it;
Once more doth she hear the music so clear
Of the rill that murmurs before it:

And that dear sight brings back a thousand things,
And forms that had long departed;
And the household band in her own loved land
Springs up round the broken hearted.

Her father is there with his silver hair—
Her mother is bending o'er her;
And the sisters who played 'neath the same tree's
shade
Are smiling in beauty before her.

But the blissful dream now fades like a gleam
Of sunlight by clouds o'er shaded;
Each smiling face, each form of grace,
From the wanderer's ken hath faded.

And the warm tears start from the fount of her heart,
For alas! too well she knows
That the green earth is prest on each silent breast
Now hushed in the grave's repose:

And ruin's breath, like the chill of death,
Hath blighted that cottage so lone;
No gentle hands bind the flowers o'er it entwined,
Their brilliance, their beauty hath flown.

The death-damp is now on the pilgrim's brow—
She knows, she feels she is dying;
And she looks with a sigh and a tearful eye
On the dog at her feet that is lying:

With her it had played, with her it had strayed
In the land where her childhood was past;
Each home-relic is gone, save this one alone,
And 'tis precious, because 'tis the last!

But who now will tend her faithful friend,
Her companion in joy or in sorrow?
For passed away from its house of clay
Her spirit may be ere to-morrow.

* * * * *

When others came to that well of fame,
With the morning's earliest breath,
They found her there, the young, the fair,
In the wakeless sleep of death.

S. J. G.

A WEEK AT OXFORD.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

It was the evening of a delicious spring day when we arrived at Oxford; and almost a full moon was climbing the sky to usurp the place of the setting sun. It was my first visit, and one to which I had looked forward with no common pleasure, amusing myself on the journey with dreaming over the past history of so celebrated a place, and wondering in fact where tradition ended and true authenticated history began. After all, the arms of the city proclaim that its name must have been derived from something far more primitive than scholastic lore. An Ox and a Ford would lead us to suppose that near this spot our ancestors found some stream or streams fordable—no trifling matter in the Saxon or Danish times, when bridges were seldom built, and when the condition of their herds, the great wealth of the people, must have considerably depended on such facilities. *Tradition* whispers that this was a seat of learning centuries before the Christian era; but the light of history only shines—and that but dimly—so far back as the reign of Alfred the Great. A far more probable epoch, especially when we consider that he the self-taught king was in mind far in advance of his age, and likely with a prophet's eye to behold the wonderful and lasting influence of such an institution. And certain it is that he was a patron and frequent visitor of the university.

The *sentiment* with which the contemplation of Oxford impresses a stranger is that of conservatism. It seems an unchangeable monument, yet that is not the word, for "monument" is generally used to commemorate something which is departed; it should rather be called a sort of unchangeable embodiment of past and present, and even of the future; a system that nothing less than a moral convulsion can overthrow. It is with singular feelings, too, that one considers an institution—one of the strongholds of the national faith; remembering that before the Reformation it must have been the spot where in an equal degree were disseminated the errors of papistry, although we hope it will not be considered too liberal a view of the subject to call to mind how very suitable to the middle ages was the imposing form of the catholic religion; and to hazard a conjecture if the simpler and purer doctrines of Christianity could then have made their way into the darkened minds of the multitude? For more true, rational, thought-kindling knowledge is now within the reach of the poorest mechanic, than in those dark ages the power, wealth, and genius of kings, nobles, and philosophers could arrive at. And yet to the careful keeping of communities of so-called "learned men" are we indebted for all the wisdom of the ancients which has descended to us!

In an early number of Chambers' Edinburgh Journal, some account of the colleges was

given; but a few particulars, not noticed there, may be here acceptable. A morning might be very advantageously spent in going over Queen's college, its chapel and library. The entrance is on the northern side of the High-street—one of the finest streets in England—and nearly opposite to the University college; the front of the building extending to the width of 220 feet. This front, presented to the street, being the faces of the two wings connected by what in architecture is called a screen, in the centre of which is the grand entrance, surmounted by a dome. The quadrangle, into which we are ushered, is a magnificent specimen of Grecian architecture, executed by Hawksmoor, after a design either of Sir Christopher Wren or Dr. Lancaster—for the honour is disputed. We must not forget to mention that Queen's college takes its name from Philippa, wife to Edward the Third, her confessor Robert de Eglesfeld being considered the founder; although almost an entire rebuilding was commenced in the reign of Queen Anne. The northern side of the quadrangle, facing the entrance, is pierced by a passage leading into the inner court, above which passage rises a clock-turret of beautiful proportions. In the chapel to which we were first taken there reigns a "dim, religious light," streaming as it does through the richly stained glass windows. Of course all these are devoted to sacred subjects, comprising many illustrations of the legends of the saints, and one or two intended to represent the last judgment, which certainly conveys a very *material* idea; convincing us more than ever that there are many subjects so vast, so solemn, so completely beyond the reach of the most exalted genius to grasp, that the attempt must end in an irreverent and mocking failure. We think whoever regards one of these windows, wherein the robes of the elect are so very purple, and the crowns so very bright, will agree with us, that such things are rather a hindrance than an aid to real devotional feeling. As in the other chapels the service is chanted here; and with the white-robed choristers, and their well attuned voices is most impressive. In the middle of the aisle is a brazen eagle, whose extended wings form the reading-desk; the brazen ball, which the talons clutch, bearing the date 1653. The ceiling is painted to represent the ascension.

The library of Queen's is rich in many curiosities besides its countless volumes, numbering, we believe, the most celebrated works in nearly every language; and we were pleased to see, from the quantity of new publications, that our living literature is not here neglected. There are some exquisite carvings, said to be by Gibbons, many Etruscan relics, a fine portrait of Queen Charlotte taken when young, and ancient stained glass portraits of Henry the Fifth and

that the ignorant and fanatical spirit of the times should thus have destroyed as it did whole libraries; annihilating those precious records and memorials of the past, which no human efforts can ever restore. It is related that an antiquary who, several years after the dissolution of the monasteries was travelling through Malnesbury, "saw broken windows patched with the most valuable MSS. on vellum; and that he found the bakers had not even then consumed, in heating their ovens, the store which they had accumulated!" But to return to the Bodleian: the MSS. of Duke Humphrey were dispersed in a similar manner, and it is to the munificence of Sir Thomas Bodley that the present library owes its origin. He was born in the middle of the sixteenth century, but his family being Protestant, thought it prudent on the accession of Queen Mary, to leave the kingdom. Accordingly, when only twelve years old, he accompanied his father to Geneva, where he studied under a professor of celebrity; but the family returned during the first year of Elizabeth's reign, when young Bodley was sent to the university of Oxford, and entered at Magdalen college. He afterwards spent four years on the continent for the purpose of improving himself in modern languages, and was employed by Queen Elizabeth in various embassies, in all of which he acquitted himself to her satisfaction. In 1597, though only in the very prime of life, he bade farewell to public employments, and retired from court. To use his own words, "he set up his staff at the library door," and engaged in an employment which Camden remarks "would have suited the character of a crowned head," namely, the restoration of the public library. Having announced his design to the university, and received their assurances of grateful co-operation, he began by presenting a collection of volumes, valued at 10,000*l*. His example operated so powerfully, and contributions flowed in so rapidly, that it was soon necessary to enlarge the building. Accordingly, an additional room was erected, which, with the original repository of Duke Humphrey, formed the figure of a roman T; Sir Thomas bearing a large proportion of the expense. But in process of time donations came in so plentifully that even this addition was insufficient, and the university built, at the western end, a room similar to that which Sir Thomas had constructed at the eastern; forming, when thus complete, the figure of the letter H. This is the origin of the Bodleian Library, one of the most celebrated in Europe, and in which are stored some of the most rare and curious archives in the world; as near as computation can take place, it is thought to contain more than half a million of volumes. The walls of one room are covered with most interesting original portraits, such as those of the great founder, Sir Thomas Bodley, Sir Philip Sydney, Mary Queen of Scots, Queen Elizabeth, &c., &c.; while statues of eminent personages, and models of celebrated buildings, form a long line down the centre of the room. Among the *curiosities* we were shown Queen Elizabeth's Latin copy-book; Tippo

Saib's Koran; a salver made from the oak in which Charles the Second was concealed; some rusty old iron carefully preserved as the veritable lantern taken from Guy Fawkes; and a curious old chair, carved from the wood of the "Pelican," the ship in which Sir Francis Drake sailed round the world, and presented by Queen Elizabeth.

But not only for its varied but most noble looking colleges, with every variety of Grecian, Gothic, and Saracenic architecture, mingled often with quaint embellishments that can scarcely belong to any "order"—witness the allegorical cornice at Magdalen, and the irresistibly ludicrous water-spouts of Merton—is Oxford to be remarked; rich also is it in historical associations of Alfred, the Conqueror, Charles's Parliament, and other memories familiar even to the school-boy; it has a natural wealth beyond all this, the beautiful country in which it is situated; its grey walls seem embedded in emerald; or, metaphor apart, the city lies in the midst of a most luxuriant garden; never did we see more noble trees, the growth of centuries, rising too in the gardens of the colleges, which must have witnessed their planting. Those beautiful spacious gardens, so carefully kept, yet open to the stranger, with only a civil request not to touch the flowers. And then the meandering streams of the Isis and Charwell, which come upon us at so many turns that they seem as if showing, by their endless windings, they were loth to leave the spot.

We believe there are few visitors of Oxford who do not make an excursion to Blenheim, the princely seat of the Duke of Marlborough. To do this they must pass the spot on the confines of the city of Oxford, where the martyrs Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley, perished at the stake; and where now is erected a most beautiful monument, called the Martyrs' Memorial; its style is light and elegant, tapering to a cross at the top, while sufficiently near the basement to admit a close view are life-sized statues of the three martyrs, with inscriptions beneath. Journeying about eight miles in a north-western direction, we arrive at Woodstock, a spot associated in old romance with "Fair Rosamond," and in later days with the magic pen of Sir Walter Scott. The "honour of Woodstock" had been for centuries in the immediate possession of royalty, when it was conferred by Queen Anne on John Churchill, the first Duke of Marlborough, as a gracious acknowledgment of his services to his country, while at the same time the sum of 500,000*l*. was voted by parliament for the purpose of erecting a suitable palace; for palace, we believe, Blenheim House is usually called, whether because it is on the site of a former royal residence, or from an especial permission thus to ennoble a subject's dwelling, we will not attempt to decide. Enormous as this sum appears, it did not cover all the expenses; for the magnificent triumphal arch, or portal, of the Corinthian order, through which we pass in entering the park, and a sculptured column placed opposite the grand

entrance, though we should imagine, at the distance of nearly a mile from it, were erected at the cost of the first and celebrated duchess, Sarah. This column is a hundred and thirty feet high, crowned by a colossal statue of the great duke, with an appropriate inscription on the pedestal.

On entering the palace we are somewhat awed by the grandeur of the hall, which at the first glance looks like an amphitheatre; it is sixty-seven feet high; the ceiling being an allegorical painting by Sir James Thornhill (Hogarth's father-in-law), representing Victory crowning the first Duke; while some exquisite pieces of sculpture are arranged on each hand, and the walls of the corridors, right and left, are covered with paintings. In fact, the works of Titian, Rubens, and famous old masters, which are heir-looms in the Marlborough family, are almost beyond price, and quite beyond description. The tapestry which adorns one chamber represents the battles of Blenheim and Wymendael; the chief action of the first being the taking of Marshal Tallard. We noticed too that the dog said to have followed the duke (or one of his officers, it is disputed which) through the whole campaign is here introduced. The dining-room is remarkable for its side-board and table of oak grown on the estate, but the library is a more interesting portion of the house than the gorgeous apartments, a description of which is generally tedious.

The library, which occupies the west front of the house, is 183 feet long, and nearly 32 feet wide in the centre. At one end is a fine statue of Queen Anne, by Rysbrach—although the absurd fashion of the period with the hoop and furbelows, and weight of jewels, must have proved a sad hindrance to the development of true artistic taste—indeed Queen Anne, the humbled Louis the Fourteenth, and the first duke and duchess seem, naturally enough, the presiding deities of the place. Rysbrach also designed the beautiful monument in the chapel, where rest the remains of the great hero. The library contains about twenty thousand volumes, many of them arranged in curious ebony cases; and the long range of windows commands a delightful prospect of the descent to the water, and the opposite woodland scenery. The library is rich in various curiosities, a bust of Alexander from Herculaneum, many valuable paintings, and here also we were shown a service of alabaster. And here *could be* shown the identical letter of the duke to his wife, announcing the victory of Blenheim, written on the field of battle; a drum head for his table, and a leaf from a sergeant's account-book his paper, the other side being occupied with memorandums relative to the soldier's rations. Queen Anne's letter to the duchess on the occasion is also in existence, where rank and style being thrown aside, they are simply Mrs. Morley and Mrs. Freeman; as during the years in which the duchess was in high favour, in this manner were they accustomed to speak and correspond.

The grounds are said to be twelve miles in

circumference, a large proportion being park, where no less than fifteen hundred deer are grazing. The river Glyme was diverted in its course by the celebrated Brown, for the purpose of irrigating the estate; and now flowing in the bosom of a natural valley, appears at one point of view a fine lake, and perhaps at another a meandering stream. There are several bridges by which the water can be crossed, a cascade, the roar of whose waters may be heard at a considerable distance; several fountains, and in many places the water is so clear, that the fish can be seen sporting in its transparent depths. No less than three hundred acres are laid out in what are called the private gardens, and language here falls very short in describing the Elysium they really form. Gentle slopes leading to the water's edge, realizing what the poets mean by "mossy turf," with flowers and shrubs of every variety; and yet the whole is of that character that at every ten yards one obtains a totally different view. Now catching a glimpse of the princely dwelling through some break in the lordly trees: on the other hand, perhaps, the stately column closes the vista. Some of the shrubs are considered to be of immense value from the scarcity of their kind, and the head gardener pointed out a young tree—the californian pine—which is considered to be worth five hundred guineas. Yet these rare things are by no means the most beautiful. It is to the English "lords of the forest" that the scene, after all, owes its majesty. The ancient oaks and elms, and the graceful chesnuts rich in their tasseled blossoms, and the copper birch gleaming in the sunshine. The trees of Blenheim are protected as heir-looms, as much as the house itself, or the glorious paintings. A Duke of Marlborough is not permitted to cut timber without the permission of certain trustees; consequently it must be proved, before this can be done, that the act will benefit the estate. And when one tree is felled, several—it is either six or ten—are planted to replace it. Some idea of the quantity of timber on this magnificent estate may be formed from the fact, that a few years ago, a single storm uprooted and shattered trees, the sale of which afterwards amounted to between three and four thousand pounds!

Shotover park, the residence of Mr. Drury, is almost as well worth visiting as Blenheim. It is situated about five miles from Oxford, near Forest Hill, the spot still fondly remembered as that whence Milton married his first wife. Placed on an ascent the mansion and grounds command a splendid view. The former is a spacious manorial residence of the time of the Commonwealth, and connected with many romantic stories. Here too are found some fine pictures of the old masters; and the tapestry hangings are, to our taste, more beautiful than those at Blenheim. We shall never forget the frank and cordial hospitality of our accomplished host, the happy day we spent at Shotover, nor the interesting account we have since received of the fête given to his cottage tenantry, on the occasion of their garden-allotments last

May; their enlightened and benevolent landlord having granted these at a nominal rent, for them to cultivate for their own benefit. From all we can learn, infinite good is likely to result from this generosity, which places an innocent recreation as well as a stimulus to industry within the reach of the peasantry; and the occasion of their instalment was happily marked by a rural fête, where banners waved and music cheered, and good old English fare was plentifully supplied to all comers.

WHISPERINGS OF THE MISTLETOE.

Would ye know where I hie when the chilling blasts blow—

When the bright face of nature is covered with snow;
When the cycle of time, in its onward career,
Conveys to each sense that old winter is near—
When the hoar-frost comes on with its white crested train,

Eking fantastic shapes on each window pane—
When the pitiless storm leaves its ether bed,
And unsparingly breaks on each shelterless head,

Then look for me, look for me,
Where the laugh goes merrily—
Where the jocund sallies flow—
Where the blazing embers glow—
Where the viands, rich and rare,
Perfume winter's chilly air—
Where sweet rosy lips invite
Mistletoe's long vested rite—
Where graceful figures archly vie
In beauty's honest rivalry,
And bright eyes, so gaily beaming,
Laugh at Stoic's idle dreaming,
That philosophy can chill
Passion's ardent iron will.

Aye, there you'll find me unrepining,
Gaily with the holly green,
In good fellowship combining
To enhance each festive scene.
Cradled high, from ceiling pending,
Dangling by a silken thread;
Whilst from ev'ry nook extending
Do my berry'd branches spread;
Hiding blushes gently creaming,
Crimson hued to beauty's cheek—
Making eyes, with pleasure teeming,
Even yet more joyous speak—
Aiding friendship's kind endeavour
(Germ of feelings now too rare)
To banish from each bosom ever
Ev'ry thrill of icy care.

Where I am no trace of sorrow
Mars the genial glow of mirth;
Ev'ry thought that speaks the morrow
Owns a very sorry birth.

Hearts, till now, that pin'd in sadness,
Each but like a wither'd thing,
Freely welcome coming gladness,
As we do the early spring.

What were Christmas-time without me?
I'm the antidote to woe;
Indeed 'twere cheerless company
Which lacks the gallant mistletoe.

W. WEST.

STANZAS.

BY MRS. F. B. SCOTT.

I saw a fairy bark
Tost on the waters of the heaving sea;
The Storm-King in his mantle dark
Rode there unchecked, in fury free.

And the pale moon gleamed forth
Masses of thunder-riven cloud between;
As when man's passions struggle into birth,
Some angel weeps and shudders o'er the scene.

And in that phantom ship,
The trembling moon all thro' the dreary night
Glimmered upon a maiden's pallid lip,
And prostrate form, arrayed in spectral white.

High on the sullen air
Rose the wild echo of her last farewell;
With eyes upturned to heav'n, she breathed a prayer,
Whose import dying Christians know full well.

No heart so high and brave
As to adventure 'mid the perilous deep;
Alone, unsolaced sunk she to her grave,
And sea-mews wild shriek o'er her dreamless sleep.

So in some narrow spot
Doth stalking Misery hide her anguish'd head,
By th' un pitying world, thro' years, unsought;
And tears are wept, too late, upon the dead.

Seek by the babbling brook
For streaming eyes, or orbs that tearless roll
In sunniest places; in the shadiest nook
There dwells the sorrow of *some* uncheered soul—

"Pale sons of Genius, bent
By dire misfortune"—inspired by each star
That lends its beam from yon blue firmament,
To cheer and bless the watcher from afar;

Or ghastly Poverty,
Which shrinks, ashamed, from Daylight's glance
away,
Feeding on hollow cheeks, the sunken eye
Bearing sad evidence of Life's decay;

The Poet, with a wreath
Binding the weary brow which burns below;
Or pale Consumption, hand in hand with Death,
Consumed with fever's flush and hope's bright glow.

For her a song of praise,*
Who, pitying all the griefs of this sad band,
Hath, in the pathos of her deathless lays,
Implored the aid divine of Mercy's hand.

Mercy shall hear *her* call,
And, with her gentle mien and earnest eye,
Shall free her soul from Sin's o'erpowering thrall,
And welcome it the first in yon blue sky.

Then hearts! seek out the poor,
The weak and wretched warm with heaven's fire;
So shall ye rest in gilded homes secure,
And, mourned by faithful friends, yourselves expire.

* I here allude to Mrs. S. C. Hall's munificent present (a book entitled "The Forlorn Hope") and benevolent exertions, in favour of the new hospital for Consumption.

THE ROMANCE OF A GIRLHOOD.

BY P. P. C.

Nature gave me a quick temper, a warm heart, great zest in existence, and an unbounded confidence in my own capacities. Connoisseurs in female looks would have added that she forgot *beauty* in my outfit for life; but what the worse fared I for that? True, my only sister was exquisitely lovely, and serene-spirited as an angel, and my parents could not bear her out of their sight; but then their occasional neglect of me only furthered my inclination to see what was going on around me, or to read all the volumes in the library, perched on the top shelf, whence I had forgotten to descend in the entertaining delight of a new poem, biography, or novel. If we were brought into the drawing-room to see company, my sister's fairy limbs, soft eyes, and becoming dress were always the first theme of admiration; but I soon worked my way into attention by my pert wit, fearless repartee, and amusing anecdotes. In spite of my plainness my mother was very proud of me, though she acknowledged I was "quite beyond her control—these very clever children always are;" so I blessed my reputation for cleverness, and took care neither the fame nor the privileges should fall to the ground. Everything delighted me—ready of speech, and active of limb, I could run a race, or get up an extempore play with equal energy; and as I grew older, every one of the dazzling, but useless accomplishments in which woman's precious time is spent, allured me by turns. Whatever I began I soon mastered; but once learned, my volatile fancy drew me rapidly to another. Meanwhile, my gentle sister, who had more of heart than of mind, grew womanly and irresistible, and had all the boy-lovers about her, full of verses, flowers and flattery. I was too full of strange utopian schemes, and too well convinced that my appearance was not attractive to envy her for her admirers; indeed I thought them her due reward. I passionately admired her myself, for among my many devotions I held a conspicuous place for beauty, and was always in love with some fair fresh girl, of whom, however, I generally soon tired.

One day I was expiating on the delights of this varied world before an old gentleman; pictures, music, poetry, all the arts and sciences had their warm eulogium from me—my eyes sparkling, my cheeks tingling with excitement.

"Young girl," said the venerable octogenarian, "with those innocent tastes, which every day can gratify, you ought indeed to be happy in the life you are entering."

His words sank into my mind. I felt as if he had given me a patent for daily enjoyment, and hailed with rapture my mother's announcement that she intended to introduce my sister and myself into general society.

It is impossible for me now, sobered and saddened as I am by the troubles of many years and by the expiration of my brightest hopes, to describe as I would wish, the enchantment of the season. The fumes of the gay world curled up into my head, like the most sparkling sillery. I seemed borne along on a cloud of fragrance and light. Every ball was intoxicating; I had plenty of partners, for I had always plenty to say to them, and my *bon mots* began to be repeated among them as dinner-stock conversation. Every person was charming; no one fell in love with me, but indeed such an adventure would have been rather embarrassing than pleasant. All I wanted was amusement, and I had it to satiety.

But it was very different with my sweet sister Melicent. She was very tender-hearted, and cared not for gaiety; the admiration she excited confused and pained her—the love she bore was sufficient to win back her grateful feelings. Thus before our first season had closed, Melicent was attached and engaged to a clever and estimable young man. He did not particularly like me, had once said in my presence, "no man of sense and talent would wed that feminine anomaly a *she-genius*, for very little knowledge is sufficient to make a woman esteem her mind above her husband's." I was nettled, and replied, "I dare say women are much better without marrying at all. One's own caprices are bad enough to govern, without having to submit to the caprices of a self-complacent master, who knocks you down with false Latin and incoherent Greek."

However, they were married, and made a very "comfortable couple." She adored his abilities, he doated on her beauty and her softness. To be sure he never consulted her on any point, and insisted on her consulting him on all; but she did it and he was satisfied, and I looked on and laughed.

After my sister's marriage I accompanied my parents to their country-seat, in Somersetshire. Here we lived quietly, and retrenched our expenditure. It was a necessary precaution, with the extravagance of a London season behind and before.

Some book I discovered in the library fixed my fancy with a passion for botany. I wanted some new excitement after my dissipations, and this completely filled up the vacuum. All day long I was hunting in the woods and fields for wild plants. I exhausted the village stationer's scanty stock of blotting paper. I came in from my rambles with my hair dishevelled, dress torn, and hands smeared with earth. My father complained that I was too fatigued in the evenings to sing to him, my mother fervently hoped that

I might not be espied by any of the neighbouring squires in my unladylike rambles.

But as if to punish her anxiety, such a rencontre actually did occur. I was creeping one day through the underwood of an old forest which skirted my father's park, my hands were full of specimens for my herbal, my bonnet hung on my arm, for it impeded my progress beneath the branches. Flushed and delighted with my acquisitions, I bent my head down to pass under a tree, but as I raised it on the other side of the low hanging boughs, I came suddenly, with a violent concussion, against some one who was apparently also engaged in a scramble. The light flashed in my eyes, but when I could see who was before me, I was confused and astonished to meet the laughing eyes of Rodney Herbert.

Now I had often seen Rodney Herbert at the country church, with his parents Sir Charles and Lady Herbert; but we had never met in society, nor exchanged even the politeness of fashionable intercourse.

He burst into a joyous laugh, and then taking off his hat to me, who likewise had given way to merriment, exclaimed, in the sweetest, clearest voice that ever rang out of human lips—

"Now, Miss Hastings, this is exactly after my own heart. Such an Arcadian meeting! It would be insulting the Dryads to attempt courtly ceremony, so I shall say plainly that I am delighted to make so sylvan an acquaintance. Where are your sheep? Have you dropped your crook?"

"Sheep in a forest in autumn!" I languidly replied; "the swinish tribe would be much more appropriate digging for acorns."

"You don't mean to say you keep pigs! I fear my rural tastes will hardly carry me so far as to offer to assist you."

"Nay, look at my prizes!" and I held up my tin case with its precious specimens. "Oh, the Andrias see my ignorance in those matters is my safeguard, Miss Hastings. Otherwise I should feel it my duty to spare your delicate hands so much grubbing for roots, like your friends the pigs."

I looked somewhat ashamed at my soiled fingers, but the novelty of the whole scene was too much for my high spirits; and the walk back to the park gates was one wild interchange of repartee between us. "I am afraid," he said, as he took his leave there, "that I cannot now follow up this charming acquaintance, for tomorrow I go to shoot in Scotland; nevertheless I must say *au revoir*, fair Flora."

My mother was dreadfully scandalised when I told her of my adventure. "What a harum-scarum creature he must think you, Sibyl; and first impressions are everything." Well, he's gone now; but it is such a pity, Herbert Hall is a splendid property.

I was sorry he had left the county, but I was the more free to follow my rambles, as my mother said the mischief was done now, and could not be helped. In due time the season, *par excellence*, arrived; and early in February we

repaired to London—my father's duties in Parliament requiring us to anticipate the gaiety.

I expected to enjoy the balls as much as any one, but I had grown weary of London before they commenced. They were now insipid to my taste. I grew disgusted with cloying flatteries, and began to feel that I was made for something deeper and stronger than indiscriminate and shallow attentions. "What a glare and gaudiness a crowded town shows in summer," I said to myself.

My sister was now in the Isle of Wight. Her letters glowed with descriptions of moonlight walks; calm, sunny sails on the beautiful ocean; rides and drives; flowers and birds. I attributed my discontent to a dislike of town, but in reality it was the satiety of mere idle pleasure.

One evening in a gay, crowded ball-room, I stood near the dancers with a young guardsman, whose gilded person could not conceal his vapid mind, when a merry, well-remembered voice near me recalled all my missing liveliness.

"How suits the wood-nymph to the exotics of May-fair? You do not look as if you had been folded up in blotting paper with your dried plants and withered all winter in a *Hortus Siccus*."

I answered in the same spirit, and was right glad to exchange the soldier for this welcome new comer, with whom I presently joined the dance. He was totally different in every respect from any of my London partners. He had a fearless way of saying every witty sally that came into his head, which, from another, might have seemed impertinence, but aided by his sparkling, admiring eyes, and the peculiarly sweet tones I have before remarked, they lost all their bitterness, and only retained their point and glitter.

Indeed his conversation was like a *jet-d'eau* on a sunny day, a continual shower of bright diamond drops that fell gleaming on all who approached him. He was never out of temper; he was never discontented; he was always cheerful, lively, and good-natured. Such a character was the most alluring of any to a young, enthusiastic girl like myself. I had had no trials in life, and had therefore, as yet, no sympathy with a more grave and chastened disposition. But the grace, the wit, the *gaieté de cœur*, which distinguished Rodney Herbert, blinded me at once to any imperfections, keeping my fancy and my love of amusement in such continual play, that my judgment went composedly to sleep without any interference in the matter. Still I felt that the country was better fitted for intimate intercourse, and I told my mother that I was tired of London, and did not want another season of giddy dissipation.

"You are growing marvellously sedate, Sibyl, but I am not sorry for your caprice having turned in this direction. Your father intends resigning his seat in parliament, and we shall be glad to give up this expensive London establishment."

So we left town, and went to Somersetshire, resolved to be county magnates for the future.

Rodney Herbert was not long in following us; and Sir Charles' property "marching" with ours, it was a necessary consequence of our London dances to have country walks. He was very musical too, and his voice was as sweet in singing as in speaking; ah, how some old melancholy airs recall it still!

As we grew more intimate, my giddy love of amusement deepened and deepened, until self faded away in the distance. All the occupations and studies which I had formerly loved for their intrinsic interest became only relatively valued, according as they pleased him. I was grateful for the sunshine he shed upon my life, for the colouring even books derived from his opinion. I was tremblingly fearfully happy; for I had two subjects of anxiety with regard to him. One was, my dread lest I was too deficient in beauty to win love; the other, lest he should really be in earnest in all his lively jests regarding his vows of celibacy; his terror of being *taken in* by women, fears which he playfully expressed about twenty times a day. Fears, however, which I laughed at, as another field for his lively raillery to desport in.

It was, indeed, difficult to ascertain Rodney Herbert's precise meaning on any subject; for as he never knew sadness, so he never seemed to know seriousness. I daresay that now I should distrust so continual a flow of spirits, but then it appeared to me the fitting temperament of youth, and his brightness warmed, as well as dazzled me. But I had within the elements of powerful emotion, and constant intercourse with one so fascinating and amiable, (for, indeed, he was a tender son, and a most affectionate brother) awoke in me the seeds of love, that was to grow to a bitter flower. Although always in my society, his attentions never became so definite that my pride, as well as my affection, could be satisfied. Looks, gestures, tones, soft poetry, and melting song, spoke for him, but never yet had he said in plain and questioning words—"I love you, Sibyl Hastings; do you love me in return?"

Christmas, the merrie time, had now come round, and great were the gatherings in the country houses. My mother, elated at having no Eaton-square expenses hanging darkly in the future, in the bounty of her heart proposed a grand *r  union*, and a large and hospitable list was made out forthwith.

"Who is this Mrs. Colonel Talbot you have put down?" I asked, on looking over the imposing array of names which my mother gave to me, as private secretary, to indite the invitations.

"She is a widow lady of high family, who, with her niece is staying at Lord Gresham's, so we must ask them all together; and the niece is such a lovely creature, the most useful ornament of a country party; for you, my dear Sibyl, will not care now to keep the young men amused, and nothing but skating and a pretty girl will save them from the most terrific ennui."

I laughed, and wrote the polite note, which begged for "the honour of Mrs. and Miss Talbot's company at Eagleshurst;" but little did I

imagine I was thereby requiring the downfall of my first aerial castle. She petrified me with her peculiar beauty, that Henrietta Talbot. The loveliest complexion; the most delicate limbs; the most unconscious, almost childlike smile; the slight air of the head; the sweep of the walk. There was intention in these last, and many very soon pronounced it "*malice prepense*." But I am thankful to say I did not easily receive uncharitable surmises. I saw at once she was far beyond me in the graces of beauty, and my own passion for loveliness found a new feast in her symmetrical form. I even pointed her out to Rodney Herbert, and was delighted to find him echo my admiration of the fair girl.

Our party was admirably amalgamated; everybody knew everybody, and I do not believe there were half-a-dozen offences taken during the ten days of the gathering. My dear mother, with her gentle voice and anxious eye, was ever hovering from group to group, never coming too near when she saw interesting conversation on the tapis, but always hurrying forward, the very model of mediators when brows began to lower, or eyes to flash.

Every variety of amusement had been provided of which the season would admit: dancing and music every night; billiards, skating, frosty walks, furred drives, every day. I remember Rodney Herbert's love of frolic even drove him to snap-dragon, and some queer mystic ceremonies on the last night of the year, which he assured us were infallible to discover all particulars regarding our future partners in life; a point on which he confessed himself exceedingly inquisitive.

During the first two days of this meeting, he attached himself wholly to me, contenting his eyes with frequent glances at the fair Henrietta; but on the third I missed him. I was determined to show no disappointment, and therefore lionized a large party to a petrifying well in the forest; but as we were coming home, we chanced to pass the very spot, leafless and dreary now, where I had first encountered Rodney Herbert, and lo! there he sat, swinging on a thick, dry branch, and discoursing to Miss Henrietta Talbot, in the most musical voice that ever was given to man for his temptation.

My first mortification! I forget how I stood it. I think I laughed and complimented Rodney Herbert on his new wood-nymph; adding, "But the woods are withered, Miss Talbot; there is no real sap in them, let that be a warning to you." I certainly was very much provoked. However, the next day he was by my side again, as *d  vou  * as ever, saying with his usual archness—

"I cannot tell you how much regret I have in returning from this little *detour* from my beaten track. I assure you, you are ten thousand times more piquant than before. I was so delighted to see you look proud. Pride is a fine thing in a clever woman."

So he flattered me, and I, weak fool, like a sheep that knows its shepherd's voice, followed him still trustingly, and required worse treachery to know myself deceived. For few days he

alternated between the beautiful Henrietta and myself, but she seeing his vacillation, brought all her arts to the aid of her beauty, and I, who had neither artifice, nor good looks, became positively ugly, because fear and distrust wrote harsh lines on my young face. She won the day, as any one looking on us both might have foreseen; and when the Christmas visit ended, Rodney Herbert left Eagleshurst in pursuit of her. Alas! alas! how can I tell of those times; my parents were very angry, and insisted upon it that I must have offended the lover who had hitherto seemed so assiduous in his visits. I was utterly bowed down with shame. I accused myself of having misinterpreted his friendship, of giving a forward and unsought affection; of every unfeminine and unseemly giddiness; but like a true woman, I never blamed him. I only wept in secret when I thought of him, and wished I had gone on for ever in my shallow, girlish carelessness. But, alas! love is a lesson that can never be unlearned; oh, that woman could remain in ignorance of it, for seldom does its acquisition tend towards her peace of mind.

I strove unceasingly to conceal the effects this first sorrow had upon my hitherto volatile mind, but my mother, who might have overlooked my tears, could not overlook my want of appetite, and the sympathy she denied to my sorrow, she gave willingly to my neglect of her *rol au vent*.

She said to my father—"The child is very silly, but really this business has made her quite ill; just see what a dinner she eats!"

"Give her change of air then."

So I was sent to my sister's fresh sunny sea villa, near Rose Church, Isle of Wight. I found Melicent singing a lullaby over an infant of about three months old. It was an exquisite specimen of baby beauty. What a delicate rose-leaf cheek, and the tiniest hands, and clear eyes without a shadow! She was a devoted mother; I never thought her so beautiful as when watching over her child—even so early the little thing began to repay her love; and this new page of life awoke a new train of emotions in my impressible heart. I began to see there were affections in woman's nature far purer, and more really elevating than the utopian visions of first love. I saw, on a nearer survey of Chillingham's character, which was improved, and engaged by the holy duties of husband and father, that it is impossible for a girl fluttering on the surface of society, where every one shines so smooth and polished, to form very deep or accurate judgments of those men with whom she associates. I felt ashamed to reflect that I had been following a mere will-o'-the-wisp, and that any sudden fall was wholly attributable to my preferring a dance over uncertain ground.

With these philosophical reflections, I attempted to jurymast my heart, which certainly had been cruelly used by the storm. I recovered my old interest in the busy tide of life. I did not romanticise over the moonlight sea, and the outward bound ships that bore along its bosom; no, I drew strength and cheerfulness

from nature, as I drew restored health from the delicious sea air. My temper likewise, became softened by the contact of that gentle little child, and her still more gentle mother. I stayed with them a year, contented and reconciled to myself and fortune, and not sorry to know that Rodney Herbert's alluring smiles were not awaiting my return to my own home. For he had soon discovered that the fair Henrietta's penchant extended more to the baronetcy and Hall, than to himself; and his careless disregard for womanly affection being much confirmed by this exertion of penetration on his own part, he avowed his intention of going to the East in a diplomatic employment.

"I daresay the uneducated Circassians are doubly more truthful, and doubly more interesting than the mercenary belles of England." Such was his parting scoff, and so soon was my sincerity forgotten.

On reaching Eagleshurst, I found a gentleman of great scientific notoriety residing with my parents. Mr. Donnithorpe had come into our neighbourhood on a trigonometrical survey, and bringing very flattering letters of introduction to my father, had pleased him so much by his deep and varied knowledge, that when his mathematical labours were at an end, he was easily persuaded to remain for the purpose of making some important meteorological tables in which his whole heart was engaged.

Mr. Donnithorpe was about thirty years of age; tall, with a figure of great bulk and strength; his features large and heavy, except his eyes, which were both thoughtful and brilliant, and the rich black hair was rapidly falling away, and already baldness gave a look of premature age to his reflective face. He scarcely noticed me, but continued the daily and nightly discussions on scientific subjects, which had so much engrossed my father.

As for my poor dear mother, she used to work vigorously after dinner to keep her eyes open; but even this laudable preventive against slumber frequently failed, and the F.R.S. was sometimes startled in his theories of acoustics by a delicately slight snore from my scientific mamma. I was very much amused, and occupied myself for a few nights with drawing caricatures of the trio; but vanity, or listlessness, or ambition, soon prompted me to essay my own powers of comprehension in these new and hitherto uninviting studies. Accordingly I made known my thirst for information to our guest, whose whole soul caught fire immediately: he favoured me with an hour's modernized version of "Severn's Advancement of Learning," and finally dismissed me, with a task in the first elements of Euclid. As I departed, half-yawning and half-interested, I heard him say absently to himself, "She is really pretty, I do believe; and such an intellectual taste!" I now read very stedfastly the various elementary works he recommended, partly because the subjects were indeed high and nobly worth the mental self-command they required, partly because my vanity was stimulated

to succeed in the undertaking I had commenced. But I had not calculated on the effect my industry was to exercise upon my instructor. Poor man; he now hastened to accompany me, when I set out for a walk. This I did not relish, as I enjoyed a wild ramble alone after my hard reading. Then he actually invaded the music-room, when I sat practising, and asked for one of his favourite songs! An F.R.S. to have a favourite song!—nay, he once begged me to lend him a little volume of poetry which I had praised highly the preceding day! This last piece of unwonted gallantry opened my eyes; and his bashful, stumbling sort of way of attempting to make himself agreeable, confirmed my fears that poor Mr. Donnithorpe had fallen in love with my transient fit of scientific enthusiasm. What was to be done? If neglected, the mischief was increasing daily. Should I treat the folly with a determined frigidity, or should I soberly resign myself to fate, and become a female F.R.S.? I had passed for ever the passionate idolatry of girlhood—I had drunk of the bitter fountain, and could not stoop to it again; however, our philosopher was hardly a man for that sort of defecation. I doubt if he could have comprehended the imaginative homage I lavished in my fancy on my first shrine. He had not an atom of poetry in his nature: he was learned, ingenious, honest-hearted, affectionate; but he was matter-of-fact to an indescribable degree.

Now I had still the ashes of my old fires within me: if they would not rekindle at the touch of mankind, they did at that of nature. Enthusiasm was the essence of my character, alike its strength and its weakness. I attempted to raise a fastidious interest in the good and celebrated man whose affection I had excited. I reminded myself of the philosophical resolution I had made in the Isle of Wight—not to expect dream-happiness nor dream-perfection in the sober realities of the wedded state. I cultivated my studies with double assiduity; I tried to pay double attention to his explanations, that I might truly render my mind congenial to his; but ah me, the cloven foot would peep out: there were tendencies in me quite antagonistic to the dry imaginative philosopher. We looked upon everything through differently coloured glass. While he was lecturing upon the causes of rain, and enumerating meteorological data, I was walking with my eyes and volatile fancy in the skies, framing wild and lovely visions out of the sunset clouds. Even a book we read with different associations; our minds were in truth no ways congenial; my mind, indeed, began to be weary and worn, by always straining and distorting its natural powers to subjects not within its ordinary range. When I had seen all the experiments, and wondered at all the facts, I was too impetuous to pursue the patient labours of induction, which all must accomplish who wish to pass the outer threshold of the temple. I caught myself often yawning during his long-winded treatises, and once, indeed, I remember my evil genius carried me in spirit so

completely to the sunny shores of the Wight, that at the end of a lecture on the ebb and flow of the tides, when he wound up with "I am sure, Miss Hastings, your quick perception will see this subject in the same light as myself, after much patient consideration;" I answered eagerly, "Oh yes. And don't you think that the sunshine on the white Culver Cliffs makes them gleam like silver panoply—you could fancy our lovely Vista a maiden knight, like Clorinda, showing her silver mail to the foe!"

"Clorinda?" said the puzzled Savant; "where were your thoughts wandering, Miss Hastings?"

"To the Isle of Wight, and Tasso!" I answered, colouring; and in a voice between laughing and crying, and without another word, I hastily left the room, and ran up-stairs to my mother's dressing-room, and throwing myself on the couch beside her, as she lay, sobbed out, "I cannot do it! I have tried, but indeed, dear mother, I cannot do it!"

"Cannot do what?" asked my mother.

"Cannot love Mr. Donnithorpe."

"But has he ever asked you to do so?"

I stood looking exceedingly silly; then laughing through my sobs, I answered, "Not yet; but he seems on the verge of it."

"What a ridiculous child you are," cried my mother, as petulantly as her good nature would permit. "You are always getting into scrapes. However, I cannot be surprised at your distaste for Mr. Donnithorpe's eternal harangues; I declare he goes on droning after dinner upon hydrostatics and pneumatics, and all the 'atics,' till I feel perfectly confused and stultified."

"Whereas, the only attics you care about, dear mamma, are the servants' attics, and how you are to lodge four visitors' lady's maids and footmen."

"You are a pert minx, and I can tell you your father won't be pleased at your giving yourself such childish airs about Mr. Donnithorpe; for he has taken an extraordinary fancy to him. The best way to avoid explanations is to go away. Melicent has just had a little boy, so you cannot go to her at present; but Lady Tresham has been so pressing in her invitations that I think you can easily accept them now, and end the matter."

I perfectly agreed with her, for I was very tired of proud philosophy, and had fallen out with the "atics" almost as much as herself; but she was so unskilful in her communication to my father of my intended visit to Lady Tresham, that Mr. Donnithorpe could not avoid overhearing her, and the news only hastened the crisis which I had hoped altogether to escape.

He went at once to my father, and with mixed bluntness and hesitation laid open his feelings; his love for me, his desire to make me happy; his ample income, ready to second those desires. My sire was unexpressed gratified; he was sure his daughter would feel the honour of distinguished preference as keenly as himself; and full of great visions he hastened to me.

I remonstrated, I pleaded; I deprecated in

vain. "You have given him every encouragement," said my father; "what else led you to study dry and most unfeminine works?" He could not understand my female vocation, but my mother did, and pitied me; and to her advocacy was I indebted that I was not married "out of hand" to my scientific suitor.

"Poor child," said my mother, "she tells me she has never got beyond 'the Asses' Bridge,' so I am sure she will make no fitting wife for so great a genius."

My father was not to be appeased; he had always been proud of my talents, and this was a triumph beyond his highest aspirations. Mr. Donnithorpe's name was already high in the scientific orbits; his fame was spreading daily. What an honour to be father-in-law to such a man! And all to be lost for a girl's silly fancies; a girl too who had already loved out her first love, and therefore had no romantic excuses to offer. I was so very much frightened by his anger that, by my mother's advice, I hastily accepted Lady Tresham's former invitation, and spent with her a most uncomfortable three months; she had many anecdotes regarding Henrietta Talbot and Rodney Herbert, and showed the localities of her stories with all the gist of a professional guide. These remembrances, together with the re-action of feeling which often follows any great excitement, carried me back unresistingly to the days of my first love; I recalled, with unavailing regret, the fervent raptures of that intoxicating delirium, the passionate idolatry with which I regarded one who had faded from his pristine glory in my eyes. I lamented the bursting of youth's prismatic bubbles; I wrote songs innumerable to melancholy airs; in fact, I indulged in enervating sentimentalities which I would have indignantly repudiated in my first disappointment, and I grew very weak and foolish.

During my stay at Lady Tresham's Mr. Donnithorpe began to rail against female genius; he discovered that clever women were generally heartless; "man does not require in his wife an equal companion, but a downy rest for his soul wearied with higher flights." So in the third month of my absence he suddenly announced that he had that morning espoused a fair, rose-checked, young damsel, barely fifteen, who had read nothing but her bible, and who brought eggs and cream from her father's farm to Eagleshurst. This piece of news revived me beyond measure. I wrote to my mother to ask if I might return home. I did not receive an answer for some weeks, and when I did was horror-struck to hear that my father was dying of a heart-complaint.

I hastened back, and found him in great suffering. I was thankful to be able to lighten the cares of my dear mother; and the poor invalid seemed grateful for our attentions. After some months lingering under the rapid increase of dropsy, he died suddenly one Sunday afternoon while my mother was reading to him from the scriptures.

Eagleshurst, being entailed, passed to a dis-

tant relation, and my mother and I were therefore forced to strike our tents, and march out upon the world.

We established ourselves in the next house to my sister's in the Isle of Wight, and I became by mutual consent governess to her increasing family. She has now ten children, and I have my time so completely occupied that it is only by midnight writing I have been able to trace this record of my youthful follies.

I am forty-five, and they say very plain and "wizen'd," and much older-looking than my plump, rosy, matronly sister. However, that does not matter, I have no time to gape in the mirror, and the children kiss and hug me as fondly as if I were the Venus de Medicis. My mother *does* tell some apocryphal stories, "how Sibyl neglected the most splendid offers;" but all I remember of my youth is, that I loved truly and in vain; that I was loved truly, and also in vain. I firmly believe that in the loneliness of a single woman's unshared decline the ecstasies of pure, unselfish love purify and soften the heart; that it is well for her to have suffered; that, however unworthy the object may have been, distance sheds on him a sanctifying light; she thinks only of the idol she glorified with every imaginary virtue, and not of the man who proved himself cold and forgetful.

I saw Sir Rodney Herbert yesterday in Pall Mall; he had on a hideous scratch wig; he had contracted a most ungainly stoop, and his voice was mumbling from the loss of his teeth; for I heard him speak to the waiter as he entered his club. But can I think of him under any disguise but as the gay and ever-valued, graceful youth, whose words were honey to my ears. Oh no; Tennyson speaks truth—

"Love is love for evermore."

THE MAID OF ATHENS.*

BY WILLIAM HENRY FISK.

We read of thee, we deem thee bright and young,

We gaze on thee with fancy's eye,

We picture thee as fair as when *he* sung,

As though Time's pinions since had cease to fly—

Where'er we turn the page, still, maiden, thou art nigh,

Still thou art present to enchant the mind,

A spell-born being, a remembered dream,

A something lingering all else behind—

'Tis ecstasy to see thee, and to deem

We trace the breathing form that charmed the poet's theme.

And to us thou art one eternal spring,

Verdant with loveliness and joy;

As if the ice of age could never cling,

Nor with its coldness spread alloy

Through damask cheeks, sweet lips, eyes breathing hope.

* "Four-and-twenty years have passed since Byron's poem was written, and a recent traveller has assured us that he saw Theresa Macri last year without a vestige of her former beauty, struggling with poverty; but striving, in the sacred character of wife and mother, to obtain a scanty subsistence for her children."—*New Monthly Belle Assemblée*, October, 1844.

We dream of thee with a delusive love,
 We see thee not, yet fondly deem thou art
 Fair as thy skies, which amber gleam above,
 Art still the maiden of the poet's heart,
 Unchanged, as when he gazed on thee, so soon
 to part.

Maiden of Athens! oh! thy name recalls
 The thought how beauty living fades,
 How crumbled are Athena's lovely walls,
 Her lofty pillars and her glades
 Of antique masonry, what are they now but shades!
 Shadows of splendour faded long away,
 The time-spoiled ruins of a deathless fame;
 Though ruined, beautiful in their decay,
 Though fallen, yet a reverence they claim,
 And they were honoured still, though they had but
 a name.

And oh! had Athens with the dead been blent,
 When she to pristine splendour grew,
 That perfect beauty were destroyed when sent,
 Then to us she were ever new,
 And she had never known the tyrant's rage she
 knew

When turbaned heathens with her ruins reared
 The piled up throne of haggard misery,
 And from her greatness they so early scared,
 Kindled a brand whose fire should never die,
 But spread the boundless glare to Turkish infamy.

And had'st thou sunk, as Athens should have died,
 When thou were beautiful and rare—
 Hadst thou been blighted in thy beauty's pride
 When *he*, when all men deemed thee fair,
 Then of sweet pity's fount thine wert a copious
 share;

But thou hast lived, and tyrant time has left
 A few sad traces of thy beauty's reign,
 Enough to show how much the scythe has reft,
 And how decayed the beauties that remain
 Which budded, grew, and bloomed, but ne'er shall
 bloom again.

And thou, like Athens, rear'st thy fallen head
 Over thy children desolate;
 Thy name, like *hers*, can never with the dead
 Dwindle and droop, but shall dilate
 Till earth shall, pitying, mourn and wonder at thy
 fate.

Beauty's twin offspring, scions of her power,
 Fortune's o'er favoured but forgotten friends,
 Alike the children of a childish hour,
 When with the world the young heart fondly blends,
 Clinging to beauty's throne till beauty's confine
 ends.

Mid Athens' ruins waved a wasted flower,
 Discovered by a stranger's eye,
 Its form was injured by a ruthless shower,
 'Twas pale, and drooped as if to die;
 Though sinking, pale and wan, it with the gale
 did try,

By spreading out its withered leaves to save
 Some infant buds, which else had blighted been,
 Which else had found a sad untimely grave.
 Thou wert the flower whose leaves had once been
 green,

The buds thy *children*, which the wanderer's eye
 has seen.

But before Athens, Athens' maiden dies—
 Aye, thou stern death must greet;
 But shall, when Athens in earth's chaos lies,
 Burst from thy tomb omnipotence to greet,
 Shall breathe again the life so sweet, so sad, so fleet!

Shalt rise angelic from the loathsome grave,
 Borne by thy children's spirits to the skies—
 Shalt mount and mount, and limpid light shall lave
 Thy deathless beauty, as 'mid joyous cries
 Thou tread'st th' ethereal paths of endless Paradise.

OLD AND NEW LAMPS.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Oh! when in childhood's happy age
 We dwelt upon Aladdin's page,
 How did we tremble in dismay
 When the rare lamp was changed away,
 And blame the light and heedless care
 Of those who fell into the snare;
 Deeming the fraudulent dealer true,
 Who bade them change Old Lamps for New!

Yet, to maturity when grown,
 How oft such errors are our own!
 Our early home, our father's hearth,
 The scenes of childish sport and mirth—
 These leave we in rejoicing haste,
 To seek the world's wide glittering waste;
 And oft upon a nearer view,
 Grieve that we changed Old Lamps for New!

The friends of firm unshaken truth,
 The tried advisers of our youth,
 We shun; secure, in buoyant pride,
 That soon their place will be supplied;
 The words of strangers we believe,
 Who only flatter to deceive,
 And murmur, when they prove untrue—
 "Why did we change Old Lamps for New?"

Is wealth the subject of our dreams?
 What fertile plans, what dazzling schemes
 Tempt us on every side to hold
 Within our grasp a mine of gold!
 The bubble bursts, the lure betrays,
 And then we mourn the beaten ways
 Where golden gains were sure, though few,
 Before we changed Old Lamps for New!

We scorn the country of our sires,
 Its misty fogs and sea-coal fires,
 And seek, with spirit glad and free,
 Gay France and sunny Italy.
 Yet even in earth's fairest parts
 We miss the kind and loving hearts
 From whose fond circle we withdrew,
 Eager to change Old Lamps for New!

These are strange times—around us rise
 A specious host of novelties,
 That oft may safely be embraced
 In the brief fantasies of taste;
 But never let their siffling spell
 Tempt us from duty to rebel;
 Or bid us folly's path pursue,
 Eager to change Old Lamps for New!

And ever let us keep in sight
 The lamp of pure and holy light
 Sent from above our feet to guide;
 And ever let us turn aside
 From the delusive mocking ray
 That glimmers on the sceptic's way,
 Lest we unceasingly should rue
 The time we changed Old Lamps for New!

L I T E R A T U R E.

ANGEL VISITS; Poems by Miss Anna Savage. (*Longman*).—To observers of the stars, which rise from time to time above the literary horizon, the name of Anna Savage must be already familiar as that of a young poetess whose effusions, if not quite mounting to the power and vigour of those of Felicia Hemans, recall in no slight degree the spirit of that writer; not that she is ever so poor of thought or servile of manner as to be a copyist, imbued though she may be to a certain extent with the tone both of Mrs. Hemans and that of Alfred Tennyson. A strange mingling this may seem, and yet does she alternately, or even at the same moment sometimes, remind us of each.

We are half inclined to quarrel with two points about the present volume. In the first place, we think the title anything but a happy one; and in the next the publishers have done their part so more than well, that the elegant, tasteful "getting up," the drawing-table-book effect of its outward appearance, might incline hearty book lovers and keen relishers of true poesy to doubt if the veritable thing would be found within the delicate binding of white and gold; and, so far, that which may be a merit with many will be a disservice with a few. The longest poem, "Wharton Hall—the Lady's Rest," is a legendary tale, connected with the residence of the celebrated Duke of Wharton and his beautiful wife, whom he banished to this place in consequence of her disobeying his commands to keep his child, an only son, to whom he was fondly attached, at the Hall. In this poem the very depths of woman's heart are sounded; but one of the shorter pieces will be more fit for extract. To choose among so many that are deep and beautiful is the difficult matter. The following best suits our space:—

" TIME.

- " Time once met a maiden
On life's early day;
With a song she wooed him,
Oft she bade him stay:
Swifter flew the tyrant on his flowery way.
- " Fairy realms she peopled
With the glorious things
That may haunt the poet's
Wild imaginings,
And each bud of beauty at his feet she flings.
- " See, the maiden trembleth
Like the startled deer;
Is't her own heart's echo
Breaks upon her ear,
Or the eager footstep softly drawing near?
- " Hark! a voice is breathing
Love's low whisper'd vow,
And her own respondeth
While faint blushes glow
Like the sunset ling'ring on the Jura's brow.

- " Sweet the night-bird singeth
'Neath the twilight dim,
Little heeds the maiden
Of his vespers hymn:
Spare the chalice, Time—it sparkleth to the brim.
- " Time! again she greets thee;
But around her stand
Forms of life and beauty,
Link'd in household band;
Yet more swiftly turnest thou the glittering sand.
- " Time passed; lo! they faded,
As in autumn fall
Leaves by cold winds carried;
Sad her accents call
On the lost: he whispers, 'Time restoreth all.'
- " Wildly wept the mother;
Yet the tears were dried,
While his wing waved o'er her;
'On!' the mourner cried;
Then the cold destroyer linger'd by her side.
- " Soon that hearth was lonely—
One by one the grave
Hath closed upon the sleepers,
Where the yew-trees wave;
Little heeds the foe that tears his footsteps lave.
- " Time pass'd slow and sadly,
And she chid in vain;
'Weep not, I will lead thee
To the loved again;
Thus spake the comforter in deep and solemn strain.
- " Though Time's heavy pinion
O'er the future cast
Shadows, lengthening onwards
From the mournful past,
Gladly now she hails him, for his sand ebbs fast.
- " Still she chides his footsteps,
As in girlhood's prime;
Fond hearts droop and wither
In this alien clime.
Peace! the grave thou bring'st—oh! who
would stay thee, Time?"

DOUGLAS JERROLD'S SHILLING MAGAZINE. (*Punch Office*.)—Some two or three months have passed since the popular and humanizing writer whose name appears above relinquished the editorship of the "Illuminated Magazine," and now with the new year we have to congratulate him on the appearance of a work we may call "his own." There is something of an experiment in the low price and unusual size—small octavo—which has been adopted; but we have no doubt that it will prove a most successful one. The size and style, in fact, precisely fit it to be bound up as an elegant and portable volume; the type is beautiful, and it must really contain as much matter, or very nearly so, as the half-crown periodicals. So much for externals and quantity. And few will doubt the quality offered in the present number and promised for the future ones, who remember that Douglas

Jerrold is himself a liberal contributor, and presides in the editorial chair to give the directing fiat. The January number contains the opening chapters of "The History of St. Giles and St. James," from his powerful pen, illustrated by Leech; and these promise a work to rival "The Story of a Feather" in heart-reaching pathos, and truthful delineation of human character and human emotion. Douglas Jerrold is no dreamer; he boldly strikes at the root of social evils, however, wherever they arise, and is essentially one of the authors who is influencing his age. "Shadows of Coming Events" is a powerful paper: we think we recognize the hand, but shielded by initials we have no right to name it. "Recollections of Hazlitt" are deeply interesting; and "The Hedgehog Letters," certainly savouring of the editor's style, if not by him, are deep, keen, and clever. We shall make a few extracts, however, from an article called "The Finery of War:"—

"And then the loud melody of martial music comes ringing through the air, a spirit-moving strain! A march, a triumphal march, in all its cadences, all its bursts of rich harmony; talking of glory, of pomp—and lying while it talks!

"Why not interpret martial music aright? It might be done. An ear morally tuned might hear, amid the breath of its melody, mournful wailing, shrieks, such as surgeons shrink from, when the scalpel is deep in the flesh—the lamentations of despairing men and women muttered lowly—a roaring as of burning homes; and anon, when the strain ceased, a silence, like the silence of deserted hearths.

"So do we interpret martial music. But so do not all. The crowd around are exulting in the harmony—beating unconscious time to its rhythm, and shouting in their full-heartedness of admiration, when the charge of the horsemen sweeps past; and the rush of the foot-soldiers, with levelled bayonets, bids the mind deem that an opposing rank would be but an opposing cobweb."

"National common sense has not yet come up to the level of individual common sense; consequently, when John Nokes and Tom Styles quarrel about the possession of a cabbage garden—they refer their claims to the award of law and justice; but when nations have similar differences—they cut each other's throats. Which is wiser—the nations or the individuals?

"Well, as it is so, we must have red coats, and muskets, and sabres; but seeing that the duty of their bearers squares neither with our innate good sense nor our notions of what ought to be—we are fain to gild the matter over—to try to conceal from ourselves the butchering nature of the business we are sometimes forced to undertake, and so spring up military spectacle—military finery—military music. Nothing could be more awkward if, when we looked at a regiment, we saw only a body of slaves—vowed to perform any killing work which might be demanded of them—if the sight merely called up thoughts of unjust wars, silly wars, men and women dead and dying—cities burned and pillaged—commerce, manufactures checked—civilisation itself retarded. This would never do. The system would not be tolerated. We must deck it in borrowed plumes. Fine feathers make fine birds—the eye must entrap the mind. Clothe war therefore in gayer

colours than peace; make its ministers resplendent in their robes of sacrifice; let the steel which cuts, glitter like valued gems; the evolutions which destroy, be graceful as the motions of dancing girls!

"In our review, we have all the beauties, the picturesqueness, of the real field. The curling smoke wreathes as gracefully from the cannon's mouth, as if a mass of iron had sped through its folds; the charge is as beautiful to behold, sweeping past—a tempest of men and horses, flags and steel—as if an opposing line were awaiting it, and slaughter and wide-spread death and desolation were the inevitable results of the meeting.

"And the spectacle takes: it does its duty; it throws dust in our eyes; and we are not unwilling to be thus temporarily blinded. Did we see truly, we should see too well for our own mental comfort. We must have the glossy skin stretched over the bony skeleton; we must have the art and science of killing men glossed over with the fairest appliances."

"But we are wandering from our review; from its noisy glory, its gaudy appurtenances, its mockery of the picturesque side of war, its omission of war's horrors. In the front of the crowd, facing the marching regiments, not one hundred paces from that battery of cannon, we see a carriage stationed. It is filled with delicate, fashionable females. There has been a little startling; a little pretty screaming at first, when the guns began to pour forth their thunder; but that is all over, and the crash of a forty-eight pounder seems no more to excite their nerves, than the flying of a champagne cork. With what interest, and looks, and exclamations of delight, they watch the rushing charge; the quick evolution of infantry which is to check it; the sudden wheel right and left in the line of foot-soldiers, which discloses a battery of field-pieces, arrayed against their mimic enemies! They enjoy this playing at slaughter; their bright eyes flash, and their pale cheeks flush, with enthusiasm; they murmur, "What a noble sight!"

"The rehearsal of a battle—"a noble sight." Are these timid nervous women—or brazen-faced and stone-hearted viragoes? Surely the former—not one of them but would skip upon a chair with a faint scream at the sight of the "smallest monstrous mouse that crosses the floor." Yet here they are gazing with rapture upon bloodshed in mimicry—upon evolutions which, the closer they represent bloodshed in reality, the more perfect they are considered. Strange riddle! See! One of the youngest and fairest claps her hands in delight at the flashing of the bright sun upon drawn sabres and lance-heads. Yet her eye would become dim, and her hand would tremble, at a glimpse of a lancet; an armoury of guns and swords would excite her delight—a doctor's chest of instruments her horror. She loves to look upon the semblance of slaughter—she would almost turn sick at the real blood of a cut finger. Again, a strange riddle—a passing strange anomaly—created by the art with which men have disguised the foul thing war—by the skill with which they have decked the obscene creature in the plumage of the bird of paradise!"

PUNCH'S SNAPDRAGONS FOR CHRISTMAS.
—(*Punch Office*.)—A book for Christmas, with a happily chosen title, prepared by the *Punch* wits for their grateful and admiring readers; it is, in fact, a rich little volume in prose and verse, of seasonable stories, songs, jests, reminiscences,

&c., &c., with four humorous illustrations by Leech. The opening paper itself, called "Snapdragons," "Our first Christmas in Kent," "The Ancient Story of Snap and the Dragon," are all good; but why do we praise any of these sketches in particular, when really all deserve it. We must make room for the "Christmas Eve Song of Lazarus."

CHRISTMAS-EVE SONG OF LAZARUS.

"Close up every cranny, mother,
Huddle closer to me, brother:
Listen how the wind is sighing,
Like the moan of some one dying.
Christmas cold is at the door—
Christmas should pass by the poor.

"Christmas time 's called merry, mother—
Why? 'tis colder than all other.
Good men bid us bless this season;
Would that they would give us reason!
Christmas cold is at the door—
Should the rich forget the poor?

"Stony frost is round us, mother;
Shrouds of snow the earth do smother;
Spade and plough are idly lying;
Birds upon the boughs are dying.
Christmas cold is at the door—
Should the rich not feed the poor?

"There was ONE, the GREATEST, mother,
Deigned to call the poor man brother:
HE hath bade the rich protect us;
Wherefore, then, DARE MAN NEGLECT US?
Christmas cold is at the door—
Christmas should make glad the poor."

and an extract from "Christmas in the Streets."

CHRISTMAS IN THE STREETS.

"Up from lazy hearth-side and silent chamber!
Up and forth into the busy places of the city! Mark
the softening influence of the merry time upon
crowding, swarming men and women!—forth, and
with Christmas in the heart, find Christmas in the
streets!

"Some people love best to walk in green lanes and
country paths; we prefer—and we don't care who
knows it—the streets—those very kaleidoscopes of
humanity, which at every turn, and at every move-
ment, give us new combinations of forms, features,
and expressions. A little too noisy they may some-
times be—a little too dirty—a little too smoky; but
never unamusing—never uninteresting—never mono-
tonous; always, too, presenting you with some-
thing to think about, or something to keep you from
thinking—two great advantages to be used with
pleasure.

"But great is Christmas time in the streets, above
all other times. Never are they so lively—so bustling
—so full of feature, as at that great annual epoch of
pantomimes and mincepies. For the Spirit of the festi-
val does not alone stamp men's brows in evening
merry-makings and fire-side sports. In the thorough-
fare, as well as in the chamber, you see traces of his
might, making men of business look less business-
like, men of pleasure more cordial, putting additional
warmth into every greeting, additional heartiness
into every squeeze of the hand.

"But let us forth, and judge for ourselves.

"A fine Christmas-day; cold and bracing. The
sky is grey and fleecy, except where, here and there,

broad bright paths of ruddy light cross the firm-
ament, like veins of gold. The afternoon is decidedly
frosty; horses smoke like plum-pudding, when the
cover is removed; and the visible breaths of pas-
sengers give them the appearance of being all en-
gaged in smoking invisible pipes.

"Everything and everybody look more good-
humoured than usual. Even policemen are relent-
ing; and beadles, remembering the time when they
were little boys, in muffin caps—the only shape in
which they ever had anything to do with muffins—
smile affably, and condescend to ask young yellow-
breeches whether he don't like roast goose and apple-
sauce. Ladies cloaked and furred to the point of their
noses—noses, too, endowed by the cold with a slight
suspicion of red; and gentlemen, shapeless, in sea-
coats and Taglionis, go hurrying by; sometimes
stopping, to shake hands with people that at any
other season they would only have bowed to, re-
marking a hundred times in the same street, "What
delightful weather for Christmas, and really how
well you are looking!" Everybody wears a com-
placent air; the thoughts of Christmas dinner and
merry evenings are nursing in their bosom; just
open your ears, and you will hear invitations flying
about on all sides.

"Now then, Bobson, there's a good fellow, just
come down to our place at five. Never was there
such a goose as our goose!"

"Could you conceive that the attorney, who gave
that invitation, would soil his fingers with sharp
practice?"

"Well, Clobbererson—a bargain; to-morrow, at
three. We keep early hours, you know; quiet folks
down with us!"

"Infallibly, that tailor can never have the heart
to send in a Christmas bill.

"A party of children, with papa and mamma.
Home for the holidays. What an infinity of toys!
Whips, guns, wooden horses, squeaking dogs inces-
santly kept on the bark. Why the Lowther Arcade
must have been emptied by the visit of that house-
hold. The pantomime in the evening, too; but,
before that, great doings: roast geese and boiled
turkeys; mince pies, plum-pudding; what a glorious
vista, and all closed by the music and lights of the
theatre!

"Glance along the street.—great is the glory of
shops devoted to the sale of Christmas cheer, ad-
miring the groups who cluster round their windows.
Holly, too, and evergreens and mistletoe, wreathed
upon the walls, overshadowing the dainties, embow-
ering quarters of oxen, and the trussed-up forms of fatted
ducks and geese. The evergreen plants are vegetable
—Nature's Christmas gifts—hale and sturdy shoots,
with sound hearts and good constitutions. None
of the pampered aristocracy of plants are they, fos-
tered in thermometer-regulated hothouses, whilst
their less favoured brethren are drooping on the
frosty ground, cut through by the nipping cold as
by a knife. No; they are of the stout-hearted com-
monalty, laughing in the teeth of Johnny Frost,
caring neither for snow or ice, fresh and green
through it all!"

HAMPTON COURT; OR, THE PROPHECY
FULFILLED.—3 Vols. (Bentley.)—We believe
Victor Hugo it was, in his magnificent work of
Notre Dame, who set the example of beating out
to the mingled purposes of history and fiction,
the mighty piles, tradition-haunted and time-
honoured, which have opened, as it were, a new
mine to the novelist. Unquestionably Ains-

worth, the romancist of London, has been of all this class of English writers the most deservedly successful; witness his "Tower of London," "Windsor Castle," and more recently his powerful and elaborately worked out "St. James's." "Hampton Court" comes before us from an anonymous hand, a rich and suggestive subject very ably carried out. At first, one expects to hear something of the wife killing Henry and the great Cardinal, but the scene is chosen later, the time being the troublous days of Charles the First, when a greater than Wolsey uprose to sway a nation's destiny. We presume Monk is really intended for the chief character of this novel; but though Cromwell is less prominently brought forward, in every tale of such a time we must, perforce, recognize him as the hero. The weak, vain, selfish, superstitious Henrietta is well drawn, and there are many scenes of stirring interest, in which Sir John Denham and other noted characters are introduced. We extract a few pages descriptive of the well-known occasion on which Cromwell and Ireton discovered Charles's falsehood and treachery.

"Son Ireton," said Cromwell, with some temper, "we came not here to gather eaves-droppings from these miserable agitators of a sunken cause—they are beneath our notice; thy letter has deceived us."

Ireton drew the letter from his pocket—read it, visibly mortified, and fearful of imposition. It was now nine o'clock—a bright starlight night, and the waggoner proceeded to lead his team of eight horses through the covered gateway.

"Stay, sirrah, stay; I have goods for Dover, to be delivered to the master of the first smack bound for Calais," cried a man, carrying on his shoulders what both Cromwell and Ireton were convinced was the object of their search. Two words sufficed to arrange their plans; Cromwell pushed against the man, as he carefully picked his way through the arch close to the wall, to avoid a kick from the horses, already moving under the gateway; and stumbling beneath his burden, at last fell beneath the huge bellies of the beasts attached to the waggon. During the confusion caused by the cries of the prostrate porter, in imminent danger of being trodden to death, but for that beautiful instinct of the animal, which prompts it to lift its feet from injuring man, the curses of the waggoner at the delay, the running to and fro of ostlers, the rattling horn lanterns amongst wheels and shaggy fetlocks, the instinctive squallings of landlady and chambermaids, always louder before danger than after, the bundle was carried off to the Dolphin chamber, burst open, and from the saddle therein sewed up between the corks, hind bolsters and troussequin, was cut a letter in the handwriting of the King, addressed to the Queen. The saddle, next moment, was flung out of the room into the little yard, amongst the crowd, which now filled it. Now was heard indistinct stable-dialect jabber and recrimination, every one was in turn accused by the unhappy ticket-porter of mischievously ripping up the package committed to his care, he of course ignorant of the precious dispatch concealed in his load; and as all denied the charge, he was kicked out of the yard, told he might think himself very fortunate his ears were not slit, and he put in the pillory, for scandalising a respectable hostel, one of

the ostlers most vociferous in repudiating the charge throwing the outraged article slyly into the straw-bed of a stable.

Grinding his teeth, his hand holding the stealthy prize, and trembling with passion, Cromwell flung to violently, locked and double-locked the door, regarding it and Ireton, alternately, with a fierce triumphant sneer, plainly saying, "Who is this man that dares to circumvent me?" He grasped convulsively a small lamp, the only light in the room, placed it between the letter and his face. Ireton resting on his clenched hand, leaned over the table towards him. The rest of the room was nearly dark. The ruby-coloured thick nose, embrowned cheeks, and shaggy brow of the former, surmounted by the broad cavalry beaver and falling feather, on the prominent edges of which alone shone the light, contrasting with the depth of the gloom around, formed a subject as Rembrandt delighteth to paint. The countenance of the son-in-law was expressive of fiendish triumph, combining the features of the tiger and the fox, while the vulture and the bat might have served as a model for the physiognomy of Cromwell; the eyes of the former gloating in a prospective sacrifice, watched the silent moving lips of his father-in-law, who perused and reperused these lines with staggering incredulity:—

"Hampton Court, November 6, 1647.

"SWEETHEART,

"Thy precious letter by Sir John Denham is hugged to my bosom. Sweetheart, thou in my thoughts art ever present. Fear not thou shalt soon join me, and tell me thou forgivest me for temporising with rebels. I will tell thee, and thou, sweetheart, will believe thy Charles—it is for thy sake. Thou shouldst not be angry, for God knoweth my heart, that I never thought to perform one title of my promises to rebellious dogs. True, I have been obliged to assure garters, commands, and peerages—they cost nothing, sweetheart, but breath; and when the proper time cometh we will furnish Cromwell and his bloody son-in-law, not with silken garters, but with hempen cords. All the factions seek me. I sat two hours under a sermon, from Hugh Peters, in King Henry's Chapel here, for which I have the rogue mine own. To be at Whitehall again were worth granting any conditions. I subscribe to all, for Dr. Hammond telleth me, being under restraint, my conscience is loosened. This comforteth me, sweetheart; my church and thy church will be hereafter on better terms, and tell Mazarin I do not despair of the concordat with Rome set on foot by the sainted archbishop whom the rebels basely murdered. Tyburn tree and Tower Hill shall settle accounts for his and Strafford's murder. Send thy next in cypher to my faithful friend, Lady Newburgh, at Bagshot Lodge—Lady Aubigny that was, who escaped to us at Oxford, when the rogues would have hanged her, for her privy to Waller's and Challoner's unlucky business. My blessing to thee, my heart's true love—thy husband. C. R."

HILLINGDON HALL; OR, THE COCKNEY SQUIRE. (*Colburn*.)—The bent of genius, however it may be forced elsewhere, turns naturally, and generally with the most success, to those scenes and associations in which it was reared. The Comic Blackstone, for instance, despite its author's ready wit and aptness in seizing good available points, would have never been half it now is, had Mr. A'Beckett never been called to

the bar; while the haunts and habits of the medical student would never have done so much for the fame of Mr. Albert Smith, with all his knowledge and power in describing every-day life, had he not enjoyed the *sine quâ non* of figuring as one himself. Of the truth of this argument we have another strong proof in the volumes now lying before us. A country gentleman who possesses the powers of a satirist and humorist happily combined, undertakes to depict the pleasures and pursuits of country gentlemen; and the consequence is that, with the experience derived by education and participation, assisted by natural abilities of no common order, we have a work that is nearly all it possibly could be, and with which in its peculiar province there has hitherto been little to contend, certainly, as far as we can recollect, nothing worthy of comparison.

The principal character, John Jorrocks, the country squire, is sketched with great ease and spirit—perhaps, for some readers, with too much breadth. Without a doubt, the loquaciousness of his Sir Oracle, huntsman Pigg, might be pruned down with advantage to all parties; he interrupts frequently without rhyme or reason to excuse him. Yet it is a portrait perhaps as true to life as any in the three volumes, and the fault has been nothing beyond a want of discretion in using it. Still this is but a trifle, for which the other scenes and *dramatis personæ* brought forward in “our village” make ample amends. The cuts, in passing, at corn-law leaguers, wild and wonderful agricultural theorists, Lady Bountifuls and charity schools (where the uniform—a bonnet and shawl—is thought much more of than the book or the lace pillow), farmers’ friends, and farmers themselves, are given with a zest and justice that must be read to be appreciated, and when appreciated, applauded. The author of “Hillingdon Hall,” however, does not rest his claim on rural felicity alone—the high life at Donkeyton Castle, the flirtations between the Marquis and Emma Flather, the machinations of her mamma, and the needs and shifts of Mr. Bowker, show one equally qualified for town or country—for St. James’ or St. Giles’. After farming and fox-hunting (of course) the Cockney Squire’s biographer appears to us to come out strongest in fortune-hunting, a science he must have studied with an energy worthy of poor Mrs. Flather herself, and from which he has picked up a variety of hints and observations that may be perused with profit by “all persons about to marry.” In closing these very entertaining, never flagging volumes, which we can honestly recommend to our readers, we shall make one short extract, funnily but faithfully illustrating the very superior article necessary for a demand in the great metropolis:—

“Lord! what a place London is! How it takes the shine out of the country conceit—girls, horses, equipages, men and all. If a girl has a tolerable figure, and a face not amiss, they immediately set her down for London—for the Duke of Devonshire, in fact.

“‘Indeed, Mister Brown,’ says his amiable spouse,

‘I did n’t consider we should be doing Jemima justice if we did n’t give her a season in London.’

“‘Nonsense, my dear; you know I can’t afford it—can hardly pay my way as it is.’

“‘Then you must give up your hunters, Mister Brown.’

“‘I’ll be hanged if I do, though,’ says Mister Brown.

“But suppose Mister Brown is of the ‘genus Jerry,’ as Linnæus would say, and gives in. Poor Brown! What does he see when he gets to London? Why every other girl he meets with is quite as good, and many a deuced deal better, looking than Jemima.—Take an author’s advice, Brown, and stay at home.”

THE BETROTHED: 2 Vols. (*Burns*).—This is a new translation of Alessandro Manzoni’s celebrated work “*I Promessi Sposi*,” and we believe indeed the first complete un mutilated one which has been executed. Abridged translations, adaptations, &c., are often a great injustice to the genius which has declared itself in a foreign tongue; for even in the safest hands, and under the most favourable circumstances, the finer essence is too apt to evaporate, in the act of transferring thought from one language to another; how much more so, then, when omissions are permitted! “*I Promessi Sposi*” is not less remarkable for the high tone of religious and moral feeling which pervades it, than for the interesting story which is made the medium of such instructions; and ably translated as it now is, it must form a valuable accession to every English library. It is beautifully printed, and enriched with numerous wood engravings.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

A work which, from the prospectus and specimens which have reached us, promises to be a delightful one, is about appearing. It is to be entitled, “*How’s Illustrated Book of British Song*,” and is edited by George Hogarth, Esq., the well known author of “*Memoirs of the Musical Drama*,” &c. The plan proposed is not only a collection of the best of the traditional songs and ballads of the British Isles, but the most beautiful and admired productions of the composers whose genius has shed a lustre on the vocal music of our country. The melodies will be united to their original poetry, and presented in the purest form, with accompaniments for the piano-forte. Biographical sketches, with portraits of the composers, will be occasionally introduced. The work will be elegantly printed in weekly numbers, consisting of eight pages (at the rate of a quarter the price of a modern song), the usual music size, and illustrated by exquisite designs drawn on wood. Each number will contain two or three songs, and these the compositions perhaps of Purcell, Handel, Shield, Arne, Dibdin, or names that have an earnest of sweet melody in their very sound!

We understand that Mr. Percy St. John, well known as a contributor of many powerful Indian tales and sketches to “*Chambers’ Edinburgh*

Journal," and many of the magazines, is about commencing we believe in monthly numbers a work to be called, "The Trapper's Bride; a Tale of the Rocky Mountains." We augur great things in a line he has made peculiarly his own.

We have before noticed Pooloo's Chinese Cement, as one of the most useful compounds ever submitted to the public; and we strongly recommend it to our friends, for the mending of china, glass, porcelain, wood, marble, metals,

jewellery, and of all articles, from the *hijouterie* of the boudoir and drawing-room, to the kitchen furniture. Its application is so easy and cleanly, that our fair friends may manipulate without trouble; and when once properly repaired, the things come again into general use, as this cement is most firm in its hold, and will resist hot water or the strongest spirit. We could give numerous instances of the great utility of the Pooloo Chinese Cement; but do not consider any further praise of it necessary, as its fame is spreading far and wide.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE MONTH.

COVENT GARDEN.—ANTIGONE.

We are truly rejoiced at being able to witness a production from the classic pen of Sophocles on the English stage. The opera, or lyrical drama of the moderns, has been often traced by musical historians to the tragedy of ancient Greece. The impassioned declamation of Sophocles and Euripides are quite the prototype of Metastasio. It was reserved for the bold and original genius however of Mendelssohn to put the theory to the proof. Before we notice the play itself, we quote from the ablest classical work of the day some account of Sophocles, as it may be servicable to some of our readers. We would gladly give place to Mr. St. John's account of the Greek drama, but it is too long. We quote, however, his masterly sketch of the writer of *Antigone*.

"Sophocles presents us with a wholly different type of genius. His conceptions, without being gigantic, are still great, and have a richness and roundness something like the form of a woman. To him, as to Raffaele, the world appeared pregnant on all sides with beauty. Yet there was a vein of pensiveness in his fancy which, running through all his works, imparts to them a witchery, independent of the amount of intellect displayed. He never, like Æschylus, transports us into the dim twilight of mythology amidst the nodding ruins of systems and creeds. However antique may be the subject which he treats, his invention gives it completeness, and he brings it out fresh, glossy, distinct, and beautiful as the creations of to-day. Æschylus carries us back to the past, Sophocles brings the past forward to us. By a vigorous exertion of genius he breathes life into things dead, melts away from about them by his warm touch the hoar of antiquity, fills up the outline, freshens the colours, converts them into contemporary existencies. All his sympathies, healthy and true, cling to the things around him; the religion, the form of polity, the climate, the soil of Attica, invested with the beauty which they assumed in his plastic vision, satisfied his desires. What he found not in realities, he bestowed upon them; he idealised his contemporaries. His poetry is sunny as the Ægean in spring, and a breeze as healthful and refreshing breathes over it. Like the nightingale, whose music he loved, it comes to us full of harmonies, re-awakening all the associations, all the de-

lights, all the hopes and aspirations of youth. Sweet and musical, and replete with tenderness, are his marvellous choruses; they burst upon the heart like the first note of the cuckoo in the depths of a forest, curling round the mossy trunks of the meditative old trees upon the ear.

"And then his female characters, in which, above all things, he excels. Not Imogen herself, whose breath, like violets, perfumes the page of Shakespeare, rises before us a more exquisite vision than Antigone, in her maiden purity, her unfathomable tenderness, her holy affection, filial and fraternal. Even Œdipus, supported and let into the light by such a daughter, appears glorious as a God; his involuntary stains worked off by years of suffering, his revered old age garlanded by calamity, wreathed with the tendrils and snowy blossoms of a daughter's love. And Jecmessa, does she not seem to be Desdemona ripened into a mother? There is no poet who has portrayed a wife of unmingled gentleness, or who has better sounded the depths of a mother's heart. Her affection expands like an atmosphere round the boy Erysaces, menaced at once by treacherous enemies and by his father's madness, and cast a pure and bright ray over the sea of blood and stormy passion and guilt that float around her. His Dejanira, likewise, is a character of great beauty; but in the Clytemnestra and Electra, in the Chrysothemis and Ismene, he has been less successful. Among his male characters Œdipus is the masterpiece. Compounded of ungovernable passion, a powerful will, a resolution invincible by suffering, extreme in love or hate, he stands before us in heroic grandeur, and like the sun's orb dilates as he descends beneath the horizon. Next to him in originality and beauty are Neoptolemos and Jencer—youths of the greatest nobleness of soul, who contrast strikingly with his fox-like Odysseus and the mean-souled imperial brothers." —*Manners and Customs of Ancient Greece*, by J. A. St. John; Vol. I., page 336.

The experiment, we have said, was a bold one. Its success has been undoubted, having drawn every night audiences the most crowded and enthusiastic. The acting of Mr. and Miss Vandenhoff is admirable, indeed it can scarcely be too highly praised. The scene is exquisitely drawn. We cannot give our readers a very detailed account of the production; we give, however, a brief outline.

The *Antigone* of Sophocles is the conclusion

to the tragic history of the doomed family of *Edipus*. His two sons, *Eteocles* and *Polynices*, after their father's death, contended for the possession of the Theban sceptre, and fell by each other's hand. *Creon*, their uncle, ascended the throne, and, enraged against *Polynices*, forbade, on pain of death, that any should bestow the rites of sepulture on his body. In these circumstances the tragedy opens.

The stage is arranged as described by the ancient writers. The whole action of the piece takes place on one spot, the open space before the royal palace. Immediately in front of the building there is a raised platform, communicating with the interior of the palace by several doors, through which the persons of the drama make their exits and their entrances; while the part of the stage next the audience is occupied by the chorus. The chorus consists of a body of the nobles and people of Thebes, in whose presence every incident takes place, who are always sympathising spectators, and frequently take a part in the action of the scene.

When the curtain rises, *Antigone* appears with her sister *Ismene*, whom she informs of her determination, notwithstanding the King's decree, to inter the body of her brother. *Ismene* attempts in vain to dissuade her, and they retire. The nobles and counsellors forming the chorus enter, singing a triumphal ode in celebration of *Creon's* accession. It is a vigorous and poetical description of the horrors of the strife between the brothers, ending with a strain of joy for the cessation of blood and discord. In the music the originality of Mendelssohn's genius is at once apparent. The whole voices sing together, for the most part in a simple, masculine, unisonous melody; sometimes the voices divide themselves into parts, swelling into full harmony; and sometimes they chant in a kind of recitative. There is no iteration of words or phrases; but the whole poem is uttered, in this musical declamation, as plainly and rapidly as could be done in ordinary recitation. In this manner the choruses are generally treated throughout the piece, and they are accompanied by the instrumental orchestra, in the most rich and beautiful harmony that can be imagined.

In the next scene, a sentinel presents himself, in agitation and terror, before *Creon*, and informs him that the body had been buried by some one who had eluded the vigilance of the guards. *Creon* threatens the soldier with death, unless he can discover the criminal. The chorus sing an ode in praise of patriotism and obedience to the laws; the least effective *morceau* in the piece. The soldier discovers that the transgressor of *Creon's* decree is *Antigone*, and reveals the discovery to the King, who commands *Antigone* to be brought before him, and condemns her to death. The musical scene which follows is equally novel and beautiful. *Creon* has retired, leaving *Antigone* alone, or rather in the presence of the sympathising chorus. She gives vent to her feelings of grief, terror, and despair in a strain of very fine poetry. This is not delivered by the actress with the musical in-

flexions of recitative, but is simply declaimed, while at the same time it is accompanied by the orchestra in the same manner as recitative, every break in the language being filled by a chord, or a brief instrumental phrase full of energy and expression. The effect of this musical novelty is admirable. Not the slightest effect of dissonance is produced between the voice and the instruments; while their rich and ever-changing modulations give to the spoken language all the effect of accompanied recitative, a much better effect, indeed, in our language; and we think that Mendelssohn has struck out an expedient which ought to be adopted in the serious opera, in every language except the Italian, which is the only language to which recitative is at all congenial. That such is Mendelssohn's own view of the matter we have not the smallest doubt, his language being as little adapted for the purposes of recitative as our own.

Antigone is consigned to a living tomb, in spite of the remonstrances and prayers of her lover, *Hæmon*, the King's son. *Tiresias*, the blind soothsayer, then enters, and denounces with lofty indignation the cruel and unnatural conduct of *Creon*. Dismayed at these denunciations, the King determines to bury the body of *Polynices*, and to release *Antigone*. While he hastens to execute his purpose, the chorus burst into a song of joy, which they accompany by a dance or stately movement round the arena. The effect of this scene is indescribably beautiful. The music is gay and joyous, with an exquisite air of antique and classical simplicity, reminding us of the choral strains of Gluck's *Orfeo*, and Mendelssohn's own Greek hymn in *St. Paul*—"O be gracious, ye immortals." The effect of the scene, too, was enhanced by the excellent action and grouping of the choristers.

Creon is too late. Before he can reach *Antigone's* prison she has strangled herself in despair, and *Hæmon* has stabbed himself on her dead body. The Queen, his mother, distracted for the death of her son, destroys herself also; and the tragedy ends with the remorse and self-reproaches of the King, and with a grave and solemn chorus, conveying the moral of the tragic tale.

The translation, we must not omit to notice, is pure and vigorous in the extreme.

THE PANTOMIMES.

Before our present number is seen by the public, the pantomimes will nearly all have run their race; yet, as for some few days they will still remain, we must give a cursory sketch of these productions, the delight of the young from time immemorial, and consecrated by their antiquity. No longer causing uproarious applause, or enkindling much enthusiasm, still they attract large audiences, both of children great and children small. The best decidedly is that produced at DRURY LANE; Mr. Bunn always caters successfully to public taste, and houses more overflowing than we have seen for a long time have rewarded his efforts. The promised novelties, the engagement of Madame Anna

Thillon, will continue to draw those crowded houses which the manager's exertions deserve. The opera of *The Daughter of St. Mark* was the first portion of the entertainments on Boxing night for the visitors to this theatre, which was crammed to the ceiling. After the opera the manager opened his pantomimic budget. The pantomime was entitled *Puck's Pantomime*; or, *Harlequin Robinson Crusoe*: the subject was well chosen. In the first scene a sprite assists the perplexed author, by suggesting to him different subjects for a pantomime. The coast scene of the island on which *Crusoe* was wrecked is better, and more original. The stern of the stranded vessel, with the approach to it of *Robinson Crusoe* (Mr. Payne) on his raft, forms the most effective scene in the piece. *Crusoe's* judicious selection of the articles he brings off from the wreck causes a good deal of laughter; he throws into the sea a case of "Morison's Pills," and a box of "American State Bonds," but preserves with great care a kettle, a warming pan, a long coil of sausages, and other articles of domestic utility. *Crusoe's* encounter with the savages—his rescue of *Friday* (Mr. Wieland), and the escape of *King Pariboo* (Mr. T. Matthews), and *Hankipanki* (Mr. Howell), by jumping into the sea, where they are both swallowed by the celebrated shark *San Domingo Billy*, went off very flatly. The scene in *Crusoe's* hut, where he puts the children to bed, and prepares their supper, is taken from a somewhat similar scene in the pantomime of *Guy, Earl of Warwick*, played some seasons ago at Covent Garden. The change of the old wreck to that of the steamer "Waterman, No. 1," in which *Crusoe* takes his departure from the island for London-bridge, and the usual transformation of the characters, commences the comic business—if that business can be called comic which was as respectably grave as

"Sober Lanesbro' dancing in the gout."

The tricks of the turning seats, and the violoncello with legs and arms, warranted to play on itself, are old as the hills. A good change was made from the "Currier's and leather-dresser's shop," to the Throne-room in the Palace of Morocco;" but the joke or satire, if any were intended, was so very dim that the mechanical effect of the scene went for naught. "The Insolvent Debtors' Prison," and the "Baths and washhouses for the labouring classes" were dreary enough; the scenery and machinery worked with greater precision than is usually the case on the first night of a pantomime.

At COVENT GARDEN, where *Antigone* has been played with such singular success, the pantomime is very amusing, being entitled *Harlequin Crotchet and Quaver*; or, *Music for the Million*, a satire upon the prevailing taste for monster concerts. The first scene, where the *Demon of Discord* is discovered in his cavern, surrounded by his demon sax-horn band making a most infernal din, and the descent amongst them of Apollo, the god of Music, promised well. The change to a beautiful scene, painted by Marshall, "The Land of Harmony," also gave

indications of some merit in the construction of the piece, but from this point it fell off. The introduction in the fairy festival of a *pas de deux* by those accomplished and graceful artistes Madlles. Louise and Adele Chapuis was enthusiastically applauded; but neither this, nor the red and blue fire so liberally used in every scene, could infuse wit or humour into the dialogue. The pantomimic change takes place in the Hall of Apollo, a very effective scene, by the way, from whence we are transported to the outside of Guildhall, where the Harlequinade commences. The fun of this scene consists in a mock civic procession on the 9th of November, and the perpetration of some satirical jokes upon Alderman Gibbs, who is at last hustled, kicked, and buffeted about by the mob. All this gross personality is in very bad taste, and should never have been permitted by the Lord Chamberlain to come upon the stage; but there appears in the conduct of this dramatic censor a wonderful aptitude to "strain at a gnat and swallow a camel." The business of the following scenes has little to recommend it; there is the usual amount of kicks, slaps, and tumbles by the Clown, and his auxiliaries. A hit at the projected Washing Establishments for the Poor, in which the *Clown* gave a humorous lecture upon the virtues of soap, was tolerably well received. Moses's Tailoring Establishment, Holmway's Pills, Lodging-houses, Cobblers' and Fishmongers', and Clockmakers' shops, were also made the vehicles for a vast quantity of jokes. The painful exhibition on what is termed the *Flying Corde Volante*, might be omitted with advantage; the performances of the Carlowitz family, à la Risley, though irrelevant, was clever, and not displeasing. Marsh, the new *Clown*, is not destitute of humour, but he does not attempt any feats of activity. The two *Columbines*, Miss Massall and Miss Ryalls, tripped lightly and gracefully through their dances. The scenery was unquestionably good; all the tricks worked smoothly, and the performers generally acquitted themselves creditably.

At the ADELPHI, *Cat's Castle*; or, *Harlequin and the King of the Rats*, though unsuccessful on the first night, has since gone off with success—the jokes and "hits" including General Tom Thumb, the Great Gun, and the Polka. It would be an injustice did we fail to mention that the scenery was beautiful, and that the exertions of Miss Lonsdale as *Columbine*, of Mr. T. Ireland as *Harlequin*, of Mr. Sanders as *Pantaloon*, of Mr. C. J. Smith as *Clown*, and of Master Mitchenson as a large tom-cat, elicited well-merited applause. It would be monstrous if we were not to mention the gymnastic effect of three mere boys, brothers, of the name of Lauri, whose feats of agility and strength drew down long-continued plaudits. The performances commenced with Dickens's tale of *The Chimes*, a *Goblin Story*.

At the PRINCESS'S, where the *Italian in Algiers*, *Widow Bewitched*, and a most bustling, amusing, and successful piece (*Monseigneur*; or, *the Robbers in Paris*), have been played every night with much success. Joe Miller and his

Men has been a highly happy hit. It is from the fertile pen of Gilbert A'Beckett. We give a specimen of the style of dialogue:—

Kelm. My dearest child! as good as you are beautiful,

There never was a daughter half so dutiful.
You're not like those young ladies on the stage
Who constant war against their governors wage,
Fixing their most unalterable loves
On walking gentlemen with Berlin gloves.
Your sense of duty everything surpasses—
Your pattern for the heroines of farces!

Claud. Though, by your wish, papa, I've never met him,

You can't expect I ever can forget him;
Though I'm reluctantly compelled to snub him,
No Indian rubber from my heart can rub him.

(*Laughter.*)

Kelm. I like the youth whom thus your love engages,

But he's so poor—he has no regular wages.
What does he get by helping at the ferry?
Nothing a-week, and that uncertain—very.

(*Roars of laughter.*)

Now look at Grindoff—he's the match for you—
He's not half so agreeable, it's true.

Claud. He's very far from what I call delectable,

Kelm. But then he's so exceedingly respectable;
He keeps a gig—don't hire one by the hour;
The miller of gentility's the flower.

(*Renewed hilarity.*)

I'm certain that he grinds for half Mark-lane!

Claud. These words to me go quite against the grain;

I cannot love him, so 'tis vain to parley;
Not all his gold—his wheat—his oats—his barley
Could make me wish to be his better half.

Kelm. Not all his corn?

Claud. No, nor not all his chaff. (*Exit.*)

The STRAND has been satisfied with the *Knight and the Sprite*. The QUEEN's has produced *Wat Tyler*; the OLYMPIC, a true clever pantomime, in the shape of *Old Bogie*, is truly happy. We must not, however, pass over SADDLER'S WELLS so cursorily. At this most popular and agreeable place of public amusement, which for sterling drama and good acting is to be preferred at present to Drury Lane or Covent Garden, a great career of success has rewarded the efforts of the manager. Here the "legitimate" drama has taken refuge—here true tragedy and sterling comedy are properly appreciated; and while royal patent theatres are quietly shelving Shakspeare and Jonson, revelling in promenade concerts, made up of waltzes and overtures, or are endeavouring to attract patronage to flimsy farces done from the French, or operatic adaptations wholly unsuited to true English taste, this little theatre, under its present spirited directors, is striving manfully to keep alive that healthy tone which ought to pervade the mind of an English public in relation to dramatic entertainments; and, to do the parties justice, they have shown equal zeal and judgment in their efforts. It speaks volumes, or rather, as Liston would say, "libraries," in favour of a superiority of taste possessed by the residents of the north-east end of the metropolis over their more aristocratic and à la mode denizens of the West End; that

while nothing but foreign frippery will "go down" in the fashionable quarter, we find in its neighbourhood a purer taste prevailing, and meeting that encouragement and support which it has long been deprived of elsewhere. We must however, give some account of the pantomime, which is designated *Harlequin Robin Hood and Little John*; or, *Merrie England in the Olden Time*. Of course the "unities" in this sort of bagatelles are not strictly adhered to. The title is generally allowed to be the most expressive portion of the piece, and, in the present instance, no very remarkable exception was formed to the general rule. All those personages famed in nursery story—Tom Thumb, St. George, Guy, Earl of Warwick, Whittington, Jack the Giant Killer, Prince Arthur, Old King Cole, *et id genus omne*—had an opportunity of making their *congé* to the audience, and their reception was of a sort to prove that juvenile reminiscences had not lost even to the most "time-honoured" spectator their primitive relish. We shall not attempt a minute detail of the tricks and transformations which for upwards of two hours kept the densest packed audience we ever witnessed in a perfect roar of laughter. We cannot, however, pass over those smart hits at the follies and in connection with the topics of the day, which, when well chosen and cleverly executed, produce so much mirth, and sometimes convey so valuable a moral. Smithfield Cattle Show, with its prize pig, and the Union Workhouse, with its prize pauper, contained a melancholy piece of satire—pungent because true. Public baths and wash-houses afforded a peg on which to hang several smart jokes, some of which, however, fell still-born. The last scene, in which artists, poet, and machinists had put forth their combined strength, richly deserved the thunders of applause with which it was received. We here close our remarks with a warm recommendation to our readers to pay a visit, and test the accuracy of our judgment, and with this saving clause, to make an early appearance for admission, otherwise the chance of a place will prove rather remote. Numbers are obliged to go away, from sheer inability to find what they earnestly beg for, mere standing room.

SONNET.

(POWERSCOURT WATERFALL, COUNTY WICKLOW.)
BY J. GOSLIN.

Around my heated brow the mountain breeze
Circles and plays with uncontrolled delight,
And rushes gently through the stately trees
That deck the fields and crown the verdant height,
Where the fawn browses, panting with affright,
With the wild rabbit and swift-footed hare—
And where the gay birds, beautiful and bright,
Pour out their melody on the balmy air.
The waters, springing from their hidden lair,
Rush foaming down their steep and slippery course,
Dashing upon the rocks, huge, dark, and bare,
With ceaseless murmurs, and with wavering force,
And splashing far, a cloud of vapour spray,
That forms a rainbow in the sun's bright ray.

Dublin, November, 1844.

FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

*Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré,
à Paris, January, 24.*

Vive la danse is the order of the day with our fair fashionables just now; this is natural enough, for we are now in mid winter, so that little alteration can be expected to take place in outdoor dress till the summer fashions appear. In-door toilettes always afford some changes, or, at least, modifications from month to month; but it is for the *soirée* and the ball-room that the taste and fancy of our most celebrated *artistes* will be most strenuously exerted during the next three months. I must, however, give a glance, though it will be merely *en passant*, at outdoor dress, before I proceed to the main purpose of my letter.

Velvet continues to be the reigning material, not only for *chapeaux*, but for *capotes*, very few even of the latter being now made of anything else. A good many of those worn in plain promenade dress are now trimmed with knots of velvet of the colour of the *capote*, lined with satin of a lighter hue, and the interior of the brim also lined with satin. This is a pretty quiet style of bonnet for the early part of the morning. Black velvet, both plain and fancy, is very much in vogue, both for *chapeaux* and *capotes* in half dress, as well as for the promenade. Satin *capotes*, though they are in a minority, are still worn for the latter in the morning; but so great is the rage for velvet, that a good many are trimmed with it, I mean those of dark colours; those of light hues are frequently decorated with ribbon only. As to the forms of *chapeaux* and *capotes* they have not altered, nor will they now for some time to come. It must be owned that the little modifications of the autumnal forms, which took place in the beginning of the winter, are generally becoming. The majority of velvet *chapeaux* are still trimmed with feathers, but there are more ornamented with flowers than there were in the beginning of the season, I mean in demi toilette. I have lately seen several kinds mingled with moss: tufts of roses without foliage are very much in vogue for back velvet or satin *capotes*. The tuft is always inserted in the centre of a lace *chère*. A long slender sprig of foliage, with a single moss rose or any other delicate flower at the base, is also a favourite style of garniture. I may cite among the most remarkable of the velvet *chapeaux* one decorated with a heron's plume, and the interior of the brim with blue fringed ribbon, and another in white velvet, decorated with a lappet of *point d'Angleterre* crossed round the crown, and falling a little behind on each side; a second lappet plaited under the brim formed the *brides*.

The different kinds of *pardessus* which I have described continue their vogue, and so do furs, particularly the sable and ermine *mantelets*

écharpes. Since they have been so much in favour *redingotes* are more generally adopted, both in demi toilette and carriage dress; they are for the most part composed of velvet, made high, and tight to the shape; some are fastened from the top of the *corsage* to the bottom of the skirt by a row of fancy silk buttons; others are trimmed with braiding and *brandebourgs*. Satin *redingotes*, though fewer in number, are in general more trimmed than the velvet ones: a good many are ornamented with a row of fancy silk buttons down the front, and a trimming formed of narrow velvet ribbon disposed in a kind of embroidery at the side: others are made with velvet robings, to which a row of velvet lace or *passementerie* is attached. Tight sleeves seem to increase in favour; a good many are made rather more than a three-quarter length, and quite tight; the cambric or muslin under sleeve is terminated by a single *bouillon* moderately full, and trimmed with a *Valenciennes* lace ruffle falling over the hand.

I have not lately spoken to you of the extraordinary perfection to which embroidery has been brought here; its vogue is universal in morning dress, demi toilette, and evening costume. In the first we have collars, *manchettes*, and *fichus* of cambric, trimmed with *Valenciennes* edging, and worked in small patterns. In the second, the *canezouts corsages* of India muslins or *organdy*, almost covered with embroidery, and very full, trimmed with expensive lace, will transform in a moment the most simple toilette into one of the most elegant description.

Several additions have been made to the rich silks which I announced in the beginning of the season for evening robes. I shall cite as the most remarkable the *Pompadour velonté*; the *Pekin satin à grappes*; the royal *bananier*, the rich foliage of which is figured on its satin ground; and the royal *mandarin*; this last is a superb silk; its brilliant and beautiful colours have something of the effect of precious stones on its satin stripes. These, and also the rich silks I formerly mentioned, are adopted for *grande parure*. Black and white lace robes, the former over coloured, the latter over white satin dresses, are also adopted in full dress, but they are also worn in evening dress; plain velvet and satin are also seen in both. With respect to the forms of dresses, I can only say that they approach still nearer than last winter to those of the *Louis Quatorze-day*. Our *corsages* are cut down so low as to really require the modest piece talked of by your admirable Addison in one of his "Spectators;" the waists are lengthened as much as they can be, and the point at the bottom of the waist made as long as possible. The sleeves are short, with the exceptions of some rich lace ones, surmounted by a jockey of the material of the dress. The trimmings are principally either lace flounces, or lace *montants*; the former are some



times as many as three or four in number, in which case they nearly cover the whole of the skirt; the upper one only has a heading, it may be either a *coquillage* of ribbon, or a wreath of flowers or foliage. The ornaments of the *corsage* correspond with those of the skirt: a lace *Berthe* formed of a double row and pointed, or else two or three rows of lace disposed *en pelerine*. The short sleeve is either covered by a lace *mancheron*, or finished by a lace *manchette*. Flowers, sprigs of foliage, or *nœuds* of ribbon corresponding with the garniture of the skirt, complete the ornaments of the robe. Velvet dresses scarcely ever have the border of the robe trimmed; if there is a garniture, it is a lace *montant*; but even these are rarely seen on velvet robes, though frequently adapted for the rich silks of which I have spoken, and for satin ones.

The variety of *coiffures* in evening dress is so great that I must make my review of them a short one. The *coiffure Romaine* is composed of *ponceau* velvet *bandelettes*, traversing the forehead, and retaining a gold, silk, or silver net, which covers the hind hair. A *bandelette* sometimes passes under the chin; but this is seldom the case, as there are few faces to which this addition to the *coiffure* is becoming. Still more attractive, but in quite a different style is the *bonnet Marie Stuart*; this is made in three different materials, but always in the same form. A small foundation of blonde lace is encircled by a cordon of roses, which descends in a small point on the forehead, and increases in size towards the temples. Others are composed of gold net, decorated with a light wreath of foliage sprinkled with those brilliant little insects called lady-birds. The third kind is of velvet, with embroidery and knots of pearls. The *coiffure Espagnol* is a net composed of either black bugles or *chenille*; it is placed very much on one side; the sides, very small, are lightly turned up, and under each is a tuft of *roses pompons*. Two black lace lappets, retained by the roses, descend on each side upon the neck, completing one of the most tasteful *coiffures* that has appeared this season. The elegant simplicity of the *coiffure Jonienne* gives it a claim to a very favourable notice; it is composed of a narrow *bandeau* of purple, azure blue, or pink velvet placed on the forehead à l'*antique*; a small veil of the most transparent gold or silver gauze descends from the *bandeau* upon the neck on each side. These are the leading *coiffures* of the month, but there is also an almost endless variety of *toques*, *toquets*, *turbans*, *berets*, and *chapeaux*; some of the latter, composed of lace, lined with pink gauze and trimmed with white *marabouts*, tipped with pink, are very much in vogue, as are also the *toquets Italiens*—but the latter are for full dress only; they are composed of black velvet, embroidered in gold and coloured silk, brought very forward on the head, and trimmed with ribbons, in the same style, disposed in a knot with long ends, which fall on each side of the head-dress.

Silks will decidedly divide the vogue with

crapes, gauzes, lace, &c., &c., in ball dress; those that have recently appeared for that purpose are the *poult de soie feuillé*, the *Pekin guirmonde*, *royal point d'Agençon*, and the *point d'Ishy*. Plain satins are also likely to be a good deal adopted. Several crape and gauze robes are made with double, and even triple skirts. Some of the prettiest are those of white crape, made with three skirts, each bordered with *point d'Angleterre*, set on with a little fulness, and so broad that the three skirts were entirely covered. Each trimming was surmounted by a narrow fold of satin, which sustained the robe. The *berthe* was composed of three falls of lace, and the sleeves corresponded. Some of these robes had a bouquet composed of three different coloured roses, white, red, and yellow, attached by a knot of diamonds; others had a single flower inserted in a *papillon* bow of ribbon, and I have seen some ornamented only with a brilliant brooch. Although lace flounces are in a majority for ball robes, they are not the only trimmings adopted; several of these, with double skirts, being decorated with wreaths of flowers round the upper skirts, or else having them open at the sides, and the openings partially closed by flowers. A *coquillage* of gold and silver ribbon is also in vogue for *garnitures*. Flounces, though adopted for silk ball robes, are not so generally employed as *montants*, bordered with flowers. Long as my letter is, I cannot close it without speaking of the most elegant, as well as novel, ball robes of the month; they are the *robes à ruban*, composed of crape or tulle, and trimmed with eight or ten rows of ribbon, of a kind manufactured expressly for that purpose—they are fringed, and in beautiful colours.

Coiffures en cheveux are in a decided majority in ball dress, they are principally decorated with flowers; the most novel ornament is a new wreath called the *guirlande Marie Stuart*. The colours à la mode are still the same as when I wrote last.

ADRIENNE DE M——.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATES.

PLATE THE FIRST.

CARRIAGE DRESS.—Blue velvet robe, *corsage à caraco*, made high, tight to the shape, and descending in the jacket style at the bottom of the waist; it is trimmed with a *rouleau* of sable fur. Long tight sleeve, and deep sable cuff. A very broad border of the same fur encircles the bottom of the skirt. Black satin *capote*, a close shape, wadded and quilted. It is trimmed with a band and knot of black velvet ribbon, and a black lace rosette, in the centre of which is a tuft of red roses without foliage; *brides* of pink satin ribbon complete the trimming. Triple frill of Valenciennes lace. Sable *manchet* and muff.

WALKING DRESS.—Black satin robe, a high *corsage* and long tight sleeves. The cloak is one of the new plaided cashmeres, lined with green *gros de Naples*; it is made rather more than a three-quarter length, with a *pelerine* deep behind

but arched in front, which supplies the place of sleeves, and a close collar; the fronts are disposed in the scarf style; the entire is bordered with a broad band of green velvet. Grey velvet *chapeau*, lined with pink satin, and the interior of the brim, which is moderately close, trimmed with pink satin *coques* and *brides*; the exterior is decorated with a velvet *torsade*, and a tuft of cock's feathers dyed to correspond.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

No. 3. MORNING DRESS.—Tea-green cashmere robe; the *corsage* is a three-quarter height behind, but opening on the bosom; it is bordered with a lappel edged with velvet, and closed down the front with fancy silk buttons; they are continued down the front of the skirt. Long tight sleeve. *Organdy* cap; a small close shape trimmed with Valenciennes lace, and cherry-coloured velvet ribbon. *Chemisette* of cambric trimmed with two rows of Valenciennes lace standing up.

No. 4. HOME DRESS.—Grey lilac silk robe, over which is a polka of deep blue satin; it is made with the skirt not reaching quite to the knee, each of the breadths that compose it open, and bordered with velvet to correspond; the *corsage* very open on the bosom, and half high behind, is trimmed with a velvet lappel, and the sleeve a three-quarter length, with a cuff to correspond. Muslin under sleeve, trimmed as is the *chemisette*, with Valenciennes lace. Round cap of *organdy*, bordered with Valenciennes lace, and very full trimmed with grey ribbon.

No. 5. MORNING DRESS.—Green satin robe; a tight *corsage*, partially high, with a pelerine cleft upon the shoulder, and opening rather low on the bosom in a point; sleeve a three-quarter length, with a cleft *mancheron*, muslin under sleeve, and broad lace ruffle. Brussels net cap, trimmed with pink ribbon and Valenciennes lace. Cambric *chemisette* made up to the throat and frilled with lace.

SECOND PLATE.

CARRIAGE DRESS.—Deep blue satin robe: the *corsage* is made tight, and quite up to the throat; it is trimmed with a lappel disposed *en pelerine* behind, and forming a heart in front. The lappel is bordered with a satin band striped with velvet stripes. The skirt is decorated *en tablier*, with the same affixed on each side of a velvet band. Sleeve a three-quarter length, with a close *mancheron* and gauntlet cuff, both decorated with the same kind of trimming. Cambric under-sleeve arranged in *bouillons*. The *chapeau* is composed of black velvet and satin; a round brim arranged in fold, crossed by black velvet *rouleaux*, and lined with blue satin; the crown, of a novel form, is velvet interspersed with satin *rouleaux*; the garniture consists of two long white and blue shaded ostrich feathers, and velvet ribbon. Neck frill of Brussels lace. Sable muff.

MORNING DRESS.—Emerald green satin robe: the *corsage*, made quite up to the throat, tight to the shape, and terminating in two small points, is trimmed with two rows of braiding and fancy

silk buttons; the same garniture is continued down the front of the skirt. Tight sleeve with deep cuff and close *mancheron*, decorated *en suite*. Pink satin *chapeau*, a round open shape: the interior trimmed with white *tulle*, in which flowers are inserted; the exterior with pink ribbon, and a black lace drapery.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

No. 3. HOME DRESS.—Pink figured taffetas robe; a high *corsage*, partly open on the bosom, displaying two rows of lace standing up. The entire front of the *corsage* and skirt is trimmed with braiding and *brandebourgs*; and the round of the jacket, which descends very low, is bordered with braiding. The sleeve is a three-quarter length: the trimming of the *corsage* is brought round the upper part of the sleeve in the *mancheron* style. A deep open cuff is bordered with braiding. Very wide under-sleeve finished by a lace ruffle. Head dress of hair.

No. 4. EVENING DRESS.—Light green silk robe striped with emerald green velvet: the *corsage* is a three-quarter height behind, very open on the bosom, with a double lappel scalloped, as is also the bottom of the *corsage*, which descends a little on the hips. Robings to correspond ornament the fronts of the skirt, which is open before, displaying a white satin under-dress; the lower part of the *corsage* is partially closed by fancy silk buttons. Long sleeve of *tulle* entirely covered by rows of Honiton lace, disposed in a bias direction. Lace *chemisette à la vierge*. Black velvet hat, a round turned up brim, the interior trimmed with black lace; the exterior with velvet bordered with black lace, and a bouquet of white ostrich feathers.

No. 5. BALL DRESS.—White *tulle* robe, a low and deeply pointed *corsage* trimmed with a lace *berthe* of two falls, ornamented with *pensées* of pink gauze ribbon. Very short sleeve, finished by a fall of lace. The skirt is looped on one side, so as to display the white satin one worn underneath; the loop is of vine leaves fastened by a full blown rose, corresponding with the wreath that ornaments the hair.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications to be addressed to the Office, 24, Norfolk-street, Strand, where all business is transacted.

Accepted, W.

Declined with thanks, L. E. H.; Alpha; Una; Ann; "The Shipwreck;" "Lines of a Retreating Trooper."

Office, No. 24, Norfolk-street, Strand. Sold by Berger, Holywell-street; Steele, Paternoster-row, and by all Booksellers in Town and Country.

Printed by Joseph Rogerson, 24, Norfolk-street, Strand, London.



Fashions for February, 1845.

CONTENTS.

	Page
HARTLAND HALL. BY MRS. ABDY	127
HOPE. BY W.....	135
ONE TRUE HEART. BY MRS. F. B. SCOTT.....	ib.
THE GLOW-WORM TO THE WITHERED LEAF. BY LOUISA H.	136
ON FIRST VISITING FRANCE. BY WILLIAM HENRY FISK	ib.
MARGARET'S LESSON. BY ELIZABETH YOUATT	137
SONGS OF THE MOUNTAIN. BY W. G. J. BARKER, ESQ.	141
"LIGHTS AND SHADES." BY J. J. REYNOLDS	ib.
"THE JILT." BY THE AUTHOR OF "COUSIN GEOFFREY."	142
LONELINESS. BY CALDER CAMPBELL.....	146
ENGLAND'S GODLESS POOR. BY W. MELBOURNE KIRKHOUSE.....	ib.
FLORENCE; OR, WOMAN'S FRIENDSHIP. BY GRACE AGUILAR.....	147
THE DIRGE OF THE DISHONOURED SOLDIER. BY E. A. M. O.	156
STANZAS. BY ANNA SAVAGE	ib.
TO JOY. BY ELIZA LESLIE	ib.
WINTER HAS COME. BY J. GOSLIN	157
TO MY ABSENT BROTHER. BY S. J. G.	ib.
LINES. BY E. E. HAMILTON	ib.
THE CLAUQUEURS OF PARIS	158
ON THE DESTRUCTION OF THE PORTLAND VASE. BY J. J. REYNOLDS	160
CHRISTIAN WOLF; OR THE PROGRESS OF CRIME. BY M. A. Y.	161
THE WOODMAN'S CHILD. BY MRS. F. B. SCOTT	165
MARRYING A GENIUS. BY MISS MARY ORME	166
POISONED WORDS. BY GEORGINA C. MUNRO	169
THE VIRGIN'S SHRINE AT BETHARRAM	170
TO THE BRAVE HEARTS. BY CAMILLA TOULMIN	174
THE FOUND ONE. BY ELIZA LESLIE.....	ib.
MY AUNT'S TEA TABLE. BY ELIZA WALKER	175
MONASTERY CELLS. BY CHARLES H. HITCHINGS	176
THE VETTURINO. BY H. T. TUCKERMAN	177
MUSIC	180
LITERATURE	181
AMUSEMENTS OF THE MONTH	186
FASHIONS FOR MARCH.....	187
DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATES	189
TO CORRESPONDENTS	190

Now ready, with eighty Engravings on Steel and Wood, elegantly printed in 4to,
LAYS AND LEGENDS;
ILLUSTRATIVE OF ENGLISH LIFE.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

London: Jeremiah How, 132, Fleet Street.

INDIAN TALES.

Now Ready, to be continued at intervals, neatly bound in cloth, gilt, price 3s. 6d.
(Each volume to be complete in itself),

THE TRAPPER'S BRIDE:
A
TALE OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.
WITH
THE ROSE OF OUISCONSIN.

BY
PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

"Mr. St. John is an intelligent and animated writer, with a keen eye for the picturesque and romantic; and it is no wonder that, with the opportunities he has enjoyed of observing the wild men of the woods, his sketches of their persons and adventures should be interesting and striking. These tales we have no doubt will become favourites, and render still better known a name which most of us meet with welcoming in the periodicals."—*Indian News*, February 10th.

"The most vivid and graphic sketches, in the style of Cooper, that have ever been given to the public."—*L. L. Weekly Newspaper*.

"Fervid and impassioned, humorous, grave, pathetic, according to his theme, Mr. Percy B. St. John's productions must always be welcome to the public."—*Gulbey Vindicator*.

"The first of the two tales in the volume is a bustling narrative of tracking an Indian party to their retreat, and carrying off the chieftain's daughter, whom the Trapper is not rich enough to buy, the lady of course being nothing loth. 'The Rose of Ouisconsin' is rather a more complicated story, involving love tales of white and red people, Indian attack and defence, with some other incidents of border life. The tales are agreeably and fluently written."—*Spectator*.

"Familiar with the scenes and habits of the natives, no one can be more able to illustrate Indian life. They are both tales of deep interest, exceedingly well told, and will well repay the trouble of perusal. Their only fault is that they are too short. Cooper's novels have not half the spirit of these two short and simple stories."—*Era*.

"Two interesting tales, full of true poetry."—*Weekly Chronicle*.

"Mr. St. John describes customs and scenery with a very graphic pen, and gives proof of a talent which will no doubt enable him to shine in the walks of fiction. There is something very grand and striking in his descriptions."—*Weekly Dispatch*.

"A collection of graceful and interesting compositions by an author familiar with the scenes and habits he so ably describes. The tales are full of animation, and some of the scenes possess true pathos."—*Bell's New Weekly Messenger*.

London: John Mortimer, Adelaide-street, Trafalgar-square.

And to be had of all Booksellers.

MR. THOMAS'S SUCCEDANEUM, FOR STOPPING DECAYED TEETH. Price 4s. 6d. Patronized by Her Majesty, His Royal Highness Prince Albert, and Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent.—The Succedaneum will remain firm in the tooth for many years, arresting the further progress of decay, and rendering extraction unnecessary. All persons can use Mr. Thomas's Succedaneum themselves with ease, as full directions are enclosed. Price 4s. 6d. Sold by Savory and Moore, 220, Regent-Street; Sanger, 150, Oxford-Street; Butler, 4, Cheapside; Prout, 220, Strand; Johnston, 68, Cornhill; and all Medicine venders.

Mr. Thomas continues to supply the loss of Teeth on his new system of self adhesion, without springs or wires. This method does not require the extraction of any teeth or roots, or any painful operation whatever. At home from 11 till 4. Mr. Thomas, Surgeon-Dentist, 64, Berners-Street, Oxford-Street.

THE MINARET PARASOL, from the elegance and symmetry of its *form*, is by far the most beautiful yet introduced; the price does not exceed that of ordinary Parasols, although a very graceful improvement has been effected in its construction. The attention and patronage of the public is requested to this elegant novelty, which can be had at any of the respectable Drapers; and wholesale at all the wholesale dealers.

Observe, the silver runner is stamped with the word "MINARET."



JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER.

London: Published by J. F. Lewis, 15, Pall Mall Street Strand. 1841

JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER.

Since our Country, our God--Oh, my Sire!--
Demand that thy Daughter expire;
Since thy triumph was bought by thy vow,
Strike the bosom that's bared for thee now!

And the voice of my mourning is o'er,
And the mountains behold me no more:
If the hand that I love lay me low,
There cannot be pain in the blow.

And of this, oh, my Father! be sure--
That the blood of thy child is as pure
As the blessing I beg ere it flow,
And the last thought that soothes me below.

Though the virgins of Salem lament,
Be the judge and the hero unbent!
I have won the great battle for thee,
And my Father and country are free!

When this blood of thy giving hath gush'd,
When the voice that thou lovest is hush'd,
Let my memory still be thy pride,
And forget not I smiled as I died!

BYRON.

NORWICH CATHEDRAL.

The diocese of Norwich is of great antiquity, although the seat of its chief pastor was not established in its present position earlier than the Norman conquest. Sigebert, king of the East Angles in the seventh century, whose dominions comprised Norfolk, Suffolk, and part of Cambridgeshire, had embraced Christianity. He invited Felix, a Burgundian priest, into his kingdom, and appointed him bishop of a new diocese, the see of which he fixed at Dunmoe, or Dunwich, his capital city. Four prelates sat here, the last of whom, an aged man, divided the diocese into two, Dunwich and North Elmham. Over the former eleven bishops are said to have presided, and over the latter ten; when the two dioceses were re-united, and the see continued at Elmham till 1075, at which time the incumbent removed it to Thetford, then the most considerable town in Norfolk. Here, however, it did not long remain; for Herbert de Lozinga, the bishop, solemnly translated it to Norwich, April 9th, 1094. In 1096 this prelate laid the foundation of the new cathedral, which was soon after constituted by the pope the mother-church of Norfolk and Suffolk. On the north side was placed the bishop's palace, and on the south the priory; and in five years the works were so far advanced, that sixty monks were, in 1101, settled in the monastery. The choir with its aisles, the tower, and the two transepts, were, in all probability, the parts of the cathedral completed by Lozinga, who also surrounded the precincts with a lofty wall. His successor, bishop Eborard, added the nave and aisles from the rood-loft door to the west end; and, as this was a very large part of the fabric, he is said by some to have built the whole church.

The western front of Norwich cathedral is plain, consisting of three compartments, which correspond to the nave and its side aisles. Of these compartments, the middle is much the largest. In it is a deep portal of pointed architecture within a square head, above which is a well-proportioned pointed window. It is flanked by square turrets, which rise to the height of the gable point, and are surmounted by a kind of dome or cupola, terminating in a ball. The side compartments are divided into three stories: in the lowest is a round-headed door; in the next, an arcade of round-headed arches; in the third, a similar window, with a single arch of the same kind on each side. On the top are battlements; and each of these compartments also is flanked by turrets, at first square, afterwards round, and, like the others, crowned with leaden cupolas and balls. It is proper to add, that all the four turrets were originally surmounted by lofty spires. Such is the principal front of this structure; which stands in such an encumbered situation, that a good view of scarcely any other part of the exterior is to be obtained. The eastern end is round; and, just where this round part begins, there is on each side a chapel of very curious character, belonging to the original work of Lozinga. A better idea will, however, be conveyed of these by the engraving, than by a minute description. But in order to give a distinct representation of this interesting part of the cathedral, a wall and some trees belonging to an adjoining garden have been omitted by the artist. One of these chapels is now used as a parish church. The Lady chapel to the east of the choir is destroyed; but it will be seen that traces of it yet remain in the marks of the roof visible on the eastern wall, and the arched door-way now walled up; above which are three windows close together. The only other part of the exterior

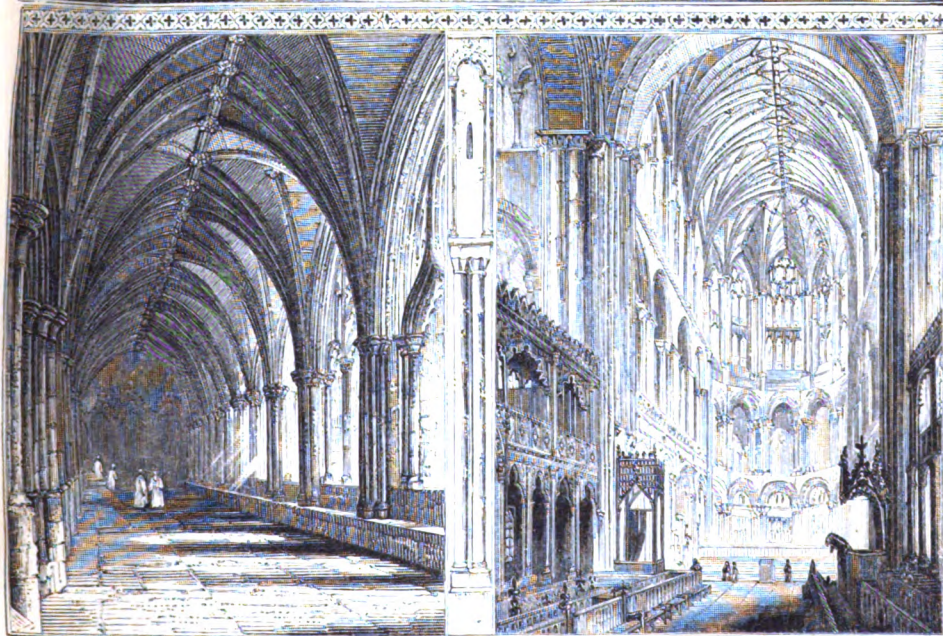
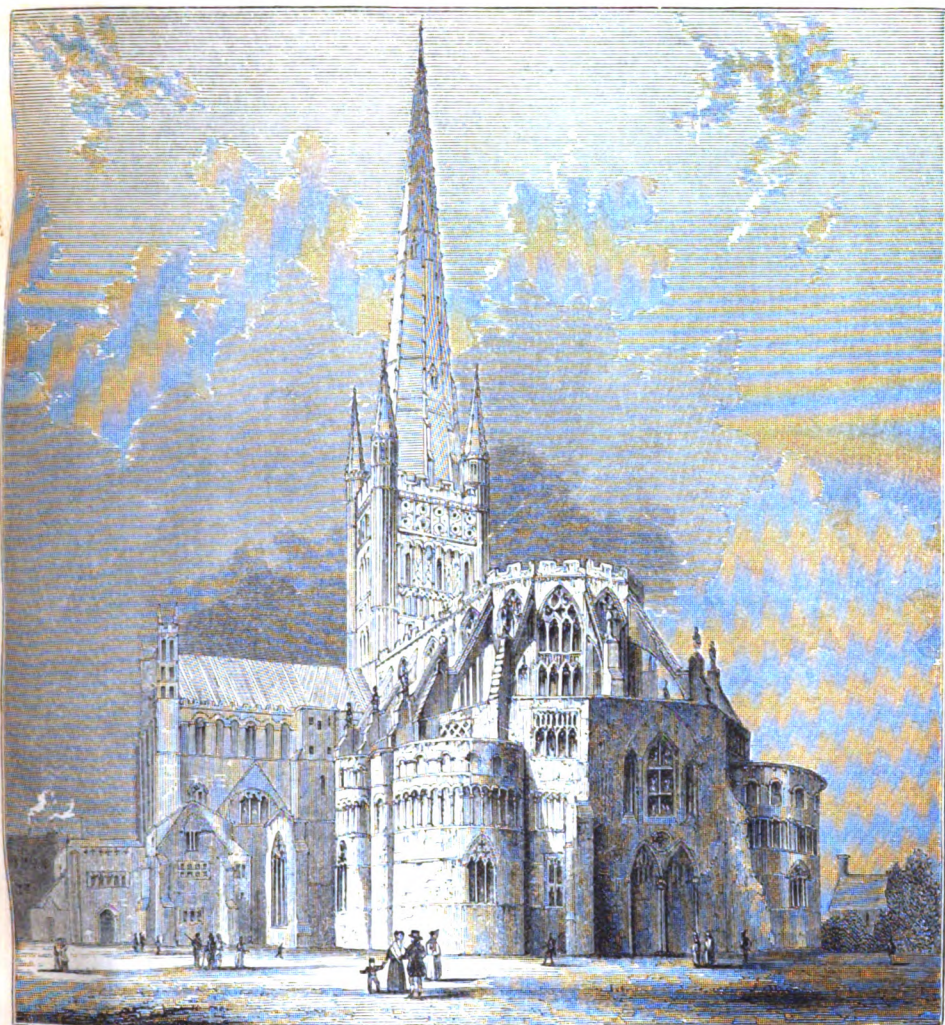
to which the reader's attention is called is the tower, with its spire. We have here a noble specimen, unrivalled in England, of a perfect Norman tower. Its plan is square, with square turrets at the corners, their external angles being cut off. The faces of this tower are divided into four compartments by horizontal bands. Between the first and second compartment a billet-moulding runs, continued over the turrets; and, as this is not the case with any of the other bands, it has been thought that this, with a plain parapet, was at first intended to be the termination. If this were so, the subsequent erections must soon have been added, as they are strictly in the same style. The tower is crowned with a battlement, as are also the four turrets, upon each of which is a richly crocketed spire; and in the centre rises the great spire, of most graceful proportions. The base is decorated with projecting buttresses, which terminate in crocketed pinnacles set at the eight angles of the spire. Above these pinnacles are windows pointed and canopied; and higher up, smaller ones of the same description. Some plain horizontal bands encircle the spire at different heights; and the whole is richly crocketed and crowned with a finial, on which stands the weathercock.

The interior of this cathedral consists of a nave and choir, with a north and south transept, forming altogether a single cross. On entering the western door, the nave, vaulted with stone, spreads magnificently before the spectator as far as the choir screens and organ; unfortunately, by these obstructions the rest of the building is concealed. The older part of the nave thus seen is characterized by simplicity and solidity: the upper part is of a more light and elegant style. From the west end to the transept are fourteen semicircular arches on each side, supported by suitable piers, excepting that near the choir are two vast cylindrical columns with spiral flutings opposite each other. The choir is of unusual length, extending beyond the transept and central tower into the nave; so that the choir, properly so called, is left free from stalls or pews. The effect produced is striking, and deeply impressed the writer's mind when he for the first time entered Norwich cathedral, as about to receive imposition of hands for the sacred office of a deacon.

The cloisters on the south side of the cathedral are of great architectural beauty: they form, as nearly as possible, a square of 177 feet. The tombs in this church are not remarkable. There is one in the nave to bishop Nix, who was blind. He was a cruel persecutor of the reformed in the time of Henry VIII. Near his is the monument of bishop Parkhurst, the tutor of the illustrious Jewell. In the choir is the tomb of bishop Goldwell.

The dimensions of the cathedral are as follow:—

	FEET. IN.
Length from east to west (exterior).....	414 6
Breadth of west front	82 10
Length of nave	212 0
Breadth of nave	70 4
Length of choir	170 0
Breadth of choir	45 0
Length of transept.....	180 0
Breadth of transept	30 6
Height of vaulting of roof.....	73 0
Height of tower	140 0
Breadth of tower (exterior)	45 6
Height of spire	169 0
Total height of weathercock from the ground.....	313 0



NORWICH CATHEDRAL.

CLOISTER

THE NEW MONTHLY BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

MARCH, 1845.

HARTLAND HALL.

(A TALE FOR MATCH-MAKERS.)

BY MRS. ABDY.

My uncle Hartland and his wife were universally popular people—they were rich, hospitable, and warm-hearted; they were childless, but had a marvellous facility of bestowing parental tenderness on the children of other people. They were fond of society, and their pleasant country-house presented a constant succession of guests invited for pure air, partridge-shooting, Christmas festivities, and sundry other nominal reasons; but in reality, all among them who had the misfortune of being single were invited for the express purpose of remedying that misfortune as soon as possible, by getting happily and eligibly married. “Hereby hangs my tale.” My dear uncle and aunt were decided match-makers—the only drawback, in my opinion, to their various good qualities; but the young ladies of their acquaintance thought quite differently on the subject, and considered their love of pairing their friends such an evidence of benevolence and good taste, that it could only be adequately requited by accepting the very slightest hint of an invitation to stay at Hartland Hall, and sometimes even going thither without the ceremony of waiting for an invitation at all.

Match-making is always a dangerous responsibility; but sometimes we see people so thoroughly formed for each other, that it is difficult to refrain from dropping an encouraging word, or lending a helping hand to them. My uncle and aunt, however, did not wait for any such favourable preliminaries: they were anxious to pair every body. If alike in character, so much the better; if different, people always preferred those who were the reverse of themselves; if both were rich, society in general, and the poor in particular, would be greatly benefited by their united stores; if both were needy, they must, of course, be well skilled, from early

practice, in the art of making a little go a great way; and if wealth were on one side only, it was admirably calculated to supply the want of it on the other. Nay, I have known cases in which they have actually emulated the feeling of the benevolent old baronet in Madame d’Arblay’s “Camilla,” who, when discussing the probability of making a match between Dr. Orkborne and Miss Margland, asserts that “he knows nothing against it, except the very great dislike which they have for one another!”

It may readily be concluded that I, as a nephew, was speedily singled out by my kind relatives to enact the character of a married man for the sake of giving a good example to the county; I was, however, resolutely blind to my own interest and popularity. I was in the law, and had witnessed so many settlement squabbles, prepared so many deeds of separation, and listened to the murmurings of so many indignant widows who chose to consider themselves shabbily and inadequately jointured, that I was by no means inclined to be a very enthusiastic worshipper at the shrine of Hymen. Once, however, I was nearly caged; my uncle and aunt selected for me a young lady so marvellously pretty that I would willingly have settled on her my four hundred pounds in the Three per Cents. for her sole and separate use, and made over every chair and table in my chambers to her and to her heirs for ever. A song of Moore’s, however, worked my cure (how could match-makers suffer such a song to be lying on the piano?) it told me that—

“Lips, though blooming, must still be fed,
And not even Love can live on flowers.”

I cannot say that “on this hint I spake,” but on this hint I spake *not*, a decision much more to the purpose, since it rescued myself, and the

young beauty selected for my companion through "life's morning march," from the future pains and penalties of bills ill-paid, dinners ill-served, and children ill-provided for. On my next visit to Hartland Hall I found my uncle and aunt determined to

" Prove wiser than of yore,
And tempt by making rich, not making poor."

They had resolved that I should marry a plump widow of fifty, with a jointure of three thousand a year, and seven children all handsomely portioned. I frankly confessed that I had eight strong objections to this arrangement. My uncle, although not in general particularly quick in arriving at a conclusion, easily imagined that the seven children formed seven of the objections, and undertook to prove to me that I should find them no trouble at all. I interrupted him in the midst of a long harangue on nursery governesses, finishing seminaries, public and private schools, &c., by saying that nothing could overcome my eighth and most cogent objection. He eagerly asked me what it was—it was to the lady herself!

Since then I had been allowed to remain in the unmolested enjoyment of celibacy; but when I visited Hartland Hall about a year and a half ago, I fully expected to find my uncle and aunt incited to new exertions in their vocation from a late instance of triumphant success which they had experienced in the exercise of it. They had actually made up a marriage so eligible and desirable that even I, although disposed to look upon all their proceedings with professional doubt and scrutiny, could find nothing in it on which to ground an objection. The gentleman, a wealthy and intelligent young baronet, was unfortunately shy and reserved; the lady was beautiful, accomplished, and amiable, but had a haughty father and a sensitive mother, whose horror was so great at the idea of being supposed to seek a good match for their daughter, that they had treated the timid admirer in question with undue coldness, to guard themselves from the suspicion of seeking him with undue warmth. At length the father and mother were suddenly summoned to a rich old aunt, from whom they had great expectations, and who, for the fiftieth time, proclaimed her life to be in imminent danger. What was to be done with their daughter during the time of their *triste* visit? My aunt kindly stepped forward, and invited her to Hartland Hall; the young baronet was invited also, and matters progressed so favourably under the fostering auspices of my relations, that by the time the old aunt dismissed her visitors from their attendance on her (having swallowed eight hundred and fifty of Morrison's pills, and being thereby, she affirmed, restored to perfect health!), nothing remained but to ask the consent of parents and friends to the union of the young couple, which was readily given, and all the society within ten miles round, who eagerly looked forward to a series of parties at the house of the baronet and his bride, agreed without a dissenting voice that

such people as Mr. and Mrs. Hartland were "a real blessing to a country neighbourhood."

I had suffered under a nervous apprehension of finding some single young lady domesticated at Hartland Hall, to whom I should be expected to pay particular attention, and my fears were realized.

Marian Lovell had been kindly pressed by my uncle and aunt to "come and stay with them as long as she liked;" and when I heard the particulars of her situation in life, I really could not wish her away, little as there was in her to amuse or to interest me. Marian Lovell had devoted herself with exemplary assiduity to the care of a feeble and sickly mother; the death of that mother, a few months ago, had left her an orphan, with ten thousand pounds in the funds, thorough ignorance of the ways of the world, no friends, and few relations. The family of her mother was extinct; and the only connexion of her father was a vulgar, sordid citizen, of the name of Dixon, whom Mrs. Lovell, when living, had carefully shunned, but whose name, on her death-bed, she associated with that of Mr. Hartland (a former acquaintance of her husband's), as the guardian of her daughter's property. Marian Lovell was earnestly entreated by the Dixons to make their house her home. She had no resource but compliance; but her residence there was one of exceeding discomfort. Accustomed to the pure breezes of the country, she languished in the close air of the city; habituated to the quiet, gentle manners of her mother, she shrank from the noisy familiarity of Mr. Dixon, the tart remarks of his shrewish wife, and the flippancy of his half-educated daughters; but most of all did she shrink from the coarse and forward assiduities of a certain Mr. Jacob Dixon, who had been expressly enjoined by his father and mother to lose no time in securing Miss Lovell and her ten thousand pounds, and who, with exemplary filial obedience, perseveringly adhered to the instructions he had received, notwithstanding the most undisguised symptoms of aversion on the part of the fair object of his pursuit. Poor Marian, during a morning visit which my aunt and uncle paid to her, betrayed enough of her secret sorrows to interest their kind hearts in devising some method of redressing them; they openly invited her to Hartland Hall—they privately resolved that she should only leave it as the bride of some unexceptionable suitor.

I wish I could represent Marian Lovell to my readers as a heroine of romance; but she was no such thing, she was a thoroughly commonplace girl. I am rather scrupulous about employing that phrase, because I had a friend who used to say—"Call me what you will, heap every term of invective and contempt upon me, so long as you do not describe me as a common-place young man." Marian Lovell, however, could not be called otherwise than a common-place young lady; mediocrity in every shape seemed to be her portion—she had the sort of face and form that you meet with in every drawing-room, and forget as soon as you

have seen it; she looked plain and pale in a morning cap at the breakfast table, and rather pretty sitting at the piano in the evening, with flowers in her hair, and a wax taper on each side of her; she played in time, but without taste, and sang in tune, but without expression. She drew from nature; and as she always wrote under her sketches the name of the place they were meant to represent, they never failed to be recognised. She had a little superficial reading, understood something of botany, guessed about one charade in twenty, and was particularly clever in worsted-work. Such characters are, in my opinion, insufferably tedious; there is something exciting in vulgarity, and amusing in ignorance; bad English affords us an agreeable insight into the bye-ways as well as the high-ways of our own language, and it is delightfully startling to be asked such questions (and such questions, I assure my readers, have been asked) as "whether we have ever heard of a poet called Coleridge?" and "whether Sir Lytton Bulwer's novels are not translations from the Latin?" but it is thoroughly exhausting to listen to an automaton who never utters an original remark, but at the same time preserves her character as a well-bred, well-educated young lady, on the strength of speaking prettily, and writing a smooth and flowing note of ceremony, or of friendship. Such was Marian Lovell; I was placed by her at dinner, and earnestly did I endeavour to elicit one spark of intelligence from her during the half hour's conversation that followed, but all was in vain; she was mild and inoffensive, but I could not add an item to my stock of ideas through her agency, and her insipid style of singing in the evening, and the very spiritless, rapid remarks which she made on some new publications lying on the table, rendered the drawing-room a stage of action as little advantageous to her performance as the dining-room. She might however, I thought, do very well for the wife of some honest, quiet country-gentleman, and such, I doubted not, my uncle and aunt would kindly provide for her.

The next morning, my uncle with much earnestness asked me my opinion of Marian Lovell. I fancied I detected an arch look of interest in his countenance, and rather angry at the idea of being compelled to refuse "hearts by dozens," I replied—"I think she is a plain, dull girl, and I never saw any one who would be less suited to my taste as a wife."

"So much the better, my dear fellow," answered my uncle; "I should be very sorry if you thought of her as a wife, for I have other views for her; but I am surprised that you should consider her plain and dull. You have not, however, had time yet to find out her good qualities."

I felt so relieved by the information that Marian Lovell was never likely to become an object of annoyance to me, that my conscience smote me for the very peevish and ungallant way in which I had spoken of her, and I rejoined—"I have no doubt she will improve on acquaintance; she appears very gentle and

amiable, her hair is rather a pretty colour, and if her voice had more power, and she were not so timid, I think she would have acquitted herself very well last night in the first part of the Canadian Boat Song."

"I am delighted to hear that you begin to do my young favourite justice," said my uncle, with a benevolent smile, "and I will not longer keep you in suspense as to the name of the happy man for whom I design her, and whom I expect here to-morrow—he is your friend, Charles Sidney."

I was disposed to exclaim, like Manly, in the Provoked Husband, when Sir Francis Wronghead informs him that he intends his daughter Jenny for a Maid of Honour—"Oh! he has taken my breath away!" The idea of matching the dowdy, insipid Marian Lovell with the brilliant, high-spirited Charles Sidney, was a plan the absurdity of which I should have thought would have been visible even to my uncle and aunt. Sidney was a young barrister just beginning a career which I predicted would be one of extraordinary splendour. He was strikingly handsome, possessed excellent abilities for his profession, and literary talents which promised to secure him no mean station in the lists of authorship; fame, fortune, the admiration of man, the love of woman, all these seemed in my mind as clearly traced out for the future portion of Sidney, as if I possessed the power of turning over the coming leaves of the book of futurity, and yet my uncle actually thought that he would be a "happy man" if he married Marian Lovell!

"My dear uncle," I said, as soon as I recovered the power of speech, "what a preposterous idea! Sidney might command any match if he were but a little more introduced into society; and his uncle, Lord Castleton, has only just returned from the continent, where he has resided for the last ten years, and has written an affectionate letter to Sidney, expressing his wish to be on intimate terms with him."

"That will do him no good, but a great deal of harm. Lord Castleton has plenty of sons and daughters, and an income barely sufficient for his wants; in fact, his long residence on the continent is known to have arisen merely from motives of economy."

"With that we have nothing to do, uncle; it will be a house where Sidney will form pleasant connexions."

"Pleasant connexions will not enable a man to support a family."

"But why should you wish to burden poor Sidney with a family at seven-and-twenty? It will be time enough for him to think of marrying a dozen years hence."

"Marrying would keep him steady."

"He does not require to be kept so; he is as exemplary in his morals as brilliant in his talents."

"Ah, we hear of many people brilliant in their own circle, who are thought very little of in the world in general."

"That will not be the case with Sidney; he

will never be one of those of whom Miss Jewsbury says, "the curse of mere cleverness clings to their name;" his talents will develop and his fame progress every succeeding year; and you would actually cramp his energies and cloud his prospects with a common-place wife and a narrow income!"

"The young men of the present day speak in a very contemptuous tone of pretty fortunes; ten thousand pounds is no despicable sum of money."

"I allow that it sounds very well as ten thousand pounds, and would sound still better were you to reduce it into francs: but then, my dear uncle, in these days of marriage settlements and low interest in the funds, three hundred a-year will go a very little way towards the support of the prospective family with which you have generously endowed poor Sidney. Do not, however, think that I mean to speak disclaimingly and irreverently of a fortune of ten thousand pounds, if possessed by an attractive and intelligent woman. I only say that it is not a sum for which a young man like Sidney should be expected to sell himself in the matrimonial market."

"I do not see that great disproportion between Sidney and Marian which appears to exist in your eyes."

"My dear sir, you do not do justice to Sidney's abilities; his poetical talent is decided; it has obtained for him the approbation of many unquestionable judges: how would Miss Lovell suit him in that particular?"

"Very well indeed. Have you never heard the maxim, that 'Poetry is like brown bread—those who make it at home never approve of that which they meet with elsewhere!'"

"But even allowing that a poet might not wish his wife to write verses (which, by the bye, I am no ways disposed to admit), he would require her to appreciate and understand them. What does poor Marian Lovell know of poetry beyond the tame insipidities of a lady's pocket-book, and the honeyed prettiness of a drawing-room canzonet?"

"Clever men often marry women inferior to themselves."

"Too often, I confess; then do not wish to add another to this list of ill-assorted matches."

"I should have thought you would have felt more kindly towards poor Marian Lovell: remember she is an orphan."

"My dear uncle, that would be a very good argument in her favour if she were penniless, and you wished me to subscribe a sovereign towards her support; but why am I bound to think her agreeable and intelligent because she is an orphan? Really the plea has become quite hackneyed. I heard a Frenchman the other day endeavouring to persuade a tender-hearted lady to purchase a piping canary from him, by assuring her that it had '*ni père ni mère*!'"

"I do not suppose we shall ever agree on this subject," said my uncle, with a look more approaching to sternness than I could have

thought so very good-tempered a man capable of assuming. "But as your aunt and myself have a high opinion of Miss Lovell, and as I know that young men are apt to be influenced by the idle prejudices of each other, I shall be obliged to you if you will refrain from acquainting Sidney with the very low estimation in which you hold our young friend."

I readily promised compliance, first, because I began to think that I had not quite behaved to my uncle with the respect due to his many years and many good qualities; and secondly, because I felt convinced that Sidney would not stand in the least danger from the harmless allurements of Marian Lovell, even backed by all the match-making machinery of Hartland Hall. The next day, when Sidney's arrival was announced, I perceived a deep blush on the cheek of Marian Lovell, and a rapid interchange of glances between my aunt and herself, which convinced me that the elder lady had been performing the highly injudicious part of preparing the younger one to fall in love, or to be fallen in love with, as occasion might offer. Sidney suffered the fate that I had suffered before him, in being placed close to Marian at the dinner table and in the evening circle; and the next day I asked his opinion of his new acquaintance.

"I am sorry to say," he replied laughingly, "that I cannot even employ in her favour the current conversational phrase—'she is a great acquisition to our circle!' I think her a shy, insipid girl; I am sure that, among fifty books which I mentioned to her, she had not read five; and her singing is sadly deficient both in style and spirit. I am interested in this latter particular, because I find that Mrs. Hartland expects me to sing second to her through the whole contents of a vast volume of duets, ostentatiously laid on the top of the music-stand."

Poor Sidney, he was little aware of the extent of Mrs. Hartland's expectations, and I felt little inclination to enlighten him, deeming him perfectly proof against the spells of the siren, even although she fought with such weapons as the Irish and National melodies. A fortnight passed away; some new visitors arrived at the house, among whom were a married couple who had been intimately acquainted with my parents: they were recently returned from America; and so pleased was I to greet them, and so anxious to obtain information respecting the country they had quitted, that I was culpably remiss in "watching the proceedings" of Sidney and Marian. At the end of that time, Mrs. Hartland asked me with much glee whether I did not think that my friend was seriously smitten, and that another would be added to the list of happy marriages contracted at Hartland Hall? I looked as desired, and surprising as it seemed—

"That these together should have talk'd of love,"

I came to the conclusion that they either had talked of it, or were in the fair way of doing so. My aunt and uncle were no inexperienced novices in the art of match-making: they not

only knew how to calculate the chances of success, but, like skilful backgammon players, they varied their game according to the play of the adversary. Now, as they were anxious that an accomplished, fascinating young man should attach himself to a damsel of very humble pretensions, they carefully excluded every other young lady from their house for the time being, and took care that all the married ladies should rather deserve the denomination of "sallow, shrivelled, and sixty," than that of "fat, fair, and forty;" in fact, if those gallant gentlemen who profess to disbelieve the existence of a plain woman, had only visited Hartland Hall at this juncture, they would have declared that my uncle had succeeded in establishing a peculiar preserve for such remarkable specimens of the varieties of the sex. Marian Lovell positively looked pretty in the comparison: then "her sweetness, her amiability, and her great talents, only kept in the back ground by her extreme diffidence," were constantly extolled by her indefatigable host and hostess; and though we all profess to despise puffing, we are more or less influenced by it. I had for many years been in the habit of ridiculing and abusing the newspaper puffs in favour of Rowland's Macassar Oil; but when, in consequence of a severe illness, my hair began to grow very thin, my first action when I was permitted to walk out was to purchase a bottle of the despised fluid! Marian and Sidney were always thrown together, both in the domestic circle and the rural excursion, by the ruling powers of the establishment; and even the small accomplishments of the young lady became of use in this arrangement. I had thought—perhaps rather flippantly—that it would be much better not to sing or to draw at all, than to do either in so imperfect and superficial a style as that of Marian. I had also thought that it would be better to profess an honest preference for plain prose, than to waste hours in copying namby-pamby, hackneyed verses, in a pale, prim hand, on the coloured leaves of a scrap-book, in a gaudy binding. I soon, however, found cause to alter my opinion on these subjects. Marian was the *prima donna* of the party, none of the other ladies being musical, or venturing to confess it if they were. The tutored and exquisite voice of Sidney had no resource but to waste itself in a duet with her, or to submit to the dead weight of her instrumental accompaniment. She alone was asked to detach herself from the rest of the party, to take a sketch from nature; and Sidney was to improve and correct that sketch. She alone was to be singled forth as the delighted auditress of Sidney's manuscript poems; and the pens with which she transcribed them were to be mended by no hand but his own.

Such is a brief sketch of the plan of warfare adopted by my relations; and it is scarcely surprising that a warm-hearted young man should be unable to avoid committing himself by a little gallantry towards a gentle girl, so especially recommended to his good graces. "Sidney," said I to him abruptly, "I think Marian Lovell seems

to have advanced considerably in your opinion: if not an acquisition to our circle in general, she seems to be a great acquisition to one of it in particular."

Sidney looked embarrassed. "She is a great favourite with Mr. and Mrs. Hartland," he said, "and they like to see her treated with attention; besides, I really agree with them in thinking that she has more talent than is visible to the world: she has sung with greater feeling within the last few days, and my poems seem quite to inspire her. Poor thing! she has learned them all by heart."

"Why is it," said I, "that clever people can possibly derive any gratification to their vanity from the admiration of weak-minded ones?" But when I looked up to receive an answer to my question from Sidney, he was gone, and I resolved it myself, by deciding that this peculiarity was one of the weaknesses of human nature, which we must either weep or laugh at, and that it was most expedient to do the latter. A few hours afterwards I attacked Marian. "I can scarcely ever obtain a moment's conversation with my friend Sidney," I said: "he is quite engrossed by you, Miss Lovell. Is there any chance that all the duets will be sung, all the sketches completed, and all the poems copied, before the close of my visit?"

The tear stood in Marian's eye, and the colour rose to her cheek. "You mock me," she said, "when you seem to suppose that my society can interest so gifted and superior a person as your friend. My abilities are small, and my education has been neglected: he pities me for these deficiencies, and emulates the kindness of your good uncle and aunt, in endeavouring to make me forget my inferiority to those who have been more happily circumstanced in regard to mental cultivation: but I am well aware that nothing but compassion for my destitute and unprotected situation could prompt the benevolent attention that he has shown me."

The humility and mildness of this speech disarmed my resentment against Marian; but I could not avoid recalling the proverb that "Pity is akin to love." I marked Sidney's evidently increasing prepossession for her; and although the poor little heroine of his enthrallment was anything but a Calypso, I could not help wishing to play the part of Mentor; and if not to hurl my Telemachus from a rock, at all events to push him into a post-chaise, and bear him away from her vicinity. The next evening Sidney, urged by me, spoke of the necessity of his speedy departure: Marian quitted the room, under the plea of sudden indisposition; and Mrs. Hartland's deep sighs and ominous shakes of the head seemed to designate her young friend as a victim to the

"Vows that men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke"

while the indignant eyebeam which she directed to the unfortunate Sidney might have struck remorse to the heart of a certain lady-killing

Adonis of my acquaintance, whose friends compute that he is in the habit of sending three despairing damsels every year to Bristol Hotwells! The next morning I saw from my bedroom window Mrs. Hartland and Sidney walking on the lawn: she seemed to employ much declamation, and some action; and he had very much the kind of aghast, subdued look which even a clever man wears when he is receiving a vehement lecture from a lady. After breakfast, at which Marian did not appear, Sidney requested me to walk out with him. "I really do not see," he said, "how I can well avoid making proposals to Marian Lovell: Mrs. Hartland tells me that I have quite gained her affections."

"Before I give you my opinion, Sidney," said I, "answer me this question; have you ever given Marian Lovell reason to suppose that you prefer her?"

"Never!" he replied warmly: "never have I breathed a word to her that I might not harmlessly have uttered to any married lady in the house, without awakening the displeasure of the most jealous husband."

"Then, Sidney," I exclaimed with energy, "let no solicitations, no arguments induce you to bind yourself to her: sorrow, mortification, and repentance will be the inevitable result of such an union. If my aunt and uncle are ill-judged enough to wish it, if this poor girl has been led by them to give you her unsought affections, let not your peace and prosperity through life be sacrificed to the folly of others. Marian's feelings do not appear to be acute; she has known you but a short time, and she will soon forget you: she will be happier, far happier as a stranger to you, than she could ever be as your ill-assorted and unloved wife!"

The appearance of Mr. Hartland hastening towards us prevented Sidney from replying to me; and, for the first time in my life, I received information from my uncle that I was hastily summoned from Hartland Hall on professional business, without having the information coupled with any expression of regret on his part at the necessity of parting from me. A wealthy client, whose claim to a disputed estate I was advocating, had suddenly discovered a paper of importance to his cause, and had sent his carriage for me, requesting my immediate attendance for the purpose of inspecting the deed in question. Thus were the match-makers delivered from a dangerous spy, and my poor friend deprived of a protecting guardian. My client speedily introduced me to a nobleman just returned from abroad, who had discovered the important paper in a family chest containing a large collection of old deeds; and this "friend in need" was Sidney's uncle—the Earl of Castleton. As the fortunes of my client are not in any way connected with my story, I will merely say that at the end of ten days, I had placed his affairs in a position favourable to success; that Lord Castleton, with whom I had held several interviews, had treated me with the utmost kindness as the remembered friend of his nephew's boyish days; and that he not only made me the

bearer of a letter to Sidney, requesting him to pay him a speedy visit at his family-seat, but did me the honour of inviting me to accompany him. Now, indeed, my prognostications for my friend were on the point of realization; now was he certain of introduction in the circles most likely to appreciate and most able to benefit him; he would throw off the pigmy fetters of Hartland Hall as easily as Gulliver freed himself from the trammels of the Lilliputians. I reached my uncle's house, and was warmly welcomed by all but Sidney; he had a fearful, deprecating look, which seemed to me to say, "I have behaved very foolishly; but do not triumph too unmercifully over me."

As soon as we were alone, he said to me, "I have proposed to Marian Lovell, and been accepted. I know you must think I have acted unwisely; I deliver over myself and my bride-elect to the infliction of your censure and ridicule."

"You may do so with perfect security," I rejoined, "for I am not in the least disposed either to ridicule or to censure you; I took the liberty of giving you my opinion—which, after all, you must remember was only the opinion of an individual—before you had definitively parted with your freedom of choice; but now, so far from hearing a word from me in disparagement of your Marian, I am prepared to believe that, if not already delightful, she cannot long fail of being so under the advantages of your example and companionship."

Accordingly I immediately set myself to work to study the brilliant qualities of Marian Lovell. I had endeavoured to persuade myself that, like Undine, she would have ceased to be soulless when distinguished by the attachment of a being superior to herself. I could, however, only decide that although she sang rather more feelingly, talked about poetry rather more fluently, looked a little prettier, somewhat livelier, and a great deal happier than she did a month ago, she still would be considered a bore in aristocratic circles, a cypher in literary society, and an intellectual dawdle by the domestic fire-side; which, after all, is the principal scene of an Englishman's happiness. Some days elapsed, and Sidney played the part of lover warmly and affectionately. At length he expressed a wish to renew his acquaintance with Lord Castleton and his family by accepting the invitation of which I had been the bearer. I earnestly advised him not to go thither till after his marriage. The first time my uncle was alone with me, he expressed his astonishment at my contradictory conduct.

"Did you not say the other day," he remarked, "that Sidney might obtain advantageous connexions through the introduction of Lord Castleton?"

"Yes, my dear uncle," I replied, "but I fear that in the fascinations of Lord Castleton's circle, he might be tempted to look with regret and repentance on the connexion which it is now his duty to cement still closer; I allude to his betrothment to Miss Lovell."

"Really," said my uncle, with virtuous indignation, "the profession of the law appears to me to give its members a very bad opinion of human nature. I can only tell you that I was engaged for two years to your aunt (who objected to leave her mother on account of her declining state of health). During that time I paid at least ten visits at the country houses of my friends; but I never met with anybody who tempted me to forget my engagement."

I did not consider that it would be either wise or courteous to enlighten my uncle as to the difference between himself and Charles Sidney, and I therefore suffered him to remain the victorious possessor of the field of argument. Two days afterwards, I accompanied Sidney to Lord Castleton's beautiful country residence, which had undergone many embellishments and improvements, in preparation for the reception of himself and his family. Sidney and Marian exchanged affectionate adieux, and promises of correspondence; and the former proved as lively and fluent a travelling companion as if love were confined to the shrubberies of Hartland Hall, and had no power to exercise its dominion beyond their limits.

The phrase "a charming family" is very hackneyed, but that to which we were now welcomed fully deserved the distinction: the father was a thoroughly advantageous specimen of the polished English nobleman; the mother refined, gentle, and intellectual; the two daughters accomplished and amiable, their native sense and sweetness improved by reading and travel; and the eldest son, Lord Aveling, a clever, intelligent young man, with a fervent admiration for talent, which displayed itself very shortly after his introduction to Sidney, in the warm interest which he felt and expressed for him. The younger branches of the family were pleasing and unaffected, the guests numerous and entertaining, some possessing high birth, others high talent; a few stars well known in the literary world were to be found among them, and a few distinguished foreigners gave variety to the circle.

Imagine a young man like Sidney, overwhelmed by the notice and admiration of such a party; not doled forth with the cautious parsimony of middling life, where people are afraid of "committing themselves" by being over civil to any one who might not be eligible as a future guest or connexion, but lavished with unmeasured, uncalculating profusion. Music, nearly allied to professional excellence, occupied the evenings. The library was resorted to in the morning, not merely for the purpose of reading, but for that of literary and scientific discussion; and the "admirable Crichton" of the party, as Lord Aveling good-naturedly denominated him, was appealed to on every subject, and chosen as the arbitrator of every dispute. I saw all this, and sighed. How happy would it have made me a few weeks ago to have beheld my friend so honoured and esteemed! But, now, in what was all this scene of enchantment to end? In a small house situated in a nameless street, a

narrow income, a dull, ill-dressed wife, an occasional visit to an obscure watering-place, a few Christmas dinners and spring tea-parties, and an annual cheap concert and day's excursion to the Beulah Spa; till the claims of a rapidly increasing family should render even this style of living "too gay" to be consistent with prudence, and every spare sovereign must be conscientiously devoted to the purchase of copy-books and pinafores for the rising generation. My uncle, when I represented to him Marian Lovell's mental inferiority to Sidney as a reason why it would be impossible for him to love her, used triumphantly to quote a maxim from Rochefoucault, that "we love those who admire us, more than those whom we admire;" but my uncle did not seem aware that both recommendations may be united, and that we may be warmly admired by those whose qualities of mind and manner are such as to ensure our own admiration in return. Such was Sidney's present position: the high-born, intellectual people around him gave him a disinterested tribute of admiration; and his knowledge of their capability of judging, must have made their commendations of his poetry and singing far more gratifying to him than the perpetual *eau sucrée* of Marian Lovell's "how charming, how exquisite!"

About ten days after our arrival at Lord Castleton's, Sidney abruptly addressed me thus:—

"You gave me very good advice, Nugent, when you advised me not to propose to Marian Lovell. I wish I had taken it; I am completely weary of my engagement."

"Having given you one piece of advice which you profess yourself sorry to have rejected," said I, "let me give you another, which I hope you will accept. Now you are engaged to Marian Lovell, do not tell even your nearest friends that you repent of what you have done."

"But how insipid, how companionless she is!" exclaimed Sidney. "How would my cousins Lucilla and Charlotte find subjects on which to converse with her? In fact, however, she was in perfect keeping with all the arrangements of Hartland Hall; the library was half filled with wooden books, the billiard-room was useless because nobody played, the greenhouse had nothing in it but myrtles and geraniums, the horses never went beyond a walk, and no songs were ever to be found on the music-stand but the eternal Irish and National melodies."

"That may be all very true," said I, a little nettled at this graphic sketch of my good uncle's ways and means of providing entertainment for his visitors; "but you will be pleased to recollect that even Hartland Hall was considered by you a very agreeable change from the close air and crowded streets of London. Marian Lovell was sufficiently attractive to chain you completely to her side, in defiance of all my warnings and remonstrances; and it is somewhat hard that she is to be deemed accountable for her inferiority in conversational talent to your cousins Lucilla and Charlotte, when she has never seen them, and when, at the time of your

first introduction to her, you had never seen them yourself since the days of their childhood ; you have nothing left but to look on the bright side of a lot which you cannot remedy."

"But cannot I remedy it?" asked Sidney.

"How," inquired I, almost sternly; "you surely cannot wish to break through your engagement with Miss Lovell?"

Sidney remained silent.

"I little thought," I continued, "that I should ever have to quote the conduct of a mere man of the world as an example to one of your strict honour and unswerving principle; but do you not remember that when Colonel Corbyn rode over yesterday, to solicit the vote of Sir John Belgrave for a gentleman just about to stand for the county, Sir John replied that he would most willingly have given him his vote had he been aware of his intention of standing, but that he had previously promised another candidate; and the moment he uttered these words Colonel Corbyn desisted from all further solicitation. Shall a promise between man and man be so respected when it merely involves worldly interest, and shall a promise be lightly broken between man and woman where the tenderest affections of the heart are concerned?"

"But you told me once that you did not think Marian had acute feelings."

"I told you so before you had committed yourself by showing her any attentions beyond those of good-breeding and courtesy; you have now avowed your regard for her, and obtained from her the promise of devoting her future life to you. Can you for a moment think that her feelings could be otherwise than cruelly wounded by the conviction that you repented of your engagement?"

"I will confess all to my cousin, Aveling, and ask his advice."

"I do not approve the term you adopt; confession infers somewhat of a crime or fault, and what have you done that is criminal or faulty, in engaging yourself to an amiable girl, of respectable station and competent fortune, and whose mind and manners have certainly rather improved since your first acquaintance with her?"

"If Lord and Lady Castleton were to think it well that my engagement should be dissolved, would it alter your opinion?"

"No, nor if every son and daughter and every guest of Lord and Lady Castleton were to echo their opinion; and I feel painfully convinced, Sidney, that your ideas on the subject of right and wrong must be greatly confused by temporary circumstances, before you could for a moment believe that so dishonourable a course as that of breaking off an engagement could be sanctioned by considerations of mere expediency. There is no happiness but in the path of truth; the God whom we serve is a God of truth, and we shall never gain his favour or secure his blessing by seeking a remedy for our passing evils and troubles in the dim, despicable mazes of falsehood."

Sidney looked at me with some surprise. I was not in the habit of lecturing, and he had

been so completely the spoiled child of society for the last few days, that he was ill disposed to brook rebuke or admonition; instead of answering my appeal, he contented himself with drawing from his pocket a letter directed to him in Marian's pale, prim hand, and requested me to read it, and give him my opinion whether it was the letter of a woman of intellect. I returned it to him, saying, "It is the letter of the woman who, in the sight of God and man, is considered as your future wife."

For several days Sidney seemed to shun my society, and I could not but think myself rather unfortunate, that after the unbroken friendship of so many years I should first be treated by him with coldness because I wished to dissuade him from entering into an engagement with Marian Lovell, and afterwards with resentment because I endeavoured to prevent him from breaking it. However, I knew that in both cases I had acted with the best intentions; and I indulged the hope that in time Sidney would be ready to acknowledge my sincerity, and to restore me to my former place in his regard. I was the more disposed to think that his good sense and good principle would speedily incline him to do justice to Marian, because I clearly perceived that he had not fallen into the dangerous embarrassment of being "on with a new love" before he was "off with the old." Lady Lucilla, the eldest of his cousins, was engaged in marriage, and Lady Charlotte was so conspicuously plain in person, that even the beauties of her mind could not render her an object of great captivation in the eyes of a young man of seven-and-twenty; the other single ladies in the house, although they all seemed to consider it a matter of fashion and good taste to be in love with Sidney, were equal in their attention towards him, and received an equal proportion of attention from him in return; there were no invidious distinctions, no one of whom he appeared to feel inclined to say—

"So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows."

I did not, however, much like the constant private interviews and whispered consultations between Sidney and Lord Aveling. I did not consider the latter at all likely to be a fair judge of the cause in question, for he admired his cousin so enthusiastically, and had built such airy castles respecting his future success in life, that I felt assured he would, on the first hearing of the case, decide that poor Marian was an insipid dowdy, to whom it would be terrible that Sidney should be sacrificed, and that it would be greatly conducive to the happiness of both parties that the engagement should be immediately broken off.

One day, a letter was delivered to me, and another to Sidney; they both came from Hartland Hall. Sidney disappeared with his, and I found that mine was from my uncle. I was not much surprised, although much grieved at the contents. Mr. Hartland informed me that Sid-

ney had written to himself and to Marian, expressing his repentance of the hasty engagement into which he had been persuaded, and his wish to consider it at an end. This decision on his part my uncle seemed to suspect had been aided by me, but I gave myself little concern respecting his misapprehension. It is easy to bear false accusations with patience, when we are not only aware that we are guiltless, but convinced that our accuser is sufficiently candid and liberal to believe in our assurances of innocence. I immediately wrote an answer, in which I related the whole of the conversation that I had held a few days ago with Sidney, and expressed my unfeigned regret that in defiance of my advice he should have pursued a line of conduct so inconsistent with the character of a man of honour and feeling. I then sought Sidney, and found him resting his head upon his hand; his cheeks were pale, and his eyes bore the traces of tears.

"Your letter, I conclude," said I, coldly, "was from Miss Lovell."

"Yes," he replied; "and I wish that I had never received it, or that, at all events, I could forget it. I shall never accuse poor Marian of writing in a tame style again."

"Has she then," asked I, "been roused by her wrongs to resentful expressions?"

"No," he replied; "if she had, I could have borne it; but she expresses herself so humbly, so touchingly, concerning her inferiority to myself, and testifies so much sorrow and so little surprise at the blow that has fallen upon her, that I almost wish I could recall my last letter."

"Leave out the word 'almost,'" said I, with warmth, "and it shall be recalled. I will go instantly to Hartland Hall, plead with your kind Marian for your pardon, and I will undertake to say that all shall be forgotten and forgiven in a few hours."

Sidney looked embarrassed, and murmured something about "consulting Aveling," which caused me instantly to quit the room. I do not know that I am particularly exacting or tenacious in my temper, but considering that I was a lawyer, thirty years old, and had been the intimate friend of Sidney from boyhood to manhood, I certainly thought it rather hard that I should be immediately degraded to the rank of "junior counsel" to Lord Aveling, a young viscount of two-and-twenty, whose slight, childish acquaintance with Sidney had only been renewed three weeks ago. Lord Aveling had contrived to increase the dinner-party that day by several guests from the neighbourhood, for the purpose of cheering the spirits of his cousin, whom, he observed, must, on such an occasion, "naturally enough feel rather low and nervous for a few hours." In the evening there were acted charades, *tableaux vivans*, scientific singing, and literary conversation; in all these Sidney was selected to bear a principal part, and he appeared so brilliant and animated that I felt convinced not a mind but my own wandered from that gay saloon, full of lights and flowers, sweet sounds and smiling faces, to the lonely

chamber where, in all probability, sat the poor Marian, weeping over the desertion of the false lover; who, having won the treasure of her young affection, cast it from him like a worthless weed, and gave to the bright heartless world that love and that devotion which she had once fondly hoped would have constituted the happiness of her gentle and confiding nature. The next day, I took my leave of Lord Castleton and his family, receiving from all of them the flattering assurance that "I might leave Sidney behind me with the full conviction that he was in a circle who knew how to admire and understand him."

(To be continued.)

HOPE.

When by earthly troubles man's oppress'd,
What cheers him on the way?

When sorrow swells his throbbing breast,
What yields him comfort? Say.

When slaves in chains and dungeons moan,
What soothes their aching hearts?

From home, from every comfort torn,
What is it joy imparts?

'Tis Hope—sweet Hope—Hope alone
That lights man's darkest days,
That comforts the afflicted's moan,
And maddening anguish stays.

W.

ONE TRUE HEART.

BY MRS. F. B. SCOTT.

O! ye who own one true and honest heart,
Faithful, unchanging through the shoals of woe,
Bid not that richest boon from heaven depart,
Barter it not for countless wealth below;
Frown not upon the treasure wisely sent
To lead our erring souls to things above,
But humbly bless the gracious instrument
Which teaches "Love is heaven, and heaven is love."

All dull the pearls from India's distant mines—
All pale the gems which gleam with golden glare,
To the sweet mystic radiance which shines
Forth from a heart when deep truth dwelleth there;
Thrice happy she who from the world can rest,
Sharing pure thoughts unused from her to roam;
Folding high aspirations to her breast—
Blest, *without gold*, within a cottage home.

Prize the inheritance! bright hours may pass,
As star-beams shoot through heav'n—the face of
Fate
Shews many changes in Life's shifting glass,
And dull repentance come to ye too late—
Adversity put all her terrors forth,
And trusted friends from beaming smiles depart.
Wait not to find the dearest bliss on earth
Springs from the confidence in one true heart.

THE GLOWWORM TO THE WITHER'D LEAF.

The moon shines bright and clear to-night,
And dark are the clouds between;
And torn is the sail on the shivering gale,
In the distant seas, I ween.

The cry of the bird is dimly heard,
As he skims the lonely mountain;
And soft and still, by the side of the hill,
Is the fall of the foamy fountain.

Changed is the leaf (like a brow of grief)
As it falls from the autumn tree,
And the light is gone that o'er it shone
In the past year's infancy.

The glow-worm glides where the violet hides
Its eye of liquid blue,
And the transient glow he sheds below
Illumines its delicate hue.

Why stays he to rest on a rose-leaf's breast,
For his home is far away?
'Tis to gaze with grief on the wither'd leaf,
And its early and deep decay.

And the glow-worm said, as he slowly sped
Where the brown dead leaf was staying,
With a pallid gleam from the cold moonbeam
Above it gently playing—

"Can this be thee, whose parent tree
Is the fairest in yonder glade,
Whilst thou hung bright among drops of light,
Too bright methought to fade?"

"Oft have I come from my humble home
To gaze on thee floating on high,
Like an emerald gem on a gossamer's stem,
And kissed by the breeze from the sky.

"I deemed thee more bless'd, in thy sun-gilded vest,
Than the jewel that sleeps in the mine;
The blue heaven o'er thee, the green earth before
thee,
And sunshine and liberty thine.

"And I mourned o'er the doom which thus caused
thee to bloom
In thy palace of verdure afar,
While I must still creep where the violets peep,
Lighted on by the pale evening star.

"But two moons have shed o'er the white lily's
head
Their smiles since I gazed on thee last,
And thou didst hang there like a spirit of air,
Scorning even the zephyr that pass'd.

"But now thou art dead, and thy cold, silent bed
Is the path for the worm to the tomb;
And even from me, who once envied thee,
Is a tear for thy desolate doom.

"The green hue is gone that in summer once shone,
And brown is the tint of decay;
And the morning's light breeze, as it kiss'd the
young trees,
Has broken and torn thee away.

"Thou art gone! but the bough thou hast bloom'd
on till now
Hath a million fair leaves beside thee;
And perchance there's not one in creation's bright
throng
That sees thou art wither'd, save me.

"But I leave thee to sleep where the low harebells
weep,
For thy last golden tint is decayed,
And the summer smile gone that so brightly hast
shone,
And so long o'er thy beauty hath played.

LOUISA H.

ON FIRST VISITING FRANCE.

BY WILLIAM HENRY FISK.

All hail! thou land of ancient chivalry,
Thou nation of the valiant and the brave;
All hail to France! I love thy gallantry,
Thy olden deeds of falcion, lance, and glave—
Thy daring prowess, for a maiden's smile—
Thy giant deeds, to win the laurel crown—
Thy ancient might, that bore the warrior down:
I love thee for thy records, which beguile
The wearied heart, and bring relief awhile.

All hail! thou land where merriment has birth;
Joy is thy empire, Love thy silver crown;
Thy maidens' eyes bright diamonds of mirth,
Sparkling from 'neath their brows of auburn
brown—

The conquerors of conquerors they are:
The hero bows before the downcast eye;
He fights to win a glance and slavery!
He dares the foe, he plants the cannon's car,
And wakes Time's demon-slave in blood-red war!

All hail! thou land of meadow, hill, and vale;
Land of the citron and luxuriant vine;
Land of the mountain torrent and the dale:
Thine is the home of poetry, and thine
The early minstrel tuned to themes of love;
Thy child is Rousseau, like thee, sweet and wild:
Thine, too, is Voltaire, passion's favour'd child;
And Molière a devotee might move
To laugh at wit, forgetting things above!

All hail! thou land whose arms have once been
rear'd,
Daring to claim a power thou could'st not sway;
And thou wert cursed; but they who cursed thee
feared,

Feared thy renown and power. But pass'd away
Is now the mighty leader of thy bands,
The *Cesar of his century*! the slave
Of fierce ambition, struggling when the grave
Of iron exile chain'd him from the lands
He burn'd again to shake by his commands.

All hail! thou land, over whose beauteous form
Peace sheds her halo of ethereal light;
Bow'd 'neath her sceptre lies the thunderstorm,
War's devastating tempest, which did blight
As well as build thy fame! Now may'st thou bind
The varied garland of the early spring,
Now may thy hills with vintage music ring;
The stranger, now, luxuriance shall find
Where havoc spread, and left a waste behind!
Ville d'Eu, Oct., 1844.

MARGARET'S LESSON.

(A Tale founded on fact.)

BY ELIZABETH YOUATT.

“Now coldness dwells within thy heart,
 A cloud is on thy brow;
 We have been friends together—
 Shall a light word part us now?”
 MRS. NORTON.

At the time of which we write there were not two prettier or more industrious girls in all D— than Alice and Margaret Browning, daughters of a poor, hard-working farmer, who, with all his pains-taking, early and late, in which he was cheerfully assisted by every member of the family, often found it difficult enough to make both ends meet. Mr. Browning was a stern and severe man, and his wife, as is usually, although not always the case, as we shall presently have occasion to shew, so gentle and sweet-tempered, that it was almost impossible, even for him, to be angry with her for a single moment.

Alice took after her mother: some said she was too quiet; while others, and one in particular, loved nothing better than to sit and watch the tranquil and pleasant smiles which were wont to go flitting over her face as she sat at her work; or in the old church, on a sabbath morning, with her heart full to overflowing of glad and holy thought. But when she did speak, or, more frequently still, sing softly to herself, as she went about her daily tasks, the bird-like sweetness of her voice made one listen and yearn to hear more of it. Nevertheless, for all her gentle and loveable qualities—qualities which require to be loved in order to be appreciated—excepting that *one* before mentioned, none ever dreamt of noticing the quiet Alice in the presence of her younger sister. Margaret was not only the belle and pride of her own family circle, but of the whole village of D—. It was said to have been all through her bright eyes and mirthful smile that the old squire at the Grange suddenly found out how much better his son and heir would be for a few years' residence on the Continent, whither he despatched him so abruptly that the youth had no opportunity of declaring, as he would most certainly have otherwise done, his passionate devotion to Margaret Browning, who would as certainly have only laughed at him for his pains. Nor was this the only homage by many to the charms of the young beauty; all of which pleased her merely so far as they served to give her consequence in

his eyes who was all the world to her. Margaret was proud and wilful, and if the truth must be spoken, not a little violent and passionate when contradicted or opposed, which happened, however, very rarely; but she was no coquette, and never dreamt of concealing from the object of her attachment any portion of the pure and fervent love which he had awakened in her heart. And who was that object preferred before so many others, and clung to, through good and evil report, with a devotion that almost set at defiance filial obedience itself? In order to answer this question we must glance into the interior of Farmer Browning's neat and homely dwelling.

Alice sat as usual at her spinning-wheel, but there was a strange shadow on her fair, sweet face, while the busy hands of the mother might have been observed to tremble as she bent over some household task, on which a tear fell every now and then unnoticed. Had Margaret seen them she would not have gone on talking as she did; but her heart was full to bursting, and wild, bitter words broke forth unrestrainedly.

“Yes, mother, you are right,” exclaimed she, “it was Robert Grahame who was with me just now. He has waited long enough, he says, and will have my answer to-night; and if I refuse him, he will go away beyond seas, and die, he hopes, for I am the only one he has to love or care for him in all the world.”

“I wish he had gone without saying a word about it,” observed Mrs. Browning.

“No you don't, no you don't, mother; for it would be wishing me in my grave!” said Margaret, passionately.

“And better thus, perhaps,” replied the old woman, putting down her work with an excitement strangely unusual in one so calm and self-possessed, “better thus, than his slave. Why is Robert Grahame thus alienated from all his early friends? Why was it that even his nurse, who loved him like a mother, could not remain in the same house?”

“Because they none of them understood

him," replied the girl. "He never even said a harsh word to me, and never will!"

"You think so now, Margaret."

"I am sure of it!"

"You have heard, doubtless, how only the day before yesterday he shot poor Juno, his favourite and constant companion ever since he was a boy, for refusing to obey some trifling command which the dog most probably did not comprehend?"

"No fear of that," said Margaret, bitterly. "But surely, mother, you do not mean to infer that Robert would kill me as he did Juno, if I should chance to offend him?"

"Now, heaven forbid!" exclaimed Mrs. Browning, shuddering. But the words came back to her afterwards like a prophecy. "No, no, my poor child! yours will be a more lingering death."

"Oh, mother, mother!" cried Margaret, clasping her knees, and covering the hands she held with her tears and kisses; "if any how my heart is to be broken, let it be as Robert Grahame's wife, and I do not fear to die!"

"We are forgetting," said Alice, in a soft low voice, as she knelt down beside her sister, "how, if Robert did shoot his dog, he saved the life of widow Ashley's grandson at the risk of his own, only the day before. And that his poor old mother, while she lived, wanted for nothing, thanks to his industry and kindness. I have heard her say so, with tears, a hundred times. He was never harsh or violent to her."

"Her affection rendered her blind to his faults," replied Mrs. Browning, somewhat moved.

"And if Margaret loves him too, dear mother? Let us look on him henceforth with her eyes."

"God bless you, sister Alice!" whispered the grateful girl.

"But your father, he is so violently opposed to this match."

"Not if you were to coax him very much," said Margaret, as she hung joyfully about her mother's neck. "You know you can always make him do what you like in the end, without seeming to influence him."

"Oh! if I were sure it was really for your happiness."

"Think, then, dear mother, how much it would have grieved you to be separated from him when you were my age, and loved for the first and only time."

"Hark!" exclaimed Alice. "It is my father's voice. Let us go away, and leave them together."

Slowly and wearily enough passed by the next half hour, as the sisters sat silently side by side in their little chamber, listening to the suppressed murmur of the voices below, and trembling when they arose for a moment more distinctly, as if in anger, and then once more died away into low, earnest tones.

"Do you think he will consent?" whispered Margaret, at length.

"Yes, yes; perhaps not at first, but—"

"Nay, his answer must be given this very night!" interrupted the impatient girl. "But they are not speaking now. Some one has opened the door. It is my mother calling to us, and I know by her voice that all is well."

Margaret was right; that evening Robert Grahame made one of the family circle, and for many succeeding weeks and months; until the young lovers came to the conclusion that it would be far more snug and comfortable to have a fireside of their own.

Mrs. Browning, with all the keenness of maternal affection, kept a constant watch on the conduct and behaviour of her future son-in-law. But either he was equally careful, or really loved Margaret too well for the admission of any other passion, she found so little to cavi at, as to begin to think that he had been judged somewhat too hastily, and redoubled her kind attentions in consequence. So that the bride elect was altogether as happy as it is possible for any mortal to be in this changeable world of ours.

We have said that Farmer Browning was a stern man, and his youngest daughter not a little wayward and self-willed; which gave rise to occasional differences between them, that seldom lasted very long on either side; but for all that, Margaret was decidedly her father's favourite. It may be that he loved her for that very spirit inherited from himself. The evening before the wedding, they went out to walk together in the fields beyond the house, and the old man spoke more freely than he had ever done in his life.

"Margaret," said he, "when your mother pleaded for my consent to your engagement with Robert Grahame, she made use of an argument which struck me directly; not attempting to deny his well-known violence of temper, but urging her hope, and your conviction, that it would never fall upon my child. Now I do not think it will, for I was once as passionate and ungovernable, and am still far from having got the better of it; but I can call heaven to witness that no harsh word ever escaped my lips against her. How could I? Her own meek and gentle spirit protected her. How could I be angry with one who never for a moment contradicted or thwarted me by word or deed?"

"And I will never contradict Robert," said Margaret.

"Ah, my child, that is easier said than done."

"Yes; for I am not like her and Alice."

"Therefore it is that I warn—that I almost tremble for you," said the old man earnestly; "for you have all your poor father's quickness and temper."

"Let us pray," said Margaret, "and perhaps God will change our hearts, and give us grace for the time to come." And the father and child knelt down meekly in that quiet field, beneath the blue, sunny sky, and prayed fervently, and with tears. But it is not one solitary prayer, uttered and straightway forgotten again, that can save us.

The cottage to which Robert Grahame bore home his beautiful bride was not five minutes'

walk from the farm, so that, as she told her sister, they should see each other just as frequently as ever; but somehow, after a little time, this did not always prove to be the case; and as Margaret seemed rather to shun the familiar intercourse in which they had at first indulged, and often stood to talk on the threshold, when it would have been just as easy to have asked her to step inside, Alice gave over coming at all unless sent for; thinking, in the innocent simplicity of her heart, that it was most likely the way with married folks, who were too happy in themselves to care much about visitors. Mrs. Browning, however, had her own suspicions on the subject, and they often made her very uneasy, although she had sufficient good sense never to betray them to any other member of her family. Both mother and daughter had more than once surprised Margaret in tears, which she always ascribed, and occasionally with some petulance, as if she thought it possible they might doubt her word, to a violent headache.

"How strange," said Alice, simply, "that you should suffer thus! Why you never used to have the head-ache."

"That is no reason I never should, I suppose."

"And does nothing relieve you, dear sister?"

"Nothing but quiet," replied Margaret in a tone not to be misunderstood.

Alice pressed her lips tenderly to her burning brow, and turned away with a patient gentleness that touched her sister far more than any reproof could have done.

"Bear with me," whispered the poor girl. "It must be the pain I think that makes me so irritable of late. You are not angry, Alice? But then, you are never angry. What a blessing that must be! and nothing to make you so—or me either, for the matter of that," added she hastily; "but you know I was ever wilful. Do not tell them at home that you found me crying; it seems so childish to cry for the head-ache."

Alice promised that she would not, and the sisters separated.

Months passed away, and whispers got abroad of fierce and angry altercations, where all should have been love and gentleness and peace; but no one wondered at it, for it would require the temper of an angel to bear with Robert Grahame, and all knew that Margaret was as high-spirited as she was beautiful. Interference only threatened to make matters worse; and as the young wife never complained, but always persisted that she was quite happy, and wished people would mind their own business, it was difficult to know exactly how to act, and evidently by far the wisest plan to let matters take their own course. The crisis was, however, rapidly approaching.

Some labourers returning home one winter night, about nine o'clock, were attracted by the sound of loud and angry voices, evidently proceeding from the cottage of Robert Grahame; which, while they yet listened, terminated all at once in a sharp, passionate cry, and all was still. Unfortunately, this had become by far too common an occurrence to excite much attention,

and the men would most likely have forgotten all about it had it not been recalled to their remembrance by the strange events of the morning.

It seems that, long before daylight, Robert Grahame, pale and haggard for want of sleep, made his appearance at the farm, and demanded to see his wife; at first in anger, but afterwards more gently, with many passionate pleadings and promises for the time to come; and he could not, or else he pretended so, be brought to believe for a long while that Margaret was not there. Touched by his grief, and fearful on his child's account, the old farmer accompanied him home; and the whole of that day was spent in a vain search after the missing one. Towards evening, however, when the affair got wind, and had reached the ears of the men before mentioned, a new and horrible suspicion went abroad; and before many hours, Robert Grahame was lodged in the county jail, on suspicion of having murdered his wife.

In spite of the most vigilant search, no trace of the body could be discovered, or anything to criminate the unfortunate man beyond the evidence above narrated, except a handkerchief stained with blood, and identified by both Alice and her mother as belonging to the lost Margaret. It was in vain that the premises were examined and the river dragged; that an old woman dreamt three times following that the body had been thrown into a certain well; and another spoke, with white lips, of a neighbouring lime-pit. The sole hope that remained, of ever clearing up this dreadful mystery was, that Robert Grahame would at length confess his crime. Ever since his imprisonment the wretched man had preserved a dogged and impenetrable silence, and the only words he was heard to utter, in answer to the agonized prayer of the heart-broken mother, that he would give her back her child—her innocent and beautiful Margaret—seemed to confirm his guilt.

"Ay, curse me," said he; "anyhow I have deserved your curses, for I have destroyed her."

Never had the quiet village of D— been in such a state of excitement; and there seemed to be but one opinion, we had almost said one hope, as to the result of the approaching trial; when an event happened which served to throw a new light on the whole affair, and in order to explain which, we must carry the reader back to "the night of the murder," as it was termed by the shuddering gossips of D—.

Robert Grahame had come home as usual in a passionate and moody temper, which Margaret had of late felt a thousand times more disposed to resent with equal bitterness, than conciliate and soothe away as she might so easily have done; for Robert, with all his faults, certainly loved her above everything else in the world; but he could ill brook the flashing eye and proud tone that gave back taunt for taunt. Whether Margaret was really more provoking, or her husband more passionate, than usual, we know not; but only that it ended by his lifting up his hand against her for the first time; from

whence arose that wild scream, which afterwards came back as evidence against him.

Stricken with a remorse which he was too proud to betray, Robert Grahame presently got up and retired to rest, or at least to bed, leaving her sitting pale and silent, like one in a fearful dream. More than an hour passed away, when she roused herself all of a sudden, her cheeks flushed, and her eyes glittering strangely. The fire had died out, but there was a burning fever in her veins, which prevented her being sensible of the cold.

"He shall rue this!" muttered the young wife, as she reached down her bonnet and cloak, "bitterly! bitterly! rue it! They were right to warn me against him; but I will never see his face again!"

On the day of her wedding, the thrifty mother had placed a small sum at the disposal of her child, which still remained untouched, and justly considering this as her own, Margaret placed the money in her bosom, and stepped out into the dark cold night, closing the door noiselessly after her. For many hours she walked on in a state of high-wrought excitement, which prevented her feeling either terror or fatigue at her lonely and unprotected situation; and fortunately, or rather unfortunately, as it afterwards proved, without meeting any one she knew, and happening to reach C— just as the London coach was in the act of starting, took her place in at once without any fixed or decided purpose for the future, and thus commenced her journey to the great metropolis.

Immediately opposite to Margaret sat an old Quaker lady, who was evidently struck by her great beauty and apparently friendless condition; but still more on witnessing the large tears that, in spite of all her efforts to the contrary, were continually escaping from her weary eyes, and coursing each other down her flushed cheeks, and which the kind tones of her companion only served to redouble. Encouraged by the old lady's evident sympathy, and a little frightened by her description of all the dangers of London to a lone and unprotected girl, Margaret confessed at length with bitter sobs, not the whole truth, but that she had not a friend or relative in the large city to which she was going, and knew not what was to become of her. Whereupon the good Quaker not only insisted upon her accompanying her home that night, but finding her willing and industrious, offered to keep her as long as she liked to remain; a proposition that was eagerly and thankfully accepted by the grateful Margaret.

In the still and peaceful quiet of her new home the young wife had ample time for reflection on the past; and the more she thought, the more the folly and wickedness of the step she had taken, together with the long series of provocations which led to it, became impressed upon her mind. How different all might have been if she had but kept her resolution—if she had soothed instead of irritating—if she had followed up that one prayer breathed with her father the night before the wedding; not trust-

ing as she had done in the boasted strength of her woman's heart—her changeless love; for although erring, it was changeless still; but in Him only, who, if we diligently seek it, will give us help in every time of need. Unable at length to bear these self-accusations, and yearning to look once again upon that beloved face, and see if it was altered—if he had missed her very much—to forgive and ask forgiveness for the past; Margaret found courage to tell her kind mistress more of the truth than she had yet ventured to do, and her determination to return immediately to D—.

"Poor child! poor child!" said the compassionate old lady, as she listened with tears in her eyes to that simple narrative; "to be sure thou shalt go back to thy husband, and God grant thee both more patience for the time to come!"

The following morning she went herself with Margaret to the office, and recommending her to the care of the coachman, whom she secretly remunerated for all expenses likely to be incurred, bid heaven bless her, and departed like a good angel, as she most assuredly was.

It was quite dark when Margaret reached her native place; and she determined to go first to her father's house, whither she had dispatched a brief note assuring them of her safety some weeks since, which, in consequence perhaps of being misdirected in her hurry and agitation, or from some other unexplained cause, never reached them.

"Mother," said Alice, turning fearfully pale, but without attempting to move, "did you hear? That was Margaret's knock."

"And her voice," exclaimed the old woman, stretching out her feeble arms, and tottering towards the door, which opened slowly, and Margaret caught her to her bosom with a cry of joy.

We will not attempt to describe the scene that followed—how the girl, tired as she was, insisted upon being taken to her husband that very night—and how they were found the next morning sitting pale, but lovingly, side by side, and as much changed as though a thousand years had passed over the head of each; and borne back again, amid tears and rejoicing, to their home. The handkerchief was easily accounted for by the fact of her having cut her hand on the morning of that eventful day, and used it to staunch the blood.

And now nothing remains but to take a hasty glance into the bright future, and tell how well Margaret kept her word; nay, how little temptation she afterwards had to break it, for Robert Grahame, too, was an altered being; and how from pitying, the neighbours came to love, and respect, and look up to them; and how happy and joyous they all were—the old mother, and Alice, and Alice's husband, for she was too good and gentle not to be beloved; and farmer Browning; and even the good quaker lady, although from the secluded manner in which she lived, it is probable she never knew the rights of the story, but only from Margaret's

brief and grateful letter that all had ended happily.

The seeds of a deep and life-long experience are planted thus oftentimes in bitterness and tears, never to fade away again, but blossom, and bear sweet and precious flowers meet for immortality!

SONGS OF THE MOUNTAIN.

BY W. G. J. BARKER, ESQ.

IX.

THE EAGLE.

The eagle hath a lordly home,
She dwelleth in a lofty seat,
And living foe can never come
Into her proud and lone retreat;
Around it hangs a fearful shroud
Of wreathing mist and tempest cloud.

There, when the vivid lightnings flash,
And welcome showers refresh the plain,
She listens to each thunder crash,
Sitting unwetted by the rain:
A tranquil sky above her head,
And sunshine warm about her spread.

She soars into the eye of light,
Undazzled by the noon of day,
And basking in its radiance bright
Receives fresh vigour from each ray;
With a perpetual youth endued,
Thus is her early strength renewed.

Beyond the common age of man
Her lengthen'd term of years extends—
Before her numbers half her span
His brief but sad existence ends.
He falls, too, by a slow decay—
She passes in her prime away.

The valleys her repast supply—
The brakes to her a banquet yield;
She strikes the wild duck in the sky,
And the brisk leveret in the field:
And ere her young ones should lack food
Would claim the plunder of the flood.

The wilderness is her domain,
Her chosen chariot is the cloud;
None are there to dispute her reign,
Or seek to share her mansion proud:
No savage beast, nor bird of air,
Nor man himself dares venture there.

She watches from her place of power
The tempest's havoc wrought below;
For storms that level cot and tower
Scarce fan her pinions as they blow:
High o'er their path she soars serene
Gazing unmov'd upon the scene.

Oh! happy is the eagle's lot,
And pleasant is her lordly home
Upon the cliff; a lofty spot
Where living foe can never come.
'Mid frowning rocks, stupendous piled,
She dwells, plum'd Empress of the Wild!

"LIGHTS AND SHADES."

BY J. J. REYNOLDS.

When Winter spreads his sombre wing
O'er all the leafless scene,
How longingly we sigh for spring
To don her robe of green!
But if the landscape ever wore
That outward clothing bright,
Oh, then its loveliness no more
Would human eyes delight.

The parting from a cherish'd friend,
Whose presence may be dear,
Deep sorrow to the heart will send,
And call forth many a tear:
Yet are we paid, and amply so,
For present mental pain—
The thrilling joy to feel and know,
Of weeping once again.

How sweetly welcome is repose
From business, toil, and strife,
From all the troubles, all the woes,
Attending such a life!
But is the pleasure then its own
It wakes within the breast?
'Tis felt because before unknown,
And novelty gives zest.

A long and ling'ring illness may
Be wearisome to bear;
Alas! it will, from day to day,
Both mind and body wear:
Still, doth it not, while we deplore
The loss of blooming health,
Teach us to set a greater store
By that most sterling wealth?

Hopes form'd ere youthful years were sped,
When hope no limit knew,
'Tis hard, when circling years have fled,
Unrealized to view;
Though, were each visionary scheme
Accomplish'd as of course,
No longer then would fancy's dream
Of pleasure be a source.

The bark of blythe prosperity
Right merrily on sails,
How sad the fairy craft to see
Driven back by adverse gales!
Yet, if the shock she safely brave,
And wreck not on death's shore,
She glideth o'er life's changing wave
More smoothly than before.

And then we find, as time doth flee,
Though chequer'd is his train,
What *present* loss appears to be
May prove a *future* gain;
And thus, if clouds sometimes o'ercast
The sun of our career,
When all their dark'ning shades are pass'd
Its rays but shine more clear.

"THE JILT."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COUSIN GEOFFREY."

We think to many, if not to all, there must have occurred from time to time, a satiety, a weary infidelity in the deeper and more important realities of life. Fiction has been condemned as falsehood, because the incidents are not absolutely true. But, after all, what are facts? The most intangible things in creation—at least, as far as human knowledge is concerned. Do any two histories agree? Has not Herodotus been called the father of lies? And has any one ever yet determined, to the faith of the whole civilized world, whether Mary of Scotland really murdered Darnley, or really married Bothwell by compulsion? Do not newly discovered facts in science every year disprove and annul their predecessors? Read any Whig pamphlet, and you will rise astonished that "an odious faction," like the Tories, should guide the wheels of state. Read a Tory manifesto, and you will lay it down, rejoicing that so basely mean and shuffling a party as the Whigs have been cast down from the high places of power. Of course we are premising that you knew nothing of either of the factions previously; if so, the *facts* will have no real existence in your mind, except so far as they confirm your already imbibed prejudices.

In this mournful satiety of doubt we welcome the pages whose lively colouring sets forth the ever-varying, ever-interesting human heart. There is more truth, ye anti-novelists, in one well-sustained and natural character of fiction than in all the parliamentary papers on the new poor-law, or the government of India. Therefore leave us, we pray you, to our analysis of this pretty watch, and as we pick it to pieces, we shall see whether it tells the time as truly as its shining dial-plate professes to do.

The novel in question is "The Jilt," by the author of "Cousin Geoffrey," and attracted our notice from the fact of our being told that it was edited originally by Theodore Hook—a hearsay recommendation, for whose accuracy we cannot vouch.

Some short weeks ago we amused ourselves with a few strictures upon Mrs. Trollope's version of "Young Love;" we are now to consider a description of female folly and deceit, something similar, yet we think more faithful as a portrait from nature.

It is a pity the little mischief-maker, Cupid, could not be banished from polite society; and in the present rush of circumstances, when no one has time to stop still and think, we have great hopes that he may be steamed out of the world. It has been said that idleness is the food of love; and if so, these busy days ought to be totally innocent of its follies. Even young ladies at school, with their thousand varieties of

drawing, singing, English, Italian and German, music, dancing, all the modern languages, "Indian sceptre exercises," besides the less vaunted geography, history, and the use of the globes; even these much-toiling damsels, who were formerly the supporting bulwarks of the Minerva press, are obliged to postpone their seraphic visions of conquests—(how we hate that paltry word, so unwomanly and conceited!)—until they emerge into the full-fledged butterfly of fashionable life.

And when they are in that happy state of coveted idleness, they are sure to have younger sisters impatiently spurring them forwards out of the way; or else the papa—who is already living beyond his income—grudges the expense of useless grown-up daughters. Thus the poor girl, bewildered by the sophistries of society, powerfully conscious of being a burden on the family funds with a delusive idea of *freedom* in the wedded state, and already despairing of her early hopes of a congenial mind—perhaps stifling the infant breath of affection for some briefless barrister, or lieutenant, whose gold is exhausted in his epaulettes—the harrassed girl takes carelessly the first man who approaches her with the offer of a gentlemanly competence. Some prouder, and more self-sufficing, prefer the indulgence of a hopeless and bitter love; but few, indeed, ever wed the object of their earnest young idolatry.

Surely love is a great evil, and makes many wrecks; but it is inevitable as death. Rashness with regard to our health may induce illness and early decease; and so rashness with regard to our heart may induce premature and irrational love; but not the less is the mighty spoiler sure in coming, though his time cannot be foreseen.

In the story before us there is a melancholy picture of a young girl, a genius, with all the susceptibility of the race, paralyzed in her weak struggles with poverty by the blighting influence of an unrequited attachment.

The story of her family is vividly told, and their household is an individual picture: the mother, affectionate, passionate, pompous, irritating her children by peevishness one minute, the next urging them on with all a mother's rapturous pride in their noble talents. Edgar, the son, hasty, with the inheritance of her own temper, rash, and ungifted with foresight or perseverance, but warm-hearted, hopeful, and devoted to his sister. And the young artist-poetess, poor Geraldine, so gentle and industrious, so easily cast down, so unselfish, so true-hearted and unrepining.

As for Mouser, the ragged little footboy, with his conceit, his faithfulness, and unflagging zeal, we could envy him, dirty as he is represented,

in all the dirty misery of London poverty; for in truth, in London, the most expensive of all luxuries is cleanliness. This boy's character interests us the most of any in the book; it is so original: there is something delicious in his good-natured meddling. He is sent to a shop to get change for a sovereign; he is given, by mistake, twenty-one shillings; the overplus he proudly hands to his mistress, "so glad, 'cause she wants it!" The mixture of generosity and laxity in this little trait is very racy. He is sent back to repair his error; the shopwoman gives him the shilling, and he again offers it to his lady, saying it's no use to him. But the most touching incident is his expenditure of a penny, the gift of his nearly destitute mistress. We must quote the author's own words, as she describes the united, but struggling family at tea, after a day of hard, ill-paid toil:—"The party, ruined as they were, poor, and unused to poverty, were happy; the mother looked proudly at those good children; all laughed, and talked, and hoped; and Mouser, with the air of a minister conferring an appointment, brought in, toasted and buttered, a muffin, which he had bought with his own penny. He retired elated, amid a chorus of thanks!"

The plot of this tale is complicated, for besides the adventures of Melicent Luttrell, the Jilt and heroine, there are half-a-dozen minor involutions, partly dependent on her, and partly disconnected. To simplify the story, we will premise that Miss Melicent, an only, but neglected child of a selfish, elderly dandy, resembles her father in no respect but the love of dress, and the desire of effecting a rich match. At first, this girl is represented as only vain and ambitious; her heart is warm, her impulses are generous; but, guided by a heartless school-mistress, and repelled by an unprincipled, egotistical father, she soon sinks rapidly in the downward path of vanity and deceit.

The school, a hotbed of vanity and frivolity, is ably satirized: we hope the hues are somewhat overdrawn, but many of the prominent features we recognise. We have ourselves called at one of these West End *magazins des modes*, and marvelled at the silken, scented lady, who, with flowing robes and delicately gloved palm, motioned us to a seat, and gently eulogized her "dear young friends;" congratulating herself on the improvement visible in their music, dancing, and general *tournure*. Perhaps, as our visit was merely to a fashionable school for gentlemen's daughters, we might have discovered our author's original, had it been a seminary for the belles of a *nobleman's* family.

The pupils are described as pretty, graceful, silly, and vain. The conversation they are represented to hold upon dress and marriage, and the wager as to who shall be first wedded, would, we think, set any rational, sober-minded young man against the whole sex, when such folly is put into the mouths of young, inexperienced girls, as a picture of woman's hopes and expectations in life. "Marry, marry, marry," the burden of the song. Cannot people see how

very injurious such deification of at best a doubtful good is to the young *debutante* on the stage of womanhood? For our part, we never hear the congratulations, the calculations which attend a wedding, without saying in our secret souls, One marriage so glorified unfits twenty women at least for doing their duty in the single life to which it has pleased God to call them; as it is evident, of all the women who grow up to maturity, not one in twelve marry in this over-populated country. Why do not sagacious mammas break the trammels of custom, and warn off intruders, instead of alluring aspirants to the threshold of matrimony? Few pass that threshold: many retire heart-broken and discontented. They envy all the bustling, busy matrons, who, with cross husbands, that get in a rage about the dinner, and cross children, that break all the china, and stain all the sofa covers, outwardly plume themselves on the delights of "a home of one's own," and inwardly groan for their spinster friend's silent, lonely garret, where never child intrudes, nor husband stalks in, ravenous and critical.

Melicent's first *coup d'essai* is on one of those marvellously rapid flames that never burn but in novels. A young man sees her at the theatre, watches her "walking out" with the school, and romping in the gardens of Hyde Park Square; and is so enamoured, that at the ball given by Mrs. De Belton, the school-mistress, to show off her pupil's music and dancing, he proposes in a violent hurry and agitation. The young lady having heard he is wealthy, mistakes his very equivocal pleading, and imagines that the success at Oxford, on which his hopes for her hand depend, is the coming election in that city. In truth, it is upon his gaining classic honours, a condition which his rich uncle has made, that he gives him a living of three hundred a-year. The young lady being thus engaged to what a Scotch farmer would call "a pig in a poke," so little knows she of her extempore lover, leaves school, and returns to her father. She finds this exquisite gentleman located in dirty, shabby lodgings, no comforts, no kindness or solicitude for her happiness. Thus the unhappy girl, degraded by this unnatural spendthrift of a parent, to receive his creditors and submit to their insolence, loses that fine sense of delicacy which is a woman's strongest safeguard. Captain Luttrell even obliges her to try and borrow money from two or three friends. The insults this draws on her are well portrayed. The lies and fawning arts she is constrained to resort to to gain her end, of course assist in the rapid deterioration of her character, and it is with mixed disgust and pity we see the betrothed of Lawrence Greville sign a bond, or sort of promissory note of marriage, to an odious money-lender, Cramp, who looks on her with a vulgar love. All this time she is sitting for her portrait to young Geraldine Brown, the pure-hearted, pining artist, whose troubles are embittered by a secret affection for Greville; and while she is

having her smiles transferred to ivory for her affianced, she amuses herself meanwhile in captivating poor Edgar Brown. We do not so much admire him; he is half wild, and selfish withal, but only our authoress insinuates so far as proves his man's nature. These Browns are in reality Luttrells, and Edgar heir to his great-uncle, a baronet and lord of a lordly manor. But they are poor, and ashamed—at least the mother is—to show themselves to their uncle in such abject penury; so they are striving to gain something which may support them, to appear in a decent manner before the great man on whom their hopes depend.

After a number of involved love affairs on the part of Melicent, her papa, and her school-fellow Lilius Egerton, with whose parents the jilt is now domesticated, we find our heroine very successful in outrivalling her friend, the pale and sentimental Lily. Melicent wins the proud Lord Ardenne, and on the morning of her nuptials has her nerves upset and her white satin dress crumpled by a visit from her betrothed, Lawrence Greville, whom she had quite forgotten on hearing his real position in regard to monetary matters. His horror and reproaches cut her to the heart; all her brief love ebbs back on her, and with a bitter upbraiding he leaves her kneeling in despair to him she had jilted. However, the horrible schoolmistress, who has come down to smile upon the rich match, strengthens her with such cogent arguments, that she rallies and sets off to the church without betraying her internal convulsions of feeling.

However, "there's many a lurch 'twixt the hall and the church;" and the bridegroom's papa breaks down on the road, and is found in his carriage dead of a heart complaint. Lord Ardenne's filial grief overpowers his lover-disappointment; everybody goes home, and everything is exceedingly uncomfortable. Meanwhile a younger brother of the haughty lord wins away Melicent's ambition by hinting doubts of his brother's legitimacy. Allured by this prospect, the jilt, now thoroughly corrupted, chops and changes between the doubtful earls in a wonderful way. Then there is a grand dénouement, clearing up Lord Ardenne's right to his title, whereupon he presents himself to Lilius Egerton, who has all the while been romantically attached to him; and the disappointed claimant, in the true spirit of "*aut Cæsar aut nullus*," throws himself into the sea, because he has lost an earldom, or rather the hope of one.

Melicent, "found out" by all, wends her way to her papa, who has also failed in his traps, for while he was waiting the arrival of one widow whose wealth he much coveted, he beguiled the tedium by flirting with a pretty Quaker widow, who turns out to be his dilatory fair one in disguise.

Foiled at all points, for the rich money-lender has married another without waiting for Melicent to fulfil her bond, the creditor-haunted man runs off with his daughter's fashionable school-

mistress only to discover in her a debtor more deeply plunged than himself. Melicent, neglected and miserable, is obliged to accompany them to Calais, where she lives forlorn and uncared-for, with two worn-out fools whom she hates and despises.

Meanwhile the authoress, in a spirit of the strictest fairness, parcels out the victims of the once brilliant jilt to those amiable young ladies who seemed at first destined to die victims of unrequited attachment. Lawrence Greville consoles himself with the long-suffering Geraldine; Edgar, owned by his great uncle, and succeeding to his title and lands, finds a fair and faithful Lady Norah O'Brien; and Lord Ardenne goes off, in the grandest splendour of an old-fashioned country wedding, with the sweet, dreamy Lilius, whom, with a little candour, we should call *silly*, with all her fancies about murders and nonsense.

A Scotch family figures in this book, purporting, by their rank, to be a specimen of Highland nobility; a more grotesque caricature *Punch* never fulminated against Sawney. They are cotemporaries of the Great Western Railway, and even the *polka*; yet their pride, vulgarity, and narrow-mindedness belong to a far banished age. The authoress must be strangely ignorant of Scottish nobility to think that an earl, in the reign of Victoria, converses in the dialect and spirit she describes. Highlanders have pride quite enough, every one knows; but they keep it as a sacred heir-loom, locked up from prying eyes, and when it does escape, it is rather in cold haughtiness and courtly reserve, than in the broad, vulgar sneers this writer quotes. Besides which, the higher you go among the Scotch nobility, the less you see of this pride. Either they are above it, or they are skilful in smothering its outward seeming. It is your petty Glasgow tea dealers, your snuff sellers, and pettifogging writers, whose gains have purchased the estate of some old, impoverished laird, who prate of their pedigree and their pride. No, the highest Highlanders are too proud to seem proud, and our authoress must cry *Peccavi*, or she will never have a kind welcome north of the Grampians. The dialect in which she luxuriates is seldom heard among any of the higher classes in Scotland. The *accent* is easily discernible, and seldom lost even by travelling; but the slight drawl, or raising of the voice, which betrays a Scotsman, (born and bred) does not interfere with the actual pronunciation of the word. For our parts, we have heard some hundreds of Scottish gentlefolks converse, and we do not remember ever hearing any Mrs. or Miss, far less a Lady Alice, or a Lord Mac anything speak of "*uha kens*," and "*coorting*," and "*bock*," and "*mon*," though we have heard many a London or Staffordshire lady talk of the "*winder*" and the "*orses*."

Another piece of daring ignorance is in the description of "the Misses Brereton, daughters of Lord Oliphant, the Governor of India." "They, too, were handsome in their way, and

by candlelight, and in full dress, looked like Eastern Queens; but they had olive complexions, Moorish eyes, jet black hair, high cheek bones, low foreheads, round heads, and little forms, *which*, strange to say, are generally seen even in the children of English parents, if born in India."

Strange to say indeed, for it is not true. Mark the sweeping allegation "*which*," must refer, of necessity, to the whole description; therefore, all children of English parents, if born in India, have generally olive complexions, Moorish eyes, jet black hair, high cheek bones, low foreheads, and little forms. Pray, reader, do you notice, speaking largely, whether there is any great difference of late years in the height and complexion of the British people? Almost every family of the gentry have relations in India, almost every one of these relations marries, and has children; are they all "*generally*" dark, sallow, and short? Folly!

We ourselves know three generations born in India—child, parents, grand parents; yet all three generations preserve the family features, which happen to be the tall, large forms, blue eyes, and fair, red hair of Scotland. In a London party you are sure to discover, in the course of a conversation, that some of the members are of Indian origin; but does this betray itself in their eyes, or colour, or height?

We are inclined to suspect that this Governor of India must have married a native: there is none of the eastern feature without the eastern blood. We have seen lovely girls, exactly such as the Misses Brereton are depicted; but in the veins of both their parents flowed a mixture of Armenian blood. The names of these young ladies, Lolah and Indiana, so *ultra eastern*, also betray great ignorance of the English in India. Had our authoress ever been in that huge colony, she would have learned that Anglo-Indians would scorn to copy the natives in anything—names, or dress, &c. Even the costly fabrics so admired in Britain are lightly regarded by the exiles; a cheap French muslin they prefer to the richest gold-woven web of Decca, and the broidery of a Delhi loom is passed by for a London or a Paris silk scarf. *Nothing* is regarded in its own country, and we may depend upon it that no English *grandee* would have borrowed for his daughters the names of an ayah or sweeper-woman. And now we will merely hint that the sex of the writer peeps out all along in the fond and minute descriptions of all the young ladies' toilettes, and in the stress laid upon dress as a principal engine of woman's power.

The feminine meanness of Melicent, who wheedles Lilius Egerton into wearing an unbecoming garb in her first meeting with Lord Ardenne, is a device no man (save a hopeless fop) would have invented, nor would most men probably have conjectured the dress to be of much consequence.

We firmly believe that men think very little of a woman's dress, so that there be nothing glaringly unsuitable in its form or colouring.

Women in reality dress for women, not for men; it is they themselves who criticise, caricature, and urge emulation and vanity into extravagance and folly. Something remarkably harmonious with a face or figure may once in a way attract a gentleman's eye, but in general they only see the effect of the whole, and with that manner, ease, and unaffectedness has more to do than the most *distinguées modistes*.

We have now ended our fault-finding, and must close with a few words of just commendation. This work has many clever scenes dashed off with a boldness that surprises us from a woman's hand. The characters of Melicent and her father are both well drawn: the latter is surely too selfish and unfeeling for nature; but he stands out with all the vividness of a faithful portrait from the rest of the canvas. Melicent's gradual declension, and the fact of her being influenced by the advice of those older and more wicked than herself, prevent us from being disgusted with her errors; we foresee them in the beginning, and pity her as we see her sink. Mrs. Brown, or rather Luttrell, with her tragedy airs and want of taste, and the little pert oddity Mouser, are excellent, and match each other capitally. Geraldine fell too easily into love for our fastidious tastes, and Lawrence Greville is rather "*soft*;" but we forgive them, and join their tender hands with many blessings.

We suppose young ladies will read novels to the end of time, and take instructions in the art of getting married; but, if it could be, we should like to see girls brought up by affectionate mothers, with the prospect, naked and bare, boldly set before them, of ultimate spinsterhood.

We should like to see a girl prepared by the strong meat of education, *not* the milky frothiness of accomplishments, to dare the loneliness of unwedded life. We would not be so unwise as to prohibit love, for we know that that would only plunge all our charges therein; but we should make it clearly understood that it was merely a recreation of extreme youth, like dancing, and that if indulged, must be abandoned without repining when its season was over. Alas! what an Utopia of old maids we would make. We would thus cut short that long line of debateable ground between woman's bloom and woman's decline, when she is still sighing for the partner who never comes, or shrinking from the unwished for and unalleviated neglect which is fast creeping towards her. She would expect nothing, and would feed her heart on the wide field left for other passions, more enduring than the blind archer's fire; she would feed her mind on masculine and strengthening sciences or arts, and be as much an ornament and a desideratum in her circle as if she were the owner of twelve disobedient and "contrary" children.

P. P. C.

LONELINESS.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

No solitude for me—no loneliness
 In the wide open plain, or woody vale,
 Or mountain clad in heath;
 Or sea-beach, where the breath
 Of plants saline express
 A strange, mysterious tale.

But in the haunts of popular fame, where men
 Assemble to dispute—to dine—to dance;
 Where fashion flutters—where
 Crowds taint the natural air—
 And trade, with crafty ken,
 Throws round its sordid glance,

Then loneliness of lot, indeed, is mine!
 And, shutting Hope's white doors on all my race,
 Doubt occupies my mind,
 Till nought that's fit I find
 To lay on holy shrine,
 Within my bosom's place!

Upon the mountains, towering o'er the sea,
 I love to linger with the clouds of eve;
 While larks around me sing,
 And at my feet upspring
 The butterfly and bee,
 Their honey-feast to leave.

And who upon the ocean-shore can say
 That he is all alone? Voices arise
 From out the pregnant deep,
 That wake from spiritual sleep
 The hidden thought, whose sway
 Perplexeth the most wise!

Wild birds come wheeling from the surgy main,
 Their wings surf-wetted, and with cries that tell
 Strange things, we cannot guess;
 Half fancying they express
 Warnings of future pain,
 And perils terrible.

'Tis only in the soul's despair, when fate
 Declares our *worst* is with us, and we know
 Ourselves that worst have done,
 That we feel quite alone;
 And, stung by worldly hate,
 Become all sin and woe!

Then, at that hour, when man—the world—its spite,
 Heap up reproach upon us, could we turn
 To *Him* who ne'er deceiveth,
 Ne'er wrongeth, never leaveth
 Alone who seek *His* light—
 Still might we hope to earn

Sufficing recompence for by-gone trials
 In the heart-ease that flows from faults repented:
 Hope, with each fresh endeavour
 To mend, would—sweet—as ever—
 Pour out its balsam-phials
 To heal wounds crime-invented!

Dec., 1844.

ENGLAND'S GODLESS POOR.

BY W. MELBOURNE KIRKHOUSE.

(Suggested to the author's mind by a perusal of
Miss E. Youatt's tale, "LITTLE LETTY.")

Ah, this is truth! ye send your sons
 To every foreign land;
 And, conquering, they go forth to save,
 Each missionary band:
 They rear the standard of the cross,
 And preach the Saviour's name;
 While "native" children are forgot,
 And perish, to our shame.

The slaves have burst their galling chains,
 Their idols are o'erthrown,
 And everywhere in *other* lands
 The Saviour's name is known.
 But here, around our country's hearths,
 The seeds have not been sown;
 But ignorance, and want, and crime,
 Proclaim the field their own.

Why should the annals of our land
 With guilty actions glare?
 Old England's poor, have they no right
 The proffer'd good to share?
 Are not their claims as strong as those
 Who dwell on Afric's strand?
 Then why forget the white man's sons
 Of our dear native land?

Oh, ye who wear bright coronets,
 And boast each ancient name,
 And bask in light, while happy homes
 Your boundless wealth proclaim,
 Have ye no feeling for the poor
 Unletter'd of our land,
 Who sink in crime, impell'd by want,
 And famine's ruthless hand?

Daughters of England!—Women!—Wives!
 Raise ye the battle cry,
 And like, these "sisters," go ye forth
 To save them ere they die;
 Shed forth the glorious light of truth,
 Extend kind mercy's hand,
 And raise unto a prouder state
 The children of our land.

And ye, whose holy office is
 To minister that truth,
 Extend your works to peasant homes,
 And educate their youth;
 "Scorn not the poor," for they have souls
 Immortal as our own,
 And we shall be responsible
 Before our Maker's throne.

Let not iniquity run down,
 As rivers, every street;
 But let our native country be
 Religion's honour'd seat;
 Then shall our works of faith be bless'd
 Abundantly abroad,
 While "our Jerusalem" shall be
 The dwelling-place of God.

Brighton.

FLORENCE; OR, WOMAN'S FRIENDSHIP.

(A Domestic Tale.)

BY GRACE AGUILAR.

(Continued from Page 80.)

"To show us how divine a thing
A woman may be made."
WORDSWORTH.

CHAP. XLI.

To Lord St. Maur's great surprise, he found his wife still sitting up awaiting his return, and evidently feeling no inclination to retire to rest. Her eyes were heavy, but it was with tears. "Ida, love, what has chanced?" he asked. "Is that poor girl worse? No? why, that's well: then what's the matter? If you were a sentimental novel reader, I should fancy you had met with some delightful work of the kind, which had beguiled you of tears far too precious to be thus wasted."

"Would they had been so called, my dear husband. I scarcely know how to tell you all in a few words; and yet I could not retire to rest without doing so. Do not look so anxious: it is nothing concerning myself, but much for my poor Florence."

"Florence! why, what of her? Does she repent her caprice in rejecting Howard, and wish to call him back again? I am afraid, in that case, I cannot help her: she should have thought twice ere she decided," replied the Earl, smiling.

"Pray do not jest, dearest Edmund; my tale is but too serious and sad." And briefly she narrated her interview with Florence—its terrible communication, and its confirmation by the manuscript still open beside her; but on the contents of which, at that moment, Lady St. Maur did not enter.

The Earl's open brow contracted. "I would not speak ill of the dead," he said, "but Mrs. Leslie has acted wrongly; she should never have permitted Florence to pass as her own child."

"So I felt at first; but I cannot feel it now. Think of the misery poor Florence must have endured from the moment she emerged from childhood, had the truth been known?"

"Better than such misery as is hers now. Measures should have been taken, instead of suppressing, to proclaim the truth—to call upon all who had been accessory to the marriage, real or pretended. Some clue must then have been found, and the child resigned to its natural guardian, or brought up by Mrs. Leslie under its own name."

"But, had all these efforts failed—which, from the perusal of these papers I think most likely—poor Madeleine's tale would have been remoured all over Italy; and loving her as she did, could Mrs. Leslie have borne this?"

"Yes, if it had—which it might have done—proved the *legality* of the marriage. That proved, if she still wished to adopt the child, she might have done so; there would then have been no need to hide the truth, and Florence would have been so spared all the agony of this discovery."

"Agony indeed; but as it is—"

"As it is, I rejoice that she is now so rich an heiress as to be independent of your benevolence, further than the *convenience* of general society."

Lady St. Maur raised her eyes to his face, in bewildered inquiry. "What can you mean, my dear husband? How can this unfortunate circumstance affect my affection for, and interest in, Florence?"

"Easily, my dear Ida. Can a person of such doubtful birth and parentage continue a fit companion for the Countess St. Maur?"

"And why not?" replied the Countess, laying her hand upon her husband's arm, while her beautiful eyes glistened with the energy of her appeal. "My own husband, banish such a worldling's thought! It was not yourself who spoke. You could not bid me forsake one I have so long loved, and who has shewn herself so worthy of that love, because the merest chance, proceeding from the uncontrollable agony of the noblest act she has yet performed, has revealed a doubt—for it is nothing more—upon the legitimacy of her birth. Read these papers, and you will feel as I do: you cannot bid me forsake my poor friend in her deep misery. Edmund, you cannot do this!"

"Thanks to your sweet eloquence, my Ida; it has recalled my better nature: it was, indeed, with a worldling's tongue I spoke, thinking what the world would say."

"The world! God forbid the world should ever know it! Yet, did I forsake her, how could

such publicity be avoided? No, not even to Minie would I have it imparted. Your honour is my own; in pledging my word to secrecy, I undertook for you also, my husband. Read but these papers; do not decide upon my future treatment to Florence till that is done. I willingly wait your determination, for I know what it will be."

Lord St. Maur promised to do all she desired, on condition that she would take the rest she so much needed, and trust his zeal for Florence's welfare as truly as her own. He was as good as his word. When the Countess joined him in the library the following morning, the important papers had been already perused, and the Earl sat with his hand resting upon them, evidently in deep thought: he looked up as his wife entered, and spoke with some emotion. "You are right, dearest: it would indeed be unnecessary cruelty to make Florence pay the forfeit of that villain Neville's sin. You shall still be her friend, my Ida; we must do all we can to give back the peace she so much needs."

"And Howard—is there a hope, a chance of bringing them again together? The blow has fallen heaviest there. Why, why did these fatal papers ever reach her eye? Can it be for good?"

"Ida, my beloved, it is, it must be, or it would not have been," replied her husband. "We must endeavour to persuade her, also, that so it is; that, in being thus revealed to her, the prayer of her adopted mother has been heard and granted."

"I ought to believe it, Edmund, but indeed it is difficult; and Howard—she would shrink in natural repugnance from telling him the truth: but cannot you or I? Surely her case does not come within the pale of those unfortunate attachments he so lately and so solemnly swore?"

The Earl looked very thoughtful ere he replied. "I am not quite sure whether Howard, with his peculiar, perhaps over-scrupulous notions as to the purity of the woman he loves, would not shrink back from an union with one whose father is utterly unknown, save as a villain. No; Florence has decided not only nobly, but, as regards Frank, most wisely. Better he should never be undeceived, never know that he really had power over a heart like hers."

"But then, is not his happiness sacrificed as well as hers?"

"Only for a short time; whereas, if the truth be revealed, he will be tortured by various contending feelings, likely to ruin his peace for ever. As it is, believing as he does that he has been rejected, and decisively, a few months will effect his cure."

"A few months, my dear Edmund! Does man's love, even granting he believes it unreturned, last only that period?"

"Not always; but in Howard's case I feel assured it will last no longer. You will be shocked and disappointed, my dear Ida, but I confess that I never shared your sanguine expectations with regard to this union. It has

always appeared to me, that his regard for her was more like a *brother's* than a *lover's*—too calm, too dispassionate, for love in a person like Frank, whose feelings are never of the quietest kind."

"But 'still currents run the deepest,'" replied his wife, with a faint smile.

"Yes, love, in all passions but that of Love. It may, indeed, be concealed, but then the outward man will suffer. Never tell me that Howard would not have visibly suffered, had Florence's dependent situation been the sole obstacle to the declaration of his affection. If he had really loved, and felt that love was hopeless as long as his father lived, he would either have fled from her, or been hurried into an avowal of his feelings. I know him well enough, to be quite certain that he could not have concealed them."

"But what has made him act as he has done now?" persisted Lady St. Maur. "There could be no occasion for him to make her an offer, if he really did not love."

"I do not say he does not *fancy* himself in love, or that he has not done so some time; but only that one of these days he will find himself mistaken, and that *bona fide* love will affect him in a very different manner. Till we return to England, he was so immersed in politics, in studying elocution, rhetoric, and such things, as to have little thought and less inclination for indiscriminate female society. Your interest in Florence, and the many trials she had undergone, affected him, and inclined him towards her. The last few months, her bereavement, and its sad effect upon her, of course excited his warmest sympathy; and this his fancy has magnified into a still warmer feeling. He has no belief in platonic affection subsisting between the sexes; and therefore, as no woman ever interested him as Florence has done, he fancies it must be love."

"For his sake I hope you may be right, but for my poor friend it matters little. Yet, should your suggestions prove incorrect, and Frank does really love her, will you not make some effort to bring them again together?"

"Wait till Frank returns from accompanying Lord Edgemere on his pleasure trip. If he can still associate with Florence calmly, and find pleasure in her society as before, take my word for it he has never loved. Rejection may be cold water on love's flame, and incite pride, and all kinds of petty feelings, to case up the heart; but it never yet so conquered true affection as, by six months' absence, to permit untroubled association with its object. You smile—remember I only spoke of Frank when I said a few months will effect his cure."

"And you really think it is only as a brother that he feels?"

"So much so that I was rather pleased than otherwise, to hear that Florence had rejected him; fearing that he might chance to discover that he had been labouring under a delusion when it was too late. But I have almost forgotten that I had something else to say to you

relative to, or rather recalled by these papers. Do you remember a strange circumstance mentioned to us just before we left home two years ago?" Lady St. Maur did not remember it. "By-the-way, no; I do not think you were present, nor indeed has it ever crossed my mind again till this morning: but you remember Herbert Elford's love of exploring? Well, on one of these occasions he remained a day or two at a rustic village inn, near the source of the Arno. When there, the host, after many apologies, asked him, as an Englishman, to take charge of a small ebony casket containing some papers, which he understood were English, and endeavour to discover their rightful owner. He confessed that in his youth, when performing the part of ostler, waiter, and many others, to the late mistress of the inn, he had believed petty larceny no sin, and had purloined this casket or case from a poor woman who had come there in great distress, given birth to a dead child, and died. They had never known who or what she was, except that she spoke in a strange language. Some benevolent English, who had arrived there by chance, had her decently buried in the church, but put no name upon the tomb. From the great beauty of the casket he thought it must contain gems or coin, and had removed it as its owner lay in the stupor of death. Never hearing any inquiries made for it, he considered his prize secure. Instead, however, of finding gems, the casket contained nothing but papers. Thirteen years afterwards he became master of the inn; but for some time all went wrong with him, and he began to feel twinges of conscience for past misdemeanours. He betook himself to a priest, made full confession, and received absolution, coupled with an imperative command to deliver the casket and its contents to the first English traveller who would take them in charge. For seven years he had not seen such a person, but the prosperity following his confession had convinced him that he could not neglect the priest's charge now an opportunity offered, without calling down on him the wrath of the saints, and so he entreated Elford to release him of his burden. Damp and musty papers, however, had no charm for one so wild and volatile as Elford. Had the lady been living, the affair might have looked like an adventure, and been welcomed accordingly; but as she was dead, and the child too, there could be nothing in it, so he merely glanced his eye over them, fancied they looked like love-letters, and returned the casket to the landlord, advising him by all means to guard them safely still, for he had no doubt they would one day be claimed. It is strange how completely all this had faded from my memory, and equally strange is the vividness with which it has all been recalled by the perusal of these papers."

"And do you think there is a probability of their being connected?" exclaimed Lady St. Maur, who had listened to this recital with intense eagerness. "Can we procure them? Could we but remove the mystery hanging

over our poor Florence, there might be happiness in store for her yet."

"My dearest Ida, we must not permit the hope of such a chance too hastily. Even were we to obtain possession of these papers, they may not be those we so much desired. The outline of the tale alone I remember; there may have been other circumstances narrated, which may throw completely a different colouring over the whole. Where Herbert Elford is at present I do not know, nor have I much chance of tracing him. Do not look so disappointed, my dear love, I would not entirely check *your* hopes, but I would caution you against exciting any in Florence. All we must endeavour to do is to soothe her back into tranquillity, to convince her that the character evinced by her whole conduct, and if possible yet more nobly in her resolution with regard to Frank, is alone remembered. Do you do this, my love, and trust my vigilance for the rest; only give me time. A year, perhaps more, may elapse before I can obtain these much-desired papers."

"I will try to be patient, Edmund; but it will be very difficult; however, I will follow your advice. But this Charles Neville, did you never hear of or meet with such a person?"

"Never, that I can recollect. I greatly fear the name was but assumed; and if so, I suspect the marriage, however duly performed, registered, and witnessed, will not hold good. However, I will make every inquiry that I can without exciting curiosity, and meanwhile we must hope and wait."

CHAP. XLII.

It would be equally needless and painful to linger on the long-continued sufferings of poor Florence, before the energy of life in any way returned. Fever, which the terrible inward struggle of nearly three months' continuance had excited, was so long in being subdued, that Lord and Lady St. Maur, even Sir Charles Brashleigh himself, more than once trembled lest the loss of either life or reason should ensue; and when fever was overcome, it seemed as if she must sink under the utter exhaustion of mind and frame which followed.

Her constitution, however, though delicate was good; and all Lady St. Maur's kindness and attention were devoted to prove that she was dearer to her friend than ever. But the heart and frame had received too severe a shock for even affection to be, as yet, of much avail. After weeks of unconscious agony she did indeed appear sensible of the fond cares which she received, and as if she struggled to prove that she was grateful; but the expression of mournfulness on her sweet, shadowy face too painfully revealed the all-absorbing woe.

Lady St. Maur's principal care was to conceal Florence's illness, or at least its extent, from Minie; and to do so required no little skill, both from her own extreme truthfulness, which shrunk from all evasion, and that the corres-

pondence between the sisters never, under any circumstances, flagged. She so far succeeded, however, as to satisfy Minie, who wrote a playful reproach to Florence for not taking more care of herself, and commanding her not to think of writing to her till Sir Charles gave her permission so to do. Perhaps, had the mind of the young girl been as free and unoccupied as when she had first joined Lady Mary, she would have been less easily satisfied ; but new thoughts, new feelings, whose ecstatic enjoyment had never even been dreamed of before, had stolen over mind and heart ; and when Florence again awoke to outward things, she became aware of a deeper, fuller tone in her sister's letters, irradiating the simplest incident or sentiment, as by a glow of summer sunshine. Whence emanated that irradiation she knew not, nor did Minie reveal it. The young girl knew she felt ; but it was a sensation too sweet, too ethereal for aught so gross as words.

As soon as Sir Charles believed that his patient might be removed in safety, Lord St. Maur and his family gladly left London for Amersley, and there it was that Florence gradually and painfully became conscious that life, not death, was her allotted portion ; that for some wise though unscrutable purpose, she was doomed to drag on existence, when her every prayer had been for death. She felt marked out for suffering ; not a gleam might descend on her blighted heart to vivify and bring forth hope. Why was this her doom ? Why must she bear it ? Alas, who has not felt at some period of our life, that when most needed, the power of prayer, of faith, has departed from us, and even by our God we are forsaken ; that we can no longer trace the love in which, till that moment, we thought we had believed ?

In the prostration of bodily and mental energy, Florence felt that she had wilfully and needlessly cast happiness from her ; that she had weaved her own fate, and therefore must despair. What or whom had she to live for now ? The brightest links of life were snapped asunder, and love she had thrown from her ; her heart seemed scorched and dried up within her ; every feeling, every thought, merged in the one sickly longing to fold Minie to her heart, and die. Physical weakness had, of course, much to do with this morbid state of feeling. Lady St. Maur, sympathizing deeply with her, knew not in what way to rouse or give her comfort. Of Howard she felt as if she could not speak, for she had no hope to give : his name never passed the lips of Florence ; but the convulsive contraction of her features whenever Minie's artless effusions spoke of him, which they did very often, was all-sufficient evidence of the power he still retained.

Nothing in life is so terrible as the reaction after an extraordinary self-sacrifice. The mind almost always feels at if it had done what was in reality needless, and might have been evaded. Very often friends, falsely so named in such cases, add to this pain, by agreeing with us, and declaring that the sacrifice was little re-

moved from folly, instead of doing all they can to support and strengthen the feeble and sinking spirit, by upholding its integrity, and affirming their conviction that the sacrifice was as imperatively demanded as nobly made. There are so few, unhappily, in the present prosaic state of things, who can thus abnegate self, that they imagine all who can and do to be under the influence of romantic delusion—a species of enthusiasm which is in fact to such minds but another word for madness. Fortunately for Florence, the Earl and Countess St. Maur were not of these.

Florence had been sitting, one afternoon, some hours' at work—the most natural, but the worst occupation for a mind diseased, permitting, as it does, thought to run on as swiftly and engrossingly as absolute idleness. She worked on mechanically till twilight, when, believing herself alone, she started up, and paced the room.

"Alone ! alone !" she unconsciously repeated aloud. "Had I but one tie amongst the living or the dead, but one to call my own ; but there is none—none ; an outcast—nameless—from the hour of my birth ! Oh, what a miserable ingrate to speak thus, when love—love, such deep love has been lavished on me ; but it was only love, not nature ; and now—now even that is gone ; the very dead I may not call my own. Alone ! Oh, the unutterable anguish of that word ; without one link, one friend —"

"Florence !" said a voice of mild reproach ; "have you indeed no friend ?"

Florence started, and flinging herself passionately on the ottoman at the Countess's feet, she hid her face on her lap, and sobbed forth, "Forgive me, oh forgive me ; I knew not what I said ! Miserable, ungrateful as I am, oh, do not throw me off as I deserve. What would be my wretched fate without you ?"

"Hardly worse than, by your own words, it is now, Florence," replied Lady St. Maur. "I would indeed be your friend, but you will not permit me ; and wrapping yourself in your affliction, heightening it by imaginary ills, you feel and act as if indeed you had no friend."

"Imaginary !" repeated Florence, and she loosed her hold of Lady St. Maur's hands, clasped her own tightly together, and turned from her.

"Yes, dearest, in some degree. Now do not turn from me, as if I could feel no sympathy in your deep sorrow. I do not say you have nothing for which to grieve, but why increase your trials by dwelling upon fanciful evils, till your mind becomes enervated instead of strengthened ? Why linger on the idea that every link is snapped between you and those you loved so well ? Can the love of three-and-twenty years be snapped asunder by a word ? Do not dwell upon such thoughts as you gave words to just now, my Florence ; they are wrong, sinful, rebellious, by increasing grief."

"But she is gone—gone. I can never return the weight of love she has borne for me ; never, never repay the debt I owe her," answered

Florence, with a burst of passionate, yet softening tears.

"Do not say so, dearest. If you can recall any one time when you refused to sacrifice yourself for her, these thoughts may be permitted, but not otherwise; but this you cannot do. You cannot tell me one period of your existence in which you failed in duty to your supposed parents, or in love for their children; and therefore do not weep because you cannot show it farther now. Look back, and bless God that he gave you strength to act as you have done; that as Mrs. Leslie indeed filled a mother's part towards you, so did you perform a child's towards her."

"Yes, yes; could I think only of this; but the one dark thought will come, and poison all the rest. I could bear the being not her child, but—" And the softening mood was conquered by that of bitter agony, and the relieving tears were frozen, as she wildly clasped Lady St. Maur's knees. "Tell me, only tell me there is no stain upon my birth, and I can bear all else, even—even to lose —." Her voice was choked.

"And indeed there is no positive proof, my Florence," replied the Countess, with a voice of more conviction than she felt; "all must be conjecture; yet do not wholly despair. All now is dark, and seemingly hopeless; yet, if God wills, dearest, how soon all may be made light, and happiness be again your own; not as it has been, perhaps, but more enduring! Read those papers again. You shudder, as if the task were too painful; yet I think, were you to re-peruse them, you would believe, as your adopted mother conjures you to believe, that there is no stain upon your birth; that poor Madeleine's dying words convinced her that she had acquired some positive proof that her child was legitimate; and though no such proofs were found, it is not impossible such may exist. And—" She paused, remembering her husband's warning. But Florence could not hope; she sank back on her low seat, saying less wildly, but with heart-rending despondency—

"You speak but to comfort me. There can be no proof now. It would have come to light long ere this, were it possible. But no, no, it cannot be."

"All things are possible with God, my Florence; his providence willed that instead of being concealed, as intended, the papers should fall into your hands, unfinished as they were; and do not doubt his power now."

"And why was it thus revealed? Why at such a moment the truth made known? Oh! better far that I had never known myself other than I am."

"Do not say so, Florence. Had you always known the truth, fancy would have been ever at work to make your life wretched. Do not throw such reproach upon the dead, by whom you were so entirely beloved that she burdened herself with this fatal secret to preserve your joys unsullied; and she would have borne it with her to the grave, had not an unconquerable impulse urged her to its disclosure. Your adopted mo-

ther's prayer was, that it might never be known unless the concealment threatened deeper misery than the revelation. She believed her prayer would be granted; try and believe it too, my Florence, and be comforted."

"Could I but forget the mystery around my birth!" exclaimed Florence, after some minutes' tearful silence. "But I cannot—cannot. My very name sounds strange and false; I have no right to it. They hail me as the loved and cherished sister of the poet Walter; him whom I so loved to feel, to glory in, as brother! And Minie, my happy Minie! how may I bear to hear her call me sister, to cling to me as such again?"

"These are the imaginary ills against which I would warn you, my own Florence," replied the Countess, soothingly. "Natural as they are, strive, pray, against them, till they are in part at least subdued. Your noble deed—the sacrifice of woman's dearest, most precious hopes—must for the time give you all enough to bear."

Florence had drooped her head on her hands, and tears were streaming faster than before; and though her slight frame shook with the paroxysm, Lady St. Maur felt, and with justice, that they gave relief.

"You do not regret this decision, my Florence," she said, after a brief pause. "You do not heighten your present sufferings by the belief that the sacrifice was unneeded? You would not recall your words? Much as you are now enduring, believe me, oh believe me, it is slight, compared to what it would have been, had you thrown yourself on his generosity, and revealed the truth; or had you concealed it and accepted him, you would have failed at the altar's foot."

"But if to you, to Lord St. Maur, my agony at the—the stain upon my birth be more imaginary than real; if I am not, as I believed, an outcast from the sympathy, the feelings of my fellow men; if, whatever be my birth, I can never be other than I have been to those who love me, oh! why might not the truth have been revealed to him, and yet our happiness secured?"

It was difficult to look on that pleading face, to listen to those tremulous words unmoved; they told a tale even then of hope, which the Countess, after her late conversation with her husband, felt that she dared not encourage.

"Were Francis Howard other than he is, my Florence, this might be; but not, not with him; he might not draw back, believing he had gone too far; but trust me, dearest, you have better secured his happiness by concealing than by revealing the truth. He loves not as you do, Florence; if he do, time will not change him; there may be happiness still in store for you both."

"May he be happy!" murmured Florence, in a tone of such submissive resignation that the Countess involuntarily drew her closer to her, and fondly kissed her pallid brow.

"Yet still have you ties to bind you to life, my Florence," she said; "still have you memories of the past, to prove you were not saved in vain; and what were Minie's lot without you?"

Now, too, that you have competence, nay, wealth, permitting your every ambitious wish for her to be fulfilled. You have still friends, dearest, friends to whom your happiness is dearer than ever. You have the recollection of a life of virtue and of love; and in securing the happiness of others, as you have ever done, you may be laying up stores for your own, which, when the present darkness is mercifully removed, will shine the lovelier for the past gloom. Think but of this, endeavour but to believe that some good must arise from this deep woe, or it would not have been permitted; and endure it nobly, as you can and will. Your secret is known but to Lord St. Maur and myself; and you know that with us it is as if it were not. You are the Florence Leslie, *our* Florence, which you have ever been."

Florence did not reply, but all her wildness and impatience had passed away; and Lady St. Maur felt that her tears were falling fast.

At that moment Lord St. Maur bounded into the room, from the balcony on which the window opened, exclaiming, "Ida, love! I have brought you a visitor—a truant, yet one you will be glad to see. Come in, Elliott, man; what do you stay there for?"

But his companion hesitated; his glance fixed on the figure so gracefully and almost spiritually brought forward in the moon-light.

"What! Ronald Elliott; my own sailor-cousin; how glad I am!" exclaimed the Countess, springing up with the joyousness and elasticity of a girl. And Florence, startled and terrified at the idea of a stranger, hastily withdrew.

CHAP. XLIII.

Our readers will perhaps be less inclined to welcome a stranger than was the Countess St. Maur. To her, however, the new comer was no stranger, but a near relative; and as such we trust a kinder greeting will be allowed him than were he an interloper in our narrative, merely dragged in, at the conclusion, to serve our own purposes.

"Yes; Ronald, dearest Ida. How can I thank you for this most kind welcome? Happiness, adulation, and a long list of honours, have not changed you: the sound of your dear voice tells me that, though I can scarcely see you," replied the young sailor, pressing his lips to the fair cheek which was yielded to him as freely as a sister's, and grasping her hands in both his.

"Changed? Not a whit!" replied her husband, laughing. "Ida St. Maur is as glad to see you, as ever Ida Villiers was; and what is more, I am not jealous; so drop your anchor here as long as you please, if the harbourage be good enough for so renowned a personage as Captain Sir Ronald Elliott, which we must dub you in future."

"Captain, and Sir Ronald! Why you have made rapid strides indeed, cousin sailor; you

were but third lieutenant, I think, when we last met."

"Hardly that. It is full nine years since I saw you; but my kind uncle's influence helped me even after we had lost him, Ida. So I passed my examination gloriously, as I think you know, and then to rise was easy."

"What! even to be Captain? I think your own abilities must have helped you still more than my dear father's influence; but I am very angry with you, Ronald. You have not written me a single line the last three years."

"I know it, my kind cousin, and deserve to lose an epaulette for it. But we have been from one end of the world almost to the other in that time; nearly murdered by some barbarous islanders; then wrecked, and for a full month thrown about on the wide ocean in a little cockle-shell of a boat, which I expected every hour would go to pieces; nearly starved, and made such objects by the sun and wind and spray, that you never would have known me. Then we hailed land, and imagined anchorage secure; when, behold, it was but a desert island. And though I was not quite Robinson Crusoe, having still some faithful comrades with me, I assure you Crusoe himself could not have yearned more for the sight of a ship than we did. I set all hands to work, to make a craft fit for sea; but with neither tools nor proper wood nor canvas, imagine the difficulties of our task. Still we would not be thrown aback, and the fourteen months we were there passed quicker in their vain attempts, than had we made none at all. At length we succeeded; our craft was actually sea-worthy. We launched her, loaded her with the roots, grain, and fruit which had been our sole mess during our solitude, and so tempted old ocean again. She took us safely to a Spanish trader, who received us on board, took our craft and tackle in tow as curious specimens of nautical ingenuity, and conveyed us to Brazil. Thence we crowded sail for old England, and after storms and dangers innumerable, here we are! The Lords of the Admiralty were pleased to have us before them, examined my log, which I had contrived to keep throughout all, gave all my brave fellows a lift (I had lost only two), made me a captain; and I suppose, from their report, her Majesty was pleased to make me a baronet: why, I cannot imagine. I did nothing more than every British sailor would have done, under the same circumstances."

"But, with all your toils and dangers, you are handsome as ever, Ronald; somewhat browner, and perhaps thinner and taller. But I should have known you any where."

"Now you would, Ida; for our primitive life in the island gave us all back our good looks," replied the young officer, who as lights had been brought in, now appeared a frank, pleasant-looking man of some six or seven-and-twenty years; sunburnt, certainly, but as his eyes and hair were very dark, such marks of hard service proved no disfigurement.

"But why did you not write us, as soon as

you reached Plymouth?" inquired Lord St. Maur.

"Because I did not know that you were in England. You were in Italy when Ida last wrote."

"And how did you find us out at last?"

"Why first I crowded sail for Lord Edgemore's, but found he was in Wales, or Scotland, or on some such tack; then I bethought me of Lord Melford. And as I was no longer the rough midddy, Ronald Elliott, whose mother did such a foolish thing as to marry a poor lieutenant, and her brother Lord Edgemore a still more shocking thing, as to forgive the runaway match, and receive her and her fatherless boy into favour, but a captain and a baronet, why I thought they might deign to speak to me; so I took them by surprise, was received most graciously; heard you were here, and was off again in a twinkling; for no harbourage was ever so safe and happy for Ronald Elliott as where his cousin Ida is to be found."

"I thought sailors were too honest ever to flatter," replied the Countess, laughing.

"Ida, you know it to be truth! It was all through you my poor widowed mother was forgiven, though you were but a girl of fourteen. You attended her long illness and death, with all the devotedness and care of a daughter—gave me the love of an elder sister—made every one treat me as your brother. Oh, how proud and cold you looked and spoke if any one dared look down on me; nor rested till my ardent wishes were fulfilled and I was a sailor. And was this all? No, Ida, no: if I have indeed attained to steadiness and manliness and worth, to you I owe it all; your affection, your example, your councils, have made me what I am."

It was impossible to doubt the sincerity of those blunt and rapid words. His hands trembled, his lip quivered, and then, as if to banish every trace of emotion, he laughingly inquired: "Who was that graceful figure I saw sitting (like Niobe, all tears) at your feet, when St. Maur hurried me so irreverently through the window? She could not have thrown herself into a more becoming attitude for effect, particularly as the moonlight streamed upon her."

"Effect! poor girl, the last thing in her mind at that moment. She is a young friend of mine, and just at present in great affliction. You will probably see her to-morrow; but I warn you, you will be disappointed if you expect anything remarkable. She is ill and in sorrow, and not at all likely to attract such a laughter-loving person as yourself."

The return of young Elliott was a source of real rejoicing both to the Countess and her husband. They had lost all trace of him so long, that both had feared more than either liked to express. Florence had often heard Lady St. Maur allude to her cousin, even during their first intimacy at St. John's, as wishing she could see him before she left England; and she could therefore well sympathize in the joy with

which her friend sought her before retiring to rest, to communicate the happy tidings of his unexpected return.

Suffering as their long conversation had been to Florence, it was yet, as Lord St. Maur had predicted—productive of good. Her mind gradually resumed a more healthy tone. Happy indeed, how could she be? But the morbid anguish, which turned every memory into suffering, subsided. Although at first shrinking from the task as increase of misery, she followed Lady St. Maur's advice, and re-read the MSS. And though her tears fell fast and unrestrainedly, the heavy weight on mind and heart gave way. She could now feel the full extent of love borne towards her by her adopted mother. In her first perusal the truth had burst upon her with a shock and agony which bewildered every faculty. She was only sensible that she was the child of misery and shame. Now she read differently. Her adopted mother's fond appeal seemed to sink upon her heart, bidding her trust in God, and believe that those papers were indeed revealed but for good. She guessed not wherefore, and she asked not. The struggle was dark and terrible, known only to the Reader of all hearts; but at length that gentle spirit was enabled to merge every individual feeling in the one deep, earnest prayer for the happiness of one!

"Let him be happy, even if to be so he must forget me and love another." Could those voiceless orisons have found vent in words, such would they have been. "I ask but to be the unknown instrument working his happier fate; but if even this be denied me—if our paths must indeed be severed, and for ever—still, still, let him be happy. And for me—oh! Father of Mercy, lift up this yearning heart to thee!"

There was no wild enthusiasm in her prayer. Days, nights, ay, weeks had passed, ere her seared heart could frame it in sincerity and truth, and even in secret prayer dash down all individual hope. It was not that she had loved him with unreturned affection. She was not likely, at such a moment, to think with Lord St. Maur, had she known his suspicions, that Howard felt but a brother's love. But she never wavered in her unselfish prayer. She roused every energy, by the conquest of self, through constant and beneficial employment to assist in its fulfilment. She was not one of those who think that prayer, even for the subjection of feeling, is sufficient, without deed. She knew she must help herself as well as pray, and trust on the help that to all, who seek, is given from on high. She found support, too, in the consciousness of her own integrity, a support which, had Lady St. Maur sought to persuade her that her mighty sacrifice had been uncalled for, must have been denied her; and when even the sweet dream of his love was loosed by his own words from the fibres of her heart, she found that strength had indeed been given to *act* as she had *prayed*.

CHAP. XLIV.

Francis Howard did not linger long in London after his rejection by Florence; he joined Lord Edgemere's family, who were then at the Isle of Angelsea, in a much shorter time than gentlemen in his forlorn situation generally take to recover their equilibrium. He pondered again and again over the conduct of Florence, and also over his own. He certainly never had given her any right to suppose his attentions devoted until lately, and, therefore, could have no reason to imagine she had ever shown such preference for his society as to cause any present belief that she had treated him ill. He thought that she certainly had not seemed to dislike his society and conversation. "Dislike? No! But" mentally argued the young politician, "there is a wide space between not disliking and love. Now I could not go hang or drown myself, as I hear some despairing lovers talk of doing. Nay, if it were not for very awkwardness, I should have much preferred still lingering in her mild, rational society, than seeking others. I wish she could have loved me; mine may not have been the wild, passionate emotion of some that I know; but it was one, I think, which would have made us both happy could she but have loved me. I never knew what female companionship and society were till I knew her, and I could have wished to secure them mine, could I have made her happy as I hoped; but may I not still do so? or is her rejection final? Yes—and I am much mistaken if she do not love another; but who—who has gained her affections? It is all mystery; but there was more in her manner than met my eye. Well, well, he it so; I trust when we next meet, it will be still as the friends which we have been."

Could Lord St. Maur have read this mental soliloquy, he certainly would have had his suspicions confirmed. Francis Howard was much too unselfish and noble a person to entertain any petty and unworthy feelings, even had he considered himself injured by his rejection. But the above quiet, unimpassioned train of thought was not that of a man ardent in his suit. His belief, too, that Florence loved another, ably aided him to conquer the delusion which had engrossed him, and before he had been a month with Lord Edgemere, he felt himself once more a free man.

Now, let us not be accused of making our hero a very uninteresting and most capricious personage. Frank did love Florence with most unselfish love; esteemed, admired her; felt that had Heaven blessed him with such a sister, his lot would have been happy as earth could make it; and as woman had never so arrested a fleeting thought before, he imagined the feeling deeper than in reality it was; cherished it, dwelt upon it, till he began to think why should he repine that Heaven had denied him such a sister, when love might give him such a bride? His rejection removed the delusive glow of fancy, and his feelings gradually subsided into their original repose.

It was a merry, though a small party, that he joined; although it so happened that himself and Alfred Melford were the only single men amongst them. Melford was, of course, always the *attaché* of his fair betrothed. Minie Leslie sported gaily from one to the other of the party; sometimes the charge of the earl himself, who was very fond of her; at others the chosen companion of Lord Henry Villiers, whose wife was not quite strong enough for the long exploring rambles which he preferred, and which Minie was only too happy to join; at others sharing joyously the lively excursions of Viscount Villiers, Lord Edgemore's grandson and heir, a fine boy of fourteen, the pet of the family. Except in her *tête-à-tête* rambles with Melford, however, Lady Mary always considered and treated Minie as her own especial charge, and under her fostering care and kindness the young girl had overcome the shock of her mother's death, and though more often shadowed than formerly, her natural liveliness had almost entirely returned, and with renovated health, yet more dazzling beauty. Not the most callous could have looked at her at any time with indifference, and more particularly when returning glowing with health and enjoyment from a ramble, or springing up the rocky heights of Wales, leaving all her companions, even the young Lord Villiers himself, far behind her; pausing, but to look back with laughing triumph, and seeming from her light, exquisitely graceful figure, her sunny ringlets and lovely face, the very spirit of the scenes she love!

It was not a very unlikely state of things, therefore, that when Howard joined them, Minie should fall to his especial care, particularly in those excursions taken by all the party; or that, being mutually pleased, they should come together *tête-à-tête*. Minie was scarcely eighteen, and so completely a child, that no awkwardness ever marked her manner. She had not learned ever to suppress a feeling or a sentiment. Full of grateful devotion towards her friends, though she never forgot to evince respect, she mingled with, and caressed them as a loving child, winning the affections of all, almost unconsciously, in return.

At first she was delighted that Frank had joined them, because she could talk to him, and he could tell her of Florence—her own dear Florence! And then her rambles suddenly became more delightful than they had ever been; and next, she felt strangely disinclined for any other companion, or, at least, they fell far short in agreeableness to Mr. Howard; and then, her solitary walks became endowed with a sort of delicious dreamy trance, which she had never experienced before; and still the simple girl guessed not, dreamed not, the nature of the emotion which was engrossing her; she only knew that happy as she had been before, she was infinitely happier now; innocent as she was, she could no more have concealed the sudden glittering of the dark blue eye, the flushing of the delicate cheek, which greeted Frank whenever he appeared, however often in the day.

than she could have defined why this should be. Lady Mary, too, happy in her own engagement, and finding sufficient employment in being with or thinking of Melford, did not notice these little equivocal signs, or if she did, perhaps secretly enjoyed the idea of her lovely protégée's captivating one of the handsomest and most engaging young men of the day. However this might be, she resolved not to breathe one word to awaken Minie to the true state of her feelings; it would either create foolish ideas in the child's head, or make her restless and unhappy by striving to conceal, if she could not conquer, her feelings. No; things should take their own course, and she only hoped Frank would finally be caught; it would be such rare diversion to see so reserved a sort of personage, when women were in the question, fairly in love. The other members of the family, accustomed to regard Minie as quite a child, either did not observe, or thought nothing of, her evident pleasure in his society and conversation. So small a share of kindness and notice could delight her, that it was no wonder she found pleasure in receiving it from him. She was considered too young, too innocent for any deeper feeling.

For Francis himself, he at first supposed it was on account of his regard for Florence that he felt so perfectly satisfied with the beautiful charge assigned him, that he was never weary of listening to Minie's conversation of her cherished sister, and many a tale of Florence's devotedness in their days of privation and suffering did those young lips pour forth with a natural eloquence which reached the inmost heart. He listened enraptured, believing it all for Florence's sake; yet in his solitary hours it was the sylph-like form, the lovely face, the silver-toned voice of Minie which haunted him sleeping or waking, not the subject of her tale; and then he met again the beaming eye and flushed cheek, and his heart whispered, were not these signs proofs of no indifference on her part? He watched her closely; he could not define it, but there certainly was a slight difference between her manner to him, and that to others. Once he had come upon her suddenly, as she was attempting to sketch an old tree before the party set off, and her hand so trembled as quite to prevent the completion of her task, and they were called to the carriage with it still unfinished. And yet she looked so happy. Then, during the anxious period of Florence's illness, though neither Minie nor Frank knew its extent, or imagined its cause, it was a common source of interest to both, and Minnie seemed to look up to him so confidently not only for the first intelligence from the post, but for sympathy also. And whereas she was at first so anxious on account of her sister, that even her beloved music lost its balm, it was Howard's persuasion which again called it forth, making that sweet voice once more lose itself in the gushing song, as he hung over her entranced. Was it the illness of poor Florence, or Minie's tearful eye and pale

cheek, which so engrossed him? If the first, it was strange that he did not think more of alleviating Florence's malady, than how to soothe and comfort her sister's sorrow on account of it. Strange that he could rest so easily satisfied of her well-doing under the care of Sir Charles Brashleigh and Lady St. Maur, and linger so continually by the side of Minie, using all the eloquence of words and manner, and bringing out all the treasures of his mind to wile her into cheerfulness again.

There is no balm so effectual for the lingering soreness of rejection as the consciousness of being beloved by another. Men are sometimes accused of marrying in pique, and not for love: yet, perhaps, all such unions are not unhappy. The heart cannot rest desolate, and the faintest sign of interest, of undesignedly revealed affection, is hailed at such moments as filling up the void within, exciting another sympathy, and recalling the self-esteem which sinks for the moment beneath the pang of unreturned affection. Now, we know Frank did not really and passionately love Florence, though he fancied he did; but yet he was disappointed, and his whole soul pined and yearned for female sympathy and love; and once, when the thought did cross his mind that Minie was not indifferent to him, that she could, if she did not already, love him, the idea was fraught with such ecstasy that he absolutely started. Had he so soon forgotten Florence? he asked himself, angry at his own fickleness. No; his regard for her seemed not a whit abated; yet if it were love he now felt, he had never loved Florence, for the emotions were as distinct as possible. He was perplexed and annoyed at himself; yet to behold Minie's exquisite beauty, so to revel in her thrilling voice as to feel its echo in his inmost soul, to look in those soft eyes when they glanced up so timidly yet so innocently in his, even to feel that she clung to him for support and guidance in some of their precarious rambles; all this created such new, yet such exquisite sensations, that by the time they reached Scotland, he had come to the conclusion that he must be in love; and if he were, he certainly had never been in love before.

He satisfied himself at length that the difference must have originated in the fact, that by Minie he was beloved, and by Florence he was not. How little did he imagine, that the controlled and subdued exterior of the latter was but the proof of her love for him; that all deep emotions, with her, were under such powerful restraint, that they could not break their bonds. Hers was *WOMAN'S* love, deep, still, omnipotent; Minie's was the first fresh-spring of *GIRLHOOD*, as true, perchance as fond, but spurning alike restraint and concealment, because its source was hidden from herself. Florence could resign that love, if to do so might secure the happiness of its object, better than to manifest it; she could resign it and yet live, feeling that

"The heart may break, yet brokenly live on."

Minie, had her love been severed from its object, might, perhaps, have buried it in her heart awhile; but then she would have drooped and died.

Still Howard watched well; still was the idea that he was beloved, too precious, too consoling to be risked by an avowal. Perhaps, after all, he was deceived; and Minie's engaging artlessness and innocent confidence were only fancied love. It was strange that in all these incongruities of feeling, the thought of his father never intruded; Minie was very nearly the same in point of fortune as her sister had been when he first knew her, and Lord Glenville's consent just as unlikely to be gained; yet Frank never thought about that, thus confirming Lord St. Maur's belief that had he really loved Florence, he would never have been so long quiet on the subject.

(*To be continued.*)

THE DIRGE OF THE DISHONOURD SOLDIER.

I.

When no more the battle
Boometh on the breeze,
Where above the streamlet
Bend the willow trees
(As a widowed woman
Stoopeth to the storm
Which she cannot buffet,
Weak of heart and form),
Low to lay the soldier
Silently we come;
Not for him the volley,
Not for him the drum.

II.

He was like his mother,
Delicate and frail;
War, from home's recesses,
Swept him in its gale.
To his tender spirit
Human life was dear:
Soon his girlish softness
Sank to girlish fear;
In the whirl of conflict,
Dizzy o'er the dead,
Suddenly he falter'd,
Suddenly he fled.

III.

Fled! and struck in flying,
Yielded up his breath,
While his shouting comrades
Onward rushed to death;
Onward, at the breaches
Mounting side by side,
With the foe before them.
Oh, that he had died
Ere the madd'ning terror
Hurried him to shame,
Infamously falling
On a field of fame.

IV.

Ages yet shall know it,
Musing o'er his dust,
How a British soldier
Broke a soldier's trust.
Death before dishonour!
Death, dishonour too,
Was the retribution
On himself he drew.
In the rolls of glory
Blank shall be his place;
But the childless mother
Knows not the disgrace.

E. A. H. O.

STANZAS.

BY ANNA SAVAGE.

Oh! say not life can bring for me
Joys still as bright as those
That time hath stolen; doth the day
Bear promise at its close?
Can it bring back one vanish'd hour
With its sweet madness past—
My wild heart's dream, its dearest, best,
Its loveliest and last?

No: while the fair earth's veiled by night
We turn the weary thought
Upon the *past*, and weep to miss
The light that morning brought.
Alas! too oft we value less
The precious things that stay
Still scattered round us than a tone
A breeze hath swept away.

The flowers smiling on our path
We pass neglected by,
To follow shadows that exist
But in our phantasy.
We seek in vain—the sad heart broods
O'er its lost wealth alone,
And marvels that it never prized
Its wealth till it was gone.

TO JOY.

(FROM THE GERMAN.)

Enchantress! whose bright garments fling
Showers of glad and rosy light,
Tell me, gay and glorious thing,
Wherefore in thy sudden flight,
Inexorable in our woe,
From friend art turn'd to cruel foe?

Deceitful siren! singing free,
O'er these waves of misery—
Take, oh take along with thee
Faded flowers of memory!

ELIZA LESLIE.

Jan., 1845.

WINTER HAS COME.

BY J. GOSLIN.

He comes ! he comes ! we see him now,
With his snowy robe and his silvery brow ;
While with icicle fingers he grasps each tree,
And hides every pond, in his revelry,
 'Neath his chilly vest ;
 Where they lie at rest,
 Undisturb'd and unknown,
 Though the rude winds moan,
 And the snow falls deep
 O'er their heads, as they sleep ;
 Till the sun once more
 Breaks the bonds on each shore,
And then the bright wave leaps merry and free,
Exulting in sunshine and liberty.

The trees are bare, the hills look bleak,
And the clouds hang low on each snow-capp'd peak ;
And the vales are shrouded in mist and gloom,
Like the shadow that hangs o'er a tyrant's tomb.

The birds no more
On gay pinions soar,
With warbling notes
From their mellow throats ;
But fly in flocks
O'er fields and o'er rocks,
Their food to seek,
Sad, silent, and weak ;

And the sea-gull curves through the bitter air,
Portending the storm that is harboured there.

The north wind sweeps o'er the harden'd earth ;
And the storms that rejoiced at WINTER's birth
Now swell in their might as he grows up strong,
For their rage is his laugh, and their moan is
 his song !

He is mirthful and gay
Ere he moves away,
When he sees fair Spring
Come on zephyr's wing—
Like a gleam of light
Through the dusky night ;
Or hope, sweet and fair,
To the heart's despair.

But he flies, he flies—every moment now
Plucks the crown from his cold and cheerless brow.

Spring, summer, and autumn, have all pass'd by,
And the old year is lost in eternity ;
His successor stalks through his wide domain,
Stormy and fierce in the youth of his reign.

But we'll scorn his ire
Round the blazing fire,
And cast off his yoke
For the laugh and the joke ;
While Beauty imparts
A balm to our hearts,
And love lends a charm
All care to disarm :

'Tis thus we will end every boisterous day,
While WINTER escorts the New Year on his way.
Dublin, 1844.

TO MY ABSENT BROTHER.

When the soft shade of eve is gently stealing
O'er the dewy earth, and when each star
Its little paly lamp is just revealing,
Then, brother, think of her who is afar.

And when the silver moon is brightly beaming
From her high throne of deepest blue above ;
When her soft light o'er hill and dale is streaming,
Then think of absent ones, their tenderness, their
 love.

Deep is that love. The summer sweets are wasted
On me, because, alas ! *thou* art away ;
The sparkling cup of joy is scarcely tasted,
And long and weary seems the brightest day.
Thy image dwells within my fond heart ever,
And ne'er, my brother, shall it thence depart ;
For, until death the cord of life shall sever,
The same deep love for thee shall reign within
 that heart.

And dost thou love me with a love, my brother,
As fond and faithful as I bear to thee ?
Can fortune's smile or frown, can absence smother
That love, or make thy heart less warm to me ?
No, it cannot—'tis thus my own heart thinketh,
And thus I *feel* that thine would sure reply ;
For, oh ! there is some hidden cord, that linketh
The sentiments of souls fast bound by nature's tie.

And oh ! if e'er misfortune's hand removeth
Flowers from thy path and calmness from thy
 brow ;
Then when each heart its faith or falseness proveth,
Mine shall be thine more fondly even than now.
And may we ne'er by word or deed dis sever
One link that binds our souls in deepest love ;
And when we part upon this earth for ever,
May we yet meet again in holy bliss above.

S. J. G.

LINES.

Spirits of heroes, and of martyrs slain !
Appear, bright witnesses ! the truth maintain ;
Bend from your thrones of everlasting light,
And failing courage gird with dauntless might ;
Tell how, 'mid insult, torture, death, and shame,
Unconquer'd still, ye held a spotless name ;
While each new pang unloosed an earthly tie,
Th' archangels shouted, 'till their summons high
Call'd forth the glorious ranks of hierarchy.

And distant legions of the cherub band—
Guards ever watchful for *the Lord's* command—
Paused in their march around the starry sphere,
" Hark ! " they exclaim'd, " the conquerors are
 near ! "

One moment's silence ; rushing then along,
Burst the full choral tide of heavenly song,
The seraph whisper and the trumpet tone
Mingling in raptured sounds, to earth unknown ;
While from God's presence angels, marshal'd nigh,
Advancing, thus proclaim'd the victory :

" Hail ! welcome, ye spirits immortal and bright !
Return to your home in the mansions of light ;
Each sorrow, each wrong you have nobly endured,
A nobler reward hath for ever secured ;
All hail then, bright spirits ! the conflict is done,
Your welcome's prepared, the glad triumph is won. "

E. E. HAMILTON.

THE CLAUQUEURS OF PARIS.

(IN TWO PARTS.)

PART I.

This singular species of profession is altogether unknown in England, its invention and adoption being, I believe, strictly confined to France. These dispensers of dramatic success are known under various designations—they are indifferently termed *Claqueurs*, *Romains*, *Cabaleurs*, or *la Cabale*; *Bandes*, or *Cheraliers du Lustre*. The last denomination they owe to the spot where they chiefly congregate, namely, the *parterre* immediately under the lustre. Before the institution of these doughty knights, the great majority of dramatic authors were as unwilling as they are at present to trust to chance alone for the success of their productions. But they then confined themselves to the efforts of their friends, whom they sent in as large a body as possible to the theatre, having, for the first nights of representation, a considerable number of tickets of admission at their disposal. But it was soon discovered that friends were either dull enough not to perceive the beauties of the piece they were requested to support, or too unenthusiastic or genteel to express in a sufficiently obstreperous manner their applause. Besides, they were too easily deterred by the first symptoms of opposition, and often abandoned the field without fighting the battle. It was then surmised, and wisely, that the only means of having a zealous, determined, and efficient support, was to base it upon that great *primum mobile* of exertion, constancy, and devotion—money; to turn what had been a matter of complaisance into an affair of trade, and instead of trusting to the uncertain voices and weak hands of friends, to purchase the throats of the needy at so much per shout, and pay their applause at so many francs the round. It was therefore resolved, in imitation of those managers of larger theatres, called kings, to raise, organize, and keep in pay a standing army of sturdy admirers, who should have no will but that of the stage director, no judgment but that furnished them by the author—fellows

“ Who take suggestion as a cat laps milk,
Who tell the clock to any business that
We say benefits the hour.”

- Thus then was instituted with the common consent, and for the common interest of theatrical managers, authors, and actors, the order of the “Knights of the Lustre.” It was from the *Corps de perruquiers* that the first bands of these critical *condottieri* were taken, and even at present it is this body that furnishes the greatest number of recruits to fill up the places of those who have clapped their hands for the last time.

Each theatre has its chief of cabal, and corps of clappers. The chief is chosen by the manager of the theatre, and he then selects and disciplines the myrmidons who are to act under his orders. It is he alone who is in direct communication with the administration of the theatre, with the authors and actors. His place, which is a very lucrative one, is eagerly sought after, but it requires considerable, intelligence, *tact*, and not unfrequently great bodily strength and skill in arms. Indeed of late days these latter qualities have become almost indispensable, and a diploma from a fencing master is almost a *sine qua non* to secure admission into the band. Those of the knights of the lustre who are fortunate enough to have a couple or so of duels on their hands, resulting out of a contested representation, are certain of being rewarded both by money and promotion. The clapper-in-chief, who is generally dressed in an elegant suit of black, is present at the rehearsal of the pieces in preparation. He takes down notes of all the scenes, *tirades*, couplets, &c., where it will be necessary to applaud or cry *bis*. These passages are pointed out to him, sometimes by the authors, but more particularly by the actors, which latter thus know beforehand when they are to be so agreeably interrupted, and prepare their *play* in consequence. This fore-knowledge is of great importance, particularly in tragedy, because the applauders not only encourage and animate the actor, but also afford him an interval of repose so necessary after the violent and lung-tearing delivery of the scarcely ever-ending tirades which beset French tragedies. The chief of cabal, from his knowledge of the weak parts of the piece, knows at what moment it will be necessary to *chauffer* (technical) the inert mass of the public; and also being acquainted with those passages in which an actor is likely to limp or come tame off, he gets ready the bravos and encouraging expressions that are to help him over the *style*. In fine, he takes special note of all those words meant to produce effect, and marks the points and humorous hits upon which the author reckons for the success of his piece. His enthusiasm, to which is most strictly subjected that of his subaltern agents, commences and terminates exactly at those passages marked upon his paper, which is fixed in the crown of his hat. At certain signals, known only to the band, his *aides de camp*, who have ready their *battoirs* (their hands are thus called from their ponderousness and percussive force) second his clapping, and the author—and the delightful sound is propagated through a nicely regulated series of gradations by the rest of the

clan, till, from the masterly manner in which they are disposed almost through every part of the house, the applause appears to be general; though probably every male spectator present, except the hired ones, have, like the crocodile mentioned by the Irish judge, "their hands in their breeches pockets." The force, loudness, number, and duration of these prepared bursts of applause depend upon several circumstances. In the first place, they follow in a most rigid ratio the quantity of money given, or tickets distributed by the authors or actors. The heavier the sum the more loud and frequent the clap. It also happens that the *Claqueurs* sometimes regulate their movements according to the more or less favourable disposition of the veritable audience. When they perceive that the performance pleases them, and that some genuine applause is mingled with the base coin of their approbation, they redouble their zeal, and instead of one or two rounds of clapping, they give three and sometimes four, in order to still further excite the public, and produce a complete success, "a success of enthusiasm" (as it is called) in which case they become entitled to additional remuneration. If, on the contrary, the public should show symptoms of dissatisfaction or impatience, and that the piece should be really *damnable*, they then observe somewhat of *management* and moderation in their approbation—they endeavour to avoid urging the audience to opposition by exaggerated or ill-timed applause. But, nevertheless, they are up in arms at the first hiss that is hazarded; they rise like one man, and yell forth with stentorian lungs *à bas la Cabale, à la porte*.

This cry, as appropriate from the lips of these horn-palmed and brazen-throated amateurs as that of "stop thief" from a detected pick-pocket, has but too often the effect of silencing the first opposition of the decorous and paying part of the audience. However, on some occasions, which, unfortunately for the independence of the French theatre, are like "angels' visits, few and far between," the veritable spectators do "screw their courage to the sticking," or rather "striking" place, assert their undoubted right to damn a worthless production, and drive from the house these miserable mercenaries. A remarkable instance of this happened, I remember, at the Odeon theatre, when a regular row took place that would have done honour to the pit of either Drury-lane or Covent-garden. The occasion was the first representation of a tragedy, called *L'Orphelin de Bethléem*, founded upon an episode of the murder of the innocents, under Herod. The audience were listening with their usual equanimity to the drawing Alexandrines of this pitiful piece, when a ludicrous accident aroused them and brought on the catastrophe, not of the tragedy but of the author. In the second act, when the two-year old hero of the tragedy, the young *Eleacin*, was to make his appearance, the shrill squealing of a child was heard from under the stage; the business of the play was necessarily interrupted, the actors "frightened from their propriety," and the au-

dience held in a state of surprise half ludicrous, half pathetic. At length *Herod*, whose sole business in the play was to murder this very baby, came forward to announce that the *Orphelin de Bethléem* had, in his progress to the stage, vanished through a trap-door and descended to the regions below, and that he was, in consequence of the fright and fall, incapable of appearing before them. This *pendant* to the "part of *Hamlet* omitted by particular desire," was followed by a scene of most "admired disorder." Some most *mal apropos* plaudits from the mallet-handed supporters of *Herod*, caused the indignation of the paying spectators to explode, and they replied to the bravos by a well-sustained fire of groans and hisses. From sounds the adverse parties proceeded to more substantial tokens of hostility; a regular row commenced, and raged long and loudly, during which blows fell "thick as the leaves in *Valombrosa*." The unpugilistic portion of the *parterre* rushed in wild confusion and alarm into the orchestra; the scared musicians snatched up their fragile instruments, scrambled light of foot over the foot-lights, and executed in double quick time a fugue over the stage. After half-an-hour's hard knocking, the glory of the knights of the lustre burned dim, their roaring throats were hushed in silence, and *Herod* received what he deserved—d——n. Even this dire ceremony terminated in a manner characteristic of the French; the closing scene, owing to the ludicrous mistake of an actor, having produced an universal shout of laughter. The child (the son of *Mary*), whose destruction *Herod* chiefly aimed at, having been taken into Egypt, a messenger was despatched to overtake and destroy him, if possible. The messenger shortly after returned, and said to *Herod*, "*L'Enfant's embarqué malgré la diligence*," *ma diligence* he should have said; but the ludicrous substitution of the article for the pronoun elevated the audience into the highest heaven of hilarity; even the vanquished Romans were seen to "grin horribly a ghastly smile."

But to return to our history of the *profession*: a very important improvement has been recently made in the discipline and tactics of the *claqueurs*, the honour of inventing, which appertains to the manager of the *Theatre du Gymnase*. These success-insurers no longer confine their efforts to mere applauding; they now weep, whimper, laugh, and let escape *involuntary* exclamations of admiration, delight, ecstasy, and enthusiasm, as the case may require, or the reward justify. In the sentimental passages these tender souls draw forth their pocket-handkerchiefs to dry up imaginary tears; and, on the other hand, when a piquant sentence, or pointed *bon mot*, is pronounced by the actor, they are the first to perceive the wit, or catch the allusion, and to burst into a fit of well dissembled laughter, which is sometimes, like that of the gods, almost inextinguishable. At other times they utter, in a tone of the deepest conviction, "*C'est sublime! c'est charmante délicieux, admirable! quellele actrice parfait quelle connaissance profonde du cœur*"

humain ! inimitable acteur ! The poor provincial, who happens to be near these *actors* off the stage, and who takes everything for gold that glitters at Paris, catches fire from the spurious enthusiasm of his neighbours, and is gulled into applauding the most spiritless trash or the most detestable acting.

At the little theatres on the Boulevards, to the *parterres* of which women are admitted, some of the melo-dramatists, who furnish these establishments with the required quantity of murder, arson, injured innocence, and triumphant villany, keep a band of female weepers in their pay, who are able, in a given time, by the mere force of sympathy, to set a whole audience snivelling, and "drown the stage with tears." On the day of a first representation, the chief of cabal and his *familiars* assemble in a cabaret, or inferior *café*, in the neighbourhood of the theatre; he there gives them his instructions, appoints them to their different places, and acquaints them with the change of tactics he has resolved upon, in case a vigorous opposition should be demanded. But of this there is seldom much danger, as there are but comparatively few tickets delivered at the doors the night of a new piece, the greater part of the house being reserved for *claqueurs*, who are introduced by a private door (called *la porte de secours*), before the public is admitted. These *claqueurs* always consider themselves as persons of very grave importance whose countenance and support are even necessary to productions of merit, and actors of talent.

A just outcry has been raised, and is frequently repeated, against this shameful abuse. Indeed, several of the Parisian theatres have made, or have pretended to take measures for the extirpation of these weeds. But the task is almost a hopeless one, there are so many persons interested in their continuance and propagation; it being to the advantage of authors, actors, and managers that the suppression should not take place. Actors and actresses are desirous of being *soignés* (this is the technical expression) on their coming on and quitting the stage. Even those performers who enjoy well-merited reputation, are weak enough to follow this degrading example. They subsidize the chief of the cabal, and give him on the days they perform all the tickets to which they are entitled. They are persuaded that these hired applauses give an impulse to the paying spectators. As to the *debutants*, woe to them should they disdain to have recourse to the *claqueurs*, who, in such a case, would crowd to the theatre, and hiss the unfortunate delinquent from the stage. Hence it happens that a *debut* is an affair of considerable expense; and, in more instances than one, it has been known that a poor girl, about to commence her theatrical career, has sacrificed her honour, to enable her to meet the exorbitant demands of these base and degraded ruffians. Authors are no less interested in the continuance of this disgraceful institution: many of them dread the *claqueurs*; others stand in need of them; and

all have recourse to them. The sale of tickets, to which authors and actors are entitled, is one of the principal sources of profit of the chief of cabal. Each morning he repairs to the theatre to which he is attached, or to the author whose success he undertakes to secure. He there receives a certain number of tickets, which he immediately takes to a certain *mart*, and they are sold at half-price for all the theatres in Paris. The only theatre in which these fellows have no control is the Italian Opera. The authors, after having satisfied the *claqueurs*, sell their tickets in the same manner; and it is said that one well-known author farms his to a certain party for thirty francs *per diem*.

The following anecdote may give my reader some idea of the serious and business-like manner in which these theatrical traders carry on their *metier*. A young author, who had written one or two dramatic productions, but was not yet initiated into the mysteries of the craft, received, one morning, a visit from a very grave monsieur, wearing *besicles*, and dressed in a very respectable suit of *sables*. This monsieur, after a brilliant flourish of compliments, made an offer of his services. Our author begged him to explain himself, when he said, "It is I who make the pieces (*qui fais les pieces*) of Messrs. So and So."—"What do you mean to say?"—"Yes, sir, it is I who *make* them succeed," accompanying the words with a very expressive and not-to-be-misunderstood motion of his hands. The author saw through the object of his visit, but *catera desunt*.

[It was stated that the manager of the Opera Comique, some years ago, allowed a comfortable pension to the widow of a perruquier, who had mainly contributed, by his exertions and great *savoir faire*, to the success of his pieces. To conclude this sketch of the *claqueurs* of Paris, take the following *trait*. The chief cabal of one of the principal theatres, whose daughter had just attained a marriageable age, being asked what fortune he intended to give her, replied, "If I should find a son-in-law to my mind, and possessing the *talents* requisite for the profession, I shall give him my daughter, the Theatre Français, and perhaps the Grand Opera too!"]

ON THE DESTRUCTION OF THE PORTLAND VASE.

BY J. J. REYNOLDS.

Inimitable vase ! Thou relic fair,
And silent chronicler of days gone by ;
Has, then, some barb'rous hand in this our age—
Self-styled the most refined and polite
The world hath yet beheld, beyond compare—
Thus ventured, in the twinkling of an eye,
Ruthless destruction against thee to wage,
From whose proportions and whose colour bright
The lapse of centuries could not detract ?
Nay, Time, the despot, had not thee bereft
Of pristine beauty ; him thou hadst defied !
And but for this rash, wanton, and rude act,
Perchance for ages yet thou hadst been left
To be our national museum's pride.

CHRISTIAN WOLF; OR, THE PROGRESS OF CRIME.

(From the German of Schiller.)

BY M. A. Y.

There are no chapters throughout the whole history of man so interesting to a thinking mind, or so universally instructive, as the annals of his errors. To trace out the causes, some trifling, some important, which are productive too often of such fearful results, is a task which, if persevered in, might effectually tend to diminish crime, and consequently one well worthy of the attention of every philanthropist. Philosophers have studied every phenomenon relative to the eruptions of Vesuvius with the minutest care. Why has not as profound attention been bestowed on the outbreaks of sin and crime in the human being? Why should less study be devoted to a moral than to a physical appearance? How many might now be honest, useful members of society, had not their first error been so sternly viewed—had not the untempted, the wise in precept, the confident in their untried virtue pointed the finger of scorn at them, visited them with legal and moral punishment, outlawed them from the pale of society, and branded them with the mark of shame! Whether or not the unfortunate whose history I am about to relate might have been reclaimed by mildness, cannot now be proved: I do not claim my reader's clemency on his account, for it could not benefit him now: he perished on the scaffold; but a slight sketch of his life may not be uninteresting or uninteresting.

Christian Wolf was the son of the landlord of a small inn at —, and assisted his mother, a widow, in all the duties of the *ménage* until his twentieth year. There was but little business stirring, and Wolf had many idle hours. He was from his boyhood a wild creature, and by no means prepossessing in appearance. A slight, insignificant figure, dull black hair, a flat, broad nose, and projecting upper-lip, and deep-set eyes, constituted a *tout ensemble* which was by no means attractive to the softer sex, and rendered him a butt for the jokes of his own. But far from being discouraged by these deficiencies, he strove to compensate for them by endeavours to please. Among other fancies, Wolf fancied himself in love; but the maiden of his choice slighted him, and, he feared, to bestow her favours on another. But she was poor, and though his protestations and entreaties could not move her, gifts might. How were these to be obtained? The endeavour to adorn and improve his personal appearance swallowed up all his scanty earnings. Too ignorant to increase his store by speculations, too proud to labour, he saw but one means of attaining his object. The village was bounded by a noble wood:

game was plenty there: the owner could not require it all. Wolf became a poacher, and every farthing of his ill-gotten gains was devoted to purchase the favour of the scornful maiden.

Now among Johanna's lovers was a certain Robert, gamekeeper to the forest, who was not long in noting the advantage obtained over him by his hitherto despised rival. He marked his generosity, and marvelled where the money came from; nor was his jealous watchfulness long in detecting the secret. With unwearied perseverance he tracked Wolf's every step, and at length succeeded in taking him in the very fact. The law against poaching was then very severe, and it was only by the sacrifice of the whole of his little property that Wolf was enabled to get off.

Robert triumphed; his rival was beaten out of the field, for Johanna was a girl of too much spirit to take up with a beggar. Wolf knew his enemy, knew also that he was his rival, and jealousy was added to the pangs of hunger and wounded pride. Necessity now made him what he had before been for love, and again Robert detected him and delivered him up to justice. He had no means of paying the fine, and consequently was committed to prison. Confinement and solitude, far from diminishing his passion for Johanna, served but to increase it; and the instant the term of his imprisonment expired, he flew to his native village; but there were none to welcome him; Johanna scrupled not to speak her scorn; his old companions shunned him, and his mother was no more. Dire poverty vanquished all pride, and he offered himself as day-labourer to all the farmers, but in vain: what was his character? They knew what it *was*, and would not give him the chance of seeing what, with a little kindness and encouragement, it *might become*. As a last resource, he besought the miserable post of village swineherd; but who would confide their pigs to the care of one so late the inmate of a jail? With wearied limbs he dragged himself from farm to farm, vainly soliciting permission to earn his bread honestly; and at length, driven by actual starvation, once more sinned against the game-laws—was once more detected by Robert, and given up to justice. "Such inveterate delinquency could not be too severely punished;" so said the wise and worthy magistrate. He looked into the book of law, and overlooked the circumstances which induced the criminality. "So determined a poacher must be made an example of!" And Wolf was condemned to be branded

on the back, and to hard labour for three years in the fortress. This term of imprisonment also expired, and at length he was liberated, but came out quite a different being from what he was when he entered. A new epoch in his life had now commenced; but we will cite his own words.

"I entered the fortress comparatively innocent; I quitted it a hardened villain. When first I was brought there, they confined me with three-and-twenty prisoners, two of whom were murderers, and the others thieves, forgers, and vagabonds of every description. When I spoke of God or religion, they mocked at me, or turned my words into blasphemies: they laughed at my disgust, sang me lewd songs, told tales of crime, swore, jeered, and rallied. At first I shunned them as much as possible, and closed my ears to their voices; I lived alone, but gradually the desire, always inherent in human nature for companionship, drew me towards one or two. The next steps were rapid; disgust softened into indifference, and that again gave place to imitation, and gradually I became as bad, as debased in mind and manners, as any there; nay, latterly I surpassed them all. I longed for the day which should restore me to freedom; I thirsted for revenge; I hated mankind, for all were better, happier than I. I regarded myself as a martyr, as a victim, and vowed undying, implacable hatred to all my species, and fully did I keep that vow.

"My first thoughts on recovering my liberty flew to the spot where had once been my happy home—to the spot where dwelt my enemy. How wildly did my heart beat as I drew near the village, and beheld the spire of the village-church rising above the wood! but it was not with that desire to behold all I had loved, to retrieve my character, which had animated me on my former return. No; it was a fierce longing for vengeance on the heads of those who had made me what I was. The bells were ringing for evening service as I reached the market-place, and the people were thronging to church. They gazed on me, they recognized me, and they shunned me! I had always loved children, and won by the appearance of a boy who was playing about, I offered him a *groschen*. The little fellow ceased from his sports, and, after looking earnestly at me for a moment, flung the coin in my face. Had I been calmer, I might have recollected that my ragged appearance, uncombed hair, and long beard were sufficient to account for the child's action; but in the tumult of my feelings I attributed it to my being a returned felon, and bitter tears forced themselves into my eyes. That boy knew me not, yet he shunned and spurned me: was the brand of shame, then, visible to every eye? was I a marked man, an outcast from my species? This little incident moved me more than all my former punishment; but the time had passed when its effect could be salutary, it did but move me to greater fury. 'All shun me,' I muttered: 'they shall have cause to do so. They have taken everything from me which makes life valuable: he who has nothing to lose

has few cares.' My thoughts and purposes were all confusion. The only thing I can clearly recollect was a fierce desire to do evil. The law had been the instrument of my disgrace; I had sinned against it from folly first, and then from dire necessity; now I resolved wilfully to outrage it in every way. Again I became a poacher, and destroyed every bit of game which I came across; what little I absolutely required to supply the wants of nature I took, but left the remainder to rot where it fell.

"For many months did I lead this wild, reckless course of life, shunning all intercourse with my fellow-creatures, save such as was absolutely necessary to enable me to procure food, powder, and shot. One morning I had been following on the track of a deer for some hours, and had almost resolved to give up the pursuit, when a rustling among the bushes attracted my attention; I raised my gun to fire, but at that moment perceived a hat lying on the ground just before me: advancing to it, I beheld Robert—my enemy—lying asleep beneath the shadow of a large tree, and in the very spot at which I had been about to fire. A cold chill passed over me, as I gazed on this detested being, thus given, as it were into my power. My arm trembled, my teeth chattered, my breath came gaspingly. The deer I had followed so long appeared in sight, my gun hesitated between the two objects; for a moment I felt uncertain, then came a dark spasm of fury and revenge, the powers of good and evil struggled for mastery; another moment was past—another—revenge was victorious, and Robert lay a lifeless corpse. 'The crack of the shot startled me. 'Murderer!' I exclaimed, and the silent forest re-echoed 'Murderer!' Speechless and motionless, I stood by the dead man, and at length burst into an involuntary fit of wild laughter—'You will not give evidence against me any more, good friend,' I cried, turning the face of the corpse upwards. The eyes were wide open, and seemed to fix themselves on me with a cold, stony gaze. A sudden revulsion of feeling came over me; until then I had sinned in very recklessness; now, now, oh God! But one short hour before, and I had regarded myself as one of the most degraded of human beings, now I felt that my former self was an enviable being compared with the present. Wild thoughts came rushing through my brain—'Thou shalt do no murder;' was echoed and re-echoed in my ears by voices loud as thunder, and every horrid detail of an execution which I had witnessed in my childhood stood forth before my mind's eye with all the vividness of reality. Vainly did I try to recall all the injuries I had received from my victim, all the causes I had had to hate him; the memory of it was blotted out, *blotted out with blood!* and all seemed a horrid dream.

"The crack of a whip awoke me once more to a consciousness of outward things, and, turning, I fled into the wood. I was penniless, and the thought crossed me that Robert had formerly possessed a watch; it could be of no use to the

dead, and yet I had not courage to return to that fatal spot. Some thoughts of the all-seeing eye of Heaven, and of the devil, crossed my bewildered mind, but were chased away by the recollection that I had nothing to lose, all to gain, and I returned. The watch was there, and also a purse, containing a small sum. Already had I seized both, when suddenly I paused, it was not shame, it was no fear of increasing my crime by adding robbery to murder, which stayed my hand, but pride. I flung the watch from me, and took but a portion of the money; I would not be thought to have murdered him for gain: no, it was vengeance, and such it should appear.

"Once more I fled, nor paused for hours in my rapid course. At first the rapidity of my motions banished thought, but gradually, as my breath came heavily, and my limbs refused to bear their burden further, all the past returned, and I lived each minute detail over again. 'Thousands of horrible images flitted across my brain, and agonized my mind. Was it always to be thus? were these haunting visions to be ever before me? If so, what a penance would it be to live; and yet I had not the courage to commit suicide, an undefined fear of eternity withheld me. I feared to die, I dreaded life. Ah! those awful hours crowded with mental tortures! words cannot give the faintest notion of their wretchedness. Slowly, feebly, and almost unconsciously, with folded arms, and my hat pressed down over my brows, I was pacing along a narrow thicket path, when suddenly a rough, sonorous voice shouted 'Halt!' and, raising my eyes, I found myself confronted by a fierce, wild-looking man, bearing on his shoulder a huge knotted club; his skin was dingy as that of a Mulatto, his form giant-like, his eyes gleamed out like live coals from beneath his shaggy brow. Instead of a girdle, a cord was twisted two or three times round his waist, and sustained a large knife and a horse-pistol. He repeated his summons, seizing me, at the same time, by the arm; at first the voice of a human being had terrified my guilty soul, but the sight of this evident outlaw reassured me; for in my present situation, it was honest men, and not thieves or vagabonds, I had cause to dread.

" 'Who are you?' exclaimed this man.

" 'One like yourself,' was my reply; 'at least if appearances are to be trusted.'

" 'What are you doing here?' again thundered the giant.

" 'That can be no business of yours,' was my reply.

"The man surveyed me from head to foot—'You speak rudely,' he said, 'and I would venture to swear have had a narrow escape from the gallows.'

" 'May be; but that's my concern. Adieu, comrade.'

" 'One moment,' he cried, drawing forth a tin flask, at which he took a hearty pull, and then handed it to me. Anxiety and fatigue had worn my strength almost out, and nothing had

passed my lips that day; the fear of fainting with hunger had more than once crossed my mind; how eagerly, therefore, did I grasp the proffered refreshment, how greedily place it to my parched lips! New life seemed infused into my body, new courage into my soul, by this drink; I felt less miserable, less wretched, and, as I looked on my companion, less alone. He had thrown himself on the ground, and I followed his example; after the exchange of a few words, he said—

" 'What art thou?'

" 'A murderer, like yourself,' I replied, pointing to the knife in his girdle, which was not wholly free from stain.

" 'And your name?'

" 'Christian Wolf.'

" 'Wolf!' he exclaimed. 'Wolf, the poacher! welcome, comrade, most welcome! I have sought you long, your fame is well known to me; I have reckoned on you this many a day.'

" 'On me?'

" 'Yes, on you. You have been wronged, oppressed, imprisoned, branded, your property confiscated, your good name blighted; and for what? because you shot a few hares, or a deer or wild boar. Brother, is not man worth more than a hare? But, tell me, what brought you here?'

"I related my history to him, and almost before it was ended he had sprung up, and drawn me impatiently with him, ejaculating—'Come with me; question not, but follow quickly!' He drew me rapidly along, it might be for about a quarter of a mile, and at each step the forest became thicker and more intricate; I followed almost mechanically, until suddenly his shrill whistle startled me into observation. We stood on the edge of an abrupt chasm: A second whistle, proceeding from the very bowels of the earth, replied to him, and a ladder arose slowly up. My guide descended it, and bade me await him there—'I must tie up the dogs,' he said, 'or else, you being a stranger, they will tear you in pieces.' I stood alone; how easy would escape have been! I had but to draw up the ladder, and pursuit would have been impossible. I gazed into the deep chasm, and thought of the depths of hell, from which there is no return. I resolved to fly while yet it was in my power, and had already stretched out my hand to grasp the ladder, when these words were thundered in my ears—'What worse can you become, Murderer!' The time for repentance was past, the blood I had shed floated like a sea before my eyes, and cut off all hopes of retreat, and I descended. As we approached the bottom, a spacious cave became visible, in which eighteen or twenty men lay stretched around a coal fire, and several women. 'Welcome, Wolf!' they exclaimed, thronging round me, and the welcome sounded hearty and sincere, and was accompanied by something of respect. One grasped my hand, another caught hold of my dress, and all appeared to receive me as an old and valued friend. The feast which my arrival

had interrupted was now continued; I was placed between two of the prettiest women; game, venison, and wine, were there in profusion, while jokes and laughter seasoned the repast. My two supporters vied with each other which should show me most attention, and the whole party seemed to second them.

"How like you our mode of life, brother Wolf?" said the man who had brought me there. "It is thus we pass the time away; every day is like this."

"Yes, every day is like this," chorused the band.

"Will you join us? Will you become our leader? We will all receive you as such; is it not so, comrades?"

"A reply in the affirmative burst from every lip. My brain reeled, my pulses throbbed, my heart beat high; the world had scorned and cast me off, but these people received me with honour; 'tis true they were rogues and thieves, perchance even worse, but what was I? If I declined their offer and quitted them, I must starve, and was certain of being hanged; if I joined them, I might still come to the scaffold eventually, but in the interim enjoyment and plenty would be mine. My choice was made.

"I accept your offer, comrades, and remain with you," I exclaimed, "so that Marie is mine;" and I pointed to one of my fair neighbours. All agreed, and I was solemnly proclaimed captain, and sole master of the person and affections of Marie."

Here let me glide silently over the history of Christian Wolf, while he was bandit chief; the details are horrible, without being instructive, and he was guilty of every atrocity save murder. "No, no," he cried, when tortured to induce confession, "my hands were imbued in human blood but once!" His fame spread throughout all the adjoining country—men feared to travel without a strong escort, the peasantry trembled at the name of Wolf, the citizens barricaded each door and window, and even the nobility did not feel quite secure in their castles. A price was set on his head, and troops despatched in every direction to take him dead or alive. But fortune appeared to befriend him; he escaped or frustrated every snare laid to entrap him, and availed himself of the superstitious fears thus raised in the minds of the peasantry, who believed that he had entered into a compact with the devil, who protected and assisted him. A year fled by thus, and was Wolf happy? No! The victorious, celebrated bandit captain, the hero of romances, the performer of prodigies, often suffered from hunger, cold, and want of every common necessity; he saw himself surrounded by envy, hatred, malice, rebellion, and treachery. Government had promised a free pardon to any one of his associates who would betray him, and he read in the side-long glance, the whispered threat, or open taunt, how little dependance was to be placed on the "fidelity to death" they had sworn to him.

Remorse was gnawing at his heart, conscience

slept not, but goaded him to madness with its stings; again he awoke to a sense of what he was, and wished that the bitter tears which forced themselves from his eyes could blot out the past; nay, gladly would he have shed his heart's best blood to do so. Suddenly a gleam of hope dawned amid the darkness—was it not possible to atone for the past, to live a new life, to become a new being? The seven years' war was at this period just broken out, and levies of troops were being raised in every district; on this the unfortunate Wolf founded his hopes, and wrote the following letter to the lord of the manor, under whom he had once lived:—

"If your princely Highness will condescend to look down on one so lost, if a criminal, such as he is who now dares to address you, is not beyond all reach of mercy, grant me your attention, my gracious Lord. I am a murderer and a thief—the laws condemn me to death—justice pursues my steps. I will deliver myself up if you will grant my prayer. I hate life, and do not fear death; but it is hard to die without having lived. I would fain live to atone, in some measure, for the past—to reconcile myself to outraged justice. If I perish on the scaffold, it will be an example to the world; but not an atonement for the evil I have done. I hate crime, and long—so fervently—to become better. I have shown that I have courage; that I can make myself feared by my country—let me have an opportunity of making that courage of service to it. Full well do I know that what I ask is strange; that I have no right to attempt to enter into any treaty with justice: but as yet I am free, and I will not voluntarily appear before you, to be bound in chains. I implore for grace; I have no claims to urge, but one thing I would have borne in remembrance, that my crimes were preceded by my punishment; that until the law branded me a felon, my offences had been merely venial. Had more mercy been shown, then I had not now, perhaps, had so much need to plead for it. Most noble Prince, if it is in your power to gain my pardon, I implore you, do it! The life you bestow on me shall be devoted to the service of my country. May I entreat that you will be pleased to make known your reply to my petition through the medium of the public prints. If I am pardoned, I will instantly appear in the capital; if not—then justice must do her part, and I will do mine."

To this no answer was vouchsafed. Again he wrote, and with as little success. Hopeless of obtaining pardon, he resolved to fly the country, and enlist in the army of the king of Prussia; and escaping from his followers, he set off on his journey.

The unsettled state of the times rendered watchful vigilance absolutely necessary, and every traveller was obliged to produce a passport and undergo the strictest scrutiny. It was evening when Wolf arrived at the gates of a small town, and the door-keeper eyeing the strange-looking figure of the stranger, refused him ingress until he had shown his pass. Wolf

had foreseen this demand, and provided himself with one which he had stolen long before from a merchant; but the cunning official was too experienced to be thus imposed upon. Full well he knew that the haggard, pale, ill-clad being before him, mounted on a skeleton of a horse, could not by any possibility be the rich Herr von — and accordingly he bade the stranger follow him to the Amt-house, where he went to take counsel with his superior officer. This person found the passport to be every way correct, and consequently decided that they had no right to detain the bearer of it; but being fond of gossip and news, he desired exceedingly to have a chat with one who appeared, from it, to have come from the very theatre of action at that time; and accordingly dispatched his own secretary, to return the pass and invite the stranger to take a glass of wine with him.

Meanwhile, a crowd of idlers had assembled to gaze on the *détenu*, and laugh and jeer at his strange appearance. Wolf, whose conscience was ever awake, fancied that they recognised the horse, which was a stolen one, or some portion of his attire, all of which had been obtained at different times in the same honourable way; and when the secretary came with the polite invitation of his master, he regarded this as a snare to get him quietly into their power; conscience made a coward of him; and, putting spurs to his horse, he set off at full gallop. Off flew the whole crowd of idlers after him; some following up the chase for fun, others from a love of mischief, and others from suspicion. The fugitive rode for dear life, and had already distanced all his pursuers, when he discovered that the street down which he had turned was no thoroughfare; and he paused in despair, and stood fiercely at bay, pointing a pistol at those who approached him. Fortune had evidently deserted him, for a sly fellow crawled along the ground, and coming behind him, mastered his arms and dragged him down. The shouting and excited populace quickly escorted him back to the Amt-house.

"Who and what are you?" demanded the magistrate.

"A man who has resolved to answer no questions but such as are civilly put," was the reply.

A few more similar answers, and the magistrate committed him to prison; but, reflecting in the course of the night that the prisoner might be the person he gave himself out for, and that the rudeness of his replies might have been occasioned by the rough manner in which he had been questioned, he caused him again to be brought before him on the following morning. Wolf, too, had not been without his reflections; and these led him to resolve on confiding to the magistrate who he really was, and beseeching him to procure for him pardon, and permission to end his life usefully and honestly. This resolve he carried out: what success attended him may be gathered from his fate. Christian Wolf perished on the scaffold!

THE WOODMAN'S CHILD.

BY MRS. F. B. SCOTT.

When the streaks of early morning
Venture o'er the hill,
And the sun's resplendent dawning
Rosy makes the rill;
You may hear a voice of laughter
'Mid the echoes wild;
Little feet come pattering after;
'Tis the Woodman's Child.

See, her tangled curls are shaken
Round in waves so deep;
Oh, her footsteps would not waken
Flowers from their sleep,
Climbing up the rugged mountain,
Carolling a song,
Musing by the fairy fountain,
Forest boughs among.

Forth at noon, with voice so merry,
From the smoke-wreathed hut,
Gathers she the scarlet berry
And the wild wood-nut:
Or, with fragile, sun-burnt fingers
Lifting flowers up,
Whilst the summer dew-drop lingers
In each mossy cup.

How the sunbeam's ardent wooing
Lights her forehead fair!
How the shadows, her pursuing,
Seem a thousand there,
As the branches, honey-laden,
Move in stately dance,
Heaving round the little maiden
Webs of white romance!

Home returning, when the even
Spreads her sober dyes,
Lighted by the Queen of Heaven,
Sitting in the skies;
As the oak-tree, when enlacing
Ivy tendrils wild,
Hearts are honestly embracing,
There, the Woodman's Child.

Round about the father stealing
Noiselessly and slow,
All her simple love revealing
On her joyous brow;
Or, beside her mother bending
(Blessed in her care),
To regarding heaven sending
Whisper'd words of prayer.

Every leaf of that fair blossom
Lies in slumber curl'd;
Every page in that young bosom
Shelter'd from the world:
Heaven keep her spirit's beauty
Pure and undefiled;
Heaven bless the filial duty
Of the Woodman's Child.

MARRYING A GENIUS.

BY MISS MARY ORME.

"I will not say I hate talented women, but I will say I fear them. I would never marry a genius. I want to be comfortable, and, in order to be comfortable, I want my own way; and these wise women are sure to interfere. Yes, begging your pardon, dearest Aunt Mary, I shall eschew literature in its concrete form."

Thus spake Horace Simmons to his good Aunt Mary Evans, who, he often said, had but two faults—one was, she was an old maid; the other, she was a "*blue*;" consequently, in his opinion, though she made him and all her friends happy, she could not have made a husband happy.

"Seriously, aunty, dear, do you think you could live happily with a husband?"

"I am rather inclined, Horace, to let the wilful man have his way, and not answer your question, for I have the disadvantage of reasoning *a priori*. But, really, I do not flatter myself that I have talent enough to make a husband miserable, and I hope I have not the disposition."

"I know, aunt, you would not willingly make any one unhappy; but tell me whence comes the prejudice against talented women? It must have a foundation."

"I think I can tell you, Horace. In the first place, many duties devolve upon a wife. Too often, wearying labour and wearying care are hers; and any absorbing pursuit, be it literature or fashionable dissipation, interferes with the performance of these duties; and, consequently, interferes with the comfort of the husband and family. Another reason—men of much will and little talent are often united to women of genius. Their wisdom is a rebuke to the folly of their husbands, and is resented as such. A woman of a high order of genius will attend to all the duties of her position, as far as possible, and, if the cultivation of literature occasions the injury and discomfort of her family, she will cheerfully resign her tastes to their happiness. I am of opinion, that the highest earthly felicity must result from an union between two highly gifted and cultivated individuals, even though the wife were equally gifted, equally educated with her husband. Those ladies who neglect their duties to read novels, have generally the smallest possible claim to be considered literary women, or women of genius."

"Well, aunt, I presume you are right; but I am not yet in the mood for marrying a genius;" and the accomplished Horace Simmons took up his hat.

"You must e'en make the journey of life as you will," said his aunt; and a tear came unbidden into her fine eye.

Horace caught his aunt's hand. "Dearest Aunt Mary, why do you weep? Have I wounded you by my foolish remarks? I dare say they were foolish. But, to speak truly, I have no more respect for the 'corporate Ishmaelism,' called matrimony, than you have."

Horace had answered to what he supposed was his aunt's thought. He concluded she despised marriage because she did not marry. Her answer undeceived him.

"Nay, Horace, you wrong me. It is this very feeling of yours which I deplore. You would respect marriage, were the deepest and holiest feelings in your being speaking at this moment. Nay, you do respect God's most sacred institution. It is only the false which you condemn. Shall I tell you, my own Horace, (for, ever since your mother's death, I have considered you mine,) shall I tell you I am *married*? Yes, united in soul to one whom I can meet no more on earth. 'Think it not strange that your words grate harshly on my heart.'"

Horace looked at his aunt wildly and inquiringly, as he leant against the wall for support.

"Do not misapprehend me, my dear nephew. I do not mean that I am married in the sight of men. But I was, years since, betrothed to one of the noblest beings ever given to earth. He left me, six years since, to travel in the East. His vessel has never been heard of. His memory is sacred to me. Our union remains the same, because all that made it union—the soul—is immortal. He did not fear the little learning and wisdom of your poor aunt. He loved me, Horace, deeper than the passions and fancies of a day, which consume in their own unhallowed fire."

Horace Simmons was deeply moved. He loved his gentle and gifted aunt truly. She was worthy of the affection of her friends, and she possessed it. Their love for her was little short of idolatry. Horace had never asked why his aunt remained unmarried, but took it for granted that her books and her pen were her idols. The gay and thoughtless young man saw not the great fact, that the fountain of love within made her the richly-endowed one that she was. She loved knowledge—she loved beauty—she loved LOVE; and those in whom these were most fully incarnated, were her most precious friends. She did not repudiate the sensible life, nor was she clogged with it. After her irreparable loss, she solaced herself, as best she might, in literature and philosophy. Daily she would say, in her heart—"I will study this or read that, because *he* loved it, I will cultivate all the faculties of my soul,

that I may be more worthy of him—that our union may be more perfect.” She had exquisite happiness in the thought that her beloved was ever with her, witnessing her efforts after the good and the true. She loved her nephew, and, though she saw in him a want of development that sometimes gave her a keen pang, still she *trusted*. She said—“God will finish his work; and though this young creature may, and must be perfected through suffering, such is the will of the Highest, and I will not murmur.”

After this interview, Horace bent his steps towards his home, to the house of his guardian, Mr. Gordon. He was a clerk in Mr. Gordon's store, and lived happily in his family, for they well knew that he had a fortune of twenty thousand dollars in his guardian's possession. Mr. Gordon had two daughters, Harriet and Eliza. Harriet was a decided flirt, and this secured Horace against her. Eliza was quiet, domestic, and dignified: her pride was “hid in the store-rooms with her jams and jars,” and shone in the beautiful worsted work that graced her ottomans and lamp-mats. She was ever kind and attentive to Simmons: she gave him the strongest coffee and the hottest roll, and the sweetest butter; she wrought him the most elegant slippers; she saved the newspaper for him carefully, in her work-basket.

Propinquity has made many a marriage (I use the word marriage here by courtesy, as we call a mean fellow a gentleman because he wears the garb). Simmons had committed himself with Miss Eliza, and had discovered a sad deficit of talent before this conversation with his aunt; hence his animadversions on genius, which were more to satisfy his own mind with the lot that he had chosen, or rather got entangled in, than his real convictions. “After all,” said he to himself, if I cannot converse on all subjects with my wife, “she will make my home comfortable, and let me have my own way.”

Simmons had yet to learn that the stupid and uneducated are more often wilful and opinionative than any others. But he was pledged, and chose to keep the letter of his pledge, amid doubts of his ability to keep the spirit of it. He wedded Eliza Gordon. She congratulated herself that she had a nice house to superintend, and plenty of time to work worsted. Her husband was sure of a housekeeper, if not a companion. Truly he was more favoured than the man who gets neither. A year from his wedding-day, and a select company of friends and relatives were assembled at the home of his Aunt Mary. Let us look in upon them. Mary Evans is standing with her hand in that of a dark, not handsome, but exceedingly interesting looking man; and the clergyman and the book are there also. Has she forgotten the bridal of her soul? Can she, the good and the gifted, give herself to another, when she had said, “I am married?” No, no. Her betrothed has returned, not from another world, but from China. He had been wrecked, and escaped, and had

passed through many chances and changes; but Mary was his, and he was hers.

A year more, and Horace sat in his Aunt Mary's boudoir.

“Is it possible, dearest Aunt Mary, that you have written that beautiful book, and given dear uncle Marsden that sweet boy in the cradle, and cared for all else, as I know you have? Why, even Eliza, who never reads, has read the book; and she declares you wrote it on purpose to make me a better husband; and I added, ‘and you a better wife.’”

“And you were both right,” said Mrs. M.

“Oh, aunt, I wish to heaven you had married first; then I should have known that a woman who has a soul could make her husband happy.”

“Horace, I shall preach you a sermon on contentment. Our unions are such as we are fitted for. When the world is worthy of something higher, it will be given. Do not complain of the inevitable. Your wife has read one book: read to her—read with her. Unlock the treasures of her soul, as far as may be. Do not complain of her, dear Horace, till you have done your part. I have little sympathy with complaining husbands, or wives. Let them do all they can to make life tolerable.”

Mrs. Marsden looked at her nephew: the tears were coursing down his cheeks.

“I see how it is, aunt; I have what I am fitted for, and I shall never be fitted for aught higher or better. The deepest, the holiest of my nature, will never be unsealed: I shall go to the grave a *failure*!”

“If you are sure, my dear child, that this is your fate, bear it like a man. I am content to fail when I have done all I can. See that you do all in your power for yourself and Eliza. There are many successful failures in the moral world. You have lived to know the difference between a slipshod novel reader and a woman of genius. Perhaps your experience may yet be recorded for the benefit of those who fear or hate women of talent.”

Simmons left his aunt and returned home, determined to do his part towards his wife's redemption. He found her with what he internally denominated “that infernal and everlasting worsted work.” “Eliza,” said he, kindly, “aunt Mary has sent you ‘Home,’ by Miss Bremer. ‘Shall I read to you, this evening?’”

“Thank you,” said Eliza; “I am puzzling over a new pattern, and I can't attend to reading and work at the same time. And pretty soon Charles will be awake, and he is not overfond of reading any more than most troublesome children of a year old.”

Horace bit his lip, and swallowed a half-formed malediction, and betook himself to his reading. He made effort after effort, with like success; his wife had so much to do. She was so attentive to his *comfort*, that she had no time to make him *happy*. She was an “excellent wife:” she made pickles and preserves of a peculiar flavour: she always burned the coffee

herself, and put it in a box, and shut it close, to be sure that none of the poison, alias *goodness*, should escape by exposure. Washing, ironing, baking, baby—all were duly attended to. She could trust no one with the oversight of her work: she wanted her house in order, and she was miserable unless it was so. The only solace of this hard-working woman was worsted work! Oh, if men knew the glory of a superb pattern of worsted, the delight of the delicate shading of many beautiful colours, and the lustre of the linen thread and the brilliant beads, added to the most approved pattern, they would never sigh for military glory. But this happiness they never share with their wives. We might whisper to some bachelors, that girls and wives have been known to get as much absorbed in this fascinating employment as Mrs. Austin in Goethe, Mrs. Somerville in astronomy, &c., and as little to the comfort of their lords. Had Mrs. Simmons loved her husband, she would have sacrificed her own wishes at times; she would have learned for the sake of her love; but she was fixed in very quiet indifference—not that she could bear any attention of his to another. His partiality towards Aunt Mary was not overpleasant to her: she liked not talking, thinking, and writing women: she could not see why married men should be attracted towards such women. Why could not Mrs. Marsden and Mrs. Little, and all those selfish literary women, talk to her as well as to her husband? And why were these women so very attractive to gentlemen? These were questions that she answered in her own way, and to her deep dissatisfaction.

Time rolled on: Simmons loved his boy, and prized his wife's good qualities. His wife was his housekeeper, Aunt Mary his friend—his guardian angel: his boy was his idol. Horace Simmons cultivated his talents as well as one can who stands alone; and he was not wholly alone. Mrs. Marsden understood him. The world would have been sad, indeed, without her. Daily did he thank God for the gift of this friend, who sustained such a relation to him, that envious tongues could say naught against his communion with her. No lot is wholly evil. Everywhere, in the desert's gloom, in the prison's despair, amid the discords of an unhappy home, man finds some blessings, if he can but see and reckon them. To the loving, happiness comes unbidden: the indifferent and unloving seek it—at times they find the treasure. Simmons and his wife could hardly be said to be unhappy: they were busy, each in his and her own way. He was a man of principle; too good-natured and too lazy to quarrel: but the end of married life—joint happiness and usefulness—was far from being answered.

* * * * *

Ten years from Simmons's wedding-day, and Mrs. Marsden sat by his side in his elegant parlour. Three beautiful children, a son and two little daughters, surrounded him. He was weeping bitterly, most bitterly. "O, Aunt

Mary," said he, passionately, "I never valued my wife, whilst she lived, as I ought. She has often told me that I would never appreciate her till she was dead, and now I feel the truth of her words. She was such a careful mother! She kept my home so quiet, so nice, so orderly! What shall I do without her? Who will care for these dear children like a mother?"

"Let Charles stay at Mr. Wyndham's school, where he is so happy. Mary, Anna, and you, my own Horace, shall come to me. I will love you, care for you, do all I can to make you happy."

Horace embraced his aunt—his mother—and said—"Oh that all women were like you, wise and kind."

Time fled. Men advised Simmons to wed one of the many young ladies of his acquaintance. "No," said he; "Aunt Mary has taught me 'not to follow a giddy girl, but, with religious, ennobling passion, a woman with all that is serene, good and beautiful in her soul.' And certainly the bereaved father of a family must feel that care, and not love, belongs to him."

Simmons saw few women but his aunt and her friends. The teacher of his little daughters was pleasant to him, because she was kind and gentle to them. She often spent an evening with Mrs. Marsden, and Horace read to them; and though he sometimes felt a little vexed that she did not appreciate the tales and poems he read from their favourite books, yet he liked her gentle manners much, and he found her ever ready with thoughts upon any subject which he introduced. One evening, he read the "Village School Mistress" to the beautiful girl, but she had no word of praise for his favourite story. She only blushed, because, as he supposed, she, too, was a school mistress.

"Miss Crawford," said Simmons, rather bitterly, "I wish your taste ever corresponded with mine. I thought, when I first became acquainted with you, that I had found a second Aunt Mary; but Aunt Mary can appreciate a good story."

"And Jane Crawford can write one," said Mrs. Marsden, "for she wrote the 'Village School Mistress,' and the other tales you have been admiring for weeks; and she wrote them amid arduous duties, because she knew you took pleasure in such tales."

A year from this time, when Horace Simmons and Jane Crawford had become really acquainted, they stood together at the altar; and he answered truly when he said he took her for his wedded wife. Sacred, for ever sacred, be that word—so full of all beautiful and blissful meaning.

Horace Simmons found his home as well appointed, and all material things as well cared for, as if spirit culture had been neglected. His wife often said—"There is time for all things." Her books, her work, her pen, her children (they were hers because they were his whom she loved), all had her attention as they deserved. Simmons sought to triumph in the world of mind with a glad heart. He knew that he was understood, appreciated, loved. The glad eye

and smile of his wife welcomed all his new thoughts. His rough wisdom was polished by her taste. The sterling gold of his character shone all the brighter in the mild and beautiful light of her genius. They studied, read, wrote and worked together—for many were the cares and labours that the loving husband learned to share and lighten.

At Aunt Mary's last visit, she found them in the library. Horace had written out a scientific paper. Jane was copying, polishing, and beautifying his work.

"Are you not jealous of her ability?" said Mrs. M.

Jane looked sweetly in her husband's face, as he twined his finger in one of her rich, dark curls. He said to his aunt—

"Thank Heaven, I do not hate or fear women of genius."

POISONED WORDS.

BY GEORGINA C. MUNRO.

Oh, words have deadlier poison yet

Than serpent or than flower,
And vainly would the heart forget

The anguish of some hour
In which those accents, gently breathed,

First cast the poison there,
And bade it be with hemlock wreathed—

The dwelling of despair.
What is their pain, whose spirits part

At touch of spear or sword,

Unto *their* agony of heart

Who perish by a word—
Who fade like summer flowers beneath

The frown of winter's sky,
As blossoms woven in a wreath,

To wither and to die?

I stood beside a fairy girl,

While southern stars were bright,

Amid the dance's mazy whirl,

And the lamp's soft dreamy light;

There was gladness in her eye of blue,

Her smile was like the ray

Which noon-tide sheds, but well I knew

Her heart was far away—

In a distant clime, where restless waves

Of the never quiet deep

Were moaning round our fathers' graves

In the island of their sleep;

I knew her thoughts were wandering

With *him* who wander'd there,

And that spirit-tones seem'd answering

Affection's silent prayer.

I saw her brow of light—I felt

That she indeed was bless'd,

And envied half the joy which dwelt

Like sunshine in her breast.

And now a form of beauty, bright

As day-dreams, glideth by;

And now it hover'd in my sight,

And now it linger'd nigh;

And words were breathed—or more, or less,

They had not sunk so deep;

The tones were tones of gentleness,

And mirth lay half asleep

In the speaker's eye, but each fatal word

Like an arrow pierced the soul

Of the listening girl; but she calmly heard,

And firmly in control

Emotion bound—nor look nor sigh

Betrayed the spirit's pain;

But that wild deep throb of agony

Could ne'er be felt again.

She heard that *he*—the loved, the prized,

Beyond all earth beside—

He, whom her young heart idolized,

Had woo'd another bride.

She heard the vow was breathed, and yet

The gentle girl smiled on;

But she felt the sun of life was set,

Its light for ever gone.

The tale was told, the bright one's name

Was murmur'd, and she pass'd

A dazzling flash of lightning flame,

Which desolation cast,

Unheeding round. That bright one's lot

Soon led to lands afar,

And the careless jest was quite forgot;

Nor did remembrance mar

The gladness of one joyous hour,

By a whisper of the time

When her wild words wove a spell, whose power

Had deepen'd into crime.

* * * *

The flowers on which hope looked were gone;

Hope, too, had died away;

I stood beside the couch whereon

A form of stillness lay:

The sunset hues were dying

On the ocean's troubled breast,

And the wandering breeze seem'd sighing

A farewell to the blest:

The shades of eve closed o'er me;

But a deeper shadow came.

Did a spirit stand before me?

Or was it *he* whose name,

With a prayer and blessing, hover'd

On the lost one's latest breath?

"And art thou come," I murmur'd,

"To view the work of death?"

He had come, to find the gladness

Of his soul to anguish turn'd;

He had come, to quench in madness

The lamp of life which burn'd

Within his breast; it sunk beneath

The wild sea's moaning wave,

And the white foam cast its snowy wreath

Above his ocean grave.

So pass'd away the flowers of earth

To earth's and ocean's breast;

The victims of a reckless mirth,

A rash and fatal jest.

Science is a severe mistress, and they who devote themselves to her cause must often divest themselves of some of their finer sensibilities.

THE VIRGIN'S SHRINE AT BETHARRAM.

It was on the 14th of August, 18—, at five o'clock in the morning, that the ponderous Bayonne diligence rolled clattering up to the hotel *de l'Europe, Place de la Comédie*, at Pau, the principal town of the department of the Lower Pyrénées. Presently, the doors opened, eighteen passengers, men, women, and children, put foot on terra-firma; and after those few moments of confusion and useless bustle, which never disturb the equilibrium of an experienced *conducteur*, calm was restored, and it appeared that not a single packet, portmanteau, or carpet-bag had been lost—my *coupé* companions wished me a hearty good bye, and I was soon left alone, gazing indolently at the humble buildings roofed with slate, by which I was surrounded.

I had just come to the determination of sauntering along the streets, until their peaceable inhabitants should think proper to awaken to the pleasures and pains of existence, when a young girl ran breathlessly up to me, and said with a smile:

"Monsieur has just come, no doubt, from Bayonne?"

"I have but this minute arrived."

"Oh! we knew that very well."

"Ah!—indeed."

"And I am sent besides from Madame Besson and her family, to say, that they beg you will accept a lodging at their house."

"Madame Besson?—a lodging?—you must be mistaken, *ma chère amie*. I have not the honour to know your mistress."

"Never mind; she knows you very well, I assure you, and the proof of it is, that she told me I should meet at this place, upon the arrival of the diligence, a gentleman *very dark for a Frenchman*—this can be no other than you—that your name was Mr. D., and that I was to bring you immediately to her house."

There was nothing to be gainsayed in this. I am, 'tis said, pretty dark, my name is D., and I had just arrived within the walls of that hospitable city. I followed gaily accordingly my naïve Béarnaise, curious to learn whether it was really me who was expected so early, or whether I was merely the double of a friend of the family. At any rate, my conscience had no deception, no fraud to reproach itself with, and I shall be quit, thought I, for certain mutual excuses at the *dénouement*.

The whole family of the Bessons, mother, sons, and daughters, was assembled in the *salle à manger*, where the breakfast, already spread, awaited only the guests. At first, I could not avoid feeling a sort of timid apprehension when I reflected that those preparations were very probably destined for another, and that I should soon hear repeated in chorus:

"It is not he!" Nothing of the kind. My hosts complimented me on my good condition, on my safe journey, and before I could utter a single word of reply, I was seated comfortably at table, and my plate forthwith began to fill with slices of ham, goose's liver, and Béarnaise sausages; whilst at my right hand, Madame Besson, to do me honour, uncorked a dusty bottle of *Jurançon*; and one of her daughters, on my left, spread with infinite grace, on a smoking roll, an ample layer of that delicious fresh butter, which the sheep of the mountains yield each morning to the *gourmets* of the Pyrénées.

What a feeble creature is man! and with what difficulty does he escape the temptations of sensuality! I confess it to my shame: this substantial breakfast shook not a little the grand principles of honour and probity in which I was encased on entering. I compounded with my habitual frankness, and forbade it to speak out before the termination of the repast—you will perhaps say I did wrong. Very true; but, between ourselves, dear reader, would you have resisted with more constancy than I did the seductions of a luxurious table and the attacks of an ungovernable appetite? Believe me, Satan's cunning is more than a match for ours.

Suddenly, just as I was hardening myself in my resolution, Madame Besson, with that vivacity which is characteristic of the inhabitants of the south, said:

"And, Monsieur le Baron D., your father, how is he?"

I was taken aback: nothing could delay the catastrophe. Reply I must; it was in the following words that I attempted to do so.

"I know not whether I ought to congratulate myself, Madame, upon an adventure which has opened to me the doors of a house so respectable as yours, in which, however, I was not, as I now perceive, expected. I am not the son of the Baron D. Nevertheless, it was by no means my intention to deceive any one, heaven be my witness! Your maid came up and addressed me by my name. She imagined she recognised in me the original of the description you had given her. I accordingly consented to follow her. I have now only to beg you to accept my excuses for what has happened. I shall, however, always remember my reception with gratitude, and —"

A general burst of laughter here interrupted very *à propos* a peroration which I was at a loss how to bring to a close, and I was told in few words that they had in truth expected the arrival of the son of Baron D., an old friend of the family, who was about to assume the superintendence of his father's forges; that this young man would now doubtless not arrive till the

following day; and that, in fine, Madam Besson having lost sight of him for more than fifteen years, was unable to furnish any other sign by which he could be recognised than his complexion, which, already at that time, promised to bear a great resemblance to mine.

I now, on my part, entered into explanations which appeared to satisfy my hearers; and it was then and there determined, in order to cultivate the acquaintance thus accidentally commenced, that I should defer a whole week my journey to Bordeaux.

Let me here observe by the way, and once for all, that never did hospitality show itself more attentive and frank than that which I experienced with this family; that never was the art better practised than by them, of saddening the hour of parting, by the constant exercise of the agreeable duties of friendship.

The city of Pau contains but one remarkable monument, the Chateau of Henry IV., which I hastened to visit. It is situated on an eminence, from whose sides the eye discovers a magnificent landscape. I contemplated with unceasing pleasure that long chain of blue mountains, the extremity of which was concealed behind the horizon, and whose lofty summits, ever clothed in snow, feed incessantly the sinuous beds of the *gaves* or small rivers of the Bearn. Here and there a flock of sheep was pasturing under the secure guard of the formidable dog of the Pyrénées, and at no great distance the shepherd, quietly stretched upon the grass, told by means of a piercing whistle, of which he knew well how to vary the sounds, what orders he desired his faithful companion to transmit to the docile objects of his care.

Nearly in front of me, at the foot of a hill, my friend pointed out to me an isolated cottage of a somewhat extraordinary shape. Under its shelter still dwell the descendants of the foster-father of Henry le Grand, that simple and honest villager, who, when he could not gain admittance into the Louvre with a basket of cheeses made of *cow's milk*, which he destined for his royal charge, imagined that it was necessary to say that they were made of *ox's milk*!

My complaisant cicerone, M. Besson, however, informed me that the porter was growing impatient, and that he would immediately introduce us into the great hall of the castle. We entered. It was the spacious sleeping apartment of Jeanne d'Albret. In the right hand corner of the inner extremity, not far from an immense fire-place, stood the princess's bed when she became the mother, singing, even in the midst of her birth-pangs, to the best king France has ever possessed. I was shown in the centre of this chamber a cradle made of a single tortoise-shell, which a misguided spirit of magnificence had covered with a paltry drapery of velvet and gold. In this, the cradle of the young Henry, is still religiously preserved an iron fork like those used in England, and which he himself ate with during his childhood.

I could have wished to examine in detail

every corner, every picturesque casement, every antique moulding of this silent and solitary chamber; but our guide, at the expiration of a quarter of an hour, hinted to us that he must return to his post. I inquired whether permission could not be obtained to visit the other apartments of the castle. "The other apartments," replied he, "have been placed at the disposal of the governor and his family."

I shrugged my shoulders, and we retired.

I imagined, at the time, that in the façade, in the staircases, and along the vast corridors of this regal abode, there were perceptible certain signs of a dilapidation, which seemed rather to indicate a total want of care and attention, than that judicious veneration which, whilst it refrains from endeavouring to conceal the ravages of time, does all in its power to arrest their progress. May I be permitted to hope that the present government has laboured to deserve a different opinion.

"Have you ever heard speak of Betharram, its calvary, and the miracles there performed?" inquired M. Besson, as we returned home.

I professed my profound ignorance of all these things.

"Then," pursued he, with a smile, "it must have been your guardian angel that inspired you with the idea of commencing your travels yesterday, in order that you might to-day arrive at Pau. To-morrow, a most notable fête is celebrated at Betharram. We are only four leagues from the place; and if you please, we will hire horses after dinner, and ride over to the village of L'Estelle, where we may put up at the house of a very amusing *aubergiste*; and to-morrow, at day break, I will show you the famous procession in honour of the Virgin."

I heartily gave my consent to this arrangement, and in less than an hour we were labouring hard to accelerate the measured pace of our two meagre hacks.

The road from Pau to L'Estelle is, in truth, delightful. On the right hand are hillocks, orchards, vineyards, with fertile and smiling pastures; on the left, the Gave weaves its capricious meanderings amidst vast fields of maize and wheat; hills covered with flocks rise beyond, and in the back ground still the same blue lofty mountains with their whitened and misty summits; near at hand, moreover, are cottages with their smoking chimneys, all clean, neat, well-built, and surrounded by humble enclosures; whilst, at frequent intervals, long straggling villages, the elegant houses of which peeped coquettishly forth upon the road. At every step, a friendly voice utters the words of welcome. "God give you a safe journey, sir!" cries a countryman, whose form is at once athletic and graceful, as he takes off his *berrette*. "May Jesus and Mary watch over you," murmurs a gentle voice that seems half afraid to escape from beneath a white hood. "It's a young and timid Béarnaise. You turn round; she hastens her step, turns round also and smiles: *fugit, sed cupit ante ridere*."

Thanks to the deliberate pace of our steeds,

we were enabled to admire at leisure the gorgeous panorama which unceasingly unrolled itself before our eyes; and when we arrived at L'Estelle, the clear tinkling of the bell was announcing the *Angelus*. I shall never forget the sweet scene it was then my lot to contemplate. The last rays of the sun were fading behind the Pyrénées; and in the atmosphere floated that delicious perfume which the breezes of evening bring along with them, and on which no language has been able to bestow a name. A curtain of clouds was descending along the sides of the mountains, from amid which, ever and anon, a shepherd and his flock emerged, returning to the folds. The solemn hush of nature was broken only by the distant bleating of sheep, the warbling of birds beneath the foliage of the trees, and the measured and plaintive sounds of the *Angelus*. Near a cross of stone, blackened by the influences of time, stood an old man hard upon his hundredth year. His son, the curé of L'Estelle, had preceded him to the grave, and the inhabitants, honest and simple people, in the belief that his age brought him nearer to heaven than any other, had made it their request that the venerable Bernard should be invested with the most touching privilege of the priesthood—the prayer for all.

Like the pious multitude, I drew near the cross, knelt down, and prayed. The centenarian then stretched out his withered and trembling hands over the people, and slowly pronounced the words—"May the Almighty protect us during our slumbers!" His two grandchildren, each of whom had lived through more than half a century, then gently led away the old man, to whom the villagers bowed profoundly as they stood aside to allow him to pass.

"Let us to supper," whispered my prosaic friend, M. Besson. I was half inclined to complain of him for having so unmercifully diverted the current of my reflections. I should have been in the wrong. His was one of those worthy and candid minds to whom evil alone seems out of place and astonishing. For them the good is the rule; it is customary, and by a fortunate instinct they draw near it, and unite themselves with it naturally and without effort.

The only *auberge* at L'Estelle was kept at that time, and I hope is still kept, by a fat little man, with a bald head and pursy countenance, by name Monsieur Pommier. He was a merry old fellow, of fifty years, or thereabouts, with emaciated and bandy legs, but a huge body, and it was his custom to draw his head into his *gilette*, so as to remind one of a turkey-cock when he emits his harsh and guttural call. Two large black eyebrows shaded his grey, fiery eyes, and allowed him, when he pleased to lower them over his lids, to exhibit the most extraordinary play of features it had ever been my lot to behold. Add to this rough sketch, a nasal and drawling falsetto voice, the gascon accent in all its purity, and you will have a pretty correct notion of the physical advantages of the proprietor of the *hôtel des trois pommes d'or*.

My companion had already informed me that this queer personage had a fancy to express himself rather in verse than in prose. I was soon enabled to convince myself that M. Besson had in nowise exaggerated. We had scarcely put foot on ground, ere M. Pommier came up to us as promptly as his obesity would allow him, and said in his croaking voice—

"Welcome, gentlemen
Strangers; and then
The beasts to the stable,
The men to the table."

This was uttered with the most serious air in the world, and followed by a grinace, intended for a smile, with the peculiar frown of which I have spoken above; then, continuing in the same tone, he said—

"What shall I serve
Your praise to deserve?
We have always at hand
A chicken, so nice;
Cook'd ready, sirs, and
'Twill be serv'd in a trice."

"I hope it is not always the same," observed I, laughing.

"You gentlemen seem
Inclined to be witty,
And to make me your theme;
If so, more's the pity."

retorted the good man, annoyed at my remark: he then proceeded—

"Here you will find
Most capital fare:
'Twill be just to your mind;
And cheaper nowhere."

Our host spoke truly: we had an excellent supper, for the moderate sum of two francs and fifty centimes.

The repast over, I begged M. Pommier to bring us a bottle of his best Jurançon, and to help us in disposing of it—I was curious to hear the character of his prose. He thanked us for the honour we did him, and soon placed upon the table a sort of demi-john, artistically invested with the air of antiquity, by means of a cloak of cobwebs. *In petto*, I suspected our Amphitryon of having discovered this artful trick.

I spare the reader all the poetical effusions which the charms of the Béarnaise nectar drew from the inexhaustible M. Pommier. Suffice it to say, that for more than an hour we were exposed to a constant fire of rhymes, the strangest it is possible to conceive, and which must have experienced considerable surprise at finding themselves in juxta-position. Nevertheless, in the midst of this abominable jargon, there every now and then peeped forth a sally which need not have been disowned even by the cabinet-

maker of Nevers himself—Maitre Adam Billaut, of Bacchic memory.

"My dear host," said I at length, my friend and I must indeed acknowledge that no man can excel the prodigious facility with which you verify all sorts of subjects; permit us now to beg a small specimen of your prose. Being a stranger in these parts, I wish to obtain of you some information on that quarter of the village which is called Betharram, and on the miracles attributed to the image of the Virgin."

"You could not have applied in a more likely quarter," answered M. Pommier. "From generation to generation we have inhabited the parish of L'Estelle, and know better than most persons—though we say it that shouldn't—the authentic traditions relative to the subject in question. To begin, then, with the beginning, you must know, gentlemen, that rather more than five hundred years ago, a monk established himself in the grotto, which you will see to-morrow, on the top of our Calvary, and hollowed a niche for the statue of the holy Virgin, which he had brought with him.

"At length there was built in that place a convent, which had become very rich and extensive at the time that the reformation introduced itself among the Béarnais. Jeanne d'Albret, that abominable heretic, caused the holy monastery to be abolished, dispersed its inmates, and kept their treasures. The history adds that she even dared to order her creatures to take away the celebrated statue, which she, deridingly, called "the Popish idol!" It was secretly buried, no one knows where, eighty feet under ground, and it was no more heard of until the reign of Henry IV.; but the very day that this great king—mark me, gentlemen, if you please—the very day that this great king solemnly abjured the errors of his youth, Notre Dame reappeared in her accustomed niche—the very same statue, gentlemen; 'tis in print.

"This prodigy, as you may well believe, convinced the most incredulous and the most hardened; and from that time forward they gave to the grotto the name of "Betharram," which means the house of God, in Hebrew or in Latin, I don't exactly know which: but so says M. de Marca, in his history of Bearn.

"Since this memorable event it has become the custom to come from all parts, on the fifteenth of August, to the chapel of Betharram; and those young girls who ascend on their knees the road to the Calvary, never revisit the place, next year, without a husband of their own choice." Here finished the innkeeper, wishing us good night, and recommending us to put out our candles carefully.

We were summoned at the break of day by M. Pommier, who advised us to ascend, as speedily as possible, the lofty hill at the back of his house, if we wished to obtain an ample view of the spectacle, which the fête would soon present. We followed him eagerly, and certainly never did I experience less regret at having snatched from sleep a few of the first hours of a summer's day.

Before us, the east was clothed in all its splendour, and the snowy summit of the Rune sparkled with a thousand fires. At the foot of the mountain, bathed by the waters of the Gave, alighted every now and then long flights of wood pigeons, whilst their implacable enemy, the black eagle of the Pyrénées, hovering motionless and almost invisible in the air, alarmed them by his sharp, shrill cry. Here and there all along the chain could be distinguished the elegant forms of the isard. It was to me a marvellous sight to behold these daring animals throwing backward their heads, communicate to their whole bodies a rapid quivering, and then, making a spring of extraordinary length, alight firmly on an arid point of rock appearing to offer not the slightest footing. These agile inhabitants of the mountains dart from slope to slope, from valley to valley; no obstacle stops them, neither the yawning gulfs, at whose bottom broad cataracts of water rush with a horrible roar into unfathomable abysses, nor those frightful crevices so frequent in the Pyrénées, whose gloomy depths the eye refuses to scan. They ascend, they descend; they come, they go, disappearing like an arrow whose flight you vainly endeavour to follow: they escape from the pursuit of wild beasts and even of man himself, into their impenetrable retreats, where, with their little ones, they are exposed only to the cruel claws of the king of birds.

But distant songs were now making themselves heard, and every parish of the Bearn was advancing in procession towards the mimic Calvary. The banks of the Gaves, the high-roads, the paths, the hills, the valleys, and even the steep slopes of the mountains, the whole landscape, in fact, offered to our view the most picturesque aspect it is possible to conceive. Six young girls, clothed in white, carried the banner of the patron saint of their village; the curé followed them in his sacerdotal robes, and behind him marched, in two files, the men on the right hand, the women on the left, alternately repeating, in chorus, the beautiful verses of the "Magnificat," or pious hymns, in the language of the country. This procession, a thousand times renewed on every side, formed a gigantic and astonishing picture. Those innumerable voices, deep or clear, coming from a distance, or near at hand, over my head, or under my feet, filled my soul with a sort of religious enthusiasm, with I know not what profound reverence for a creed ill understood, no doubt, but touching from its simplicity and earnestness.

"Now," said M. Pommier,

"Let us go visit
The reverend hermit,

he lives by the side of the chapel, and this will, it seems, be a good day for him."

We ascended the steep way leading to the Calvary; it is a path two or three yards in width. Here and there, as you mount, you meet with sixteen deep niches cut in the rock, where have been placed rude figures in painted

wood, protected by an iron grating. They are the "stations of the cross;" that is to say, the most affecting scenes of our Lord's passion, from the treachery of Judas to the crucifixion. The processions knelt down before each of these niches; the faithful kissed the ground three times with devotion, and cast in between the iron grating divers small pieces of money. I beheld some good old women drag themselves laboriously on their knees from one station to another; but that year, doubtless, there was no young girl in all the Bearn who cared to get a husband, for all walked. I pointed out this to Pommier, who pretended that those whose desire it was to set up for themselves had done what was needful the preceding evening. I was satisfied with this answer.

We at length reached the platform. Innumerable banners, white, green, red, of every colour, in fine, were ranged around the three crosses which represented the death of our Saviour, and the two thieves crucified by His side. The crowd was so dense round the entrance of the chapel, that I could not approach it. At the door sat the hermit, by a table covered with chaplets, scapularies, and medals of all dimensions. This worthy man distributed on all sides these slight and cheap relics, which the devout Bearnaise prize so much; having purchased one of which, as a remembrance, I shortly after bade adieu to the shrine of the Virgin of Betharram.

TO THE BRAVE HEARTS.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

"They are the silent griefs which cut the heart-strings."

FORD.

To the Brave Hearts! Not theirs who rush
To lead the furious Van,
When rising passions wildly crush
Fear from the heart of man;
When nations look as umpires on,
And honour must be lost or won.

To the Brave Hearts! No senate throng,
Upheld by iron will;
Whose constancy in right or wrong
Belongs to Action still;
Whose party-friends do cheer them on,
While honour must be lost or won.

Drink to the Hearts which do not break,
But suffer, and are true!
Not of a radiant beauty speak,
But cheeks of pallid hue;
To mortal eyes their crowns are dim;
But fill the goblet to the brim!

To Genius, doom'd with drooping wing
To toil a sad life through,
Yet keeps itself a holy thing,
With holy work to do,

To them who ne'er such birthright sold,
Abused God's gift for tempting gold!

To Woman, in her common course
(True heroine's destiny),
Who finds endurance still the source
Of all her bravery—
Than warrior's courage more divine;
So pour to her the sparkling wine!

To them who, racked by mortal pain,
Yet do not lose their trust;
Where mind doth o'er the body reign,
Till this resolves to dust;
To hearts that suffer, and are true,
Be minstrel's praise and honour due!

THE FOUND ONE.

(From the German of Goëthe.)

Wand'ring through the forest lonely,
Wooing recreation only,
Happening on a shady spot
There I found "forget me not;"
Sparkling like a star above,
Or a blue eye deep in love!
Stooping down to seize the prize,
"Woe is me!" she softly cries;
"To be plucked up thus am I,
Only to be left to die!"
Then I took a little spade,
Round the flower a circle made;
Dug up root and fibre free,
Bore it home right joyfully;
Placed it in the very best
Corner of my garden nest:
Planted in my fairy home,
Brighter shall it soon become,
Bud and blossom gracefully,
Bloom and blush for love and me!

Feb., 1845.

ELIZA LESLIE.

A FRAGMENT.

"Loved, lost, lamented."

They tore her from him,
Broke all the ties that linked their loves together,
And crush'd by one irreparable blow
The hopes they long had cherish'd in their hearts.
They told her she was young, and that her love
Was but the first warm passion of her youth,
Of too quick growth to bear the rugged blasts
And roughening gales of fickle fortune,
When Poverty, with all her ghastly train,
Sadness, and haggard want, should her assail;
And thus weigh'd down by misery and despair,
What she had fondly deem'd the purest love
Would prove but passion. So they tore her from
him,
And by that hasty, cruel separation
Broke two most loving hearts.

Spilaby, Oct., 1844.

MY AUNT'S TEA TABLE.

(A Sketch.)

BY ELIZA WALKER.

It was a bright, balmy afternoon; the rain which had fallen in the morning had been just enough to give freshness to the grass, and revive the flowers which drooped beneath the blaze of a fierce July sun, without leaving the ground too damp for even satin shoes to tread. My aunt, whose very infirmities seemed to bestow an extra grace upon her by the uncomplaining gentleness with which she bore them, was seated in her old arm-chair, her foot resting on an ottoman, whilst one hand was ready to perform the offices of the tea-table; the other, ever and anon slyly bestowing a fond caress on the favourite tabby, which, with upturned eyes and fixed expectant look, sat watching for the moment which should put her in possession of her accustomed donation of milk. It was six o'clock—for at that primitive hour, when the labours of the dinner-toilette have not commenced with a large proportion of her Majesty's liege subjects, did my good old aunty decree should assemble the family for tea and scandal; for, where is the country coterie which, when meeting for the one, dispense with the other. I know it not. And truth to say, dear little Maplefield was a most scandal-loving, scandal-provoking village. The girls in it were prettier than I ever saw in any other, and I think a degree more given to flirting; then the men were certainly more accessible to the tender passion than are all the "lords of the creation;" and, what with the aid of a *modiste* from London, to embellish those who differed from the poet, and thought "beauty unadorned is *not* adorned the most," yearly races, and a not infrequent visit from the strolling players, Maplefield furnished ample scope for the gossip-loving—and these, in England, form a not inconsiderable class. On this particular evening, it seemed as if all the *Prys* had been congregated together for some special purpose. Firstly, there was Mrs. Perkins, she whose restless curiosity was a terror to the "evil doer," whose telescope was ever at her eye, to ascertain the doings of her more distant neighbours, when not engaged in "marking, learning, and inwardly digesting" the deeds of those in her immediate vicinity, who might, indeed, congratulate themselves if one additional flower bloomed in their garden without being detected by her lynx-like observation. In juxta-position with Mrs. Perkins sat Mr. Dring, whose professed employment it was to detect all the errors and flaws, not in the constitution of his country—would that he had been content with that—

but in the constitution, moral and physical, of those about him. It was not so much their deeds that he discussed—that task he left in the efficient care of Mrs. Perkins—but their tempers and their health. Every ebullition of spleen, every casual cold that had occurred in the village for the last ten years, he accurately chronicled. Did you mention a person's name, his reply was—"Yes, a good-natured fellow ordinarily; but you should have seen him in the temper I did, in the September of 1836." Did you meet him in the street, you were instantly reminded of some habitual ailment yourself desired to forget, with a gentle hint that repeated seizures would lead some day to the "shuffling off this mortal coil." In addition to these two specimens of the large maternal family of "*Prys*," were four or five others of the softer sex, whose distinctiveness lay in form and feature. In mind, each resembled each; the voice of one was the echo of the other; and they all pursued the same employment as the leader of the clan, Mrs. Perkins. Not a stray cat, not a rambling car could make its appearance in the village, without one of these worthies commenting on, and prating of, its "whereabouts." My aunt—Heaven rest her soul!—was a quiet sort of person herself; but if she encouraged not the spirit of detraction by example, she afforded it sanction by sufferance. This evening the party had been formed to discuss that important event in a small village—the arrival of a new neighbour. The "White Cottage" was taken! which for twelve months had remained untenanted, and deprived the *Prys* of one of their strongholds of delightful occupation; for it so chanced that White Cottage had always inexplicably odd inhabitants—nor was the present instance an exception. The last inmate had puzzled curiosity, by the profound mystery which enveloped all his movements, and after sojourning a brief while, suddenly left, before they knew him as aught but the "gentleman with mustachios." His successor, the present tenant, promised to perpetuate his impracticability. It was a young, pretty woman, who declined giving her name "for the present." This was too much for a population like Maplefield to bear. The post-mistress was bribed, the servants suborned; I verily believe it would have made the fortune of the laundress if she would have consented to reveal the initials on the linen committed to her care; but she was staunch, shook her head when interrogated, and gave the

tantaling answer—"Time would shew." But time passed on and did not shew, and the conclave of Prys had this evening assembled to determine what course should be taken towards a person who had been a week in the village, yet none knew her name. She was certainly lovely, and appeared to be foreign; but whence came she? She arrived late at night, in a travelling carriage, which, after depositing her at the "White Cottage," immediately returned to the nearest post town. Who could she be? The council were in the act of deliberation when, to their boundless amazement, they perceived the object of their discussion walking deliberately up the avenue to the house, and in a few moments the servant announced "Madame Prevost." At length, then, the name was achieved. With exquisite grace and softness she requested a few moments' private conversation with my aunt. With what anxiety did all await the result! At length the interview, which seemed interminable, except to the parties engaged, was at an end. My aunt returned to the room with a countenance beaming with smiles and intelligence.

Blanch Bertie was the god-child of my aunt, but since the age of three years had resided abroad. Within the last twelvemonth she had merged the name of Bertie in the matrimonial one of Prevost. A duel with a brother officer, in which the latter was dangerously wounded, compelled Captain Prevost to make a precipitate retreat from the continent. He arrived in England unaccompanied by his wife, and at her instigation proceeded to Maplefield, as a quiet and unobserved nook; he traced the *ci-devant* nurse of Blanch, and through her agency took possession of the "White Cottage," and remained its tenant during the many weeks his opponent struggled between life and death. Little did the Prys suspect that the "gentleman with the mustachios" was the husband to the lovely and mysterious girl who next tenanted the White Cottage. Captain Prevost's adversary declared convalescent, he summoned his wife from France, and, in the pure spirit of mischief, persuaded her to take his place at the cottage, for the purpose of teasing the gossips who had so mercilessly assailed him; forbidding her to renew acquaintanceship with my aunt till a week's fruitless surmise had worried herself and others sufficiently to appease him. The week had expired, the Prys were desperate, when Madame Prevost revealed herself, and proved to them that whilst a whole village had been up in arms to discover a secret, it had been faithfully kept by one of its humblest denizens, and a woman, too! for the nurse of Blanch was also the incorruptible laundress. The following Sunday Captain Prevost and his wife appeared at church. They still tenant the "White Cottage." Mrs. Perkins and Mr. Dring continue to follow the bent of their inclinations, acting the precise inverse to the maxim—"Mind your own business," they being over-employed ceaselessly and diligently in minding the business of others.

MONASTERY CELLS.

BY CHARLES H. HITCHINGS.

Night after night—day after day,
Sick and sorrowful—alone—
Passeth thus my youth away;
Never once a loving tone,
Never once a happy lay
Mingleth with my midnight groan.

From all the world apart,
Weeping, I see no dear familiar face
Pouring its sunshine on this dreary place,
Healing this broken heart;

Never a voice, that near my cradle broke
The silence brooding o'er my infant sleep;
Never the simple song, that, when I woke,
Rose, calling back the spirit-slumber deep;
Never an old heart-treasure cometh near,
Winning by love for waning eyes a tear,
Save sometimes in the vacant night,
When the wind howleth, and the rain
Beateth by fits against the loosened pane,
And the storm without, with its rage and din,
Seems fuller of God than the heart within,
Till I shudder and start in affright.

Sometimes then the ghosts of years
Past and dead are present, moving
All the spirit into tears,
For the bygone hours of loving.

Can this be life that leads to heaven?
Can the loveless wholly pray—
They, from whom the precious heaven
Of sympathies hath passed away?

Oh, dreary walls! in which I'm doom'd to die;
Ye soon—how soon!—shall echo my last sigh;
And I, passing along, all joy, to death,
Will leave you, for a love-gift, my last breath;
Others shall fill my place, perchance that smile,
Entering hither with a quiet mind,
Whose blest remembrance only counteth vile
The world, and all its pleasures left behind;
With but one only hope, and that of heaven,
The world forgotten, hope to be forgiven.

Oh! for one thought of pride,
To waste in solitude a life away,
Shut out for ever from the cheering ray
Of human love, by suffering sanctified;
And ever growing deeper, day by day;
Stronger and deeper by its self-denying,
Sorrow and strength alternately replying.

Madness must end it all!
My mind grows weak and weaker; hour by hour
The towers of reason totter, and must fall
Beneath this agony's avenging power.
Thought, once so clear, is stain'd with passion's
flood,
Like Egypt's crystal waters turn'd to blood.
Oh, Death (I call in vain),
Take me, for ever, from this world of pain.

How many a youthful heart struggles with its
better feelings, and laughs in public at what has
moved it to tears in private!

THE VETTURINO.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

I threw my book aside, and sat down by the window. There was an old fountain in the centre of the square, designed by John of Boulogne. A picturesque heap of rocks half covered with moss formed a bed for old father Neptune, who reclined, like an ocean shepherd, poising his trident and covered with spray. The water gushed, with a cool murmur, from an aperture behind him, and after rising several feet, came tumbling down upon the rough stones, whence it fell into the wide, circular basin. Two or three women, with their stone pitchers balanced on its rim, stood gossiping in the sun. A ragged urchin, mounted on a broken stool, amused himself by plashing the water into the gray, demure face of a very meagre donkey, who received the ablutions with the patient gravity of his race, blinking his large dull eyes, and occasionally shaking off the drops by a slow oscillation of his cranium, such as animals of a nobler kind sometimes use to indicate that they could, if they chose, say something very wise and pertinent. An old man with a head that Guido would have loved to paint, was crouched at a short distance, stirring a kettle of chestnuts, or feeding the blaze beneath it with charcoal; and near him was a pile of cauliflowers, artichokes, and fennel, the merits and cheapness of which a pretty brunette announced, every now and then, in tones that were sweet enough to win an anchorite. She turned, from time to time, to give some tart rejoinder to a knot of swarthy men, arrayed in tattered brown cloaks rather shabbily embroidered, and sugar-loaf hats; whose little carts, loaded with fruit, wood, or hay, were placed in a line, and surrounded by a motley set of loitering soldiers, friars, and mendicants. Some of the former were regaling themselves with little black cigars, and others playing a vociferous game with their fingers.

These groups were suddenly disturbed by the arrival of an English travelling carriage, that whirled into the piazza, and drew up at the inn door. The *imperiale* was occupied by a very blooming maid-servant, and a footman with a fiery red vest, and an air of exceeding impertinence. On the back seat reposed the plump figure of a genuine *milord*. A velvet skull-cap adorned his head, and a light mackintosh was buttoned round his portly body. He leaned in the corner against a large India-rubber pillow inflated so as to resemble a sack of meal. His eyes were stedfastly fixed upon an open volume, which he continued apparently to peruse, even after the steps were let down by the groom, and the obsequious landlord had bowed at least a dozen times, and uttered as many euphonious

greetings. He evidently abandoned his position with reluctance, being very loth to exchange the comfortable little epitome of his country which had brought him from Calais. The arrival of this worthy had drawn several new personages about the fountain, and among them I noticed a tall, handsome fellow, that was the beau-ideal of a brigand. His glossy breeches and untanned shoes, the gay jerkin and open collar, a silver medal with the holy virgin in *relievo* suspended from his neck, ribbon-knots at the knee, and long raven hair curling profusely round his temples—to say nothing of a jetty beard, fierce moustache, and a large keen black eye—brought Fra Diavolo vividly to mind. There was something, however, decidedly amiable in his smile; and his manner of saluting the brunette, as he approached, was remarkably graceful. Upon a nearer view, I discovered that his habiliments were somewhat faded, and by no means in the best repair; but there was that easy, half-indolent, half-spirited look about him, so often witnessed in the lower orders of the south. While I was thus speculating upon the appearance of the new comer, he raised his glance to the window, doffed his hat, and entered the hotel. Presently I heard a tap at the door, and was a little startled to find the object of my curiosity before me. He closed the latch, and advanced into the centre of the room, when the following dialogue ensued:—

"Eccellenza, I am called Beppo, the *vetturino*. Do you want to go to Venice?"

"What do you ask, to take me?"

"Twelve *scudi*, including bed and dinner, signor."

"Ah, Beppo, you know eight is the regular price."

"It depends, excellenza. Where there are two or three passengers, we take less. You will have the carriage to yourself; and then the inn where we pass the night is very good."

"Well, I will accept your terms, provided you will stop at two or three places on the road, without grumbling."

"Certainly, excellenza; and I shall take you so safely and treat you so well, that I shall deserve a *buono mano*. If the signor will write the contract, I will sign it."

I drew it up accordingly, as follows:

"The undersigned hereby agrees to convey Signor ——— to Venice, leaving here tomorrow at daybreak, stopping on the way as he may be directed, and providing a good dinner and bed. He is not to sell his passenger to any other conveyance, but the vehicle is to be at the service of the signor exclusively, until their ar-

rival at the *dogana* of Venice, when the undersigned is to receive the sum of twelve scudi."

Beppo listened attentively to the reading of this document, and having affixed his signature, handed me a dollar by way of guarantee for his prompt appearance in the morning, and then with a respectful *au revoir*, bowed himself out of the room. It is thus that in an impoverished and enslaved country, the most trifling arrangements require forms and pledges.

I was in the act of buckling the last strap of my portmanteau, by the gray light of early dawn, when the facetious host of the Golden Eagle called through the keyhole, that it was time to rise. I answered the summons by throwing open the door, and with the peculiar cordiality landlords use towards parting guests, he deposited a small waiter on the table, garnished with a light breakfast, and peering from the crevice of a warm roll appeared the bill. As I was partaking of the meal, and inspecting the account at the same time, Beppo thrust his head in at the door, and satisfying himself that I was alone, drew near, and uttered a "good morning," with his most insinuating smile.

"We have a beautiful day, excellenza."

"Yes, it looks promising; but I have no idea of starting for twenty minutes. It wants half an hour of the appointed time."

"O, no, signor mio; eat your breakfast at your leisure. There is no occasion to hurry. I took the liberty to come up now to ask a favour, a very great favour, excellenza."

"What is it?"

Beppo tossed back the long dark hair from his brown forehead, drew up his right foot until the toe only rested on the floor, folded his arms, and then in a tone modulated to the most plausible key of entreaty, began:

"Eccellenza, the master whom I serve has been very unfortunate. A month ago his wife died. Ah! would you could have known Donna Battina, so amiable and pious. The priest who confessed her called her an angel, and her poor husband sold his best horse to buy masses for her soul. She left seven children. There have been few travellers through here lately, and the rains have destroyed half our grain crops. A rascal who was in partnership with my master took advantage of his grief, and ran off to Venice with half his property. It is necessary to send our advocate there to prosecute the affair, and if you will not allow him a seat in the carriage, my master must have all the expense of a separate conveyance; and the poor man can ill afford it. Permit him to go with you. He is a gentleman, and knows a great deal; you will enjoy his company."

My credulity had been too often abused to render faith in this tale easy; but there was something in the close of the appeal that had a show of reason. The society of an intelligent man was certainly desirable. I recalled, too, some suggestions which I had recently met with on the subject of modern charity: "Rake not into the bowels of unwelcome truth, to save a halfpenny. If he be not all that he pretendeth,

give, and under a personate father of a family, think (if thou pleasest) that thou hast relieved an indigent bachelor. When they come with their counterfeit looks and mumping tones, think them players. You pay your money to see a comedian feign these things, which, concerning these poor people, thou canst not certainly tell whether they are feigned or not." Beppo had played his part admirably. It had been my lot to hear a goodly number of orations and sermons, for our country is, *par excellence*, the land of speechifying; but the elocution of Beppo was superior, in its way, to any rhetoric I ever listened to. There was an impressive brevity in his sentences. Each word came neatly articulated from his lips. His pauses were capitally timed, and every accent intoned as if by a written scale. The lower classes of Italy have, indeed, their *patois*; but those whose occupations bring them in frequent contact with the educated, are remarkably apt in catching the most approved colloquial terms. Their natural fluency, when thus refined, needs but a slight impulse to become positive eloquence. It was worth being cheated, too, to see such fine acting. Beppo's invention, if such it was, had fairly earned him the boon; so I consented, and, with a thousand thanks, he shouldered my baggage, and we hastened to depart. A neat, lively young man stood by the carriage-door. We exchanged salutations, and took our places; when Beppo cracked his long whip, the landlord wished us a good journey; but one of the horses manifested a determination not to move. His feet seemed rooted to the pavement. In vain the vetturino remonstrated, coaxed, and applied the lash. At length he dismounted, carefully examined the harness, and breathed into the ear of the obstinate animal a long harangue. We still remained stationary. His dark eye now glowed with some deep resolve. He had evidently made up his mind to adopt a final expedient. What this was to be I could not imagine, and watched his movements with curiosity. He gathered up the reins, took off his hat, and thrice made the sign of the cross; then, leaping into his seat with a simple chirrup, we rattled briskly through the gates of the town, while the crowd shouted *un miracolo!* The vetturino, I discovered, had done my companion no more than justice. He was quite affable and well-informed. We had a delightful day's ride. As our conversation became more free and sustained, I saw Beppo glance apprehensively through the little window at his back. He soon discovered, by our significant looks, that we had compared notes, and that I was aware that the pretended advocate was as much a stranger in that region as myself. He was to pay somewhat less, and this feat of Jehu diplomacy had succeeded finely. The weather was delicious, and as we glided by vineyards and fine mulberry orchards, and saw the azure blossoms of the flax and the tall-bearded spikes of grain waving in the breeze, I could not find it in my heart to cherish anger towards poor Beppo, who was singing as cheerily as if he

never had a lie upon his conscience. It is one of the curses of despotism that it blasts truth not in the political only, but in every minor relation of life. There is much simplicity of character among the Italians. It is often exhibited in the most attractive light; but the repeated invasions of the country have perverted the minds of the people. Their weakness leads them to resort to duplicity—a natural alternative for the feeble. The historian of the siege of Florence, at the conclusion of his melancholy chronicle, says that a most perceptible change of national character was the result of the vain sacrifices and constant persecution of the republic—"the men having become beyond measure suspicious and artful, and the women faithless and incredulous." A liberal mind will ever make due allowance for influences like these.

My fellow traveller retired early, leaving me in possession of the vast and lonely hall where we had supped. Beppo came in to bid me good night, and I improved the opportunity to read him a lecture on lying, although Opie's Illustrations were not at hand to consult. The poor fellow was humble enough; but urged with eloquent pertinacity the argument of necessity. "Ah! *excellenza*," said he, at last, "if you only knew how many deprivations I have endured, you would pity rather than condemn me." It was just the time for a story. I filled him a glass from a flask of our host's best wine. He twirled his luxuriant *moustache*, placed his hat on the floor, and leaned his left arm upon the table, leaving the other free to gesticulate. "Now, *figlio mio*," said I—"the truth?"

"*Santissima Vergine*, signor; do you think I would lie without a motive? Let the saints witness!

"I was born on the estate of the Marquis Giampieri. You must have noticed it coming over the mountains, for there is a chapel at the roadside built hundreds of years ago, and strangers often go there to examine the front, which, it is said, was invented by a famous architect. Have you ever seen the vintage? If so, you know it is a gay scene. The first year that I was old enough to drive home the wine-car, was famous through the country. The grapes ripened early and had a wonderful flavour. One fine October morning, we were gathering them, when, all of a sudden, I saw the marquis coming towards us. He was much beloved by the peasantry, and he stood for an hour watching us at work, and asking us about our families. The prettiest *contadina* was Carlotta; such dimples as played round her mouth, such a voice, such pleasant ways—ah, you should have seen her. She was my *promessa sposa*; and as the marquis left us, he appointed the next evening for a *festa* in our honour. It is the custom in this country thus to publish the banns. We had a dance in the hall of the villa, and our lady gave Carlotta four silver knobs for her hair, and some beautiful ear-rings. She danced like a syren. I saw our master devour her movements, and there was something very marked

in his kindness. *Excellenza*, I was jealous. The next day I went to her father's cottage, and there was the marquis seated on the grass, and looking at her as she spun. I felt my heart bleed as if pierced with a dagger, and passed on into the orchard. When I thought he had gone, I sought Carlotta. She was alone in the kitchen, weeping bitterly. I could not persuade her to reveal to me the cause of her tears; but I pleaded hard for an immediate marriage. My blood was on fire. I imagined the worst; and thought if the priest had once blessed us, I would take her away from that cursed place. In my passion, I knelt to her, urging my suit by every motive I could think of. All at once, the marquis again stood before us, with a frown on his brow. I am no coward, but from an infant I had revered this man. My eyes fell, I passed my hand along the clay-floor, and pretended to be looking for a needle. Carlotta rose and withdrew. The next moment I was on my way to the vineyard. That very night we were all aroused by the church bell. Being awake, I heard it first, and ran out. There was a lane bordered by a chestnut grove, that led directly by the little white stone house where *she* lived. With a kind of presentiment of evil I hurried thither, and almost stumbled across something in the road. It was a human body. I felt the warm blood trickling from the face. I was stupefied with dismay. Before I recovered myself, voices sounded at a distance, and in a short time two sportsmen, who had raised the alarm, came to the spot with torches, followed by a crowd of half-dressed people. What was my horror, when the lights drew near, to recognize in that prostrate form the marquis himself! He was quite dead. A deep wound appeared on the head, and a stiletto was buried in his heart. There was a cry of terror. Every one looked from the corpse to me. I was instantly suspected. In vain I solemnly declared my innocence, and explained how I came there. My wild looks, the stains on my hand, the fact of my acknowledged jealousy—these alone were thought sufficient. They did not perceive that he had been plundered; but hurried me to prison, and the last thing I saw, as we left the fatal spot, was Carlotta stretched on the turf, as pale and motionless as her dead master."

Beppo was silent for several moments. He sighed deeply, wiped the perspiration from his brow, and slowly drained his glass; then extending his brawny arm upon the table, he turned up the sleeve, and pointed to a deep scar above the wrist. "That, *excellenza*, was worn by a fetter. Fortunately, our pastor, a man of influence with the bishop, and through him with the pope, did not credit the accusation. He had known me from a child; and exerted himself in my behalf. I was condemned to death by the tribunals, but through his efforts, the sentence was commuted to the galleys for life. For several months I had borne the disgraceful uniform and felt the lash of the guard. The horrible clank of those weary chains yet sounds in my dreams. One day as we were proceeding

to work in the usual manner, the sentinel made us counter-march, and in wheeling, I caught the eye of a desperate-looking convict fixed sadly upon me. From that time I narrowly observed him, curious to ascertain the reason of his apparent sympathy. At length we were employed upon the same part of an excavation. It was the noon of a day in August. The heat was intense. Two hours' respite was ordered. I threw myself panting on the moist clay, and shut my eyes to veil them from the glaring sunshine. My companion leaned upon his elbow beside me, and every time I raised my fevered lids, I detected the same glance of pity which originally struck me. I began to doze, and he talked in a low voice, sometimes to himself and sometimes to a fellow-prisoner. At length I distinctly heard him murmur—"I cannot bear the sight of that man, for he is here condemned for a murder of which I am guilty." I could not be mistaken. Every syllable was stamped upon my brain. I sprang to my feet, and besought him to do me justice; but, assuming an air of surprise, he moodily cursed me as a foolish dreamer, and boldly denied having uttered a word on the subject. You know the galley-slaves are chained in couples. I did not breathe freely until I had induced our keeper to fetter us together. Every day, almost every hour for two years, did I reason, expostulate, plead, threaten, and protest. Ah, excellenza, the wretch had no peace until he confessed. He was a sturdy villain; but who can withstand such increasing persuasion? I really believe he yielded, at last, from a kind of attachment he had conceived for me; for suddenly one evening, as our melancholy procession drew near the prison, he desired to see the captain of the guard, and revealed all. I was set at liberty; and hastened to the scene of my former happiness. The good pastor received me kindly, but my old comrades looked distrustful. Carlotta's parents were dead, and she had entered a distant convent. This was all I could learn." Here Beppo raised the lamp above his head, and peered suspiciously about the room. Apparently satisfied with the inspection, he leaned towards me and resumed in a lower key—"The signor has heard of the affair of '31?"

"Certainly."

"I joined the insurgents, and was one of a band surprised by the Austrian troops between here and Ancona. My companions escaped or were taken prisoners; I was left for dead on the field. For a month after my wounds began to heal, I was delirious. It was a beautiful evening—that on which my senses returned. I shall never forget it. The first thing that gave me a consciousness of life was the breeze playing over my face. They had moved my pallet near the open window of the hospital. Very gradually came back my recollection. I looked at my wasted limbs, and felt that many days must have elapsed since the skirmish. A sister of charity came to the bedside, and handed me a cup of broth. Her countenance was veiled, and she deigned no reply to my questions, but by signs enjoined silence. Day and night she

anticipated my slightest want; and nursed me with a mother's carefulness. I grew strong rapidly, and a time was assigned for me to leave the hospital. I seized an opportunity to pour forth my gratitude to this pious attendant. I unfolded to her my sad story. She listened attentively and I saw her breast heave convulsively beneath the dark robe. When I ceased, she gently took my hand, and whispered—"Caro Beppo!" That voice sent the blood whirling through my veins. She threw back the silken cowl. It was Carlotta! With what rapturous joy I beheld her! It was but momentary. She was absolutely resolved to abide by her vows. I claimed her as my bride. She replied only by drawing a crucifix from her bosom, and holding it before me with tearful eyes, and calmly saying—"Questo é il mio sposo."

The vetturino rose, choked with emotion. He walked to the window, returned to the table and trimmed the lamp; and then became intent upon a coarse engraving of St. Lorenzo that hung over the fire-place. I did not interrupt his reflections. The landlord entered to usher me to repose. I looked inquiringly at Beppo. "Eccellenza," said he, "after that my life became prose. Its romance was finished. *Felicesima notte!*"

MUSIC.

THE KENNING WALTZES.—By A. J. Rexford.—(*Cramer and Co.*)—A set of charming waltzes, by a lady who bids fair to be one of our most popular composers. The present productions are showy and effective, without being difficult of execution, and of that marked and spirited character which would set the lame or listless dancing. Her melodies are always of that character which *will* ring in the ear, long after their echoes are silent.

Patience and resignation are what, in the severest trials, we should earnestly wish to be distinguished for. Do we practise them on trifling occasions? Let any one of us be asked, "Can you bear to be put out of your own way, to accommodate your humour to the disappointments of life, and however your day may be turned and interrupted, cheerfully make the best of it? Can you improve little inconveniences into something tolerable, and even useful?" It may generally be done, if people would but set their minds to it.

Good nature is a quality that people are as fond of possessing as any. Does it ever hold throughout? That pain, which we should abhor to inflict on the body of a friend or a dependant, do we never suffer our caprice or humour to inflict on their *mind*—an infinitely tenderer part.

L I T E R A T U R E.

STRATHERNE; A STORY OF THE PRESENT DAY. By the Countess of Blessington. 3 Vols. (*Colburn*.)—And *what* a day! A day of hollow-heartlessness, a wintry day, bleak and cheerless, with a cold sun shining on the frost he cannot warm. Such is Lady Blessington's powerful picture of the present day, as far as it concerns the fashionable world; and all of her readers who have ever stepped within the magic circle (arctic circle it is), will confess the fidelity of her likeness. But, oh! nineteenth century! Is this all to which thou hast attained, in the most refined society of the most refined nations in the civilized world—to be decent, decorous, and dull without; selfish, suspicious, and unprincipled within? We have the same feeling in reading this work as we had in reading Mrs. Gore's "Mothers and Daughters"—the sensation of having a flood of iced water poured down our spine; there is something dreadfully chilling in this view of human nature. But all in that happy *juste-milieu*, who are neither shopkeepers nor aristocrats, ought to thank our authoress for the picture she gives, in the first volume, of high life. So quiet and lady-like the satire, yet so true and keen. Her dinner-parties make us yawn, though their description takes but half a page; and the realities, from which she has so faithfully drawn, occupy three hours. If the work did no more, it might well restrain that foolish craving to climb to the top of society—to hang on by one finger to the stage above us—which gives many otherwise sensible people the rage of inviting Earls and Dukes to their crowded entertainments to look down on the *parvenu* hosts; and to impoverish their children, and lower their own honest pride, for the sake of some freezing civilities from a set who admit their obeisance on sufferance. How well our writer chastises this folly! how insignificant, in reality, she shows us, are the honours which cost so much to the aspirant! What are they who compose her drama of fashionable aristocracy? Libertine spendthrifts of Lords—gambling, betting, horse-racing jockeys—or plotting fortune-hunters of younger brothers. Poor high-bred daughters, mercenary and deceitful, spreading their snares for unwary owners of wealth or rank—mothers teaching and assisting them in meanness. Every one noting the selfishness of his neighbour, and overlooking the selfishness of himself, and—mark well the moral—nobody happy after all! Then there are valets, battenning on the blind extravagance of their masters, plotting in their turn to overreach the heartless gentlemen who would fain overreach each other. There are ladies' maids cajoling and plundering and disseminating scandal—vulgar intruders among the *élite*, whose wealth turns the difficult lock of that exclusive circle. Well might we ejaculate—

"And *what* a day is the present one!" Amid these, brightly and purely shine the high-principled, noble Stratherne, his delicate-minded and lovely betrothed, and her gentle, doating mother. At first, we congratulated the fair sex on the numerical advantage Lady Blessington had given it, in selecting two good women to one good man, from the thousand of the selfish and vain; a proportion in exact opposition to Solomon's version of the matter, who says, "One man among a thousand have I found; but a woman among all those have I *not* found."

However, the single man soon outshines the two women; for Stratherne's pride becomes him more as a man, than does Louisa Sydney's suspicion become her, or the weak timidity of Mrs. Sydney agree with the dignity of a mother. Yet she is a beautiful specimen of maternity; and our hearts echo all her sighs for her somewhat wilful and unpersuadable child. The plot is very simple—merely an unexplained misunderstanding acting powerfully and naturally on proud and suspicious characters. The lady has reason, she thinks, to suspect the gentleman's morals; but she is too delicate to call upon his candour for explanation of the equivocal circumstances, or to permit her mother to do so; she prevails on that indulgent mother to hurry from Rome, and from him. The deserted lover, naturally indignant after ineffectual attempts to trace them, accompanies his apparently dying friend, Lord Delmington, in his travels, and again encounters Louisa Sydney, and saves her from drowning. But he is attending the same beautiful woman whose unknown face had before excited his betrothed's jealousy and suspicion, and she escapes from him, and, with her mother, returns to England. This unknown beauty is the wife of Stratherne's friend, and he escorts her in place of her invalid husband. If Miss Sydney had been patient enough to admit Stratherne's explanation, she might have avoided any more heart-burnings. But in this book three or four interesting stories are in reality woven together. Thus, while we are sympathizing in the feelings of one pair of lovers, our authoress deposits them in some peculiarly-dissatisfying predicament, and brings before us a calculating Lord Alexander Beaulieu over head in debt, wiling a vulgar rich widow into his net. When we have laughed for a chapter at their contrasting characters, we have a jockey earl who happens to be rich, who is surprised into a proposal by a husband-hunting mamma and her daughters. Then Stratherne comes on the tapis again, or the Sydneys are taken out of their discomfits, or plunged into worse. However, at last we re-discover them in England, where they lose their estate, and recover it by the death of the claimant, who also

doubles their fortune in his will. Stratherne, also in England, gets into pecuniary difficulties by his easiness in lending to unworthy spend-thrifts; he is, however, restored to more than his former opulence by deaths which give him immense wealth. His friend, Lord Delmington's father dies, and the marriage with his tutor's daughter is acknowledged. Louisa Sydney's astonishment at meeting, in a lovely member of the aristocracy, the mysterious being whose beauty had so disturbed her peace, brings about a full eclaireissement, and the faithful Stratherne receives the heart and hand which fate had seemed to snatch from him. Lord Fitzwarren, the good-natured, kind-hearted foxhunter, in spite of his being "one-idea'd," is an interesting character, very complete and consistent in its parts. The whole moral aim of the story is beyond praise, and the judicious and just reflections scattered through its pages improve us, as much as the lively bustling comedy of the tale amuses. We presume the elegant poetical mottoes, which head the several chapters, owe their unity of metre and graceful turn of sentiment to the same pen as the chapters themselves.

There is one chapter, the twenty-fourth of the second volume, which is quite a manual of gastronomic enjoyments, and might borrow the title of a certain shop in the Strand, which sometimes attracts our eyes—"Au Gourmet." The closing soliloquy of the simple courier, astonished at the English voracity, will give a fair sample of the quiet satire of the book.

"Frazzini, nevertheless, when Lord Fitzwarren's dinner was removed, and before he thought of satisfying his own hunger, went to the chamber designed for Mr. Webworth, and, finding that not a single article for that gentleman's use had been brought up from the carriage, he having obtained the key from Mr. Belton, who was dining as luxuriously as his master, conveyed to Mr. Webworth's chamber all that appertained to that gentleman, and arranged the bed, and saw that a good fire was lighted in the brasier, to air the room; murmuring to himself while he did so in Italian, which we render in our language, 'O these English servants! what selfish persons they are, thus to neglect the friend of their master, who having no domestic of his own on the journey, would be left to want everything if I did not attend to his comfort! And yet he is continually finding fault with all I do; but, poor man! he can't help it. I dare say it is his country, where the sun so seldom shines, and those dreadful fogs, of which I have heard so much, that has soured his mind. Ah! who would be well or happy, without sunshine and a clear atmosphere? It is the want of these blessings that renders the English, with all their wealth, so difficult to be pleased, that the greatest luxuries cannot content them; and even their pampered servants have the same dissatisfied notions. Eat—eat, at every post; finding everything bad, yet devouring all, and pouring liquid fire, in the shape of *eau de vie*, down their throats, which inflames their blood and makes their tempers so bad. Ah! Giovanni Frazzini! thank God that, though poor, you are happier than these proud islanders!'"

In forceful delineation of character, and vivid painting of manners, Lady Blessington is un-

rivalled among novelists. Her satire is aimed at vice and folly, and her sympathies are well and wisely directed. Stratherne is, in fact, one of her Ladyship's most powerful works, and unless some unexpected meteor dash across the literary horizon, it will be the book of the season.

THE TRAPPER'S BRIDE; a Tale of the Rocky Mountains; with THE ROSE OF OUSCONSIN. Indian Tales. By Percy B. St. John. (*Mortimer*).—A small volume, containing really as much matter as a hackneyed novel manufacturer would have beaten out into three goodly tomes. But alas! for the three volumed regulation quantity works, how often is it that one can do nothing more than "dip!" by which process an experienced reader arrives somewhat uncomfortably, and to the author very precariously, at about the same amount of information as is here pleasantly conveyed in a light volume, which may be carried to the fire-side, and do double duty as a hand-screen, or be pocketed without inconvenience. Mr. Percy St. John's writings, especially his "Indian Sketches," are so familiar to the public, that they need no praise from us; but we will extract from the first of these interesting tales, both of which illustrate Indian life with a graphic power that forces conviction of its fidelity—the description of the progress of a prairie tempest.

"The wind 'was light and gentle, breathing in balmy sweetness upon the warm brows of the travellers; and though no carolling birds welcomed the rising sun, though no green and grassy meadows reflected the rays of morn's glad luminary, though the soft music of the breeze in the rustling boughs of pine and sycamore was not there heard to infuse a sense of joy into the souls of the wayfarers, yet did Pierre and Ephraim rejoice in the loveliness above. But a low growling sound had drawn their eyes towards the far horizon, and there a small cloud, 'no bigger than a man's hand,' but black as Erebus, was rising in a bank of vapour. On it came, spreading with lightning speed o'er the fair surface of the blue and smiling heavens; but a minute since it was one speck of night in a vast ocean of clear sky; but, borne on the mighty wings of the blast, its dark outline spread across the whole range of the east, obscuring the sun, and clothing the vault above in a funeral pall, that rolled swiftly but majestically towards the mountains: on it came, huge columns of dingy vapour, vast masses of inky darkness crowding in wild and furious tumult along, mountain upon mountain of towering clouds, big with the awful artillery of heaven, pregnant to bursting with the weight of waters, and marshalling for the contest that was to come.

"Long bursting gusts of wind were felt, and then large drops of rain came pattering down swiftly upon the heads of the devoted pair.

"Long ere this, however, Ephraim and Pierre had prepared for the tempest. Unslinging their guns, the muzzles were carefully stopped up with corks kept in their pouches for the purpose, while round the locks several pieces of leather were wrapped with the most studious care. The powder-flasks were stowed away in the driest possible corner of their habiliments; and then, drawing their caps close over their ears, and buckling their waistbands tight, they

turned their backs on the tempest, and proceeded on their way. Without hope of shelter, they had no alternative between advancing and standing still, of which the former was plainly the wisest mode of procedure.

"Meanwhile thunder-gust upon thunder-gust followed, the rain fell in cold shivering floods; it poured in torrents; it pelted in heavy sheets of water, and the stony plain was one vast ocean of dancing puddles. The din was tremendous as this reeking shower roared, rushed, foamed along, howling like some huge cataract, and, pursued by the furious wind, flew laterally along the surface of the level prairie. It was a bleak and chilly nor'-easter, cold, cutting, and unmerciful. It was of no avail to draw their deer-skin frocks tightly round them; the wind penetrated to their very bones; it deafened their ears, and, wrapping all around in one vast veil of spray, rendered, as it groaned by, all objects invisible at the distance of a few yards. Indeed, after the first burst of the tempest, it was impossible to tell the direction in which they were advancing; but, by trusting to the wind, and taking care to keep this always in their rear, they did not diverge much from the right way.

"Suddenly a flash of lightning, almost blinding them, rendered the whole vault of heaven a fire-roofed cavern: a sheet of flame, perfectly awful in its intensity, poured its fury over all, illuming the wild scene around, and for a moment hushing even the raging wind. The mountains stood out in bold relief, the pebbly plain looked as if seen through a microscope of flame, and all nature assumed a ghastly hue. Then came the thunder-peat, to meet which the two travellers closed the apertures of their ears with their fingers, striving to deaden at all events something of the violence of the sound.

"The mighty roar of a battle-field, where a hundred cannon pour forth their belching fury, could give no idea of the tremendous—nay, the infernal nature of this explosion: it seemed to rend the very heavens in twain. Then all was hushed, the rain ceased, the wind died away, the echoes of the live thunder gloomily groaned from the far-off hills, the sky broke, the deep azure prevailed, and the storm was over. Such is the violence, and such the brevity, of these prairie tempests."

THE COTTAGER'S SABBATH, AND OTHER POEMS. By John Hurrey.—(*Spalding: Thomas Albin. London: Bartlett.*)—The modest preface to this little volume disarms criticism; although we are free to confess we see not the use on earth of mediocre verses, unless it be the innocent amusement afforded to the author in the exercise of composition. The most ambitious of these pieces is "The Cottager's Sabbath," in the Spenserian measure, containing some pretty stanzas; possibly it was suggested by "Burns's Cotter's Saturday Night." In this, as well as the shorter productions which fill up the volume, the sentiments are unexceptionable, and the diction sometimes graceful.

LAYS AND BALLADS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY, &c. By S. M.—(*Burns.*)—An exquisite volume, which should give the author—we are sorry to observe appearing only as an initialist—no mean rank among modern poets. The idea of versifying some of the most stirring and romantic incidents in history is an excellent one,

and carried out thus admirably, we scarcely know a more acceptable gift for a young friend than is here afforded. Some of the descriptive ballads, especially where the scene and characters are Scottish, remind us forcibly of Sir Walter Scott's poems; that of the death of James the First, for instance. Nevertheless, the author is no copyist, but, confident in the vigour and suggestive truths of his (or her) subject, finds musical as well as forcible expression for them. The book is beautifully illustrated, and does great credit to the enterprising publisher, whose name stands on the title-page. "The Captivity of King John of France," "The Burghers of Calais," "Cœur de Lion," and "The Escape of the Empress Matilda," are among our greatest favourites.

THE ART UNION.—This publication increases, if possible, each month in spirit and interest; and not only is it amusing, but also instructive. Edited by Mr. Hall, whose taste and experience in matters of art are acknowledged, it is a guide to those who require directing. Exquisite illustrations are constantly given, and, as our extract from the February number will show, it is enriched by miscellaneous articles of interest to the general reader.

"A MEMORY OF MRS. HOFLAND.

"BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"It is matter of deep interest to all whose privilege it has been to have lived much in the world, either of art or letters, to look back upon the past, and call up, by a simple effort of memory, those whose very names at one time quickened the pulse, and sent a brighter flush to the cheek. Remembrance of some who 'have fallen asleep' comes frequently upon me, when I would fain have life and not death as my companion. And it is strange by what associations 'the gone' are recalled. Sights and sounds, and even perfumes, will bring back incidents we imagined to have been obliterated. I never see a violet that it does not remind me of one still unforgotten by many who knew, loved, or admired her, and whose life and death are both a mystery—poor 'L. E. L.' I anticipated a first meeting with her, though it was to be in a crowd, with an undefined mingling of fear and delight; I regarded the three letters of her name as a spell; I had never heard her described, and expected to see a pale, melancholy-looking young lady, tall and thin! I could hardly believe that the light, ringing, silvery, girlish laugh, which I caught on entering, escaped from her eloquent lips; yet there, on a low stool sat *l'improvisatrice*, her round, rosy face sparkling with smiles; while her small, delicate, nimble fingers picked away, leaf after leaf, every petal from a bouquet of violets, which with her usual restlessness she removed from her bosom and scattered into tiny atoms of blue and green, until her white dress was spotted over with the fragments. Emma Roberts, who afterwards went to India, and the stately Miss Benger, and little Miss Spence, were all at that meeting—some proud of, and others anxious for, literary distinction, and all objects of interest or curiosity to me. How I listened to them all! and hung upon their words, and wondered, in my total ignorance of literary life, how they came to be so like other women, and to talk (some of them) as

if they had never written a book. But L. E. L. and her violets have remained with me ever since.

"Strangely enough, I never see a play bill without having Hannah More recalled to mind. The first and only time I saw her, after talking of those of her epoch—until Johnson, and Porteus, and Mrs. Carter, and Garrick—strange combination!—stood before me, the aged lady unlocked an escritoir, and took from it, neither a sermon, nor an essay on female education, nor even a tract, but simply a playbill. Smiling pleasantly, she showed it, with a fair display of woman's vanity. 'A record of my foolish days,' she said, with a reproving shake of her head; yet still she smiled, and then she read the old playbill, setting forth that Miss Hannah More's tragedy of 'Percy' was to be performed that night by actors whose very existence has been forgotten years upon years ago. Moore notes, in his own sweet way, that,

"Like the gale that sighs along beds of oriental flowers,

Is the fragrant breath of song that once was heard in happier hours;

Filled with balm, the gale sighs on, though the flowers have sunk in death,

So when pleasure's dream is gone, its memory lives in music's breath.'

And of a surety there are those whose memories are recalled, not exactly, perhaps, as the poet has described it, but who are associated in our minds with some particular strain of music; who rush unbidden into our presence at the clear, bright sound of the trumpet, glide down the aisle of a cathedral with the organ's peal, pale and spectral as the monuments by which we are surrounded, or gaze upon us with eyes of tenderness and love at the notes of a dearly-cherished melody.

"Everything around us has a memory—an association—an idea beyond the present, altogether away from, and yet connected with, the past. There is no end to these keynotes, which set us in right tune, reminding us of the mortality of ourselves and all we love. Pictures appeal as strongly to the eye as music does to the ear; more strongly, perhaps, to the many whose eyes are better educated than their ears, who are not keenly alive to the sensibilities of sound, but who comprehend those transfers of nature which enter into our homes, and dwell therein—thanks to the magic pencil of artists thoroughly our own. I shall never look from Richmond Hill, or ramble in the lovely vale of the Thames, without remembering one of the most admirable and excellent women England has ever produced—one who lived not only in the exercise of general love and charity, but whose life for many years was an example of that quiet, unostentatious, every-day domestic heroism which both sanctifies and glorifies the female character. I think it must be nearly twenty years since I first saw Mrs. Hofland. I had longed most earnestly to meet her. 'The Son of a Genius,' a story not only of European but of universal popularity, had been one of my first 'story-books'; and I could not prevent tears gushing from my eyes when she took me affectionately by the hand, and said she was sure we should be good friends. We walked together the same morning to a private view of the Society of British Artists, and she showed me, with wife-like pride, a view from Richmond-hill, painted by her husband. One of his very best pictures it certainly was; and well did she know every glade and avenue and tree depicted therein. She spoke so eloquently of the beauty and

richness of English landscape scenery, and more especially of the loveliness and sunniness of the banks of the Thames, that I forgot the fealty I owed to my native mountains, and thought only of the great English river. At that time Mr. and Mrs. Hofland lived in Newman-street, and her kind augury was amply fulfilled. We became friends; and I only wish that every woman had such a friend, and such an example, as she was to me and to all around her. In her manners she was perfectly natural, and altogether free from the plague-spot that marks so many literary women—affectation. Her accent still flavoured of Yorkshire; but her plainness of countenance was polished by the purest and gentlest benevolence. A ready wit and a keen perception of the ridiculous prompted her sometimes to say what, though true, would have been called severe if uttered by any one else; yet her natural dislike to occasion pain, healed before the reproved was conscious of a wound. My knowledge of Mrs. Hofland in the domestic relations of life was such as rendered me altogether forgetful of her literary fame. Some there are who find it difficult to live up to their own printed standard of excellence; but she in her own life was an example of patience, forbearance, and devotedness, which if literally recorded would scarcely be believed. Her unselfishness was such as to deserve the term spiritual; and this extended beyond her home. Her friends saw it exercised daily towards themselves; and at one time, when in her literary capacity she had the power of thwarting those whom a less generous mind might have considered rivals in the race of fame, her pen was ever first and freest in supporting the feeble, and bringing forward obscure merit. This, perhaps, a less honest critic would have done; but Mrs. Hofland did more. She paid an eager tribute to, and aided to augment, the reputation of those whose fame was eclipsing her own—the true test of a noble mind! I once heard this observed to her; and what was her reply? 'Ay, maybe so: I have had my day, and my sun will set all the happier, from a knowledge that a brighter and a better will rise on the morrow.' Then she was so fond of young people—so happy when her husband's health or inclination permitted her to have the innocent enjoyment of surrounding her table with cheerful faces. Everybody told her everything, secure of her aid and her sympathy—the warm, generous, earnest sympathy that listened and advised. It is ill to write unkindly of the dead; and he whose hardness caused her virtues to shine so brightly, honoured her in his heart; though a long series of years of suffering from internal disease rendered him, despite his talent and his knowledge, so great a penance to so rare a wife. She was so proud of that talent—so eager to prove his excellence—so anxious, even while the flush of outraged feeling was burning on her cheek, to exhibit the bright side of his character to her most intimate friends—so prone to descend upon an artist's trials and an artist's vexations—so wishful to set herself aside, that his value only might appear in a strong light—so perpetually bringing into active work the charity that 'beareth all things, endureth all things, hopeth all things'—that to learn the 'most exalted duties of woman's life is but to call to remembrance the practice of Barbara Hofland.

"Had it not been for her high religious principles, and her buoyant and cheerful nature, Mrs. Hofland might be said to have passed a life of mingled labour and endurance. She chiefly wrote at night; I do not remember finding her more than once at her desk in the morning; and her household affairs were well ordered. It strikes me as a great advantage to a

woman, not to commence a literary career until her mind is thoroughly established as to her duties; and in this Mrs. Hofland, or at all events her family and friends, were fortunate. She was the daughter of Mr. Robert Weeks, a partner in an extensive manufactory at Sheffield, and was born in 1770. Her father died when she was very young; her mother soon after married again, and therefore she was taken and brought up by an aunt, who had a great opinion of her cleverness, &c. She married, at the age of twenty-six, Mr. T. Bradshaw Hoole, a very worthy young man, connected with a mercantile house in Sheffield. She always spoke of this portion of her life as the happiest. It lasted not long, however; for Mr. Hoole and her eldest child died in little more than two years after their marriage. She was left with an infant son four months old; and the little property that belonged to her was lost by the bankruptcy of a trustee. These misfortunes determined her to publish a volume of poems she had composed from time to time as an amusement; and it was eagerly subscribed for by the people of Sheffield. Two thousand copies were engaged, and the list of subscribers occupied upwards of forty pages. It appeared in 1805. With the proceeds she established a school at Harrogate, and continued to write and publish other small works from time to time. Eleven years after the death of her first husband she married Mr. T. C. Hofland, and removed to London the following year, viz., at the end of 1811. In 1812 she wrote five works, amongst which was 'The Son of a Genius,' and continued writing more or less every succeeding year.

"Her son by Mr. Hoole was brought up for the church, became curate of St. Andrew's, Holborn, but died in March, 1833. He was a most exemplary character, and his death was ascribed principally to his great exertions in his sacred office. His attentions to his mother were most affectionate, and all her patient resignation was needed to reconcile her to this sad bereavement. She never mentioned him without tears. Mrs. Hofland in her lifetime wrote about seventy different works, of unequal merit in a literary point of view, but of high moral feeling (besides contributions to magazines and periodicals), the gross sale of which, estimated from returns from the publishers, has been about 300,000 copies; this amount, of course, not including the translations (several of her books were translated into German and French), nor those sold in America, where her writings were very popular.

"Mr. Hofland died at Leamington on the 3rd of January, 1843, and his widow returned to Richmond soon after; and in the following summer visited Paris, her last little work, just published, 'Emily's Reward, or a Trip to Paris,' being the result.

"She died at Richmond on the 9th of November, 1844, of inflammation of the membrane of the brain, brought on, it is supposed, by a fall she had about a fortnight before.

"For many years of her life she possessed the friendship of James Montgomery, Miss Edgeworth, Miss Mitford, and many other eminent literary characters; among others, Sir John Soane, for whom she wrote a work descriptive of his museum.

"Mr. Hofland painted pictures and engaged engravers for the Duke of Marlborough's description of White Knights. Mrs. Hofland wrote the letterpress, and composed a poem for the same work. The poem was a very clever and happy attempt at the Spenserian style. These labours

were never paid for; and for many years Mr. and Mrs. Hofland had to work up hill, to disencumber themselves of what were, in fact, the duke's honest debts.

"She was the writer of a celebrated letter that appeared during the quarrels of George IV. and Queen Caroline, entitled 'A Letter from an Englishwoman,' which I have been told suggested the still more celebrated 'Letter from a Sovereign to his People.'

"She is gone!—a purified spirit—to the realms of bliss; and, many years as she numbered, all who knew her prayed she might be spared 'a little longer.' " *

LADY CECILIA FARRENCOURT. A Novel. By Henry Milton, Esq., author of "Rivalry."—The author of this lively and clever book is, we understand, the brother of Mrs. Trollope; and he evidently possesses no small share of his sister's singular talent in the delineation of character. 'This is his second novel; and though there was great merit in "Rivalry," there cannot be a question that "Lady Cecilia Farrencourt" is very superior to it in many respects. As by this time the work must be generally accessible to our readers through the medium of the circulating libraries, we will not attempt to give any details of the story. All we need say is, that the heroine is a lady of rank, residing at Exmouth, the central luminary, round which a system of doctors, methodist parsons, retired officers, ladies of fashion and no fashion, fortune hunters, mesmerisers, and a vast number of other watering-place planets, are made to revolve in a manner extremely amusing to the reader. We have rarely met with so lively a picture of life on the sea-coast as we have found in these amusing volumes. Mr. Milton is a humorist, and has seized all the amusing characteristics always so prominently displayed under such circumstances. We cordially recommend his work for general perusal, as one of the most entertaining novels the present season has produced. The following extract will show the tone in which this lively satirist treats the most momentous affairs of the heart:—

"Elopements, viewed in their generalities, are very animated and attractive affairs; but when more closely investigated, their details are by no means so delightful as many people are inclined to suppose. For a man to see by his side the idolized mistress of his heart, his willing prisoner, and to know that, after allowing for turnpikes and changing horses, he is every hour a dozen miles nearer the consummation of all his hopes, would, at first sight, appear to be the very summit of human happiness; but, in reality, it is sadly dull work. The first seven or eight miles go off very well: the lady leans upon your bosom in all the speechless agony of tears: you place your arm round her slender waist; you press her with respectful fondness to your heart, and you murmur words of encouragement and love, which, as she is too much affected to understand them, require

* "For this brief history of the life of Mrs. Hofland I am indebted to the pen of one of her most valued friends."

no great expenditure of intellect in their selection. Occasionally, at about half-mile distances, you raise her passive hand, which is clasped in yours, and press it to your lips. All this is light work, and agreeable enough; but when the dear fair one has got over the first tumult of her feelings—when her alarm gives way to the subdued and calm appreciation of her

position—when she raises herself from your shoulder, and gently, but resolutely unlocks your arm from her waist, and becomes sedate and rational, then it is that the real difficulty of a long midnight *tête-à-tête* journey begins to be felt, especially if you have any under-current of feelings of your own, which you deem it prudent to keep to yourself."

AMUSEMENTS OF THE MONTH.

DRURY-LANE.

The Daughter of St. Mark, by far the most magnificent opera which has been produced for many years, and which contains some of the sweetest songs Balfe ever composed, or Bunn wrote, has held its triumphant course through the whole month. It bids fair to rival *The Bohemian Girl* in the number of its representations. In addition to this, we have had *Der Freischütz*, *Gustavus the Third*, *Clari*, *Robert Le Diable*, *The Bohemian Girl*, &c. In all the characters he undertakes, Mr. Harrison acquits himself with that peculiar sweetness, which makes him the first tenor of the day. We have never enjoyed a more rich musical treat than "We may be happy yet," a song which everybody who has any taste for sweet sounds should hasten to hear. Donald W. King is, we are sure, destined to hold a very high rank in his profession; we like him more and more, the oftener we witness his performances. We have already expressed our high opinion of his deserts, which was still more enhanced when we some days back heard him in *Der Freischütz*, and in *Robert Le Diable*.

The Danaides is an extraordinary ballet; its closing scene is of the *Der Freischütz* incantation character, and a most remarkable and striking scene it is. We do not think the ballet a happy effect: it has too much of pantomime and too little of dancing; but this scene makes up for all. It is admirably contrived, and as a piece of diablerie is unrivalled.

Upon the whole, however, the entertainments of this theatre are of a very high order. Nowhere can the public enjoy so rich a musical treat. The singers, too, are English, and of the first order of talent; Harrison, King, Burdini, Borrani, Weiss are very attractive names; while Miss Rainforth, Miss Romer, and Miss Poole among the ladies, is each, of herself, a host.

COVENT GARDEN.

Antigone, a very unsuccessful play called *Honesty*, with various plays of Shakespeare, have drawn very good houses to this theatre; Mr. Henry Betty as *Othello*, Mr. Vandenhoff as *Iago*, and Miss Vandenhoff as *Desdemona*, drew a crowded assemblage. The *Othello*, like every other effort of Mr. Betty's, was a failure. This gentleman, when he adopted the stage as a profession, decidedly mistook his vocation. Mr.

Vandenhoff's *Iago* was admirable, as was also Miss Vandenhoff's *Desdemona*.

HAYMARKET.

There has been no change here, though several novelties are announced as about to be produced.

THE LYCEUM.

A lively two-act play, entitled *Taking Possession*, a farce called *The Marriage Certificate*, with *The Model of a Wife*, and *Valentine and Orson*, have drawn full houses to this popular theatre. The Keeleys are, as ever, inimitable.

THE PRINCESS'S.

A brilliant series of dramas, in the style of *Don César de Bazan*, have been succeeded by tragedy. Miss Cushman in *Fazio*; Forrest, Graham, and Miss Cushman in *Othello*, have drawn crowded houses. This lady is an American actress, of very great promise indeed; and will, we have no doubt, attain a very high rank in her profession. She is impressive, natural, and effective; her appearance is much in her favour, and her mode of delivery very happy. As *Desdemona* her success was complete. Forrest, her countryman, cannot claim equal praise. Tragedy is not his line; massive, huge, and striking in frame, he is admirably suited to a melo-dramatic performance of the character of *Spartacus*; but his giant's whisper, his roaring, his stalking manner, are utterly unimpressive in *Othello*. Neither can we praise Mr. Graham's *Iago*. He is a low comedy knave, not the consummate villain of Shakspeare; while he has a peculiar clap-trap style, which is far from pleasing. His new reading of the last act of *Othello*, where, like some domestic tragedy ghost, he turns round and points to his victims, as much as to say, "Behold what a pretty mess I have made here!" is peculiarly unhappy.

ADELPHI.

A most effective drama, full of bustle, startling incident and activity, entitled *The Green Bushes*, has had a very long run at this theatre. It is well worth being seen.

SADLER'S WELLS.

This admirable little theatre continues its triumphant career of success. This is not to be wondered at; Mrs. Warner and Mr. Phelps are, in themselves, a perfect host. The latter ad-

mirable tragedian has appeared in *Richard the Third* with a degree of success which can only be compared to that of old Kean in the same part; while Mrs. Warner may, with equal justice, be considered the modern Siddons. Undoubtedly she is one of the best tragic actresses on the stage, not inferior to Rachel, where youth and foreign extraction were very strong elements in favour of her success. *Hamlet* and *Othello* have also been played, but the truly magnificent manner in which *Richard* is placed upon the boards surpasses even the production of *King John*. *The Bridal*, too, has been played with continued success. No one who loves the legitimate and sterling drama, sustained to perfection—who enjoys tragedy or comedy with a cast which no other theatre can at present show, should be without paying a visit to this theatre. It will well repay their time and expense.

Of *The Priest's Daughter*, recently produced here, we cannot speak so highly as we could wish; but still our condemnation will neither be so sweeping nor indiscriminate as that given by certain hasty critics. It is a good play, but containing many improbabilities; and being very unequal in style, its success was but moderate. We by no means, however, discourage the author from making another trial, satisfied as we are that a second will be an improvement; the characters, however were most admirably supported.

MADAME TUSSAUD AND SONS' EXHIBITION.

Although this extraordinary collection has been so long before the public, its intrinsic qualities and the diligent care with which the proprietors make numerous and frequent additions, render it as much a point of attraction as ever; and now that the season is approaching when London will be filled with country visitors, we can predict that few will quit the metropolis without gratifying their curiosity in Baker-street. To our taste—notwithstanding the costly

splendour of genuine coronation robes, and the wonderful skill by which Madame Tussaud and her sons have raised their works to really high art—the most interesting part of the exhibition is the chamber called “The Shrine of Napoleon,” where the effigy—death-like, not life-like—of the Great Exile rests on the bed whereon he breathed his last, with the genuine cloak of Marengo around him, and relics no less curious and interesting crowding the chamber. Here, too, is the celebrated table of the Marshals, and here are the portraits of Josephine and Marie Louise, Madame Mère, and the Queen of Naples, as well as the cradle of the King of Rome. The celebrated carriage taken at Waterloo is also added to Madame's collection of inestimable relics.

BURFORD'S PANORAMA, LEICESTER SQUARE.

The new Panorama, which exhibits a view of the bay and city of Naples, may be considered one of the most successful yet produced under the surveillance of Mr. Burford. The view was taken more than twenty years ago, when Mount Vesuvius had a terrific eruption; and the artist, with a good idea of effect, has exhibited the marked contrast between the lurid light thrown on Naples by the volcanic flames, and the beauty of a sky, “deeply, darkly, beautifully blue,” in which are seen

“Those silent stars, that wink and listen,
While Heaven's eternal melodies roll.”

Much more than mountain and city are delineated. The bay of Naples and the surrounding shores are also exhibited, and most artistic is the manner in which the aerial distances are managed. Crowds of visitors are, after all, the best criticism on things of this sort, and Mr. Burford has that to his heart's content. The Panorama of Baden-Baden and Hong Kong are also open; the latter, which cannot be viewed without great interest, from recent political events, is to close very soon.

FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

*Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré,
à Paris, February, 23.*

Lent seems to have made little, if any, change in the amusements of the *beau monde*. The public promenades are thronged in the morning, and balls and parties go on as usual in the evening; never, indeed, were the latter more brilliant than at present. But before I speak of them, I must just glance at the public promenades. Since the commencement of Lent, black has been more in favour than ever; out of ten robes or *redingotes*, eight at least are of black satin or velvet; if the dress is of the former, the trimming is generally of velvet. Robes are for the

most part made quite high, the *corsage* tight to the shape, and a little pointed; it is trimmed with a *revers* of black velvet, descending both before and behind. Tight sleeves, either quite long or else rather more than a three-quarter length, and in either case finished with a velvet cuff. A new style of trimming has been adopted for the skirts of these dresses: it is composed of narrow velvet ribbon, disposed in compartments somewhat resembling the shape of a wheel, and reaching nearly as high as the knee.

If the *redingote* form is adopted, whether it is of satin or velvet, the trimming must be *passementerie*, or sable fur; but I do not see that there is any novelty either in the make or gar-

niture of these dresses. The *mantelets russe* of sable continue their vogue both in carriage and promenade dress. We see some of ermine in the former; but they are not in a majority. There is little change as regards mantles, pale-tots, &c.; but I think velvet *mantelets-écharpes*, lined with white satin and well wadded, have increased in favour; they are made very large, and always with a deep *volant* encircling the back, so that in fact they are nearly as warm as a mantle; their trimming is generally *dentelle de velours*.

Velvet continues its vogue both for *chapeaux* and *capotes*; but I have observed that satin has increased in favour for the former during the last month: a good many are of black satin for plain walking-dress; they are simply trimmed with ribbon, and a *veilette* of black lace; others of coloured satin are trimmed with a velvet *biais*, and a black lace *chou*, from which an end of velvet floats in the lappet style on one side. Lace has lost nothing of its vogue for the trimmings of *capotes*; but it is not so extensively employed in the garnitures of *chapeaux* as it was a short time ago. The mode of lining black or dark-coloured velvet *chapeaux* with satin of a rich full hue, principally different shades of red, gains ground. The feathers or flowers that decorate these *chapeaux* are always shaded in the colour of the lining; feathers are now decidedly in a majority.

The materials of half-dress robes are still the same as when I wrote last; but I think velvet is not so much in vogue as it was: this is, I think, owing in some degree to velvet being lately manufactured at lower prices than it was a few years ago. However, though these robes are not so numerous, they are, if of a very good kind, still as *recherché* as ever, particularly the *robes amazones*, buttoned from the top of the *corsage* to the bottom of the skirt, with small gold or silver buttons. The sleeves are made tight, and nearly but not quite long, merely showing the single *bouillon* that terminates the cambric or muslin under-sleeve; that of the robe is usually ornamented with buttons, corresponding with those on the front of the dress; they extend from the bottom of the sleeve to the elbow. Satin *redingotes*, both black and coloured, are also a good deal in favour; the *corsages* are made high, and trimmed with a plaiting of ribbon, the plates reversed; the sleeves are tight, open at the bottom, with narrow cuffs, edged with ribbon. Flounces are the garnitures most in favour for dresses of the robe form: I mean those of silk or cashmere; for flounces, except of black lace, are rarely seen on satin dresses. If the flounces are of the material of the robe, there are generally two cut in deep round *dents*, and edged with *éfilé*, or else the flounce is not scalloped, but bordered with three rows of narrow velvet ribbon.

Evening costume, and especially ball dress, has now reached its highest point of elegance. In reviving to a certain degree the modes of the Louis Quatorze day, the damasks, brocades, &c., &c., that were then in vogue, have been

very successfully imitated by our manufacturers; but of course at very high prices. The same may be said of the fashionable *bijouterie* which dates from the same period; so that it requires a large fortune to keep pace with the demands of *la mode*. There has not been any farther diminution in the width of skirts since I wrote last; nor do I think it is likely there will be for some time to come. Almost all evening robes, with the exception of those for ball dress, are made with demi trains; but although there has been a great deal said about bringing in trains, none have yet appeared, and certainly now they will not be adopted this year at least. Robes of damask, brocade, velvet, &c., &c., are almost invariably trimmed with lace, placed either in *échelle* on the front of the skirt, or in two *mentants* on each side, divided by a tuft of ribbon, or a row of knots of the *pompon* form. Shot silks, though of a less rich kind, are also fashionable, particularly the new *taffetas d'Italie*; they are adopted equally in evening and ball dress. In the former a good many are trimmed with lace flounces of different widths; the lower one is very deep, the next a little narrower, thus each of the five or six that compose the trimming diminishes a little in width; these *garnitures* rise very high on the skirt, and are usually headed by ribbon disposed either in a wreath of *coques*, or a *chicorée*; the *corsage* is decorated with several rows of lace disposed *en revers*, or else with an open *berthe*, or a *mantille en application d'Angleterre*. The sleeve is also finished with lace, but it is so very short that scarcely any of it except the lace is visible. A good many robes of an elegant, but quiet kind, are composed of black satin; the *corsages* are made very low, and trimmed with black velvet *berthes*, embroidered in *soutache*, in such an exquisitely delicate style that the work seems to be composed of the patterns of Gothic lace; the short sleeve is similarly decorated, but the skirts have no trimming.

There is quite a rage for turbans; they are adopted even in dancing dress, but for that they are always made in light materials. I must observe that these may be equally worn for *soirées* and balls; but those especially designed for the former may be, and frequently are, composed of velvet, *velours épinglé*, and Cashmere. I may cite among the most remarkable of the first, the fancy turbans of crimson and violet velvet; the trimming consists of a single long and very full white ostrich feather, drooping on one side. Several Moorish turbans, with the folds traversed by *chefs d'or*, are also composed of velvet or Cashmere; *velours épinglé* and velvet are employed for the Jewish form. Those called *turbans Algériens*, which are certainly more in vogue than any other, are always composed of rich gauzes of vivid colours, mingled with gold or silver. Some of the most *recherché* are of *gaze Cachemire*, striped in broad blue and silver stripes: the scarf end is terminated by a rich fringe of a novel description. Others are composed of gauze scarfs, in rich Oriental patterns, intermingled with gold. *Coiffures mar-*



guises are also in great vogue—they are really worthy of their aristocratic name; they are composed of blonde lace lappets and flowers. Nothing can be more elegant than those of *dentelle d'or*; they are placed very far back upon the head, and the lappets float low over the shoulders upon the robe. The most novel, and, I think, one of the most elegant *coiffures* of the season is one that, though not called *Algerien*, is very much in that style; the front is composed of velvet, with a foundation of net formed of steel beads, and ears of barley, in bugles of the colour of the velvet, the *chefs* entwined in the folds, and the fringe which decorates the scarf end, are also formed of steel beads and bugles. These *coiffures* have a most splendid effect by candle light.

Although silks and satins are still adopted for ball robes, the majority are of crapes, *tulles*, *gazes*, *aerophanes*, lace, and in many instances lace scarfs, disposed in the form of a second skirt, on a pink or white satin dress, with the *corsage* and sleeves trimmed with lace, and the skirt bordered with a deep lace flounce. Pink and white are the favourite colours for crape and gauze robes, as well as silk and satin ones. The *corsages* are always deeply pointed, and some descend very low in the centre, forming almost a *cœur*, and displaying a lace or blonde lace *chemisette*. Triple skirts continue in vogue; I have seen lately some of crape; a double tunic trimmed with two rows of fringed ribbon. A similar garniture decorates the under skirt; the very short sleeves, and also the *berthe* are decorated with a triple row. Although *tulle* is fashionable for all ladies who dance, it is particularly so for very young unmarried *belles*, whom custom compels—very contrary to their own inclinations—to a very simple style of dress. These robes are made with three skirts, each bordered with a very broad hem, which is their only garniture. The *corsage* low—but moderately so—is ornamented with a *berthe* to correspond. I should observe that these robes are always composed of plain *tulle*. A pretty style of robe for young married ladies is composed of white *gaze lesse* over white satin; the breadths are all loose from the waist, but partially closed by pink and white satin ribbons; it has the effect of a double lacing, each ribbon forming a knot at the bottom of the skirt. Flowers continue their vogue for trimming ball dresses; sometimes they are so disposed as to have the effect of two or three draperies upon a single skirt. They are also disposed in chains in the style that I recently described. In many instances where the *corsage* is trimmed with a lappel, the lappel is continued in the robing style on the front of the skirt, and is bordered with flowers; sometimes the heart of the flower is either a diamond or a coloured gem. I need not observe that this is rarely the case, since the fortune must be large indeed that can afford a garniture of such an expensive description.

Although turbans, *petits bords*, &c., &c., are a good deal seen in ball dresses, the majority of the *coiffures* are *en cheveux*; ringlets are pre-

dominant—they are very long; sometimes there is only a single, and very thick one, descending from the *bandeau à la Madoni*; this style of *coiffure* is generally adorned with tufts of flowers; they are composed of three *marguerites*, roses, or camellias of different colours, or else a tuft of leaves very tastefully grouped. If the hair is disposed in a profusion of ringlets, or in bands, wreaths are generally employed: some are of ivy, others of heath blossoms, or of flowers in the colours of the lady-bird, which have something of the effect of coloured stones, from their extreme brilliancy. But among the great variety of wreaths that are fashionable, those most decidedly paramount are the *guirlande des Almées*, and the *guirlande Marie Stuart*. The first is a wreath of foliage, of a very light kind and of a golden hue, interspersed with a number of flowers of all colours; they are round, and scarcely larger than pearls; dew-drops sparkle here and there among them with all the brilliancy of diamonds. This wreath is as novel as it is beautiful. That *à la Marie Stuart* is so called from its form only, for it may be composed of flowers of any description; it descends in the middle of the forehead, rises a little on the temples, and turning round behind encircles the hind hair. There is no decided change in fashionable colours, but I observe that full shades of red increase in favour, and that yellow, particularly the rich shades of that colour, enjoy more than their usual vogue.

ADRIENNE DE M.—

DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATES.

PLATE THE FIRST.

MORNING VISITING DRESS.—Lavender bloom *moire* robe, *corsage en amazone*; quite high at the back, but moderately open on the bosom, and faced with velvet lappels of a darker shade; the velvet is continued in the form of a broken cone down each side of the front of the skirt. Tight sleeve descending to the wrist in front of the arm, but deeply arched at the back, with a velvet cuff; the under-sleeve, composed of cambric, is very full, and terminated by a ruffle. Short close *mancheron*, partially cleft, and trimmed with velvet. Cambric *chemisette*, composed of full and plain bands, and frilled round the throat. *Chapeau* of pale straw-coloured *celours épinglé*, a long oval brim, the interior trimmed on each side with a full-blown rose and foliage; the exterior with a wreath of white *têtes de plumes* shaded with yellow.

MORNING DRESS.—Blue striped Pekin robe, the *corsage* made quite high, close to the shape, and scalloped round the bottom; the front is closed by blue fancy silk buttons. Tight sleeve, descending nearly to the wrist, where it is terminated by the full *bouillon* of the muslin under-sleeve: a row of buttons ascends from the wrist to the elbow; close *bias mancheron*, trimmed with buttons. Double skirt, the upper one very short and full; the lower skirt is trimmed

with a very deep flounce, reaching nearly as high as the upper skirt. Drawn bonnet of pink satin, a close shape, trimmed with black lace, turned up round the brim, and a black lace drapery, and a knot of ribbon on the crown.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

No. 3. EVENING DRESS.—Green satin robe, a low *corsage*, round at the top, deeply pointed at the bottom, and trimmed with a deep *berthe* of antique point lace. Short tight sleeve, terminated with lace. A single *volant*, laid on almost without fulness, ornaments the skirt. The hair is decorated with a lace lappet, disposed in the cap style, and tastefully intermingled with damask roses.

No. 4. MORNING DRESS.—Black figured satin robe; the *corsage* is made quite up to the throat, tight to the shape, descending a little in the jacket style on the hips, and opening in a point on each side; it is trimmed down the centre with a broad velvet band, on which jet buttons are placed at regular distances; the velvet is continued down the front of the skirt. Tight sleeve, with a close *mancheron*, and deep open cuff, both trimmed with velvet. Pink *velours épinglé chapeau*, a round and moderately open shape; the interior trimmed near each temple with a damask rose, the exterior with a fancy feather.

No. 5. EVENING DRESS.—Claret coloured velvet robe: the *corsage*, very low and round at top, is deeply pointed at bottom: the top is draped all round in folds, that are festooned in a novel manner on the shoulders, and bordered with lace. Short sleeves of moderate width, looped high over tight white satin ones by gold ornaments; the brooch corresponds. The hair is disposed in soft bands at the sides; the hind hair is partly disposed in soft full bows, raised above the summit of the head, and partly in a platted braid, in which a twisted rouleau of claret coloured velvet, the ends fringed with gold, is entwined.

SECOND PLATE.

CARRIAGE DRESS.—Dark blue satin robe, *corsage en Amazone*, and long tight sleeve: the skirt is trimmed with a succession of tucks, almost as high as the hips. Flame-coloured velvet *chapeau*; the exterior trimmed with rouleaux of satin to correspond, a black lace *ruche*, and a fancy feather. Ermine *mantelet écharpe*, lined with *oiseau* satin. Muff *en suite*.

MORNING VISITING DRESS.—Green taffeta robe *redingote*; the *corsage* is quite high at the back, but open on the bosom, displaying a high cambric *chemisette*: a very deep *revers* descends on each side, in the form of a V, to the waist; it is trimmed with a row of velvet ribbon, and the centre of the *corsage* ornamented with velvet demi lozenges: the skirt is decorated *en tablier* with robings; they are bordered with velvet ribbon, and the space between filled with demi

lozenges. Cleft *mancheron*, trimmed with velvet: the sleeve is sufficiently short to shew the under-sleeve of muslin, with a lace ruffle: velvet demi lozenges adorn the silk sleeve. Grey velvet *chapeau*; a round, open shape, trimmed with ribbon to correspond, and a bouquet of winter flowers.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

No. 3. DINNER DRESS FOR A SOCIAL PARTY.—Lavender satin robe, a half high *corsage*, a little pointed at bottom, and trimmed with a lappel of two falls, forming a double V; each fall is bordered with *point d'Angleterre*. Tight sleeve, and *mancheron*, also tight, of two falls, each bordered with lace; the sleeve is sufficiently short to show a *bouilloné*, and is slashed at the bottom, displaying the under sleeve. *Bonnet Fontaine*, composed of blonde lace disposed in the form of a cap front, and surmounted by a wreath formed of blue gauze ribbon; several ends of ribbon attached to the wreath float over the hind hair.

No. 4. MORNING DRESS.—Blue cashmere robe; a high *corsage* of a perfectly novel form, for which we refer to our plate: demi-large sleeve, and cleft *mancheron*, trimmed with a double *volant*. Small round cap of Brussels net, bordered with Valenciennes lace, and very full trimmed with a lace rosette and shaded ribbon.

No. 5. MORNING DRESS.—Tawny orange satin robe; *Corsage à caraco*, and long tight sleeve. *Bonnet Fançon*; it is a cap front of *point d'Alençon*; a *fichu* of the same lace is placed on it, and falls loosely over the hind hair. Three bands of velvet ribbon, and a knot of a novel form, complete the garniture. Shaded silk *mantelet écharpe*, trimmed with *point d'Alençon*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications to be addressed to the Office, 24, Norfolk-street, Strand, where all business is transacted.

DECLINED, with thanks: "The Soldier's Hope;" "On Melody;" Emily.

The Editress fears she must have lost the poem, "Say, dost thou love the twilight hour?" She begs to thank the author for other contributions.

ACCEPTED: "Forbid it Not;" "To Augusta;" "Yes, we have parted;" Una.

Several papers have been received too late for notice this month.

Office, No. 24, Norfolk-street, Strand. Sold by Berger, Holywell-street; Steele, Paternoster-row, and by all Booksellers in Town and Country.

Printed by Joseph Rogerson, 24, Norfolk-street, Strand, London.



Fashions for March, 1845.

CONTENTS.

	Page
HARTLAND HALL. BY MRS. ABDY	192
SPRING FLOWERS. BY GEORGE BAYLEY	199
THE DREAM. BY AUGUSTUS PEQUEUR	ib.
FORBID IT NOT. BY CLARA PAYNE	ib.
ENGLAND'S WELCOME TO AMERICAN GENIUS. BY DINAH MARIA MULOCK	200
SONG. BY K. E. L.	ib.
FLORENCE; OR, WOMAN'S FRIENDSHIP. BY GRACE AGUILAR.....	201
THE PLEA OF THE ROSE. BY E. A. H. O.	212
SONGS OF THE MOUNTAIN. BY W. G. J. BARKER, ESQ.	ib.
TIME-SERVING. BY J. J. REYNOLDS	213
THE PATRIOT OF MODERN GREECE. BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.....	215
THE YOUNG LADY WHO HAS BEEN ABROAD. BY ELIZABETH YOUATT	216
THE SACRED THORN. BY MRS. COLONEL MARIANNE HARTLY	219
THE RIVER'S PHILOSOPHY. C. J. D.	220
THE OUTWARD BOUND. BY VIOLA	ib.
TWIN SONNETS. BY MRS. F. B. SCOTT	ib.
CONSUMPTION. (AN IMPROMPTU.) BY WILLIAM HENRY FISK	ib.
THE RANDOM LIKENESS	221
SONNET. AFTON DOWN, ISLE OF WIGHT. BY CALDER CAMPBELL	227
EPIGRAM BY J. J. R.	ib.
LINES. BY J. GOSLIN	228
THE GARDEN OF CHILDHOOD. (FROM THE GERMAN.) BY ELIZA LESLIE	ib.
LINES ON A PORTRAIT. BY CAMILLA TOULMIN	ib.
FATAL CURIOSITY. (FROM THE GERMAN.) BY M. A. Y.	229
STANZAS.	235
THE FIRST OF APRIL; OR, A TALE OF THE HARTZ MOUNTAINS	236
RUTH. BY ANNA SAVAGE	238
STANZAS. BY MISS M. H. ACTON.....	ib.
A TALE OF THE OLD FRENCH WAR. BY HARMSWORTH WAY.....	239
A GOOD CAUSE; OR, AN EVENING IN EXETER HALL. BY WILLIAM HENRY FISK..	244
LITERATURE	246
MUSIC	249
AMUSEMENTS OF THE MONTH	ib.
FASHIONS FOR APRIL	251
DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATES	252
TO CORRESPONDENTS	254



OLYMPIA.

London. Published by Joseph Rogers, 24, Norfolk Street, Strand, 1845.

OLIMPIA.

En'er OLIMPIA, flying from the pursuit.—She springs upon the Altar.

Soldier. She's mine!

Another Sold. (opposing the former). You lie, I track'd her first; and
were she

The Pope's niece, I'll not yield her.

[They fight.]

3rd Sold. (advancing towards OLIMPIA). You may settle
Your claims; I'll make mine good.

Olimpia.

Infernal slave!

You touch me not alive.

3rd Sold. Alive or dead!

Olimp. (embracing a massive crucifix). Respect your God!

3rd Sold. Yes, when he shines in gold.

Girl, you but grasp your dowry.

*[As he advances, OLIMPIA, with a strong and sudden effort, casts down
the crucifix: it strikes the Soldier, who falls.]*

3rd Sold. Oh, great God!

Olimp. Ah! now you recognise him.

3rd Sold. My brain's crush'd!

Comrades, help, ho! All's darkness!

[He dies.]

Other Soldiers (coming up). Slay her, although she had a thousand lives;
She hath kill'd our comrade.

Olimp. Welcome such a death!

You have no life to give, which the worst slave

Would take. Great God! through thy redeeming Son,

And thy Son's Mother, now receive me as

I would approach thee, worthy her, and him, and thee!

YORK CATHEDRAL.

There are few cathedrals, the structure of which has undergone so many changes as that of York. The first church, dedicated to St. Peter, was founded by Edwin, king of Northumberland, who was baptized at York, April 12, A.D. 627, and who appointed Paulinus, confessor of his consort Ethelburga, first archbishop. Edwin being slain in battle, the church fell into a ruinous state; so that when Wilfrid, founder of the churches of Ripon and Hexham, and other ministers, was appointed archbishop, A.D. 660, it was rapidly hastening to decay. By him it was thoroughly repaired.

This building was destroyed by fire, A.D. 741, and was rebuilt a few years after by archbishop Egbert. This fabric also fell a prey to the flames, A.D. 1069.

By the exertions of Thomas, a canon of Bayeux, and chaplain to the Conqueror, by whom he was raised to the see, a more elegant building was erected; but this shared the fate of its predecessors, being burned down in the fire of 1137, which consumed the greater part of the city, including thirty-nine parish churches.

In 1171, archbishop Roger commenced rebuilding the choir and vaults in the plain Norman style. The munificence of successive archbishops and others contributed to the furtherance of the work. The south part of the transept, built by archbishop Walter Grey, is dated 1227; the whole architectural order being changed, and made of a much lighter character. The north transept, in the same style, was commenced in 1260, by John de Romayne, and the nave by his son, the archbishop, in 1291. The two western towers were begun by William de Melton, in 1330, and finished by John de Birmingham, in 1402. Two great benefactors to the work were Robert de Percy, of Bolton, who supplied a large quantity of wood, and Robert de Vavasour, who found the stone. Their memory is handed down as benefactors, by statues at the east and west ends of the cathedral.

The choir, erected by archbishop Roger, being found entirely incongruous with the other part of the building, was taken down; and the erection of a new one was commenced by archbishop Thoresby, in 1361; and in 1370, the great central tower was begun, and finished in eight years. The grand eastern window, of nine lights, at the termination of the choir, was erected in the reign of Henry IV. It is a most beautiful specimen of art, and was the work of John Thornton, of Coventry. It is embellished with nearly two hundred subjects from sacred history. Many of the windows still contain stained glass, and probably all did so at one time.

The chapter-house is a magnificent octagonal building, to which a passage leads from the north transept. It is in the decorated style of English architecture; the roof, which is very lofty, being of wood without a central pier, and most richly carved. Seven arched windows fill as many of the sides; the remaining side being solid, but so traced as to correspond with the windows. Beneath the windows are forty-four canopied stalls, the columns of which are of Petworth marble,

The cathedral suffered much from the infuriated zeal of the leaders of the great rebellion. Many figures were destroyed, tombs effaced, and brasses stolen. The grave-stones were much mutilated and stripped; a new pavement was consequently laid down in 1736, the stone for which was given by Sir Edward Gascoigne, of Parlington.

It is almost impossible to convey to the mind of the reader any adequate notion of the grandeur of this magnificent structure, although its situation is, in every respect, against it. It is surrounded by houses on all sides; consequently it is extremely difficult so to stand as to be enabled to have a comprehensive view of the edifice. But it cannot fail to strike the traveller with a sense of its awful grandeur, from whatever quarter he approaches the city, as it meets his eye, towering above the spires and buildings which surround it. The increased facility of travelling to York, now opened, will doubtless induce many to visit it, were it only to view this noble edifice; and no one who does so can possibly be disappointed. In an especial manner the architectural student will be richly recompensed, in devoting as much leisure as he can spare to the minute investigation of its various beauties; and he may rest assured that every facility for his so doing will be within his reach.

The following are the dimensions of the cathedral:—Length, from east to west, 524½ feet; breadth of east end, 105 feet; of west, 109 feet; length of transept, 222 feet; height of grand tower, 235 feet; of nave, 99 feet; height of the east window, 75 feet; breadth, 32 feet. There are ten bells, cast by the famous Mears.

It will be in the recollection of most of our readers that a fire broke out in the cathedral (Feb. 2, 1829), and that it was the work of a lunatic, Jonathan Martin, who was tried for the offence, and sentenced to confinement for life in Bethlehem Hospital, London. A chorister, passing through the yard, slipped upon a piece of ice, and fell upon his back. In this position he perceived smoke issuing from the roof. The alarm was immediately given; and on entering the cathedral, the wood-work of the choir was found to be on fire, which spreading upwards, the roof fell in. The pews were consumed, as also the organ, but the eastern window was spared. The occurrence naturally excited a great sensation throughout the kingdom, as well as in the city and county, and a liberal contribution was raised to enable the dean and chapter speedily to commence the work of restoration; this subscription amounted to 65,000*l.*; besides which, the archbishop gave the communion plate, the present earl of Scarborough the organ, the hon. sir Edward M. Vavasour, bart., the stone, and government the timber. This has been admirably done, under the superintendence of Mr. Smirke; and the visitor cannot but be struck with the chaste and elaborate style of the renovated parts, with its admirable keeping with the rest of the edifice, and, if he has visited the minister previous to the fire, with the similarity of the present choir to the old,



THE NEW MONTHLY BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

APRIL, 1845.

HARTLAND HALL.

(A TALE FOR MATCH-MAKERS.)

BY MRS. ABDY.

(Concluded from Page 135.)

On my arrival in London, I found a letter from my uncle, expressing his pleasure that I had so completely exonerated myself from having taken any share in Sidney's late reprehensible conduct, and informing me that Marian had left Hartland Hall, and gone to the Dixons; who had succeeded in persuading her that it would be highly indecorous were she longer to remain indebted to the hospitality of the friends of the man who had so unjustifiably deserted her. Several months passed by. Spring returned, with her usual bounteous allotment of green leaves, primroses, and singing-birds, for the country; and exhibitions, parliamentary speeches, and *prima donnas*, for the town. The Castletons arrived in Grosvenor Square, Sidney was continually with them, and our meetings were few and cold; the Hartlands also arrived for their usual six weeks' sojourn in a furnished house in Welbeck-street, and I paid them an early visit. I inquired after Marian Lovell, earnestly hoping to hear that she had won the heart of some rich young City merchant, and had migrated from the prison-house occupied by the Dixons in one of the narrow streets extending from Cheapside, to breathe the more healthful, although (thanks to modern novelists) not more fashionable, atmosphere of Russell or Brunswick Square. My uncle shook his head.

"I have a melancholy account to give of her," said he. "I could not have imagined grief could have done its work so successfully in so short a time. The phrase, 'dying of a broken heart,' is laughed at by medical men, and criticised by philosophers; but if ever I saw it exemplified, it is in the case of poor Marian Lovell."

"She is also," said Mrs. Hartland, "placed under peculiarly unfavourable circumstances in her present residence; it is not only close and

confined, but its inhabitants are very ill adapted to give comfort and consolation to a broken spirit. The Dixons, as I have before told you, are sordid, grasping people, who are determined to make a matter of gain and speculation of poor Marian, or rather of her ten thousand pounds; they were incensed beyond measure when her engagement to Sidney was made known to them, and actually went the length of calling your dear uncle and myself officious, ill-judging, impertinent match-makers!"

"Indeed!" I exclaimed, with a melo-dramatic start of surprise, although in my secret heart I could not help thinking that if the Dixons were equally just in all their comments on "things in general," want of discernment was by no means to be reckoned among their failings.

"Their triumph," pursued Mrs. Hartland, "when Marian wrote to inform them of Sidney's withdrawal, was undisguised and insulting; they had no sooner succeeded in persuading her to take up her residence once more with them, than they annoyed her with the pretensions of their vulgar son, whom she had always shunned and disliked, but whom they chose to assert had been encouraged by her, till discarded to make way for the accomplished fine gentleman, who, in his turn, had cast her off as an unsuitable partner for him. Marian wrote word to me of this persecution, and I earnestly entreated her either to return to Hartland Hall, or, at all events, to remove to the pleasant abode of a respectable widow lady of my acquaintance, whose moderate income would be benefited by such an inmate, and whose kind and motherly disposition would enable her to confer many benefits on the orphan girl in return; but Marian (never, you know, very strong-minded) was persuaded by Mrs. Dixon that the character of a young lady, deserted by her betrothed

husband, always lay under some kind of slur, and that it would be absolutely necessary to her respectability in society that she should live under the protection of her relations. Accordingly I gave up the point; perhaps too soon."

"A great deal too soon in my opinion, my dear aunt," I replied; "but as lawyers are not in the habit of giving up a point very easily, I should be greatly obliged if you could contrive for me some excuse for calling on Miss Lovell."

"I can readily give you that," said Mrs. Hartland. "A poem that I have promised to lend her, has just been sent to me from the booksellers; but some of the Dixons are always in the room, to my great annoyance, when I visit Marian, and no hints can prevail upon them to leave us together. How shall you manage to see her alone?"

"Leave that to me," said I, taking the book from her hand; you have given me a plea for my visit, and doubt not that I shall be able to turn it to account."

I entered the dull, smoky parlour of Mr. Dixon, ushered into it by a stunted-looking housemaid, whose dingy dress gave a very convincing testimony that the air of Cheapside did not resemble that which was eulogised by Dominic Sampson as being "favourable to wearing apparel." Marian was reclining on a faded yellow sofa, looking more pale, ill, and sorrowful than even my aunt's description had led me to anticipate; she was reading a favourite poem of Sidney's, the "Pleasures of Hope." Poor thing! the title seemed ill-suited to her; Hope had nothing to offer that could soothe or lighten the mortifications and discomforts of her present situation. Opposite to her was seated a coarse, over-dressed woman, whom she introduced to me as Mrs. Dixon; this lady was industriously employed in the formation of a dahlia-screen; a weak-eyed poodle occupied the rug, and a number of cheap, glaring paintings in heavy clumsy frames adorned the walls. Having previously settled my plan of action, I accosted Marian with cheerful carelessness, scrupulously avoiding any look or expression of sympathy. I laid down the book before her, without any reference to Mr. or Mrs. Hartland, and then devoted all my attentions to the lady of the house; asked to be allowed to examine the dahlia screen on which she was engaged, lectured on dahlias in general, and discussed the annual dahlia show at Salthill, patted the head of the poodle, and remarked, in return for his prolonged snappish growl, that "he seemed uncommonly playful;" compared the paintings to those of every celebrated artist, ancient or modern, whose name first came into my thoughts, and finally declared my conviction that a portrait must be meant for the lady of the house which she informed me, with a complacent smile, was an excellent likeness of her youngest daughter. At length, having fully established myself in her favour, I said, abruptly, to her—"My dear madam, I wish to have a little private conversation with Miss Lovell; I am too well assured of your good nature to doubt your par-

don for my very ungallant request that you will leave us alone." The lady looked half-simpering and half-sulky; but the compliment to her good nature determined her on proving herself worthy of it, and with an air of resolutely subdued shrewishness she left the room, closing the door after her, however, with no measured or modulated vibration. I determined that I would "improve the privilege" given to me as speedily as possible, and drawing my chair close to Marian, said, in a low whisper (for I deemed my portly friend who had just quitted the room quite capable of being on intimate terms with the key-hole)—"My dear Miss Lovell, from all I see, and from all I have heard, I am convinced that your residence in this house must be very unpleasant to you. Mrs. Hartland has selected another abode, which I am sure you would find preferable. Only give it a fair trial; and if you disapprove of it, you will still be at liberty either to return here, or to seek another home."

"Mrs. Hartland is very kind to think so much of my comfort," replied Marian; "so are you, Mr. Nugent; every body is kinder to me than I deserve."

I thought of Sidney, and actually felt a twinge of conscience from the mere circumstance of having once been his friend.

"The family here," pursued Marian, "have not much delicacy of feeling, but I believe them to be well meaning and well principled people; and I am at least respectably situated under their charge. In regard to health and comfort, these might be subjects of great interest to me, if I thought it was at all likely that my life would be prolonged; but I have feelings, known only to myself, which convince me that I shall not long be an inhabitant of this world. I am not formed, I know, either to ornament or benefit it, and can be well spared from among its numbers."

"Do not speak in this manner, dear Miss Lovell," I replied; "my friend, I regret to say, has acted an unworthy part towards you, but you must not judge of all mankind by him; your conduct has been exemplary, you have nothing in which you can reproach yourself."

"Much, much," interrupted Marian; "I knew, Mr. Nugent, as well as you with all your worldly experience could know, that I was quite unfitted to be the partner through life of Charles Sidney. I saw that Mr. and Mrs. Hartland, with warm though indiscreet kindness, were endeavouring to persuade him that he liked and admired me; and I felt convinced that if he really did distinguish me by his notice, he would either be softened by feelings of pity towards me, or overcome by the continual persuasions of my injudicious friends. I ought to have withdrawn myself immediately from his society. Vanity and selfishness induced me to stay; and ought not such feelings to meet with punishment? What could they in their most pernicious extent do more than prompt their votary to seek her own happiness at the expense of the misery of one whom she professed to love?"

I have suffered severely for my fault, but my repentance has equalled my suffering."

Marian ceased, evidently exhausted by the animation with which she had spoken.

I had been called hard-hearted and cold-hearted by half the ladies of my acquaintance, because I had read through "Two Old Men's Tales," and sat out the representation of Milman's "Fazio," without shedding a tear; but there was something in the touching self-reproach of this artless girl which caused me to pass my hand across my eyes; it seemed to me that she had improved both in sense and sensibility since I last saw her; and that, although like Wordsworth's "Lucy," she was

"A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love,"

she well deserved both to be praised and loved.

"One who can express herself not only so amiably, but so eloquently," said I, with energy, "cannot be unfit to be the wife of even Charles Sidney."

"Nay, do not deceive yourself," said Marian; "warm feelings on a peculiar subject may give temporary eloquence, just as the excitement of fever gives temporary strength, but I could never have been a companion to Sidney; my simple conversation, my poor acquirements, would soon have wearied and displeased him, others would have engrossed his time and thoughts, and how far more bitter would desertion then have been, than it is under the present circumstances. I have not, I believe, a rival."

"None, none," I exclaimed eagerly.

"I ought to regret, however," she continued, with a faint smile, "that I still cling to the world and the world's things so fondly as to ask such a question; it will matter little to me in the heaven to which I trust I am hastening, whether or not Sidney finds in another that happiness which he failed to meet with in me."

"You forgive him, I am sure," said I, much touched.

"Forgive him!" she repeated, "I have nothing to forgive; all blame rests with myself. Tell him so, Mr. Nugent, should he ever seem inclined to lament his conduct. Tell him that Marian Lovell, with her last breath, exonerated him from every endeavour to gain her affections; pity alone occasioned his short-lived preference of me, and if he yielded to the temptation of breaking vows so lightly taken, ought I to resent his change of determination as warmly as if I had been the long-sought, voluntarily chosen one of his heart?"

Just then Mrs. Dixon opened the door, and with great apparent satisfaction informed Marian that Dr. Bromley wished to see her in the adjoining room, and that as the time of physicians was valuable, she must not keep him waiting. Mrs. Dixon then repossessed herself of her former seat, thus plainly showing that she considered my interview with Marian at an end; and during the short absence of that

young lady, she enlarged much on the comforts of her own house, the amiability of her own family, and the satisfaction it must be to me to think that my dear young friend was so ably nursed, consoled, and amused during her illness. She was just beginning to discuss the excellent principles and lover-like devotion of her son Jacob, when, finding my temper quite unequal to the continuance of the "Very true," and "Exactly so," which I had been periodically uttering during the intervals of her long speech, I rose and took my leave. Dr. Bromley was descending the stairs at the same time with me, and as I was well acquainted with him, I did not scruple to ask for a seat in his carriage, that I might have the opportunity of obtaining some private conversation with him. I told him the plain, unvarnished facts of Marian's disappointment, and asked his frank opinion of her state of health.

"Frankly, then," said he, "I will tell you that if she continues in her present situation, breathing confined air, wearied with society worse than none at all, and constantly dwelling on romantic recollections of flowery fields, waving trees, and an intellectual, accomplished lover, I think her complaint will speedily gain ground, and death will at no great distance of time ensue. If, on the contrary, she could immediately enjoy pure air, and kind and social intercourse, and could have her mind relieved from all painful ideas, I am of opinion that there is every probability she would gradually become restored to health. At the same time I cannot allow you to derive much encouragement from what I have said; for I do not consider that her mind could ever be lightened of its grief, excepting by the return of her faithless lover, and this, I suppose, is an event quite out of possibility?"

"I fear it is," I replied; "but the trial shall at least be made. I am near Sidney's residence; this is the first visit I have paid him since I left Hartland Hall; and if I do not succeed in my mission, it shall be the last I ever pay him at all."

I found Sidney at home, and without any preface, gave him a minute account of my visit to my uncle and aunt in Welbeck-street, of that paid by me to Marian in the city, and of my subsequent conversation with Dr. Bromley. "Now, Sidney," said I, "do not fear that I am going to subject you to a lecture, an oration, or what cold, selfish people call 'a scene!' I have told you a simple narrative; I know how you ought to act, and so do you too, for you have an excellent understanding, and a feeling heart. The point, however, is not how you ought to act, but whether you have resolution and self-denial to act as you ought. I will not take advantage of a sudden appeal to your feelings by accepting your decision now; let me know it early to-morrow, and promise me that you will not 'consult Aveling.'"

"I will not," said Sidney warmly, pressing my hand: "I will only consult God and my own conscience."

I was sitting at breakfast the next morning,

when a note was delivered to me from Sidney; the contents were as follows :—

"I have decided: I renew my engagement with Marian Lovell, and sincerely repent that I ever broke it. Persuade her to go to your uncle's house, and fix what time you please for my visit to her. Your counsel, although slighted for a time, has been of value to me at last; and I may truly say, 'Faithful is the rebuke of a friend.'"

I proceeded to Welbeck-street, and without producing Sidney's note, related my interview with Marian and discourse with the physician.

Mrs. Hartland sighed heavily. "I really fear," said she, "that I put myself too forward in trying to bring about that engagement. I begin to think that match-making is a dangerous and awful responsibility!"

"Do not blame yourself alone, my love," said my uncle: "what trouble did I take in the affair! how exultingly did I reckon up the number of marriages that had taken place from introductions at Hartland Hall! Dear Marian talks of her own vanity; I am afraid I may blush for mine."

I let my worthy relatives blame themselves without interruption or contradiction, and then told them of my visit to Sidney, and produced his note. Their feelings of self-condemnation quickly disappeared, and they even asserted that they had felt sure all along the business would end happily at last! My aunt then began to be full of doubts and fears respecting the practicability of getting Marian quietly away from the Dixons, predicting that the account of Sidney's renewed proposals would throw her into hysterics, and that Mr. Dixon would assume the authority of a guardian, by insisting that she should not be removed from his house.

"As to Mr. Dixon and his authority," I replied, "it ceases to exist to-morrow. I remember Miss Lovell once mentioned at Hartland Hall the day when she would attain the age of one-and-twenty; and having a tolerably good memory even for the dry detail of dates, I can bring it to bear very satisfactorily on the present occasion."

"But," persisted my aunt, "without having any legal right to detain Marian, the Dixons might oppose her departure."

"I can prevent all danger of that," said I calmly.

"Surely," exclaimed my aunt, "you will not call in the police?"

"Call in the police!" I repeated—"I am astonished that a lady who reads romances, poems, and tragedies should have such unrefined notions. You are very fond of Joanna Baillie's drama of 'Orra;' suppose we borrow a hint from it, and get up a cavalcade of apparitions. I shall be quite willing to take charge of Marian in the character of the Spectre Huntsman!"

"Instead of jesting with my foolish fears," said my aunt, "will you endeavour to relieve my just ones? In Marian's present state of health, I think the communication you are about

to make to her will very probably unfit her for the slightest exertion or contention."

"I quite agree with you," said I; "and I promise that in the course of this very morning I will bring Marian to you, perfectly calm and composed, and that her departure from her guardian's house shall not have disturbed the progress of a single leaf in Mrs. Dixon's dahlia screen."

My uncle and aunt united in protesting that I should evince surpassing cleverness if I brought this scheme to bear; but I plainly saw that, in their own minds, they considered I was boasting of more than I should be able to perform. My plan, however, like that of Columbus for setting an egg upright, appeared very easy after it was carried into execution. I called on Dr. Bromley, and asked his assistance in the affair; and, in pursuance of my directions, he drove immediately to Mr. Dixon's, felt Marian's pulse, pronounced her much better, and advised her to take a short airing with him in his carriage. Even Mrs. Dixon could not suspect that the Doctor, a married man, with a practice of five thousand a-year, could have any design on Marian's person or fortune; and Marian herself, who felt both gratitude and esteem for him, and was well disposed to escape for an hour or two from Cheapside and the Dixons, willingly consented. Dr. Bromley talked to her on indifferent subjects, and until the carriage reached Welbeck-street, did not even tell her that he meant to take her to call on her friends the Hartlands. He entered the drawing-room with her, briefly told Mrs. Hartland that she was yet unacquainted with any particular reason for coming, and then took his leave. I had undertaken the task of addressing Marian, for I knew that good news sometimes requires to be broken with as much caution as bad; and the hysterics so much dreaded by my aunt fortunately did not make their appearance. Poor Marian, however, had some scruples in accepting what she conceived to be a sacrifice of inclination to duty on the part of Sidney; but I soon overruled them, and left her in the actual enjoyment of those "Pleasures of Hope" which she had been so tearfully studying when I last saw her. I proceeded to Cheapside, strong in the consciousness that Marian was "of age to-morrow." I acquainted Mr. Dixon with the renewal of his ward's engagement, and begged to have her goods and chattels forwarded to Welbeck-street at the first convenient opportunity. Mr. Dixon seemed fearful to trust himself to speak so impertinently as he wished to do; but his lady was restrained by no such motives of prudence, and after reproaching me with my hypocritical civility towards her, and my entrance into her house under false pretences, she lavished so long a string of bitter epithets on me, that at last I had recourse to the measure of taking out my ivory tablets, and writing down all she said. This plan succeeded: her son eagerly jogged her elbow, and whispered, "Don't you remember he is a lawyer, mother? Every word you have spoken is actionable!"

This silenced the lady's eloquence, and I took the favourable opportunity of making my escape, highly gratified with the effect produced by my "pencilings by the way." I next called on Sidney, walked with him to Welbeck-street, and had the satisfaction of seeing Marian go through the interview with tolerable firmness, and then finding that, according to the computation of modern hours, part of the morning still remained to me, I called at the Earl of Castletons. A friend of mine, who was busily engaged in electioneering, once said to me, "Always canvass the daughters of a family first;" accordingly I requested to be shown into the music-room, from whence the voices of the young ladies were then proceeding. I requested their attention to a subject of particular importance to me, and to their cousin, and told them the whole story of Marian's past sufferings and present happiness. I decorated my tale with as many flowers of eloquence as I could possibly summon at my bidding, and Lady Charlotte looked almost as much excited and interested as if she had been reading a cleverly wrought-up story in one of the annuals or magazines. Lady Lucilla was still more affected: herself engaged in marriage, she could well imagine how severely the pang of desertion must be felt by an affectionate heart: she had chosen to imagine Marian one of those every-day characters, whose code of constancy is regulated by the burden of the old ballad—

"I'll prove true to my love,
If my love will prove true to me!"

and had (as I am ashamed to confess I once did myself) consigned her in her own mind to wedlock with a wealthy citizen, never dreaming that she possessed that romantic tenderness of feeling which could induce her to "pine in thought" because "she was in love, and he she loved forsook her." Lord Aveling, who had joined our party just as I began my story, did not, as I had feared, interrupt me with ironical comments or incredulous questions, but joined in the commiseration expressed by his sisters for the poor suffering Marian, and declared that Sidney had acted like the noble fellow he always took him to be in renewing his addresses to her. Having thus propitiated the younger branches of the house, I found my task very easy with the Earl and Countess; and they even volunteered that mark of favour which I had felt earnestly desirous to solicit them to extend to Marian, namely, an early visit, for the purpose of being introduced to her as the affianced bride of their nephew. Sidney was truly grateful to me for my good offices, but I could perceive that he was rather nervous about the proposed visit: he had always anticipated with dread the presentation of Marian to his intellectual and polished young cousins. Nothing, however, could pass off better than the interview; and the most severe of blues, or most exclusive of fashionists, could scarcely have found it in her heart to despise or criticise the pale, gentle

girl, who, amidst all the languor of indisposition, could yet unaffectedly and deeply evince her tenderness towards Sidney, and her grateful sense of the kindness and encouragement of his relatives. The Castletons were on the point of leaving town for their country seat, and Sidney and Marian received and accepted a warm invitation to visit them there immediately after their nuptials.

Some weeks elapsed. I was happy to observe that Sidney not only enjoyed peace of mind, but cheerfulness of spirit. The former may always be secured by one who has strength and self-denial enough to tread the plain path of duty, regardless of the thorns with which it may be strewn; but the latter is not so easily to be commanded. Sidney, however, was really becoming attached to Marian; her love to himself, which had carried her almost to the brink of the grave, and the meek devotion with which on every occasion she studied to discover and promote his wishes, evidently touched and affected him; and the tenderness and kindness of his manners towards her was all that either herself or her friends could have wished. In fact, poor Marian was *too* happy; she was placed on a pinnacle of felicity so far transcending anything that she had presumed to picture to herself, that she became nervously apprehensive of some sudden change in her destiny; she imagined that her only chance of retaining Sidney's affection must arise from the improvement of her mind, and having procured from him a long list of his favourite authors, the early sun often witnessed her studies, and the midnight lamp shed its dim light on them. Her frame and spirits were supported for a time by the excitement of this novel pursuit, and the imagined necessity of its continuance; but both, I felt convinced, would ultimately sink under her exertions.

Were I to enumerate the books that Marian read, I am aware that many an intellectual woman would exclaim, "Why these are not dry, heavy, tedious folios; but works of elegant and entertaining literature, which ought rather to be regarded as a relaxation from study than as a study in themselves." But, alas! to those who do not love reading, and who have not been habituated to it in early life, the labour of understanding and remembering *any* work is painful, more especially if they feel they shall be called upon to give an account of their proficiency to one already on the summit of that "hill of science" which they are beginning feebly and imperfectly to climb.

Having remonstrated, ineffectually, with Marian, I spoke to Dr. Bromley on the subject.

"It is all very wrong," said he, shaking his head, "but what can I do or say? I predicted that Miss Lovell would die unless her lover returned to her, and I cannot, with any consistency, order him away. The best thing to be done is to hurry the wedding as much as possible. She is now suffering from the extreme of happiness, and marriage will be a very good way of making her sensible that there are a few evils and troubles, as well as pleasures, in the

world. As for all this studying and poring over books, young ladies may do it to please a literary lover; but wives, unless their own taste should lie that way, will never think it worth while to spoil their eyes and puzzle their heads for the sake of astonishing a husband with their daily instalments of learning."

"That observation may apply to most wives," I replied, "but not to Marian. I am convinced that she will exert herself even more earnestly to please Sidney in future than she does at present, and I can only hope that her spirits and strength will prove equal to the demands she will make on them. She has, certainly, wonderfully improved in health since I called on her in Cheap-side; her looks are quite different."

"Her looks!" repeated the doctor, with somewhat of professional disdain in his accent; "that is just the way in which inexperienced people talk. Let me tell you that damask cheeks and sparkling eyes are frequently symptomatic of a far more dangerous complaint than if the one were pale, and the other dim. I am seriously uneasy about Miss Lovell; she has been for some months in a state of constant nervous excitement, either from pain or pleasure; and much care will be necessary, both on her own part and that of her friends, to subdue her mind to its usual state of—I was going to say 'calmness,' but as Sidney is not here, I will venture to substitute 'dulness.'"

The doctor soon took his leave, and I could not help mournfully saying to myself, "Is the gifted Sidney to be united to a wife whose only chance of health lies in having her mind subdued to its natural state of dulness?" Regret, however, was useless; and, feeling that we had all acted for the best, I could only hope that all might yet turn out for the best.

The wedding-day arrived; our party was small; but all, to use a popular phrase, "went off extremely well;" and when we returned from the church, my aunt, with true feminine feeling, could not help whispering to me "Does not Marian look uncommonly well to-day? You used to maintain that she was plain, but I think even you must allow that any one would call her pretty in that sweet little chip hat and orange blossoms." I assented, but I was silently reflecting on the opinion that Dr. Bromley had given respecting the danger of bright eyes and glowing cheeks, and I should have felt glad that the bride had looked rather more like the Marian Lovell of my first acquaintance. After breakfast we proceeded on the journey (in which Lady Castleton's invitation had included me), and Marian neither appeared fatigued by a drive of twenty miles, nor overcome by her introduction to the splendid family seat of her husband's relations. In fact, I must do the Castletons the justice to say that their conduct on this occasion was the perfection of good taste, good breeding, and I hope I may add good feeling; had Marian been everything they could have wished in the bride of their relation, they could not have behaved to her with more kind and courteous attention. None were present but their own

family; they carefully refrained from being too brilliant and intellectual, and Marian was enabled to join in their conversation on equal terms, and without being compelled to feel that they were bending down their abilities to the standard of her comprehension. I retired to rest, perfectly satisfied with the events of the day; yet, while not for a moment repenting that I had been instrumental in bringing about the marriage, I could not help thinking that it might have been better for the happiness of Sidney, Marian, and all connected with them, if my worthy uncle and aunt had never found out, to use one of their favourite phrases, that "the young people were born for each other."

The next day some guests arrived; they were strangers to Sidney (the Castletons had judged discreetly in not inviting any of those who had been so much delighted and dazzled with him on his former visit); they were pleasing and well bred, but not particularly intelligent or enlightened; they saw no defects in the young bride, and even volunteered an observation on her prettiness, which I took care to repeat to Sidney; in fact, she would not have struck any body, who saw her now for the first time, as either plain or dull, for her countenance and manner were animated with a degree of spirit quite at variance with her usual appearance. This day also passed cheerfully and rapidly; the ensuing morning some of the party drove out for several hours, and we returned about two hours before dinner. I went soon afterwards into the drawing-room, and found Sidney busily employed in writing. "See," he said, holding out to me a paper, "I have prepared an agreeable surprise for Marian; I have addressed some verses to her, and I shall put them within a book which she is anxious to finish, and which I know she intends to read before dinner. I read the verses with pleasure, not only on account of their poetical beauty, but because they breathed a spirit of content and tranquillity, and because I knew that they would be gratifying beyond measure to the affectionate and humble-minded Marian. He placed them within the leaves of the book in question, and we left the room. About an hour afterwards I felt anxious to know if Marian had discovered the treasure in store for her. I softly entered the drawing-room; she was sitting by the table; the book was open, and the paper lay unfolded upon it; she was reclining her head upon her hand, and poring over the writing. She did not turn round when she heard the door open; she was evidently absorbed in thought. I spoke to her in a cheerful tone; she did not answer me; her feelings had evidently been too highly wrought for the power of speech. Wishing to arouse her by some act of playfulness, I bent over her and laid hold of the paper; it was wet with her tears; she did not attempt to prevent me, or seem conscious of my action; she was, I feared, in a swoon. I hastily raised her from her recumbent posture; alas! the wan countenance, the motionless limbs, too plainly told me that death had done his fatal work upon her; the sudden surprise so kindly meant by Sidney had

given the last shock to an over-excited system, and even the relief of tears had failed to avert the impending stroke of the destroyer. And from what source did those tears arise? Were they from a feeling of happiness that she should be dearer to Sidney than she had ever hoped to be, or did they proceed from the painful consciousness that she was united to one whose brilliant and expansive mind would teach him ere long to despise the insignificance and poverty of her own? None can know, none can penetrate her last feeling; but whether it were one of tender gratitude or of meek humility, it was well in accordance with the general tenor of her gentle and unoffending life and character.

I immediately rang the bell, and sent for medical assistance; not because I believed that it could be of the slightest service, but because I wished to soften the shock to the bereaved husband. The family assembled, and the general belief, in which Sidney joined, was, that Marian was in a deep swoon; when, however, the physician arrived, and the truth became known, I cannot describe the agony felt by my poor friend; compulsion alone could remove him from the chamber of his wife; and when, by my desire, he was left alone with me, the bitterness of his self-reproach was such that I involuntarily began to extenuate to him his fault in breaking off his engagement with Marian.

"Do not suffer your friendship for one who is unworthy of it, Nugent," said he, "to obscure your better principle. I shall never forget the forcible arguments used by you when I endeavoured, with weak and wicked sophistry, to persuade myself that my faithlessness to Marian was harmless and justifiable; you painted to me, in the strongest colours, the miseries of repentance that I was preparing for myself, and you have proved as true a prophet as you were an honest censor. In the sight of heaven, I feel I must be considered as the murderer of this meek and injured girl, and all the soothing palliations that can be offered to me by man seem but as mockeries of my crime and of my suffering."

"Calm yourself, dear Sidney," I rejoined; "you did not, you could not anticipate the fatal result of your conduct."

"I did not," he exclaimed; "and why? Because I was blinded by vanity, and hardened by selfishness. I gave up her to whom I had voluntarily plighted my troth, for the sake of the world; and she has been taken from me by heaven, leaving me to encounter that cold, false world alone, burdened with the perpetual torments of an accusing conscience."

"Time, which is the great soother of all our griefs, will heal yours," I said.

"Never," he replied passionately; "time may indeed soothe the woes of those whose sufferings have been inflicted on them by others, but mine have been traced out for me by myself; my tardy penitence came too late to save my gentle Marian; and, even while I vowed to love and cherish her, the cruel arrow struck to her heart by me was too surely completing its task of destruction. I am parted from her on earth;

I am never likely to be united to her in heaven; I am unworthy to meet her there."

This last observation of Sidney's gave me an opportunity of speaking comfort to him with more freedom and confidence than I had been able to do in the early part of our conversation. I represented to him how utterly unworthy the best and most exemplary among us would be to reach heaven on account of our own merits, and that we could only hope to be received there through the intercession, and by means of the sacrifice of our Redeemer. While admitting the culpability of his conduct to Marian, I told him that none of us could sin against another so much as we had all sinned against God; and that we could only hope for the acceptance of our assurances of repentance, by constantly laying them at the throne of our merciful Creator in prayer. I left him, comparatively calmed and soothed, to his secret thoughts and devotions, and then sought Lord Castleton, to confer with him on the late mournful occurrence. I will pass over the events of the next few days: poor Marian was interred with a splendid pomp, little suited to her humble disposition and quiet station of life; and I returned to London, and endeavoured to speak consolation to my uncle and aunt, who severely reproached themselves for not having taken my advice in the first instance, when I recommended them to give up all thoughts of promoting an union between Sidney and Marian. I am naturally rather vain of my quickness in forming an opinion, and sagacity in giving advice; but so deeply was I affected by the late tragical event, that neither the assurances of my uncle and aunt, nor of Sidney, that they bitterly repented their neglect of my counsel, gave me any feeling of complacency. I could only in each case think of every argument in my power by which to reconcile my penitents to themselves; the task was comparatively easy with Mr. and Mrs. Hartland, since they had intended for the best, and only erred against good judgment, not against good feeling; but Sidney still refused to be comforted, secluding himself from society, and passing his days in unavailing lamentation. Another, though a lesser trial, was added to that which he had recently undergone. Immediately after Marian's funeral, I received a brief, sharp letter from Mr. Dixon, begging to know whether I could give him any particulars respecting her will. Now it happened that I could give him very accurate particulars respecting it. Marian's ten thousand pounds had been secured to herself previous to her marriage, and Sidney had desired me to draw the settlement in the most liberal way, giving her the power to will away not only the principal, but the interest, as she liked; and, in default of any will, giving the whole to her next of kin. I had been so used to the eager avidity with which bridegrooms elect begged that I would not fail to secure them at least a life-interest in the property of their wives, that I raised an objection to this clause, in which Marian, who had entered while we were speaking, warmly concurred with me; but Sidney was absolute, and the settlement was

drawn as he directed. Marian, however, to whom in this case affection gave all the quickness in which she was naturally deficient, devised a counter-plot of disinterestedness; she requested me privately to draw out a will for her, in which she bequeathed the whole of her property to her husband, accompanied by an earnest injunction that he would suffer no representations to induce him to sacrifice any portion of it to certain members of her family, who she felt convinced would endeavour by every means in their power to exact it from him. "This will Marian signed immediately after her marriage, and placed in my possession, and at a proper time I produced it, to the great surprise of Sidney, whose heart had been too full of sorrow for Marian to give one thought to the disposition of her property. This information I conveyed to Mr. Dixon, and it produced a letter cruelly coarse and illiberal; and sent, not to me, who could have borne it well, and answered it with energy, but to the poor grief-stricken Sidney.

The accusations that he brought against him were three-fold, and arranged with as much exactness as if they were the counts of an indictment: first, that he had given a death-blow to Marian by his barbarous and unprincipled desertion; secondly, that he had only renewed his addresses because he felt convinced that she had but a few weeks to live; and thirdly, that he had exerted his influence to induce her to make a will, which, both in letter and spirit, determinately excluded from any participation in her property the relatives whose house and heart had been open to her in the season of her affliction. It was a well expressed letter, for Mr. Dixon was not deficient in natural abilities, and when we write from strong excitement, we usually write with decision and animation. Sidney brought it to me. "Read this," he said. "You have sometimes told me that I was proud; must not my pride be sufficiently humbled in receiving such a letter, and feeling that I have deserved to receive it?"

"How can you say that you have deserved it, Sidney?" I exclaimed, when I had read it. "You had every reason, both from my representation and that of Dr. Bromley, to believe that Marian's health would be restored with her happiness; and in respect to her will, I can bear witness from her own testimony, that I was the only person acquainted with the purport of it."

"True," replied Sidney, "but the first accusation in the letter is too well founded; and when we have once sinned deeply, can we wonder that our enemies should impute to us sin of a yet deeper dye than we had ever thought of committing?"

"You should soar above the paltry malice of such a man as Mr. Dixon," I said.

"I cannot do it, Nugent," he replied; "coarse, sordid, and malignant as I allow Mr. Dixon to be, he is my superior. I have never heard his honour impeached; I have never heard that he failed in any of the duties of life. His wife, vulgar and repulsive though she be, was wooed,

won, and wedded by him, without wounding her feelings, or trifling with her peace; and should she die, he will not be haunted through life by the tormenting conviction that he has destroyed her."

I endeavoured to dissuade Sidney from returning any answer to Mr. Dixon's letter; but the natural pride of disposition to which he had alluded was so completely humbled by remorse of conscience, that he wrote a mild and deprecating reply, in which, while acknowledging all that had been culpable in his conduct, he defended himself from the undeserved imputations that had been cast on him, and assured him that he would willingly have relinquished to him the property of Marian, had he not been expressly prevented from doing so by her last request. Mr. Dixon—who was something like a nettle, always disposed to sting any one who touched him with a gentle hand—returned an abusive answer to Sidney's letter, in which he expressed his unqualified disbelief of the whole of his exculpations, and sneered at the magnanimity with which he alluded to the sacrifice of money which at the same time he declared himself resolved to keep. I succeeded in persuading Sidney to let this letter remain unanswered; but Mr. Dixon contrived to spread abroad his calumnies in every direction, and they were believed by many of his auditors, some of them being always eager to give ear to a tale of scandal of any description, and others delighting in the degradation of one so lavishly gifted with every personal and mental attraction as Sidney.

A year has elapsed since the death of Marian. How often, in that space of time, have I seen the once sorrowing widower converted into the gay man of the world; perhaps the lover of a second chosen one, perhaps the partner of a second bride! but Sidney, although the first violence and acuteness of his grief are abated, has lost all his spirits and all his inclination for company. He occasionally visits at Lord Castleton's, but his cousins no longer court or enjoy his society: their regard for him was merely founded on the selfish vanity of possessing a brilliant and intellectual relative, and now that he can no longer amuse the admiring circle with wit and song, they are perfectly disposed to unite in his own opinion that home is the most fitting place for him.

It seems singular that he should scarcely ever associate with the family whose fascinations were the original cause of unsettling his mind and alienating his principles, but it is not more singular than true; and we may rely on it that whenever we sacrifice duties to pleasures, we shall find that, from some cause or other, the latter will speedily become tasteless and unsatisfying to us.

The last year has also wrought a great change in my uncle and aunt; they have given over all traffic and interference in affairs of the affections; they are contented to pair canary birds, china jars, and alabaster vases, and wisely leave hearts to pair themselves; convinced that the most solemn and important act of life is not

to be wantonly trifled with, even by good-natured and benevolent officiousness.

Hartland Hall is still a cheerful and hospitable mansion, but the system so long pursued by its owners of throwing young people together is at an end; the book of duets is no longer ostentatiously laid on the top of the music-stand, but only "comes when called for;" and if a tender glance be shot across the table or piano, it must take its own chance of reaching its destination, it meets with no "conductor" in the lady or gentleman of the house.

My uncle and aunt have somewhat lost in popularity by this alteration, but they have greatly gained in respectability; if their name be less often mentioned with a smile, it is never mentioned with a sneer; if they are no longer entitled to the gratitude of an occasional happy couple, they are freed from the upbraidings of twenty discontented ones, and they pass through life beloved and esteemed by all who know them, universally admitted to be kind and valuable friends, and rapidly losing the title of Match-makers.

SPRING FLOWERS.

Flowers of the Spring! flowers of the Spring!
An odour sweet on the gale ye fling.
Oh, how beautiful is your bloom,
Visitors fair from the darksome tomb!
Visitors fair of the valley and dell,
Like a gleam of light in their depths ye dwell.
I welcome you back to your native bowers,
Bright and beautiful, sweet, wild flowers!

Beautiful gems! beautiful gems!
The zephyr is bending your fragile stems;
And the maiden is wreathing your petals fair,
In the flowing curl of her raven hair:
The cottager's child, with his mirthful eye,
Speeds over the hill where the sunbeams lie;
And waves in the breeze of noon-tide hours,
The snow-drop and daisy—the sweet wild flowers!

Flowers of the Spring! flowers of the Spring!
A joy to the grief-worn heart ye bring.
Like beautiful dreams of the past ye come,
To remind us of youth and childhood's home;
And ye whisper of forms that have flitted away
To the gloom of the grave, the dwelling of clay—
Of the hearts that once beat in rapture with ours,
That were blooming then, e'en as ye, sweet flowers!

Short is your stay—short is your stay,
Emblems of love, ere ye haste away:
But ye teach a true lesson to thinking man—
How frail his being, his life a span!
And as ye decline in your beauty from earth,
'Neath the smiles of the sun that shone on your birth,
Ye speak of a realm in the heavens made,
Where no eye may weep, and no bloom shall fade.
GEORGE BAYLEY.

The joys of dissipation are like gaudy colours, which for a moment attract, but soon oppress; while the satisfactions of home resemble the green robe of nature, on which the eye always loves to rest.

THE DREAM.

I dream'd a dream, a joyous dream—
A dream of days long past;
Of many a bright and happy scene,
Too bright, indeed, to last.

For in that dream didst thou appear,
In all the glorious pride
Of beauty, once again to cheer
Him who had call'd thee Bride!

Ah, well-beloved! oft have I
In silence mourn'd for thee;
In solitude, when none were nigh,
My sacred grief to see.

And often, when the world believ'd
My heart most light and gay,
They little knew, of thee bereav'd,
How sad I turn'd away.

And when I woke from that bright dream,
What grief oppress my heart,
To find it but a faded scene—
Unreal—form'd to depart!

And yet I bless'd it, for it cheer'd
The solitude of night;
And 'twas thine image that endear'd
The vision to my sight.

Farewell! farewell! thou'rt happier now
Than in this world of pain;
An angel's crown is on thy brow;
Oh, may we meet again!
AUGUSTUS PEQUEUR.

FORBID IT NOT.

(On forbidding a child to laugh.)

Forbid it not—that laughing face
Of childish manner free:
The world too soon, alas! will chase
Youth's innocence and glee.

Forbid it not—that merry voice:
The heart speaks in its tone;
The heart, whose aim is to rejoice,
And make its gladness known.

Forbid it not—that sportive air:
Oh, rather share its mirth;
For who would cloud the brow with care,
Or mar the joys of earth?

Light-hearted one! be happy here,
While blissful hopes are thine;
So prosperous be thy life's career,
That ne'er may'st thou repine.

CLARA PAYNE.

Persons often indulge themselves with painting their distresses in the highest colours, but forget to relieve the dark shades by the light of those happy circumstances which tend on their station of life.

ENGLAND'S WELCOME TO AMERICAN
GENIUS.

BY DINAH MARIA MULOCK.

A voice from the west ! a voice from the west !
 The new world starts from oblivion's rest :
 The light of knowledge is o'er her breaking,
 The voice of Poesy loud awaking.
 Her children look'd on her glorious land,
 Her green savannahs, her wide-spread strand ;
 Where the pilgrim fathers stay'd their feet,
 And prayerful, welcom'd a home so sweet.
 Here were no relics of days gone by,
 But the face of Nature—all Poesy ;
 No rivers hallow'd in ancient song,
 But the Susquehannah slow glided along ;
 And the wild Missouri roll'd on to the deep,
 By the unmark'd graves where crush'd nations sleep :
 And Niagara lifted its giant voice
 To the God that form'd it, in mad rejoice ;
 And the boundless forests, in silence dim,
 Or in leafy music, all worshipp'd Him !
 Her children saw, and new feelings burst
 In their hearts—'twas Poesy, pure as first
 She sprang from Nature, and Beauty, and Love ;
 And her soul, heaven-born, return'd singing above.
 Then rose a youthful and goodly band,
 Through the length and breadth of America's land :
 The Poet spake ; though his song was rude,
 'Twas with freshness from Nature's fount imbued :
 Through the child's faint lisping a spirit ran,
 That would burst into might in the perfect man.

First in the rank came that gentle mind,
 Who, pure high thoughts in sweet verse enshrin'd—
 The priest of Solitude's altars ; he woo'd
 Fair Nature, the beautiful, and the good.
 Hail to thee, Bryant ! Though grey-hair'd now,
 May the evening wind kiss thine aged brow
 In fondness, the forests bend down to greet,
 And the rivers flow soft by their minstrel's feet.

And thou, O wizard ! who mad'st us quail,
 Or melt in love o'er thy Indian tale
 Of Hawk-eye, the serpent, or Uncas brave,
 And the pale-face maiden he died to save ;
 Hail ! chronicler of a noble race,
 Who have vanish'd like mist from the mountain's
 face :

Each beautiful tale that our fancy stole,
 Shows the Poet's eye and the Poet's soul !

Welcome, ye brother band, who dwell*
 In the forest solitudes ; drink of the well,
 And feed on the roots that earth's bounty proffers,
 Scorning the rich man's feasts and coffers :
 From your dwelling lonely, your voice, truth-fraught,
 Goes forth, full of deep and earnest thought.
 Speed on, O noble and valiant few !
 There is seed to be sown, there is work to do :
 A higher life man aspires to reach ;
 The ideal, the life of the soul ye teach.
 Honour to those who, to you allied,
 Have striven this rising spirit to guide ;
 Some that are living, some that are gone—
 All honour to Channing and Emerson !

* The Boston Transcendentalists.

And hail to those lesser stars, that gem
 America's poet-diadem—
 Willis and Halleck, and him whose lyre
 Rung of New England with patriot fire ; *
 And her, whose soft woman's soul imbues
 With tenderness deep her gentler muse ; †
 And Longfellow, greater far than these,
 With his sweet and unearthly reveries,
 Which a spirit of human love still warms,
 Folding mankind in its world-wide arms.
 And oh, more than all, that young, noble soul,
 The purest and loftiest of the whole—
 Lowell ! Heaven speed thee in thy bright path :
 Show thou the true-born poet hath
 A higher, more glorious course to run,
 Even like his prototype the Sun,
 Who not only shines to cheer and bless,
 But warms, and quickens, and nourishes—
 Show thou that, in his immortal birth,
 Is the Poet to man as the Sun to earth.

Go boldly forth, ye sons of the west,
 Progressing onward in Truth's light blest :
 Teach the uncultur'd, and guide the strong,
 And rule wild hearts by the might of song.
 Even now the Poet's bright spell is laid
 On the land ; rude spirits are by it sway'd.
 Those fields of battle, whose very name
 Would dye our ancestors' cheeks with shame,
 And make your fathers' stern eyes flash fire,
 Are peacefully hymn'd by the Poet's lyre.
 We grudge not the triumphs your bold sires won,
 Nor shrink at the name of Lexington.
 True, the branch was rent with a struggle sore,
 But the wound it left has been long heal'd o'er ;
 And the children of those who as foes did stand,
 Now stretch o'er the ocean a brother's hand.

Go on, brave spirits ! the path is free—
 Go on, and fulfil your high destiny :
 This task is yours, O true-hearted band :
 Ye are pioneers of that western land—
 Ye are labourers in an untill'd ground,
 And thorns and briars your steps surround :
 The work may linger, rude hands may spoil ;
 Ye may find a hard and unfruitful soil ;
 But shrink not ! Though ye may sow in fears,
 And water the good seed with many tears,
 Ye shall reap rich harvest in after-years.

SONG.

They tell me that thy vows are broken,
 Words recall'd, and love forgot ;
 But from *thy* lips I'll hear it spoken,
 Or, dearest, I'll believe it not.

Though I try to hide my feeling,
 Though I heed not what they say,
 Yet the hot tear oft is stealing
 When I fain would seem most gay.

Whilst thou treasurest that token—
 Pledge of hope when love was new—
 I will deem thy vows unbroken,
 Heart unchanged, and love still true.

Bucks.

K. E. L.

* Whittier.
† Mrs. Sigourney.

FLORENCE; OR, WOMAN'S FRIENDSHIP.

(A Domestic Tale.)

BY GRACE AGUILAR.

(Continued from Page 156.)

"To show us how divine a thing
A woman may be made."
WORDSWORTH.

CHAP. XLVI.

Four, five months had passed since Lord Edgmere's family commenced their tour. Wales, the Lakes, the Bowers—by Scott's immortalizing pen made famous—Melrose, Abbotsford, and Auld Reekie herself, had all been visited; and never, certainly, had tourist been more alive to the beauties of nature, or more inclined to enjoy the delights and love the disagreeables of travelling, than this happy party. An unlooked-for rencontre greatly heightened Lady Mary's and Melford's enjoyment. At the house of a friend in Edinburgh they happened to meet the identical Mrs. Major Hardwicke, who, when Flora Leslie, had occasioned Florence so much misery. That her marriage had been productive of as much happiness as is generally found in elopements (*i. e.*, none at all) was not sufficient for Melford. He had resolved that she should know that her nefarious plans had all failed in their intended effect of estranging Florence from Lady St. Maur, and smart under the knowledge. He succeeded to his heart's content: although fairly puzzled as to whether or not he had identified her with the Flora Leslie of whom he spoke, she winced under his words. He had commenced the subject so naturally, and led her to listen with such professional skill (be it remembered he was a barrister), that there was no retreat, no possibility of changing the subject. And both Melford and Lady Mary, with pardonable satisfaction, rejoiced in the pain and terror lest she should betray her own identity, which the former's quiet conversation caused. She never met them again; but Florence was fully avenged; far more so, indeed, than her own forgiving spirit would have either permitted or approved.

The middle of December was to find Lord Edgmere's party at home again, in their fine old baronial mansion, within a seven-mile ride of Amersley; and it was about the commencement of November that they were comfortably ensconced for a week or ten days in a picturesque little hotel on the banks of Loch Lomond, en-

joying the full beauty of the autumnal tints in the magnificent scenery around them.

"What has become of Frank this morning?" inquired Lady Mary, entering the luncheon-room one day, followed by her faithful cavalier, Alfred Melford, with whom the morning had been passed in a *tête-à-tête* ramble.

"Nobody seems to know. Minie, you are generally acquainted with his movements. What has become of him—can you tell?"

"Indeed you make me a person of infinitely more importance than I am, my dear Lady Mary," she innocently replied, perfectly unconscious that the question was so marked; "I only know he said something last night about exploring some rocky fall or other, too dangerous for the soberly inclined, and even for me; and too adventurous for you and Mr. Melford, as it needed rather more caution than you would just at present be inclined to take," she added, with a mischievous smile.

"He is very impertinent—and so are you, Miss Minie, for repeating and enjoying his pertness," replied Lady Mary, threateningly holding up her hand.

"By the way, so he did; I remember it now," exclaimed Melford at the same moment.

"How came you to be so wonderfully oblivious, my learned counsellor?" said Lord Edgmere, laughing.

"Eyes, ears, and mind were all so pleasurably employed in the present tense, that memory had no space for the past, my Lord, though it only extended to last night," replied the young man, laughing also. "But he ought to be at home now, for he promised not to be later than two."

"I only hope his love of adventure will not end in an accident. Those brakes and hollows which he resolved to explore are full of hidden dangers. If either his horse's or his own foot slip, I would not answer for the consequences," quickly observed Lord Henry Villiers.

"Oh, never fear for him," answered Melford, "he has more lives than a cat, or he would have been dead long ago. I warned him how dreadfully slippery the heavy rains

had made the unfrequented roads, but he only laughed at me."

"Minie! have you been out this morning? You have either taken too long a walk, or not been out at all, for you are as white as your collar. Mamma, why did you not keep her in better order?" said Lady Mary, fixing a very meaning look on the young girl's face, whose paleness was instantly lost in a glowing blush; and she answered, hurriedly, "Indeed I have been out. Algernon took me a lovely walk, though not as long a one as usual."

"It might have been much longer," gaily rejoined the young viscount; "but the keen air from the lake had created in me such a giant appetite, that Minie took pity on me, and returned sooner than we otherwise should have done. Aunt Mary, have the kindness to give me some of that fine Scotch dish, name unpronounceable, which you have near you. You and Mr. Melford may contrive to keep your hunger within bounds; as I have heard, love never thinks of eating. Now I have no such pleasant succedaneum, so must e'en look to solids for recreation. Grandmamma, is there any chance of my dying of decline produced from starvation? You were sadly afraid for me before we began to travel. What do you say, now?"

"I thank God my fears are groundless, my dear boy," replied Lady Edgemere, with emotion, for the early death of her eldest son ever made her tremble for his heir.

"Why what in the world has come to William?" continued the boy, springing up from his substantial repast; "look how he is flying down the garden, as if a set of hounds were at his heels. Well, what is it, Will? Scared by all the bogies of the lake?" he added, laughing, as the parlour door burst open and the person of whom he spoke appeared, looking white with terror.

"My master—my poor master!" were the first words intelligible. "They say his horse was seen to leap the precipice yonder—dashed to pieces with the fall. Oh! what has become of my dear, dear master?"

"He is here, you faithful idiot!" replied a well known voice, some yards behind him; and before the exclamations of horror the sudden start occasioned by William's terrible information had subsided, Frank Howard stood in the midst of the group, without a soil or stain, or any visible mark of danger. "Before you frighten all my friends another time, my good fellow, be sure that your master is dashed to pieces, as well as his horse. Poor fellow, that is loss enough for me, but not quite sufficient to terrify every one thus. Do not shake so, man, and stare at me as if you saw my ghost instead of flesh and blood. I tell you I am safe and well, even unhurt; in just sufficient danger to bid me thank God it was no worse. Now go; there's a good fellow. I am afraid you have frightened others as much as yourself," he added, turning away to hide his emotion, as his servant caught his hand and sobbed over it like a child, and then hastily retired, trying to

beg pardon. The relief was as sudden as the shock, and the nerves of the luncheon-party had, in consequence, for the most part, recovered their equilibrium before Howard had done speaking; but on one amongst them the effect of the shock was rather more severe. Minie Leslie had sprung up with a faint suppressed cry on William's first words, which on the sudden sound of his master's voice was followed by what, in such a child as herself, appeared most strange and incomprehensible. She dropped down where she stood, so perfectly lifeless, that she might have been seriously hurt had not her head fallen on the ample folds of Lady Edgemere's velvet dress. Nor was any member of the party aware of the occurrence, so entirely were their faculties absorbed in Frank's appearance; until an exclamation, in which the words, "Minie! good Heaven—is this for me? my precious Minie!" unheard by the greater number, but remembered some hours after with peculiar pleasure by Lady Mary, recalled the attention of all to the fainting girl.

A scene of confusion of course followed. Disregarding all the questions, whether ejaculated or expressed, which were poured upon him, Frank bounded from one side of the room to the other, and in a second had raised Minie in his arms.

"Bring her into this room, Frank: there is more air; and she will recover the sooner out of all this confusion," was Lady Mary's wise direction, leading the way into an adjoining apartment which was vacant, and pointing to a couch on which he placed his still senseless charge; hanging over her, however, as very loath to leave her.

"Now go, my very good friend; you have been the means of frightening her to death. Let that satisfy you, and do not attempt more. I can better restore her to life than you can."

"I cannot be so unfeeling as to leave her in this state, Lady Mary," he exclaimed.

"Yes you can, very easily. You will have enough to do to answer all the multitudinous questions as to the cause of William's incomprehensible fright. Do go, and keep all the folks away. This poor child will recover sooner when alone with me; there is a streak of colour coming into her face already. After all, it may have nothing to do with the fright. She was looking very pale before, and the room was very close, and the luncheon over savoury," she added, looking in Howard's anxious face, with the most provoking expression imaginable. But if she wished thus to lower his *amour propre*, she most certainly did not succeed: however presumptuous the idea, that fainting confirmed the long-indulged hope that he was beloved; and the thought was so entrancing that he could scarcely restrain himself from folding the senseless Minie closer and closer to him, and being actually daring enough to press his lips to her pale cheek. But Lady Mary, provoking Lady Mary, was present, and he would not make himself such a fool; so after lingering till quite satisfied that she really was recovering, he was

obliged to obey the impatient command, to go, and keep every one away, as Minie must be left quiet.

He went, and Lady Mary carefully closing the door, returned, with some peculiarly pleasant feelings, to her task of restoring the now quickly reviving animation. After a few minutes, Minie started up, looked round her bewildered, and then exclaimed—"What has happened, Lady Mary? Who brought me here? and why does my head feel so light and strange?"

"To your first and last question, my dear, one answer will suffice. You have been silly enough to faint; and such being the case, it is no very great wonder you should feel somewhat light-headed. To your second query, Who brought you here? I answer even that hon. gentleman, Francis Howard, as you were somewhat too heavy, in your senseless state, for my arms to support."

"Mr. Howard!" repeated Minie, her cheek flushing crimson; "faint! I never did such a thing in my life."

"Very likely not, my dear," replied Lady Mary, laughing; "but that is no reason that you never should. *Why* you did such a silly thing, indeed I cannot tell; it could scarcely have been the fright about Frank, for the other day you saw a man thrown off his horse and nearly killed, and you scarcely even changed colour, but sprang out of the carriage to give all the help you could."

"But, Frank—Mr. Howard, I mean—is not—not—hurt?—has not been?"

"Killed? No, my dear; being in very substantial preservation: as I told you, he conveyed you here himself. That he has lost his horse, dashed over some precipice, is all I can understand of the strange tale. Now don't faint again for the fate of a horse; that would be too ridiculous. I do not mean to scold you, silly Min; you could not help fainting, so you need not cry about it, like a simpleton. Come, try and go to sleep. Fainting fits always punish those who really have them, by compelling them to silence and solitude for some hours."

Minie had sunk back when Lady Mary mentioned the fate of the horse, pale as before, the large tears slowly oozing from her closed eyelids, and it was with difficulty she restrained a strong shudder as she pictured what might have been the fate of its master. Lady Mary affectionately kissed her, told her to be a good child, and she would stay by her.

"But Mr. Melford, Lady Mary, why should I keep you from him?"

"He must do without me, my dear; I have honoured him all the morning. Unless you like Frank's nursing better than mine; if so, I will go away, and send him."

"No, no, pray do not, dearest Lady Mary; what would he think of me? what must he think of me now? and he used to praise my strong nerves. How could I be so foolish as to be so frightened!"

"Never mind what anybody thinks, my dear,

but obey me, and lie still. Depend upon it, as Frank caused the fright, he will not quarrel with your want of nerve."

Minie did not re-appear till dinner, and then, pitying her confusion and shyness, Lady Mary had made it a point of entreating that no notice might be taken of her lingering paleness. Howard led her in to dinner, placed himself beside her, and paid her all sorts of little attentions, so as quite to remove the idea that she had sunk in his estimation from her unusual weakness. The accident was freely discussed, but the feeling eloquence with which Howard alluded to his almost miraculous preservation brought the bright drops anew into her eyes. However, it was no heaviness of spirits which produced them, for before the evening closed she was as lively as usual, seated at Lord Edgemere's feet, singing song after song in her own rich, thrilling voice; thus proving, Lady Mary laughingly declared, that though her fainting looked very like it, she was no fine lady after all; she had not been languishing and sentimental half long enough.

CHAP. XLVII.

Francis Howard slept very little that night. Dreams of Scotch precipices and dying horses, blue lakes and fairy-like nymphs, mingled very incongruously in his slumbers, until at last they all gave place to one fair image, and one resolute thought, which outlived his sleeping visions, and so actuated his waking, that he started from his couch, determined to be undecided no longer, but in actual words demand if he might be blessed or not; and an opportunity offered itself so invitingly, that it seemed sent by his good angel, on purpose to bring him to the point. Lord Edgemere's party were all fond of walking before breakfast; so that meal generally took place at a very late hour: and just as Howard had completed his toilette—rather a longer task than usual, from his paces to and fro in his chamber—he saw Minie Leslie and Algernon Villiers bound along the garden, arm in arm.

"Now then," he thought. "But what can I do with Algernon?" followed instantly. "Oh! my fowling-piece; he will be off to try its metal directly he sees it;" and he set forth gun in hand. The young Viscount hailed him with a shout of delight.

"What! going to shoot so early, Mr. Howard? Oh! do let me have one shot before you go."

"And destroy Miss Leslie's recovered nerves on the instant? No, my good fellow; if you want my gun, leave me the care of your fair companion; that is, if she will accept the exchange."

"Oh! you will take much better care of her. Now I have smelt gunpowder; you had better let me go."

"You may shoot here if you like; I am not at

all afraid," she answered, laughing. "I am not so silly as to be frightened at a gun."

"No, no! I will not hear of it;" hastily interposed Frank, keeping firm hold of his gun. "An accident may happen in a moment. Promise me to find William, and tell him to go with you, and you shall have the gun, but not otherwise."

"I promise faithfully, most inexorable mentor. Why, grandmamma herself could not take more care of me. I am off; a pleasant walk to you both," and he bounded away.

Howard watched till his servant joined him, then satisfied as to his safety—"A pretty cavalier, so to desert his lady fair," he began, as he put her arm in his, according to custom, and they turned in the direction of the lake. "Does he deserve mercy? He ought to be expunged from the list of all good knights and true."

"Nay, Mr. Howard, you ought not to be so severe upon him; for were not you the tempter?" she replied, archly.

"Indeed I was, and more so than you imagine. I turned tempter on purpose to get rid of him, and become sole guardian of your ramble. My egregious folly yesterday lost me the pleasure of your society almost all day; so I determined to make up for it this morning. Will you forgive my sending off Algernon? and can you trust me with your safety for an hour or so—*tête-à-tête*?"

"I will do both, very willingly," she answered, with perfect artlessness. "For the one needs no forgiveness at all; and for the other, you have always been so very careful of my safety, I cannot think why I should not trust you now."

"But will you do more, Minie? I cannot call you Miss Leslie, for the life of me."

"And why should you, Mr. Howard? You never have; and, indeed, I am not Miss Leslie. I do not like to be so titled; it sounds so formal, or else as if you were displeased with me."

"Displeased!" exclaimed Frank, with most extraordinary impetuosity; "who could ever be displeased with you?"

"Not many have been, Mr. Howard; for I was always the petted child of my own family. But those who so loved and cared for me are all gone but one, and I must not expect to go through life so fondly cared for now." The bright smile vanished, and her beautiful eyes swelled with large tears. She bent down her head, but the sudden quivering of her voice betrayed them, and Frank found it impossible to resist pressing the hand which rested on his arm closer to him. A very brief interval, and she looked up with a smile radiant as before. "But it seems as if I were always to be spoilt and fondled; for my friends are still so kind. Lady Mary, and Lord and Lady Edgemere, and even you, Mr. Howard, do all you can to make me, oh, so happy!"

"I, Minie! would to heaven that I could make you happy, happier than any person else!" She looked at him, actually startled at his violence, and met in return a glance which,

though she could not understand it, made her withdraw hers on the instant, and blush deeply. "But why not call me Frank, if I may call you Minie?" he said, striving to make his heart beat less quickly, for the nearer he approached the words he most desired to say, the more difficulty there seemed in saying them. "I dislike formality as much as you do."

"Oh, but it is so different; I am simple Minie Leslie to every one, but I could not call Lady Mary 'Mary,' or Mr. Melford 'Alfred,' and I have known you less time than either, and I suppose that is the reason why I feel as if I could never call you Frank."

But timidly as it was pronounced, the name had never sounded so thrillingly sweet in Howard's ears as at that moment.

"Never! nay, nay, you shall not say so, Minie; indeed you must call me Frank, and very often. But I frighten you with my violence. You are still weak from yesterday's alarm, unhappy as I was to cause it."

"Indeed I am not, Mr. Howard. You must not let me lose my character for courage because I was so foolish. I do not know how it was, but I could not help it."

"And I would not have had it otherwise for the universe, if—if I may hope from it what would make me the happiest man alive. Mine, dearest Minie, I wanted to tell you a long tale, to beseech you to listen, to hear with me, but I can only ask you one thing now. You said just now that I too made you happy; tell me. I implore you, can you, will you trust me always to make you happy? Will you let me be to you all you have lost, and let me love, cherish, bless you, even more than they did? dearest, will you, can you love me?"

It was no fancy now, for Minie did tremble so violently that Howard was compelled to put his arm round her, or she must have fallen; but never did a more genuine look of bewilderment, struggling with happiness, meet his earnest gaze than hers at that moment.

"Me! you cannot mean it. Oh! no, no!" were the only words he heard; and though her face had been covered with her hands directly after that one bewildered gaze, either the power or the will failed her to break from his support.

"Mean it? indeed, indeed I do! I would not, I dared not play with such a heart as yours. My own Minie! listen to me, for you shall know the truth, even though it lose me the happiness I crave. I joined Lord Edgemere's party wounded, depressed, miserable. I had thought I loved, and that the object of my fancied love was not indifferent to me; I had associated with her so long on terms of friendly intimacy, felt for her such strong regard, that when I saw her in distress I fancied that regard stronger than it was, dwelt upon it, encouraged it, thought upon it the more perhaps because her manner became colder as mine warmed. I proposed, and was rejected; feelingly, kindly, most kindly, but so decidedly that I believe the heart I then wished to gain had been already given to another; and the delusion thus broken

convinced me I had been deceived, not in her, but in myself. How completely deceived I knew not till I associated in all the happiness of home with you; and I felt I had never known love till then, that it was but a brother's love, heightened by imagination, which I had felt before. Yet I let weeks, months pass, to be sure of myself, to feel that I could offer you a heart so entirely your own that it contained not even a memory to alloy its truth. I sought you first because it seemed a sad pleasure to speak of Florence; then gradually I felt it was your voice, your smile, your gentleness which bound me to your side—that you were rapidly filling up the void which the fancy that I was never to be beloved had opened in my heart—you were spreading such joy around my path, and in my soul, that I felt could I but win your love, I should never feel despondency or loneliness again. Minnie, dearest Minnie! will you return this love, the first in truth, though it appears the second? will you trust, believe that no passion lingers for other than your gentle self? Can you trust your happiness with me, and believe me that dear as it has been to father, mother, brother, all who have loved you, it will be more precious still to me?"

He had spoken rapidly, and with strong emotion; but his arm was still encircling Minnie, and she had not removed it. There were large tears coursing down her cheek, but her eyes had been gradually raised to his, first in wonderment, and then in such artless confidence that he scarcely needed words.

"And can you, who have once loved Florence, sought Florence for your own, in very truth, so love me?" she asked, so pleadingly, so simply, that her lover was irresistibly compelled to press his lips to hers; and frightened as she was at the action, the fear only made her unconsciously cling closer to him. "Oh! Mr. Howard, how can I be to you what she would have been—the companion, the friend, all that your wife should be? Simple as I am, child as they tell me I still am, how is it, how can it be possible you should love me?"

"Minnie, you are no child! Truth, guilelessness, sweetness; you have all these, all that makes your sex worthy of love, and fitted to retain it. If I were to leave you for years, and go mingle with hundreds of fashion's daughters, I should turn to you still for all that would make me happy, all that would make my home. Dearest, loveliest; you are lonely only in your own artless mind, simple only in your too humble opinion of yourself; child-like, aye, in all that can make childhood lovely, and rivet love so strongly that not even death could tear it from me. The proudest noble in the land might envy me your love, if indeed, indeed, I may hope that I plead not in vain. You will accept a heart, though it was once proffered to another—you will love me? Speak, dearest; but one little word—you will, you *do* love me!"

She could not speak that word, little as it was; but she lifted up her sweet face, fixed its clear, truthful orbs for one brief minute fully

upon his, and that lovely head was bent down, and the rich mantling blushes hidden on his bosom.

"I am satisfied! Bless you, my own beloved," whispered the enraptured Howard; and then he added, "And you can trust me, Minnie? you will trust me that I have loved, and do love but you?"

"That you do love but me. Yes; or you would not thus speak," she answered unhesitatingly. "That you have never loved before—I know not how you could have associated intimately with Florence, and yet not love her. But even if you had, and her rejection caused you to conquer that affection, do you, can you think, because you had once loved her, I—I could—I must love you less? Oh! Mr. Howard, you do not know how I love and reverence my sister, or you would not think thus. Would—would that I were as worthy to be your wife as she is!"

"And will she not tell me that you are, sweet one?" replied her lover; "that there never was or will be one more deserving of love than Minnie; I have heard her say it often, though neither she nor I knew what that loved being would become to me. But you have twice called me Mr. Howard, dearest. Will you not say Frank now?"

"Indeed, indeed, I do not know that I can even now," she said playfully. "But I will try to feel that you have been, and still will be Frank to me," she added, after a brief pause, and with an artless timidity, perfectly irresistible to her betrothed, who in this interview certainly proved that Lord St. Maur knew him better than he did himself; for not a thought, not a shadow found entrance to dim that one sweet hour of love first told. A character peculiarly alive to domestic ties, to be clung to, to feel that one being in the whole world was dependent upon him: it was no common bliss to find all these in one, truthful, innocent, and lovely, as Minnie Leslie; and Howard was fairly carried out of himself. Do not blame him, reader; Lord St. Maur was right—he had never loved before.

Great was the astonishment of both Frank and Minnie, when at length remembering they had not breakfasted, they returned to the house, and found the breakfast parlour deserted by all but Lady Mary and Alfred Melford, who had waited for the loiterers. Much amusement their conscious confusion of course elicited, but Frank cleverly contrived to turn the stream of ridicule upon himself so as to permit Minnie to eat what breakfast she could in comparative comfort; the laughing light in her deep blue eyes, the varying flushes on her cheek, betraying a tale of happiness, however, which no satire could alloy. She retreated to her own room after breakfast, and there Lady Mary followed her.

"You will never do for a fine lady, Minnie," she said on entering. "Here have you been up early, and have taken a walk, fasting, long enough to tire an elephant. You naughty child; jokes apart, you ought to have had more care of yourself after your illness yesterday; and, in

serious earnest, as you have been entrusted to my care, I must ask you where you have been?"

"In serious earnest, dear Lady Mary, I can read in your eyes, kind though they look, that you think I have forgotten propriety in remaining out so long; and indeed, indeed, it would have been very wrong if I had known how long it was if—but why speak so now," she added, breaking off abruptly, and throwing herself into her friend's arms. "Oh, Lady Mary, I am so happy, so very, very happy, and it is all owing to you; for, had I not been with you, I should never have known him, and he would never have known me. Oh, tell me it is no dream!"

And Lady Mary, truly and thoroughly delighted, did assure her that it was not only very possible, but perfectly true; that she had seen it a very long time; and that nothing in the world could please her more than that he should have come to the point, and that Minie was happy. Time flew in such discussion, and Lady Mary only left her to the delightful task of writing to Florence. Florence! Could it be possible, she who had associated so long and so intimately with Howard, had received his attentions, even the offer of his hand, and yet rejected him? Minie could not understand it. Had the sisters been together during the time of Howard's delusion, Florence could scarcely have concealed from Minie that her fancy, if not her feelings, had been captivated; but in the brief intervals that Florence was at home, his name was seldom more than casually mentioned. The more Minie thought on this subject, the more puzzled she became, until the mystery seemed solved by the recollection of Frank's fancy that Florence loved another. Whom she could have loved in preference to Howard, Minie could not imagine; her only wish was, that her sister could be as happy as herself, and she poured forth her whole heart in glowing words.

Howard, meanwhile, had made his engagement known to Lord Edgemere and his family, receiving their warmest congratulations in return. The Earl alone looked grave: "You have acted with your usual honour, Frank," he said; "but one person you seem to have forgotten—your father."

The young man started. He had forgotten, if not quite the existence of his father, certainly his peculiar prejudices.

"He surely cannot, will not, condemn his only son to misery for paltry gold!" he exclaimed. "He has been kind in his own way to me. Surely he will not deny me this, when I shall one day have thousands; and my present allowance would, with a very little increase, support us both."

"Not quite in the style which is due to your wife, Frank; though it might perhaps more than satisfy yourself and Minie. Remember, you are still very young; little more than two-and-twenty, I believe. Do not make your engagement public till you have spoken with your father."

"And depend upon his caprice for my hap-

piness, and that of Minie, which is infinitely dearer! Lord Edgemere, how can I do this?"

"What do you mean to do, my young friend? Marry without even the compliment of telling him your intentions?"

"No, no; of course not; but if I ask consent, I must abide by the decision."

"Which you fear will be against your wishes, by your hesitation to ask. Depend upon it, Frank, Minie Leslie has too fine a spirit, gentle as she seems, to wed you, if she is to be any cause of contention between you and your only parent. I wish you happy from my very heart, but I fear you have at present some difficulties in the way of being so. I tell you honestly, had I ever thought of your joining us, Minie, sweet girl as she is, should not have been of our party. I love her too well to expose her wilfully to danger; but when you came, I could not send her away, or bid you decamp, though I have been in no little anxiety ever since."

"Never mind it, my dear lord," replied Howard, stopping his hasty walk across the room to face his friend, and laugh heartily at the perplexity marked on the Earl's features. "I am not a man to be daunted with difficulties, and such as these I will overcome. There is a boundary to filial duty as well as to parental authority; and when the only objection to Minie Leslie is, that she has no portion, I will not let that come between us and our happiness. My father has surely not lost all sense of honour, of feeling, and of generosity; he will not be deaf to my appeal, and we shall be happy after all. So, for heaven's sake, my lord, banish that grave face; it does not accord with my light heart at all."

"I hope you may be happy, Frank; but I wish you had been charmed with the heiress, Florence, instead of her portionless though lovely sister," answered the Earl, half laughing, in spite of himself; for Frank's gaiety was infectious.

"For shame, my lord; you have grown money-loving and calculating as a worldling: I will disown your friendship," he rejoined, adding, as the Earl left the room, "Florence! No; I could never, never have loved Florence, that is quite clear. Now, had she accepted me, I might have found it out too late, and been either an unhappy, or, by drawing back, a dishonoured man. I wish she were my sister; and she shall be, and then I may love and reverence her still. Engagement secret? Perhaps he is right—to all but Lord and Lady St. Maur; for the first is Minie's guardian, and the latter will think me a—a capricious fool, not knowing my own mind; so the sooner she knows it the better."

CHAP. XLVIII.

"Well, Ida, what say you now? Penetrative as you are, I have the triumph in this instance," said Lord St. Maur, two or three days after the event of our last chapter, and holding up a letter triumphantly before her. "I sent Frank's

letter to you, that I might not witness your defeat."

"And yet you cannot restrain your triumph, Edmund! a novel mode of sparing my feelings. However, I am too provoked and disappointed to resent it. If I had but Frank near us, what a lecture would I give him for his caprice and inconstancy! He writes as if he knew it too, yet ventures to excuse himself."

"I wonder he did that, for men in love seldom think of excusing themselves. After all, you are very severe, to charge him with caprice. What could the poor fellow do, rejected as he was so decidedly?"

"He ought to have seen that there was something more in Florence than she revealed."

"And so he did; for he conquered his feelings at first, under the impression that Florence rejected him because she loved another."

"Impossible!"

"Yet perfectly true. Read what he says," and he gave her his own letter.

She read it, then said sorrowfully, "My poor, poor Florence, would there had been the same delusion on your part as on his. Yet, if she had accepted him, I wonder if this would have been."

"Rather a difficult question. I imagine not; for I believe it is the consciousness of *being loved* which has so worked on Frank; and had he known that this was also the case with Florence, his delusion might have continued, till it became too truly love to waver or to change. Yet, perhaps, of the two, Minie is more suited to him."

"Do not say so, Edmund; I will not hear it. She is a fascinating creature, doubtless, but has not the high character of Florence."

"And that is the very reason. Were Howard five or six years older, Florence would be better suited for his wife; but, as it is, I still say he reverences more than he loves her. Sorrow and heavy cares have made her older than her years. Howard's peculiar disposition will be happier with a wife full of life, animation, and child-like simplicity, like Minie, than with her sister's higher tone of character. Minie's influence will remove the precocious gravity, which his uncomfortable home has engendered, and make him some years younger."

"And would not Florence?"

"Hardly. Have you seen Florence since post-time? She has letters, and of course one from Minie: how will she bear it?"

"Nobly. I do believe that the idea of his happiness will, after a brief period of bitterness, enable her to meet it calmly; she is so persuaded now that it was right to act as she did, that I trust and pray that her unselfish devotedness will bear her up, and be its own reward. I confess I shrink from seeing her; I dread the anguish of that pale face infinitely more than words."

The Countess was spared the interview. On approaching her friend's room she encountered Ferrers, with a packet in her hand; it consisted

of two letters, the envelope containing a few tremulous, scarcely legible lines, from Florence:

"You are no doubt aware of the contents of these letters, my dear friend," she wrote; "but if you are not, and indeed at all events, read them, and give me permission to spend this one day alone. I can see no one, not even you; for kindness and sympathy would utterly unnerve me for the task before me. Do not fear for me: I have prayed for this, that he might be happy; that I might have the power of furthering that happiness; and both are granted me. Ought I not to be content? I will be with you as usual to-morrow. Pray for me."

"FLORENCE."

Lady St. Maur did grant her request; for though her heart yearned towards her, she felt it was wiser as she had herself decided. She opened the letters sent for her perusal. Frank's was eloquent and manly; he alluded slightly to his feelings on quitting her, then to those which had led to his choosing the society of Minie; the gradual effect of that exquisite beauty, both of face and character, which Florence had so often described, upon his heart, yearning as it was to be beloved; and how, when he found that he was in truth the object of that young heart's first preference, he had felt that with her he might be happy.

"You refused me that which I craved," he continued; "that which, had it been granted, hallowed by your love, must have made me happy even as I am now, refused it so decidedly that I might not even hope; for I felt, suffering as it was then so to feel, that the heart I sought was the property of another. Florence! I appeal to you now for the gentle being who possesses all your traits of excellence in addition to her own; and, joy of all joys, she loves me! Give me the happiness of calling you my sister; for as such, like my own Minie, I shall reverence and love you. Grant me the gift of your sweet sister, the blessing of your sympathy, and would, oh would to heaven, that our united love could give you the happiness which you will bestow on us."

Had Florence rejected Howard simply because she did not love him this letter would only have excited pleasurable sensations. Frank wrote solely because his regard for Florence was such that he felt it would increase his happiness to receive it so far from her hand. He had never suspected, even for a single minute, that there existed any other cause for his rejection than that her affections were pre-engaged; and he feared, from her manner, unhappily. Florence read this belief, in the whole tone and spirit of his letter; and the poor girl blessed God for his delusion.

From that day's agony we shall not attempt to lift the veil. No doubt there will be many who will think that Florence had no need to make the sacrifice, and therefore deserved all she suffered; but to those who have no belief in the sacred nature of those impulses that the voice of God sometimes speaks within us, we do

not write. Minie's letter was indeed the very embodying of joy; had it alluded but to her own feelings, Florence might have read it calmly; but there were passages such as these:—

"And this noble being had not the power to rivet your affections, dearest Florence, though he sought them; and I feel, as if with your higher, nobler qualities, you would, you must have suited him better than your simple sister: yet he loves me, I *know* he does, all undeserving as I am. He tells me my affection soothed the pain which your rejection caused, and that I can make his happiness. Oh, what unutterable joy! How could you have associated with him so long, so intimately, and yet not love him? It can only be that, from your manner, he fancies that you love another. Oh, if it should be so—and unhappily, my own darling sister, my very joy seems to reproach me—how can I be happy when you are in sorrow? And yet, yet there is a glowing light around me, a strange elasticity upon me, which I cannot define. I can only know, only feel, that this is deeper, dearer bliss than I have ever felt before!"

Could such passages be read unmoved? She looked back on her interview with Howard, and wondered how it had been—how she could possibly so have spoken, so appeared, as completely to delude. It seemed as if some fate or destiny (why should we use such words), some divine power was now at work around them all, making circumstances as they then were. To her, all the period, from her discovery of the secret papers to her illness, was a blank, peopled only by undefined spectres of embodied pain. What she had said to Howard was so completely obliterated that not even a word would return. Had he really ever loved her, or was it all a dream? But why should she feel bitterness? Could she regret aught which could assure his happiness, even at the cost of deeper suffering to herself? No! and in those hours of agonized struggle, she thought of things which the excited Howard had forgotten; and before that day closed, the high-minded woman had resolved on a plan which would remove all those objections to their union, that she too truly anticipated from Lord Glenville's character, must arise.

Florence appeared in the parlour, and officiated at the breakfast-table as usual the next morning, though her whole countenance bore such vivid traces of suffering that Sir Ronald Elliot could do nothing but gaze and commiserate, imagining it a return of the bodily ailment to which his cousin had told him she was then subject; she joined in the general conversation, and smiled away all Sir Ronald's fears and regrets, and seemed resolved, by neither word, sign, nor look, to betray what she had endured. Of the two, Lady St. Maur was much more silent than Florence; she regarded her with astonishment, so mingled with veneration, that she could not speak on indifferent subjects; she recalled the lively, happy being of St. John's, whose very nature appeared as if it must be crushed by the first heavy blow, that her spirits were too elastic to *endure*, and that the bow would *snap*, not *bend*. Yet what

had she become? To give her sympathy words were impossible; but when alone with Florence, she could not resist clasping those cold hands in both hers, and pressing a long, long kiss upon that colourless cheek, whispering in intense emotion, "My noble Florence, God in mercy give you peace; you have my prayers." And Florence's aching head sank for a brief interval on her bosom, as if to thank her for that blessed meed of sorrow and silent sympathy; but composure soon returned.

Two or three days afterwards, Florence mentioned that her estate of Woodlands being now vacant, she should like to visit it, and see if it could be made a desirable residence; as she wished her sister to have a home suited to her future prospects. Her consent and sympathy had, of course, been written to Minie, including a message to Howard; for write to him she could not.

Lady St. Maur thought the exertion too much for her, but yielded at length to Florence's assurance that exertion was much more likely to do her good than harm. She hoped not to be absent more than a month or six weeks at farthest. Ferrers received orders for the necessary preparations, and within the week Lord St. Maur himself accompanied her to her estate. He was just the kind but unobtrusive friend she needed; feeling deeply for her, yet never in any jarring manner proving that he did so. He gave her the advantage of his advice and taste, and when he left her, which he did after ten days' sojourn, assured his wife she need feel no uneasiness for Florence; he was certain that her spirit would carry her through it all.

"Till Minie and Frank are happy," was the reply; "and then God in his infinite mercy alone can save her from sinking to the grave. She is under excitement now; wait till that is over ere we can pronounce upon her strength."

Lady St. Maur was right; Florence was under excitement; she herself knew not how powerfully. She knew her individual lot was, and must be for some time, that of suffering; and, therefore, steadfastly turning from all weakening reflection, gave up her whole being to the hope and endeavour to secure the happiness of those she loved. She entered into the minutest particular of furnishing, arranging, and house-keeping, which needed to begin from the very beginning. She interested herself in all those *little things* which some women, enduring her heavy trial, would have shrunk from, as heightening beyond all endurance the one absorbing agony, by pricks as of pins and thorns.

Neither Watson nor Ferrers nor the old housekeeper of Woodlands ever spoke of their young lady but with praise and admiration. Ferrers indeed, from the fact of her sudden illness, and the words which escaped from its delirium, might have suspected there was more to cause her delicate health than met the eye; but she was not one to speak her surmises; and when a sweetly toned voice and gentle smile ever marked the smallest intercourse with her domestics; when she suggested, or thankfully

accepted suggestions, for improvements both in the house and grounds, and so cheerfully entered into every minute detail, how could even more penetrative persons than old Watson and Mrs. Bulling imagine more than they saw? Ill in health, how could that be, when she could make any exertion if it were needed, and endure such fatigue? Pale she was indeed; her very lips were seen to lose their ruby tint, and her dark eyes to grow strangely dim; but the Hampshire air would bring back the bonny rose, and they must look out for some one, a right noble gentleman, for her to wed; and then her smiles would not sink upon the heart as they sometimes did, making them feel sad they knew not why, but be glad and cheerful as her voice. So, often gossiped those who delighted in calling Miss Leslie mistress; and when Sir Ronald Elliot made his appearance at Woodlands, laden, he declared, with commissions from the Countess—else he had not dared intrude on Miss Leslie's privacy—they fixed upon him at once as the cavalier they wanted.

That the gallant young sailor should make himself friends amongst all the tenantry of Woodlands was not very wonderful, as British sailors are generally greeted with joy wherever they come; but, that he should choose to quit Amersley in such a dull, damp, uninviting season as November, and make a pilgrimage to Woodlands, for literally nothing but his own pleasure, would have been much more extraordinary to Florence, had not her mind been too pre-occupied to think about it. That her pale face, from which she imagined every trace of any previous attraction must have departed, joined as it was to a manner so spiritless, a form so faded, could have any fascination for one so buoyant, so life-loving as the young Captain, was a circumstance in itself so wholly improbable, as never for one moment to have entered her thoughts. Yet that face and form had haunted Sir Ronald from the first evening he had seen her; he saw—nay, Lady St. Maur had told him, that she was in deep affliction; and he felt an interest rising towards her in a most incomprehensible manner, and became restless and weary. To the amusement of his relatives, he declared he would take a run down to Old London, and call at Woodlands, in case he could do anything for Miss Leslie in his way. Take Woodlands in his way! He might know his road across the Atlantic, Lady St. Maur told him, but certainly not over England, if he talked of going through Hampshire in the straight road from Warwick to London. He did not care, go he would; Miss Leslie must be sick of her loneliness, and he would go and cheer her, and bring her back, vowing that Constance, though she had a governess all to herself, was unbearable without the influence of Florence.

"Bring her back if you can; I give you free permission; but whether your company, most gallant Captain, will cheer her loneliness, or whether it would be quite proper that it should, I will not pretend to say. However, if you bring

her back, you are quite welcome to go," was Lady St. Maur's parting address, and Sir Ronald forthwith went.

Florence was not quite ready to return to Amersley, and Sir Ronald declared he would go to Portsmouth meanwhile; but, somehow or other, there were several things for which Florence was waiting, and which ought long before to have arrived from London, and Florence's movements were retarded by their non-arrival; so to London the Captain went, and by his sailor-like bustle and activity all that was needed came down to Hampshire in a marvellously short space of time; and, this accomplished, he hovered about the neighbourhood of Woodlands, his vicinity perfectly unknown to Florence, and, just before Christmas, escorted her back to Amersley, with the most brother-like cordiality imaginable.

CHAP. XLIX.

Lord Edgemere's family, including Frank Howard and Minnie Leslie, had arrived in Warwickshire before Florence returned, and Lady St. Maur had driven over to see them. Nothing as yet had alloyed the happiness of Minnie, for Frank had found it impossible to impart to her his fears regarding his father. Florence had heard repeatedly from her sister, and answered her letters while at Woodlands. She had nerved her mind to read those letters, radiant as they were with love and joy, again and yet again, till the bitter pangs which they caused were so entirely conquered that she could peruse them from beginning to end without any visible emotion. She compelled herself to think of meeting them, of looking once more on Howard, and as the betrothed husband of another; she thought of it till every feeling of her own was conquered, and she believed herself nerved to meet them so calmly, so collectedly, that not a change of colour or quivering of voice should be betrayed. But suspense, or rather the anticipation of trial, was intolerable, and she therefore wisely resolved to meet it at once.

"Florence, you know not what you undertake; be advised, there can be no need for it so soon," urged Lady St. Maur; but Florence's determination was not to be shaken.

"We must meet," she answered, sadly, yet firmly; "why should I defer it? Am I so weak that I cannot see the fulfilment of my earnest prayers without evincing emotion? No, let me try my strength, and then I can better judge myself, and know how to proceed."

And accordingly, as soon as the weather permitted, they went to Beech Vale. Florence was received with the warmest cordiality by all the family; the change which they supposed her severe illness had occasioned was sincerely regretted, and warm congratulations on her own legacy and her sister's happy prospects followed.

"Minnie and Frank are in the east room; pray

make no compliments, dear Florence, but join them when you like. Minie is all impatience to see you, and wondered what you could find to detain you so long at Woodlands, in this miserable season," Lady Mary said, after some little time had elapsed in ordinary conversation. "Frank only returned from London last night; I have seen him but a few minutes this morning, and I fear that all is not as right as it should be—his face was somewhat overshadowed."

It was well she said this; for now the hour of trial had come, Florence had felt for the moment as if she could not meet it; but recalled by Lady Mary's unconscious intimation of what she herself had long anticipated, her strength of mind and purpose triumphed, and with unfaltering steps she quitted the apartment.

In the east room, as directed, she found them, but the voice, not of joy, but of sorrow, met her ear; and so engrossed were those she sought in their own thoughts, that she stood for some time unobserved. Frank was pacing the chamber with most uneven steps, his cheek highly coloured, and his eye flashing. Minie's arms were resting on the table, her head laid upon them, in an attitude of complete despondency, while her whole frame shook with sobs. Her beautiful hair hanging loosely over her, concealed her face from her sister; but Florence knew that gentle nature too well to need further proof of suffering than what she beheld.

"Cruel, unjust, capricious!" were the first words she heard, in Frank's most agitated voice. "With his hoards of untouched gold, why should he want more? Why is my happiness to be blighted simply because an unjust parent refuses his consent to my wedding a portionless bride? Minie, come what will, you must, you *SHALL* be mine! With or without his consent, I will claim the promise you have made me. Are we to suppress our united happiness for no cause? for this refusal assigns none. My father has no right to grieve me thus! I will not bear it. What can money or title give me more than I possess already? I seek happiness and love, not ambition. Minie, my own sweet love! do not weep thus; we shall be happy in each other yet."

"No, Frank, no!" replied Minie, pushing back her long hair, which was wet with tears, and looking up in his face, as he bent over her and clasped his arms around her. "No, precious as your love is, I will not come between you and your parent. If he cannot receive me as his daughter, if he thinks reverence and love—for I would give him both—are nothing worth, compared to gold, how can I, how dare I burden you with me? No, no! I love you too well to expose you to your father's wrath. We must wait; perhaps—" but her sweet voice faltered as she spoke—"he will relent after a time, and then—"

"Relent!" muttered Frank, even while he passionately kissed the upturned brow, as if to thank her for the half-whispered hope; "I never knew him relent when once he had so

spoken. Why did I not marry the heiress? forsooth, he asked me; as if his son had power to woo and wed whomsoever he pleased. Florence!" he abruptly exclaimed, as, lifting his head at the moment, he met her meek and gentle gaze; "good God, how changed! how ill you must have been!"

"But I am well now, Mr. Howard, perfectly well; therefore pray do not judge me by my looks," she replied, meeting his glance with one as ready, if not more free from agitation than his own; and then she bent down to imprint repeated kisses on the cheek of her sister, who, at Frank's first exclamation, had sprung into her arms. "Minie, darling, I did not expect a greeting of tears; come, smile. We have not met for a long time, and I have been ill, and you have been happy; ought you not to welcome me like your own sweet self? What is this weighty grief? Mr. Howard, treat me as the sister you have called me, and tell me the particulars of what I so imperfectly heard. Lord Glenville objects to my sister as your bride because she has no portion; is that it? An evil easily remedied, since, thanks to Mrs. Rivers's generosity, my sister is not portionless. I should have looked to this long ago had not illness prevented me; but now let me know all."

Frank seized her hand, and pressed it energetically to his lips. If it trembled, and was somewhat hastily withdrawn, he was too much excited to notice it. We will give the substance of his tale in our own words, as there were some points which, in his relation, he purposely omitted.

His father had insisted he should break off his engagement, for that his consent to his union with any but an heiress, and one who could give him either name and title, or the means of purchasing them, should *never* be obtained. In vain Frank urged that he had already a name, and a proud one; that his father's title was sufficient to content him. He was not ambitious, and should abhor owing more to his wife than domestic happiness and love. Why should Lord Glenville dwell so much on a pecuniary portion for his son's bride, when his wealth was already so enormous, and he, Frank, wished not for a shilling more than his present handsome allowance? Lord Glenville was too cold and dignified a person to give any violent sign of anger; but he grew prouder and prouder, colder and colder, till his son felt as if he were addressing a statue, and his excited spirits sunk back so chilled, that it was an effort to urge more. Yet still he spoke, for his love was too deep to be banished by a parent's word. He said that he was convinced Minie would not be portionless; her sister was not one to hoard her lavish wealth; and then it was (though Howard did not repeat it to Florence) that the viscount scornfully bade him woo the heiress instead of her sister. The possessor of Woodlands, its rich pasture lands and woody enclosures, might be a fit wife for his son. A portion! Lord Glenville laughed at the idea. Miss Leslie had been too lately made an heiress

to give away any part of her possessions; and even if she did, nothing that she could settle on her sister short of the inheritance itself would endow her sufficiently to be Frank Howard's bride. There was alike scorn and satire in every word; perhaps there was more, but icy pride was a veil too invulnerable for his agitated son to penetrate. He used all his eloquence, yet never forgetting the respect he always paid his father; but his kindly feelings felt withered within him, and when that interview ended by a solemn declaration, on the part of Lord Glenville, that if Mr. Francis Howard persisted in wedding a portionless girl, his allowance would be stopped on the instant, and he would find himself without a shilling wherewithal to support himself or bride; so let him ponder ere he decided. Frank left his presence without uttering a word, for speak he could not. The hot blood had mounted to his very brow, and he bit his nether lip in the effort to strain the bursting passion, till the blood came; but he conquered himself. Lord Glenville, in the solitary moments of remorse which followed Frank's departure, could not recall one word in which his son had forgotten their relative positions of child and parent.

"Love? pooh! he will soon get over it," so his lordship thought, as he sat alone; "but why should I thwart him thus? Why! merciful heavens! if he knew what is consuming me—that I require an heiress for him because wealth, gold, another title, may enable him to rise up against the blow which one day I know will fall, and on him, to punish his miserable, guilty father. How know I that he will inherit the rank to which he now looks forward? I dare not call them his, for I know not who may come to claim them; and yet he believes I do not feel for him, I do not love him—the only being who saved me from seeking death by my own hand. Frank, my boy! my poor, poor boy! the truth would be his death."

And could Frank have heard the groans and sobs which followed this soliloquy, he would have been spared one bitter feeling; for he must have been convinced that he was an object of love, however strangely and mysteriously that love was proved. But he could not know this, and while more and more painfully the conviction pressed upon him that even the small portion of affection which he believed his father had once borne him must have dwindled away beneath what appeared only an increasing love of gold, his heart, wounded and suffering, clung yet more fondly to the only being on earth by whom he could believe himself beloved. Break from her now! dissolve his engagement! bid her, like himself, languish in all the lingering torture of hope deferred! he could not, he would not! No, did he even forget his birth, and seek some honest business which could support them both.

In this mood he remained in London about four-and-twenty hours, and then galloped back to Beech Vale. It was easy, even for indifferent persons, to discover that all was not right; and

Minie, unsuspecting of all evil as she generally was, found some difficulty in preserving her joyous spirits until their being alone permitted her to draw from him the cause. Frank had intended to conceal, or at least to soften the facts, but his nature was much too impetuous. Miserable himself, and therefore longing for sympathy and affection, he poured out his whole soul to his betrothed. Minie was not one to bear up against an unexpected blow with fortitude. She did not utter a syllable of complaint, but she clung to him and wept unrestrainedly. Her grief of course heightened Frank's more tumultuary feelings, and occasioned the passionate burst which Florence had overheard.

Although Howard did not enter into all these particulars, he related enough for Florence perfectly to comprehend the fact. Perhaps her own previous cogitations on this subject rendered her more than usually clear-sighted. Be that as it may, though she did not betray her intentions, the time passed with the lovers was not without its fruit. She left them soothed and hopeful; they scarcely knew wherefore, and their every feeling of love and veneration heightened towards herself.

To the astonishment of Lord and Lady St. Maur, the following morning Florence announced an intention of visiting London for a week or two.

"At this season, with every appearance of snow setting in for weeks, and blocking up the roads! My dear Florence, you are certainly mad to think of it," exclaimed the Countess, half jesting and half in earnest. "What business can you have so important as not to wait a more favourable season? Do be advised. Strong as you think yourself, and are mentally, physically you certainly are not, and I feel inclined to lay a positive command on you to stay at home."

"Pray do not, dearest Lady St. Maur, for indeed in this case I cannot obey you. Affairs of consequence to Minie's happiness call me to London, and must not be delayed."

"Minie!" repeated the Countess, and her tone was most unusually impatient. Florence understood it.

"Yes, Minie, my dear friend. Her happiness is now mine, all that at present, at least, is left to me. Do not grudge my securing that, even though the manner of doing so may seem unwise. I cannot now explain my meaning, only trust me till my return, and you shall know all."

There was an earnestness in her manner impossible to be gainsayed; and accepting only the escort of the faithful Ferrers, Florence set off for London, to Sir Ronald Elliot's great disappointment, scarcely ten days after her return from Woodlands.

(To be continued.)

THE PLEA OF THE ROSE.

In a glass-encircled dome
 Dwelt a Rose of high degree ;
 Rare exotics in her home
 Made a happy family
 Living all on friendly terms,
 Friendly mingling bloom and sweets :
 Blighting frost nor canker worm
 Penetrated those retreats ;
 While above their crystal roof
 Danc'd the clouds along the sky,
 They from meaner flowers aloof
 Watch'd the garden beauties nigh.
 Doors into an inner room
 Led, whence oft in winter hours
 Light and music, through the gloom,
 Stole across the tranced flowers.

One of summer's golden eves,
 Scant beyond the window sash,
 Peep'd the Rose to cool her leaves
 With the air ; and yet 'twas rash ;
 For a lover, musing there,
 Caught the incense of her breath—
 Look'd, and spied the floweret fair,
 And devoted her to death !
 " Blushing Rose, thou must not fade,
 Pluck'd by none, admired by few ;
 I will bear thee to a maid,
 Brighter, fairer still than you !
 Nestling in her fragrant breast,
 Hid beneath her ringlet showers,
 Thou, enamour'd, shalt protest,
 She doth shame thee, Queen of Flowers !"

But the Rose, with shrinking blush,
 Seeing him averse to spare her,
 Pleased softly, " Do not crush
 Me, to prove thy mistress fairer.
 If she be as you would paint,
 Then adornment needs she less :
 She would feel my death a taint
 On her spotless loveliness.
 Here by equal friends surrounded,
 Envyng none and loving all,
 I have liv'd, contentment-bounded ;
 Let my leaves time-honoured fall !
 Bring her here, and let me plead,
 Ere you rob my stalk of life ;
 She may like forbearance need
 Ere you take her for a wife !
 She the ambitious name may rue,
 Sigh for friends of gleeful morn ;
 Let her rest, as fain I'd do,
 On the spot where I was born."

But the lover laugh'd to hear her,
 Cut her beauty from its stem,
 And to her he valued dearer
 Bore in pride the floral gem.
 So the Rose died in her bosom,
 While the lady's heart was stirr'd
 With a warning from the blossom,
 Faint in death, and scarcely heard.
 So she wedded him, the giver ;
 But the boding sigh intense,
 Which the Rose fail'd to deliver,
 Learn'd she by experience :
 For he left her, worn and faded
 In his eyes by little wear,
 And with worldly troubles jaded,
 Died she young, that lady fair !

E. A. H. O.

SONGS OF THE MOUNTAIN.

BY W. G. J. BARKER, ESQ.

No. X.

THE DYING OUTLAW.

SCENE.—*A rude cavern in the mountains : day—
 light slowly approaching.*

Ye lofty solitudes, majestic wild,
 Where tameless things by man uninjur'd dwell—
 Scenes that I lov'd while yet a guiltless child—
 My manhood's shelter, take my last farewell !

Chased from my home by tyrant laws unjust,
 Here have I liv'd, though scorn'd and branded,
 free !
 From all communion with my kindred thrust,
 Here, now I die, my sepulchre must be.

For this I mourn not. Near some solemn shrine,
 'Neath fretted roof, the Baron's tomb may rise :
 A canopy far nobler shall be mine,
 Hung with unnumber'd lamps—the boundless skies.

A rich man goeth to his final sleep,
 And purchas'd tears are pour'd upon his grave ;
 But heav'n each eve with purest dews will steep
 The mountain flowers that o'er my ashes wave.

I claim no requiem proud, no measur'd hymn,
 Through the cathedral aisle peal'd sad and high ;
 For, when the landscape fades in darkness dim,
 My funeral dirge each chainless wind will sigh.

The pomp of grief suits not the noble few
 With whom in solitude I joy'd to dwell ;
 Yet drops of unfeign'd sorrow will be due
 What time they lay me in my wintry cell.

Cold blows the breeze upon my fever'd cheek ;
 I feel death slowly creeping o'er my heart.
 When will grey morning from the far-east break,
 And I from life and all its toils depart ?

Once more would I behold the glorious sun
 Sparkling in brightness on my favourite stream ;
 And then, my last long night of watching done,
 Close my tired eyes, to sleep without a dream.

Ah ! whither do my fleeting fancies roam ?
 Shapes bend around me—shapes that well I know.
 We have been parted long ; how—are ye come
 To take my fondest blessing ere I go ?

Those rosy lips—the music of that voice !
 'Tis she ! 'tis she ! restored to me at last !
 And now, my own, my best-belov'd, rejoice !
 The cloud that shadow'd our young love has past.

They shall not part us more—nay, do not fear ;
 Force shall not tear thee from my close embrace !
 Alas ! I wander. There is no one here—
 I am alone, and in a desert place.

Ha ! flashing through the gloom, what means that
 ray ?

'Tis the first glimmer of the rising sun :
 I know the fated signal, and obey.
 My breath comes thick—life ebbs—my race is run !
Banks of the Yore.

T I M E - S E R V I N G .

BY J. J. REYNOLDS,

"List! a brief tale."

KING LEAR.

"What's in a name?"

Nothing. Whether it be the aristocratic Villiers, or common-place Brown—the high-sounding Frederick, or homely John—what matters it? It serves but as a distinguishing mark during a mortal's earthly course, and when

"The little wick of life's poor, shallow lamp"

is burnt out, its duty is o'er.

So says the philosophic reader; but so did not say Mr. and Mrs. Dobbs. How, when, and where this came to pass, be it my purpose to unfold.

Some years ago—perhaps now, for aught that I know to the contrary, the above-mentioned couple were the inhabitants of one of a row of diminutive houses dignified by the name of Clairville-terrace, in the town of L—. The male, or worse half, employed his time in the collecting from each of his fellow-townsmen his individual mite towards the support of our "glorious constitution"—in plain words, he held the rather invidious office of tax-collector; and to this he united the instruction of youth, of both sexes, in the art of penmanship, as all the world (that is to say, the world of L—) was informed by means of a fine specimen of caligraphy, framed, glazed, and exhibited in his front parlour window. Of the better half I need not say much, merely repeating an expression her husband himself made use of to a friend a little while after their marriage, "that she was just the woman he had been seeking to take to himself, for better for worse, ever since he felt himself in a marriageable condition."

At the period of the commencement of this narrative, Providence had not blessed the duo with a child; but a few months, however, elapsed before an inheritor of the euphonious name of Dobbs appeared. It will be here necessary to inform all whom it may concern, that Dobbs had a brother—a rich brother! and, more than this, a bachelor brother!! who had arrived at an age when he was unlikely to induce one of the softer sex to link her fortunes with his, being on the shady side of fifty-five. Now between this worthy and the tax-gatherer there had arisen a coolness; the latter having married much against his brother's consent. Previous to that event, the senior Dobbs had always advised him to remain single, "if he knew when

he was well off; and never plague himself with a wife" (these were his very words). But the junior had resolved on launching the matrimonial boat, and was not to be diverted from his purpose; as, in fact, few people are when they once have duly considered this weighty matter.

If the one thought with Gay, that a wife is at best "a precarious blessing," the other agreed with Cowper, when he says—

"What is there in this vale of life,
Half so delightful as a wife?"

Anticipatory of the appearance of the young stranger, Dobbs had inwardly settled, without consulting his partner on the subject, that he should be christened after this bachelor brother, since he had great expectations touching the disposal of that personage's worldly goods and chattels after death, and by way of peace-offering between them. But, unfortunately for Dobbs's peace of mind, Mrs. D. possessed a maiden-aunt, proprietress of at least 2,000*l.* in the public funds, besides other sums at interest on the most approved securities; and it was totally at variance with her wishes that her niece had married him—"being," as the old lady was heard to remark, "a very low match, quite unworthy of the Simkins family—a blot on the name no sacrifice could wipe out." Mrs. Dobbs, therefore, from the same reasons as her lord, and by a similar process, had come to the conclusion that her first-born should be baptized "Simkins," after her aunt.

Filled with the idea, she hinted as much to Dobbs, of course expecting his entire concurrence; but, to her great surprise, received a harsh "No" in reply. His denial of the request threw her into violent hysterics—feigned or real, this deponent is unable to state; no matter which, they carried her point. Her husband taking the circumstances of the case into consideration, uttered a reluctant affirmation, and thereupon the fit passed rapidly away.

I will not digress here, as I very well might, to enter into a polemical dissertation on the modern fashion of making surnames do the duty of Christian names, but at once inform the reader that when the proper time arrived, and all things were prepared the ceremony of the christening was performed, and that the young scion of the house of Dobbs received the cognomen of Simkins, as the parish

register of L—— will amply testify to those who are curious in such things.

It soon reached the ears of the bachelor brother, and as Dobbs had prognosticated, widened the breach before existing. "He *did* think," he said, "that Tom (such was the tax-gatherer's name) would have requested him to stand sponsor for the child; but, since he had chosen not to do so, the young brat shouldn't have a penny of his money."

But the maiden-aunt, the owner of the 2,000*l.* three per cents., &c., &c., instead of feeling pleasure at the intelligence, as Mrs. Dobbs had fondly hoped, flew into a towering passion, wondered at the impudence of some people, and complained that the name of Simkins was still further dishonoured; behaving altogether in a manner which, when reported to the Dobbsses, led them to believe that they had most seriously endangered the realization of their cherished prospect of sharing their relation's riches upon her demise; for, since the truth must be revealed, it was respect to these, and not to the owner, which had induced this disobedient niece to have her son baptized "Simkins," as above recorded.

Still, while there was life, there was hope that means could be found to make up all differences. A great deal of "smooth dissimulation" was employed, and with the aid of a peace-maker (bribed for the purpose) and time, that great effacer of old grievances, a reconciliation was effected, to every appearance satisfactory. Whether this was or was not the case the sequel will prove.

In pursuance of this desirable state of things, many were the snug little parties given to the wealthy maiden-aunt by her loving kinsfolk; many times did the fire in Dobbs's front parlour blaze with a ruddier blaze, and the tea-kettle hiss more musically, all to do her honour; many, likewise, were the invitations received by two old gossiping friends of Miss Simkins to join in a "quiet rubber" with the dear soul. If at these cozy meetings the strife of tongues chanced to run high, what she deigned to say nobody was so rude as to contradict; her voice being at once the signal for silence and deference from others. Even the young Simkins, rising genius that he was, followed up to the letter all the instructions of his worthy parents in paying court to his great-aunt, and putting on his best behaviour in her presence. Never was the spirit of toadyism better acted upon, and never did its efforts appear more likely to be crowned with success.

Happy as it was for the Dobbsses to be on such good terms with Miss Simkins, such happiness could not last for ever; and it is a well known fact that people can no more live upon hope than they can on love; great uncertainty, therefore, exists whether certain parties *wished* it to last for ever, or not. Be this as it may, an event shortly occurred which materially changed the state of affairs; and this was nothing less than—the death of the maiden-aunt! who was discovered one morning, by her servant-of-all-

work, in her bed, "clad in clay," as the old song hath it. The cause of death was presumed to be apoplexy, the old lady being of a full habit, and having partaken of rather too hearty a supper the previous night at her niece's, with a small addendum, the propriety of which a teetotaller would scarcely admit. Great were the "forms, modes, and shews of grief," on the part of Dobbs, upon the event; deep was the crape on his wife's mourning habiliments; and loud were the lamentations of the two card-playing friends, who naturally had their own private expectations, from the affection the deceased seemed to entertain through life for them—but perhaps not quite so extensive as those of their disinterested hosts, the Dobbsses.

The old lady's account had scarcely been satisfactorily balanced with nature by the peaceable consignment of her remains in man's universal home, when a search was commenced for her will; that important document, to influence the construction of which so many praiseworthy endeavours had been made. In this, of course, Dobbs took the lead. That such a paper existed was certain, since Mrs. Dobbs had gathered as much from various insinuations dropped by her aunt respecting it; therefore they were not looking for what it was impossible to find. But Miss Simkins was one of those who had a happy knack of concealing her papers from public gaze in dark impenetrable corners—a practice which, however agreeable to the lovers of secrecy, is extremely disagreeable to such as have the settling of their temporal affairs after death. So the Dobbsses searched and searched for a whole week, but still could not lay hands upon it. The news of her demise naturally brought many a poor, unnoticed relation to L——, each of whom Mr. and Mrs. Dobbs received with much outward commiseration and inward derision. And why? They knew well enough which way the money went, and cared not who were present at the perusal of the will when found. At length it was discovered—in the private drawer of an old bureau, one of those venerable articles of furniture which, like antiquated mansions, have been celebrated time out of mind, for secret nooks and crannies. Yes! there it lay, the veritable last will and testament of Sarah Sunkin, spinster, duly signed and sealed as by law required; so snugly, so calmly, so little mindful of the torments it was about to inflict. Dobbs was the man who drew it from its resting place, and, oh! what a thrill of delight vibrated through his frame as he broke open the enclosure and proceeded to read it aloud for the benefit of the assembled poor relations, who crowded around him with open mouths, like so many wolves ravenous for food. In his own mind he was already constituted trustee for his son, residuary legatee, and sole executor; his chagrin therefore may be more easily imagined than described when he perceived that the lawyer who made it had inserted his own name as the executor, and that the only mention of the name of Dobbs was in the following noble bequest—

"And to my undutiful niece, Jane, the wife of Thomas Dobbs, I give and bequeath—THE SUM OF FIVE POUNDS!"

Here was a fall for the tax-gatherer's pride to sustain. He had mounted the highest pinnacle of the tower of Hope; and brilliant as the prospect around him appeared, time was now proving it a "false creation," and the barren waste of disappointment lay beneath his eye in its stead.

The truth was, Miss Simkins liked the tea-parties, and the rubbers, and the suppers she had shared in at the Dobbses; but she despised them in her heart, and could trace every action to its source. All their time-serving had failed to remove the blot on the family tree of Simkins.

It is needless to add that Dobbs threw down the innocent sheet of foolscap in a rage, and plodded homewards "a chop-fallen man," pronouncing, as he quitted the residence of the defunct (if the report of a bystander may be relied on), something quite the reverse of a blessing on the old lady's memory.

No doubt the poor relations settled matters very amicably among themselves on his departure. How, is of small consequence, for my tale is ended.

May the hopes and expectations of all toad-eaters meet with a similar fate, as befel those of the immaculate Dobbses.

THE PATRIOT OF MODERN GREECE.

(A reminiscence of the memorable struggle for freedom twenty years since, when the Greeks rose against their Turkish oppressors.)

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL, AUTHOR OF "THE
TRANSLUCED," &c.

The God of Day hath oped his golden eye,
Sown earth with pearls, with roses deck'd the sky;
Delphi's white brow hath caught the gladdening
beam,

And Athos' shrines and Athens' temples gleam;
The wild goat plays by green Cephissus' side,
And opening flowers breathe fragrance o'er the tide;
In purple light, the Isles of Beauty rise
Like living emeralds—each a paradise!
And shall this land, where gods might deign to dwell,
Where Plato wrote, and Persia's myriads fell,
Link'd with the glories of immortal years—
Oh! shall she still shed Slavery's burning tears?
No; Freedom wakes; she bursts the despot's chain,
Rears her red arm, and sounds her trump again!
And Glory on her native mountain stands,
Light in her eye, and vengeance in her hands!

Before his cabin, on the olived height,
A veteran stood, and arm'd him for the fight.
Though lowly born, he felt the patriot's glow,
Love for his country, hatred for her foe.
Mildly his eye his weeping spouse survey'd,
Then flash'd with fire, as up the greenwood glade
Swell'd the loud horn and roll'd the stirring drum,
Prophetic of the glorious strife to come.
He rais'd his infant, while the unconscious child
Played with his falchion's gem-bound hilt, and
smiled.

"Poor babe!" he sigh'd, "indulge thy guileless glee;
Thou know'st not what thy father's doom may be!
Yet, if I fall—nay, Ina, dry that tear—
This smiling one a child of vengeance rear:
Teach him our Moslem lords to curse and hate,
To worship Greece, and to avenge my fate!"

He placed the babe amid the flowers to play,
As rosy, fresh, and beautiful as they;
Clasp'd the belov'd one to his swelling heart,
And sigh'd, and felt how hard it was to part:
Then, as the mustering troops the valley fill,
Drank her last tear, and hurried down the hill.

* * * * *
The fight was o'er, the vanquish'd Turk had fled,
And e'er her purple hues o'er Nature spread.
No longer carnage stalk'd, or battle roar'd,
But in each vale her song the bulbul pour'd.
The breeze bore fragrance from the orange-bower,
And honeyed dews fell soft on tree and flower.
Before his cabin, faint and bleeding now,
The soldier leant, yet pride was on his brow.
He welcom'd death; for Greece his blood was shed;
Softer than down is Glory's gory bed.
He gazed along the hills and isle-gemmed wave,
Heard Freedom whisper from each mount and cave,
Then fixed his eye on those who sorrow'd there
With looks of love and bosoms of despair.
E'en his child wonder'd, wept, and near him press'd,
And strove to nestle on his bleeding breast.

"Farewell, sweet innocent!" the father cried;
"I leave thee no high rank, no name of pride;
Yet, at some future hour, perchance thou'lt shed
A grateful tear above my narrow bed;
Nor all despise, though low his lot may be,
The sire who died for Freedom and for thee!
And thou, whose hand has deck'd life's path with
flowers—

Light of my youth, and pride of manhood's hours—
My lov'd and faithful Ina! cease to weep.
Say, wilt thou still the Soldier's memory keep—
Think of my love, and happy days gone by?
The blissful thought will soothe me as I die.
Farewell! but think not, like the Turk, above,
Houries will take thy place, and claim my love.
No; ours shall be a brighter, happier doom,
For we shall meet and love beyond the tomb!"

The soldier beat his head; his lip was still;
The stars came forth; the moon rose o'er the hill;
And there, in Death's last trance, the patriot lay:
But when they thought his soul had passed away,
He rear'd his form, and seiz'd his crimson'd blade,
And Phyle's height, and Athens' towers survey'd;
Waved o'er his head the reeking steel, and cried,
With eyes that flash'd their last of fire and pride:

"Greece! land of fame! once more I gaze on thee;
Shake off thy shackles; rise! be free! be free!
Thine hour is come; list! list! from far and near
The song of Freedom greets my dying ear.
Oh, for a month, a day of added life,
To strike again, and join the glorious strife!
Bear my land's banner on, and swell the cry—
'Death to the Moslem! Greece and victory!'"

He sank along the turf; life ebb'd away;
Still in his feeble grasp his falchion lay—
Still on the hills around his eye was cast,
And, murmuring Freedom's name, he breath'd his
last!

THE YOUNG LADY WHO HAS BEEN ABROAD.

(A Sketch.)

BY ELIZABETH YOUATT.

"My native land! the more I roam,
The dearer still art thou to me;
And back my wandering footsteps come
To hearth and home, how joyfully!"
M. S.

The above class, once a very limited one, has become of late so alarmingly on the increase that it no longer seems out of place to devote a few pages to a brief description of their various and distinctive characteristics. In doing which we shall find them by no means so harmless a genus as might appear at first sight. Individuals comprised under this head are in general of so marked and decided a character, that no one who has been in their society above five or ten minutes can possibly be at a loss to distinguish them. Nay, it may be done, in general, at a glance, or the very first tone or movement. There is, in fact, a perpetual restlessness about them which will not suffer the student in this most interesting branch of natural history to remain in doubt as to the objects of his search.

It is scarcely possible to enter any mixed society without meeting at least half-a-dozen "Young Ladies who have been Abroad;" and who somehow, by a kind of free masonry, are friends at once. The first thing we are led to observe is a certain peculiarity in the style of dressing their hair—not always a becoming one, although there are some faces that will look well in anything—but only some! This peculiarity often extends itself to the dress likewise, and very pretty and fanciful it frequently is. Then they wear in general a profusion of jewellery, and the most exquisite gloves. In speaking, much action is used—action without the natural grace and animation they would fain imitate, but that which always sits awkwardly upon an Englishwoman; such as elevating the eyebrows, shrugging the little white shoulders, and displaying the delicately gloved hand and arm a thousand times more than there is the slightest occasion for, even although they may be a very model of beauty; and speaking a sort of jargon that puts one in mind of a French exercise, only that instead of having to correct, we are expected to look over all blunders. They talk and laugh incessantly all through a charming English ballad which has drawn tears from eyes, albeit unused to weep; and now, on a sudden, up goes the hand again—it is a foreign air.

"How delightful! How exquisite! How full of memories from the sweet south!" exclaims

the "Young Lady who has been Abroad," in her real or affected ecstasy—oftenest the latter. But there is one gentleman sitting near, who perhaps does not understand Italian, and therefore keeps whispering to the pretty, laughing-eyed girl by his side, regardless of the epithet "*Bête*," uttered quite loud enough to reach his ears by the fair enthusiast. Perhaps he does not understand French either, for he is looking most provokingly unconscious.

There is not, however, wanting, in all probability, some kindred spirit to echo back the young lady's admiration; in return for which sympathy she most likely says—

"You have been abroad, I presume?"

"I am but just returned."

"Might I ask whence?"

The locality is forthwith mentioned, and a start of delighted surprise follows.

"Why I was there myself only last summer, for almost three weeks."

And then what reminiscences of the past are sure to follow. How eagerly the new friends compare notes, and find out by the strangest coincidence in the world that both actually put up at one and the same hotel the first night of their arrival. That first night on foreign ground! recollections of sea-sickness, and all petty annoyances pass away for ever. What a memorable night it was! Truly it may be said,

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view."

What memories of places where they had walked—or rode—or dined—or bathed. Of the very identical rock from which one had *almost* fallen, but was providentially rescued by the powerful grasp of a certain peasant; who in spite of his attire, she could not help thinking must have been a prince in disguise, by the noble and haughty air with which he refused to accept the remuneration which dear, blundering papa offered him, as a matter of course. Of the flowers, and, oh! the grapes! they had used to gather with their own hands. Of a truth, such remembrances are marvellously pleasant!

It becomes a formidable thing in these days for the "stay at home young lady" to venture into society at all, with her quiet English man-

ners, her English accent, or—more shocking still—in all probability an English dress-maker! It is positively quite *antediluvian*! The new friends are pointing one out to each in their compassionate sympathy.

"Poor Miss D——!" exclaims the speaker, elevating her beautifully arched eyebrows, "and she would be really pretty if she were to band her hair a little more classically, and use pomade. But she wants style—*manière*—a certain *je ne suis quoi*—only to be acquired by going abroad. What a pity her parents cannot contrive to take her." Presently a really elegant looking man "for an Englishman", as the girl whispered to her companion, appeared to solicit the hand of one of the fair friends for the next set.

"Thank you, I am not engaged, but I seldom dance. There is something so antiquated—so *avant le deluge* in a quadrille; and it will be some time, I fear, before Polkas banish them entirely."

"Perhaps you prefer a country-dance, or a reel?" suggested the gentleman, with a mischievous twinkle of his clear blue eyes; while the young lady would have said *bête* again had she dared, but she was obliged to content herself instead with that very significant shrug of the shoulders before mentioned, which is supposed to mean as much.

"It is to be a waltz, I perceive."

"Oh, they manage these things so badly in England!"

"Let us set them an example then," said her partner, amused in spite of himself. And for some few moments no more was said by either, for want of breath as it would seem, rather than inclination; for no sooner did they stand still for a moment, than the "Young Lady who had been Abroad," returned to her favourite theme.

"What waltzers the Germans are."

"Very likely; I was never in Germany."

"You have been to Paris, of course?"

"Your question reminds me of an anecdote I heard the other day from the best authority," replied her partner, evading a direct answer in a manner which the young lady thought conclusive of his being unable to do so in the affirmative. But just then it was their turn to join in again; and his exquisite waltzing, whether foreign or not, was beyond dispute.

"*En passant*," exclaimed the young lady, as she sat down at length, having despatched half-a-dozen persons different ways for iced lemonade; "you never told me that anecdote you mentioned."

"Ah, I recollect; it was about a 'Young Lady who had been Abroad,' your question reminded me of it. 'Did you make a long stay?' inquired a friend. 'Not very, not so long as I could have wished.' 'A very good reason why,' exclaimed a little pickle of a brother, who chanced to be present; 'their tickets only allowed them three days!' And then it came out that they had merely gone by one of the cheap excursion trips to Boulogne."

His companion laughed of course; but there was a slight contraction of her fair brow, and

the gentleman soon after thought it best to bow himself off.

We heard tell once of a very interesting specimen of this class, recently returned from Dresden.

"Of course you visited so-and-so?" said a friend with whom she was conversing, naming some of the principal lions of the place.

"Well, I suppose we did; but I could tell you if we had the Hand-book here, for we went to nearly all that was set down for us."

"You had an opportunity, then, of viewing that most splendid collection of the old masters, the Dresden gallery."

"Oh, yes; some of the pictures are certainly very fine, but you would be surprised to see the strange, vulgar subjects admitted. There is one, for instance, by Gerard Dow, representing a dentist drawing a boy's tooth, so naturally as to be quite disgusting; and another, by Franz Mieris, of a travelling tinker mending a pan. Such want of taste!"

While another young lady of the same class, speaking of the town of Valenciennes, through which they had passed on their route from Brussels to Paris, made us laugh by describing it in the same breath as "the place where Froissart, the historian, was born; and they make such nice lace!"

It is amusing to hear the "Young Lady who has been Abroad," when the social winter season brings together long-absent acquaintances, comparing notes of the way in which those bright summer months have flitted past so rapidly, that it seems but yesterday they met together in that very room. A young friend has perhaps been into Devonshire with an invalid relative, and speaks in high terms of the enjoyment it had afforded them.

"Yes, I dare say it was very pleasant," observes her companion; "but then English scenery is so flat and tame!"

"I do not think that Devonshire can be called either one or the other."

"Well, perhaps not; but somehow travelling in England is always odious! wanting the fine climate, the sunny skies, and all the classical and poetical associations of the sweet south! We have been abroad!"

The "Young Lady who has been Abroad" may be recognized in the streets by the readiness with which she bestows her alms on the wandering Savoyard, or dark-eyed organ-boy; in whose musical petitions the term "Signora" is perhaps the only one she understands, but that is more than enough. Even the Bavarian broom-girl comes within the scope of her picturesque-loving charity; while her own starving countrymen beg unheeded. And yet she has not a hard heart; it is her imagination only that is at fault. But to the brief tale with which it is our wont to illustrate these sketches.

Caroline Harris was one of those fortunate individuals who seem destined from their very cradles to know nothing but happiness. She was beautiful, of course, as all heroines are; and good tempered, because she had nothing to

make her otherwise. In her nineteenth year the spoiled and petted child passed into the spoiled and petted wife. And Mrs. Lormington, young, handsome, and beloved, found herself at the head of a comfortable, and even luxurious establishment, with nothing still to do but continue to smile and be grateful for all the kindness and affection so unceasingly lavished upon her.

Mr. Lormington was some years her senior, warm-hearted—although rough in his way of shewing it—with but little poetry in his disposition, and much good, sterling sense; and if he was a little too English, too much of a John Bull in his ways and habits of thinking—for all extremes are equally dangerous—Caroline might have excused him for the love it brought with it for his own fireside.

In an evil hour Mrs. Lormington was induced to accompany a newly-married sister in an excursion up the Rhine; her husband, from various reasons, being unable to make one of the party, caused her to hesitate just at first; but then he was good-natured enough to say that he would not for worlds that she should be disappointed of her trip on that account. "So like dear Frank!" as his wife said, and she went accordingly.

"Six weeks will soon be gone," observed Mr. Lormington, as he kissed away her tears at parting. But nevertheless that was a very long six weeks to him, although far otherwise with the merry bridal party.

"Am I not good?" asked Caroline, springing into her husband's solitary-looking library, two whole days before the time he had expected.

"Yes, very; and how well you are looking, dearest!"

"Ah, the air of Germany is so fine!"

The remainder of that evening was devoted, of course, to the reminiscences of the young traveller, to all of which her husband listened with a pleased and delighted attention. But when the same theme came to be repeated time after time, he began to weary of it, and to endeavour to change the conversation by every means in his power; but it was of no use—the very first opportunity, and Mrs. Lormington was back again to her favourite subject.

It was quite amusing, if it had not been a little annoying also, to notice how everything reminded her of something—a song, a picture, even the very clouds, when unusually bright. Now all this would have been very pretty and romantic, and only a little ridiculous, to say the most of it, and have simply justified her husband in laughing at her; but the mischief was, Caroline took at last to drawing the most unfavourable comparisons between the two countries, and grumbling at everything that came in her way.

English manners, English cookery, and English wines became alike unendurable. There was such refinement in the Rhenish wines! port and sherry were actually vulgar, compared with them. Mr. Lormington here ventured some

remonstrance in favour of the stock in his cellar, of which he was not a little proud.

"But you never tasted Johannisberg, my dear."

"And do not wish, my dear."

"Or Steinberg, or Rudesheim!" continued Caroline, pushing away her glass with a discontented air.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Mr. Lormington, taking up the newspaper. It was quite a new habit he had got into, that same newspaper reading at meal-times, and so she told him, and he laid it by immediately; while Caroline, after a little playful teasing about his having so soon relapsed into his old bachelor habits, and the necessity there was for her looking after him, fell gradually into a comparison between Englishmen and foreigners, dwelling on the genuine and habitual politeness of the latter in somewhat exaggerated strains.

"And then they are so much handsomer," continued the "Young Lady who had been Abroad." "Not but what I think you would look as well as the best of them, all in good time, Frank, if you would only let your hair grow, and cultivate a moustache; for you have quite a German face at times."

"Heaven forbid!" said Mr. Lormington.

"Why, my dear, they are considered so intellectual-looking."

"I wish to goodness, Caroline, that you had married a German!" exclaimed the exasperated husband.

"No you don't, Frank," replied his beautiful wife, in her most bewitching tones.

"At any rate, I shall very soon, if I hear much more about them."

"Now I do believe you are jealous of the poor Germans."

"Oh no, not jealous, certainly; only weary to death. Why you know as well as I do, Caroline, that the men do nothing but smoke, and—worse still!"

"Only the lower classes, or the students occasionally—not a vulgar cigar, but a long, regal-looking, china meerschaum, with very often the miniature of the beloved one beautifully enamelled upon it."

Mr. Lormington could not help laughing in spite of himself, at the serious air with which she spoke: while a new idea suddenly entered his head, which he resolved to work out the first opportunity; nor was it very long before one occurred.

Caroline had been to spend the evening with her newly married sister, and talk over for the hundred and twentieth time all the delights of their late excursion; and, upon returning home at an early hour, was astonished to find the atmosphere of their usual comfortable little sitting-room entirely obscured by smoke.

"Do not be frightened, my dear," called out the cheerful voice of Mr. Lormington from amidst the gloom; "it is only me!"

"And what on earth are you doing? Why you will spoil every bit of furniture in the room!"

"I am smoking."

"Then you should go into the garden to smoke."

"It is the German fashion, my dear," said Frank, leaning back in his easy chair, and looking, that is so far as she could distinguish him, most provokingly comfortable.

Caroline sat down also, and began to cough and feel almost choked, as she well might.

"What do you say to sitting for your likeness?" asked Mr. Lormington. "See, it is a regular meerschaum, and wants but that to complete it."

Caroline put up her pretty lip without reply. And really grieved to see her looking so grave, and unlike herself—for at that moment she was calculating the probability of his present whim growing into a confirmed habit, and the damage already sustained by the white flowing draperies and pale blue damasks of her elegant drawing-room—Mr. Lormington laid down his meerschaum, and came and placed himself by her side upon the sofa.

"Oh, pray do not come too near!" exclaimed Caroline, shrinking back. "Your breath smells horribly of smoke!"

"Then you would not like a German husband after all, dearest!"

Something of the real truth flashed over the mind of the self-convicted girl, as he drew her towards him; and with a scarcely audible "Forgive me, Frank," she laid her head upon his shoulder, and burst into tears—real tears! But smiles soon succeeded, and mutual confessions and forgivenesses were exchanged.

"I believe I was too tetchy and impatient," said Mr. Lormington.

"No, no," interrupted his wife; "it is I who have been very, very silly; but it is past now, and for ever!" And Caroline kept her word; her husband's meerschaum, which she insisted upon hanging over the mantel-piece in their usual sitting-room, although it was certainly not the most elegant adornment that could have been found, acting as a warning whenever she felt tempted to transgress. And to this day it is said that there is not a happier couple to be found for miles round; although she still talks occasionally of Germany, and Frank loves to hear her; and has promised to take her there again some day. She has had her lesson, and there is no fear now of her ever loving any place better than her own happy home.

It is not unfrequent for the "Young Lady who has been Abroad," not only to be anxious to inform her friends, but the whole literary world of so important a fact. So that we have a summer in one place, an autumn in another, Glimpses, Sketches, Tours, Reminiscences, and Hand-books innumerable, perpetually issuing from the press, and scarcely to be distinguished one from another, except it may be by a slight variety in the title-page; or an extra quantity of romance, varying in general according to the age and natural temperament of the fair author-ess. From the combined research of such narratives, we have often thought that a statistical

account might easily be drawn up, as to the average number of fine and wet days, "glorious sunsets," or storm-clad dells; good or bad dinners, and beds; the precise locality where an adventure may be expected; and the usual amount of sentiment and enthusiasm, English notions of comfort, and sometimes even of propriety annually expended in search of the picturesque.

Travelling, without doubt, enlarges the mind; gives grace and variety to the conversation, although not always to the manners of an Englishwoman; but it should be enjoyed in the same home-loving spirit which led a dear friend of our own to exclaim, upon her return from a late continental tour, that the sweetest spot she had yet seen was her own fireside! If it teach us to look less cheerfully, less contentedly upon our native land, we had better never have gone; and we have lost, be sure of that, a thousand times more than we can by any possibility have gained. If the reminiscences of summer travel cannot bring sunshine to the winter hearth and homestead, oh suffer them not at least to throw a shadow.

Taste in dress is peculiarly a woman's province, and a powerful assistant in the influence she is naturally so desirous of asserting in the minds of others; but let her beware of sacrificing too much even to this—of turning with a cold, heedless glance from her own starving countrywomen, her own national manufactures, the bulwarks of old England, in order to gratify a vitiated predilection for foreign novelties. We have wound up our brief sketch somewhat more seriously than was at first intended; but the evil is a growing one, and still spreading with vast and giant strides among the larger proportion of the daughters of England. And yet we verily believe that the "Young Lady who has been Abroad" is very far from incorrigible, and needs only to be laughed at, or reasoned with in a right and kindly spirit.

THE SACRED THORN.

[It is a tradition in the North of England, that there is a thorn, which upon the blessed day of the Nativity of our Saviour throws forth the richest blossom.]

BY MRS. COLONEL MARIANNE HARTLY.

Where grows the thorn, which ev'ry year
At Christmas blooms so richly fair—
Saving in summer her riches gay,
To spread them forth on Christmas Day?

Is it because a day so great,
A flow'ry crown shall celebrate,
When Nature's hoard in ices lay,
To burst in bloom on Christmas Day?

Or show the Christian, when he mourns,
The richest crown 's a crown of thorns?
And chase the pious tear away,
By blooming bright on Christmas Day.

THE RIVER'S PHILOSOPHY.

How nimbly down the mountain steep
 That happy stream runs swiftly bounding !
 Its crystal tide exulting sweeps,
 With merry voice for aye resounding.
 No woodlands wild, no scenes of fear
 Can hush thy song, delightful river :
 Through flowery meads or deserts drear,
 On, on thou goest, rejoicing ever.
 Ah, had this wayward heart of mine
 By this philosophy been guided,
 Like beams that o'er thy waters shine,
 How sparkingly my days had glided !
 I ne'er had sigh'd with anguish deep,
 As now I sigh, o'er joys departed ;
 Nor wept, as now, alas ! I weep,
 O'er glorious hopes for ever thwarted ;
 I ne'er had dwelt with aching brain
 On cruel words by lov'd ones spoken ;
 Nor had I long'd for fame or gain,
 Nor had my heavy spirit broken.
 How dark so e'er might be the gloom
 In which my destinies were shrouded,
 I still had kept in every doom,
 The sunshine to the soul unclouded.
 Thus undismay'd by doubts or fears,
 Like thee, bright, merry-hearted river,
 Through calms or tempests, smiles or tears,
 On, on I'd go, rejoicing ever.

C. J. D.

THE OUTWARD BOUND.

Sail on in all thy pageantry,
 And breast the billowy seas ;
 For the slumbering waves are waking up
 To greet the earliest breeze ;
 And ocean from its silent trance
 Trembles beneath the morning's glance.

Sail on, for now the sunbeam's kiss
 Breathes faint upon thy prow ;
 But soon her golden shafts of light
 Shall deeper radiance throw,
 Whilst laughing o'er her diamond vest,
 Sparkling the ocean's purple breast.

Sail on, rejoicing in thy course,
 Amidst the billow's foam,
 Till night her darkening shadows fling
 Upon thy watery home,
 And, sinking in the ocean caves,
 The dying sunbeams gild the waves.

Sail on, for soon the glowing skies
 Must wear their starlit wreath ;
 But imaged in the water's love,
 They light the waves beneath ;
 And fervent pray'rs their vigils keep
 Around thee on the midnight deep.

Sail on with faith, thy anchor sure,
 And hope's soft sunshine light,
 To guard thy steps at morn and noon ;
 Whilst o'er thy moonlight flight
 Be calm and peace the stars that guide
 Thy steps upon the mighty tide.

VIOLA.

TWIN SONNETS.

BY MRS. F. B. SCOTT.

INGRATITUDE.

O, saddest of earth's trials ! when the heart
 Has given its empire to another's sway—
 Its healthful impulses, its wild, free play,
 And all the wealth that Nature can impart,
 To one who scorns the prize. Deep is the smart
 That turns to darkest night youth's beaming day.
 Then pale Pride comes, chasing bright Peace away ;
 And all th' affections in that hour depart.
 Then—taught by others—spurn we Mercy meek,
 Twin-born with Sympathy, pure Feeling's child :
 Then feel we human hand is all too weak
 To stem the current of the heart's wrecks wild :
 Then with a heavy eye, yet crimson'd cheek,
 Scorn we the hour when Friendship's voice be-
 guil'd !

FORGIVENESS.

Forgiveness—heavenly word ! When harsh thoughts
 sweep
 In wild confusion through the troubled breast,
 As some pure sprite, endow'd with holy rest,
 Thou wav'st a wand of magic o'er the deep.
 A bright reward is theirs who, while they weep,
 Clasp close thy hand—a mighty one confest !
 Whose every word was with high truth imprest—
 That such, with pardon'd sins, should calmly sleep.
 And she, who in some sad, secluded spot,
 Can potent Passion with thy glance defy,
 Rewarding wrong with good—rememb'ring not
 The scorn and insult heap'd through years so high,
 Is more heroic than, 'mid brightest lot,
 To fall on battle-plain with shouts of victory !
 Cambridge.

CONSUMPTION.

(An Impromptu.)

BY WILLIAM HENRY FISK.

How stealthily Consumption o'er the frame
 Of a fair blue-eyed girl once stole ! It seem'd
 That she was born when April suns first gleam'd
 Upon the infant year. Then, smiling, came
 The jocund summer, whose soft breathing drew
 Sweet varied blossoms from the verdant soil ;
 And so the summer of her youth did coil
 Tendrils of loveliness, 'mid which there grew
 A gentle virtue. But, alas ! e'er long,
 There crept a hectic flush upon her cheek,
 Which came like ruddy Autumn to the year,
 Telling that it must die ; and when the song
 Of wood-birds dwindled, as the winds blew bleak,
 Then to her grave she drooped, with many a tear !

Philosophy and evenness of temper are pearls
 which we purchase at the price of those vexations
 and crosses in life that occur to us almost every day.
 Nothing in this world is to be had for nothing.
 Every difficulty we surmount is the purchase of some
 advantage.

THE RANDOM LIKENESS.

CHAP. I.

"Certainly, my dear mother," said Paul Churchill, "what little talent I possess, I must have inherited from you: now that is quite a pretty picture you have just described; the outline is accurate, and the grouping of the figures I like particularly. Some years hence perhaps I may have no objection to occupying the respectable position in which you have sketched me; but not now, dear mother, I am too young and heedless yet; and you have spoiled me so much, that I don't know where I should find any one willing to put up with my waywardness as you do. Besides, jesting apart, the thing you are well aware is impossible."

"Why impossible?" said Mrs. Churchill; "but I will not ask. You mean that you have not enough of this world's goods for yourself, and there I agree with you entirely; we only differ as to the first step to be taken in securing the needful addition. Stop now, fair sir, unbend that brow and put aside that haughty look of offended dignity for some occasion when it may be called for; I am not going to hint the possibility of your increasing your fortune by means of a wife, but only to say to you that I don't believe you ever will make any progress in life until you get one. You say you must succeed in your profession first; I say you will succeed afterwards. My dear son, there may be many things in the world that you understand much better than I; but believe me, I have not passed through life thus far blindfolded; and I have observed that a young man never does put forth all his strength in the race until he is fairly shackled with a wife; that he never keeps so steady a course as after he has taken upon himself the responsibilities of a married man."

"Have I not as great responsibilities in my present position as any married man?" said Paul, in a sad, but affectionate tone. "Are you not, my dear mother, almost entirely dependent on my paltry exertions? Most ineffectual they have been, to be sure; but, if I am able to do so little to promote *your* comfort, would it not be madness in me to think of asking another to share our difficulties, for you acknowledge that it would not suit my style of character to turn *fortune hunter*?"

"Yet, how often, my dear son," rejoined Mrs. Churchill, "have I seen it the case, that a young man has incurred the censure of his friends by rushing into what appeared to be an imprudent marriage, when that step itself seems to have turned the scales of fortune in his favour; and before long those very individuals who blamed him have found themselves obliged to confess that he could not have done a better thing. Take my word for it, Paul, you'll never do anything worth talking about until you have

taken my advice. Ever since the world began such has been the course of things; very little is recorded of our first ancestor, except his falling into a 'deep sleep' until a helpmate was given him."

"Well, but," replied the young man, smiling, "some might say that father Adam's marriage was not so advantageous an arrangement for him; the lady did not always give him the best advice in the world, you know."

"I acknowledge," said Mrs. Churchill, "that woman did once mislead man, but you'll agree that she has somewhat made up for it since; and it is very evident that he could not have done as well without her, or she never would have been given to him."

"Why, mother," said the young man, colouring up to the temples, yet trying to look unconcerned; "what in the world can have put such notions into your head?"

"My dear son," said Mrs. Churchill, shaking her head, and fixing on Paul her gentle eyes, "I have too long dwelt upon and studied that countenance not to be able to decipher with accuracy every change, however slight in its expression. For some time it has been evident to me that your spirits flagged more than was natural in one of your age and temperament. I have observed you again and again begin to picture, blot it out, and then, perhaps, throw aside your pencil entirely for a day; in short, you seem never to be satisfied with yourself."

"At any rate, I am not singular in that," replied Paul, with some bitterness, "for no one else seems to be satisfied with me."

Mrs. Churchill hemmed down a sigh. "I will not stop now," said she, "to tell you whether I think you impatient or not, but will rather go on to explain why I felt impelled, this evening, thus to urge you; and why, although you will not allow me to lift the curtain, I have been unable to refrain from making some effort to give a happier turn to your thoughts, evidently, of late, somewhat burdensome to you. I will confess, then, my son, that it is in consequence of having overheard some of your words. I was coming to your room this morning to make some request of you—I forget what—when my steps were arrested by the sound of your voice. Supposing at first that a visitor was with you, I was about to withdraw; but there was so much bitterness in your tone, that it kept me a listener, in spite of myself. 'No,' you said, 'I will blot it out, and never suffer my pencil to wander in such a course again: what have I to do with arched brows and silken lashes? Why do I mix and grind my colours to imitate the soft hue of beauty's cheek, or the bright tint of her lip? It does but remind me that I can never hope to render homage to the lovely original; that stern fortune has placed my lot beyond that pale

where dwells the sort of creature for which alone I feel that I could live. No, I will blot it out, and force my fancy to embody and my pencil to trace only such subjects as may be profitable in my straitened circumstances.' You said more, I believe, but all to the same purpose: your door stood ajar, and I could see upon your canvas the outline of a female face. I did not speak to you at the time, for I thought your voice seemed agitated; but this evening I could not restrain myself. Now let me ask you my dear Paul, why should *not* beauty's eye beam for you? Why should not her lip respond to your vow of affection?"

"Pshaw! my dearest mother," replied Paul, looking half provoked, half miserable at these words, "that was only a painter's rhapsody. You think me a genius, and geniuses are, you know, subject to flights of imagination; I thought I had been wasting my time, and published my own disgrace by scolding myself aloud."

"But why should the drawing a beautiful female face be a waste of time, Paul?"

"You should remember I have engaged to finish some pictures for Mr. Higson's shop-window; and it struck me that perhaps some chubby children and silky poodles would be more suitable to a print-shop; besides, I will confess to you I think it best to keep such notions out of my head."

"My dear son, allow me to say I differ from you in opinion; they are very good, very wise, very commendable notions. Pray, now, don't be so silly as to banish womankind even from your very canvas. Besides, you should remember, if you are so set against encouraging the advances of the tender passion, the observation made by historians that many more thousands are killed in a *flight* than a *battle*; so, by way of turning your face against the enemy, pray set to work at once; finish the pretty girl; make her as beautiful as you can imagine Eve to have been in Paradise; and whether she appear first in a print-shop or a gallery, I feel certain she will do more for you than all the children and poodles in the country. The fact is, Paul, you are growing rather savage, and the face of a pretty woman looking at you from your canvas will humanise you a little."

"Well," said Paul, making, as it seemed a desperate effort to shake off his gloom, "I will finish the picture, mother, if you will promise me one thing, which is, that you never urge me to render any other homage to the fair sex, or express my admiration of this part of the creation farther than by imitating their beauty on canvas; will you be satisfied with that?"

"Certainly, my son, if you are," said Mrs. Churchill.

Here the entrance of the tea-tray broke off the conversation.

CHAP. II.

The admired and idolized Paul was Mrs. Churchill's only child. Left a widow soon after

his birth, she had given up all her heart to loving him; all her time to instructing and taking care of him; and as he outgrew her tuition, all her worldly goods to the securing him every advantage, every means of improvement within her reach. She had even made several imprudent sacrifices in order to enable him to cultivate his peculiar talent to the utmost. This talent, she fully believed, would one day meet with its due share of patronage; but, while it was her constant effort to fill her son's breast with the same bright hopes that cheered her own, time passed on, and Paul continued to be nothing more than the *poor artist*, as he, half in joke, half in sad earnestness, continued to call himself. Their diminished means—never indeed much more than a decent competence—now scarcely sufficed, with all Mrs. Churchill's rigid economy, to secure to them the comforts which habit had rendered necessities; and Paul still, either through want of patronage, too much diffidence, or a course of ill luck failing to attract any notice at all profitable to him, found himself obliged to depend either entirely on his mother's slender income, which he could not bear the idea of burthening with his own maintenance, or to descend to the mechanical and, as it appeared to him, servile employment of preparing pictures for a neighbouring print-shop.

Paul one day took up his hat to visit some painting which had just arrived in the city, fresh from the hand of one of the most celebrated artists of the day. The picture proved worthy of the flourish of trumpets by which it had been announced; and as he gazed and dwelt with delight on each line of beauty, Paul hugged himself in the idea that he had decidedly rejected the notion of quitting the glorious craft, and felt disposed, with every breath he drew, to exclaim—"Ed io anche un Pittore!"

While he was thus engrossed, his "eye, in a fine frenzy rolling," encountered a pair of large blue orbs which, although almost hidden by the long dark lashes which shaded them, were still plainly to be distinguished as "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue." They belonged to a young girl who stood within a few steps of him, leaning upon the arm of an elderly gentleman, whose entrance had not been observed by Paul, so completely was he engrossed by the painting. The most glossy raven hair, suiting well with the dark shade of the above-mentioned eyelashes, was simply parted on a forehead white as the new-fallen snow, and as free from every trace of care or passion as if not pertaining to a descendant of her who "was first in the transgression;" the cheek might have been called pale, but, beside the lip, the brightest coral must needs have blushed for shame. "Ah!" thought Paul, as he drew a long suppressed sigh, and resolutely turned his eyes back upon the picture, "a substitute shines brightly as a king," *only* "unless a king be by;" there is no mimicking the workmanship of Heaven; the pencil even of Dubufe cannot vie with "Nature's own sweet and cunning hand."

While these ideas passed through his mind, the room was getting filled with visitors; but the young lady, only occasionally withdrawing her eyes from the painting to return the salutation of some passing acquaintance, seemed entirely occupied by it: a few observations to the gentleman whom she addressed as "Papa" reached Paul's ear. "What a just taste!" thought he; "what lovely enthusiasm! She knows how to appreciate the genius she was born to inspire; and what a silver voice! How has she monopolized *all* the fairy gifts which are generally divided among women?" Thus the young artist stood, as if spell-bound, striving to fix his eyes upon the picture, but ever and anon suffering them to wander from it to the *breathing* loveliness beside him. At length the gentleman, in an affectionate tone, reminded his daughter that his time was not that morning entirely at his command, but offered to return with her the next day, if she should wish it. Just at that moment it struck Paul that it would suit the arrangement of *his* time quite as well to postpone any farther study of the picture until the morrow; and, drawn by a witchcraft, of which he was the unconscious thrall, he followed closely after the pair.

This step did not tend to diminish his danger; the outline of the figure, the graceful walk, the very manner in which she leaned upon her father's arm, the gentle dependence with which she seemed to cling to him, were all in perfect keeping with the beauty that had taken captive the enthusiastic young artist. But oh! the transiency of every earthly pleasure! Fearing that others might read in his looks the admiration which he felt conscious his eye betrayed, he withdrew his gaze for a moment, to speak to some one, and in that moment she was gone.

To-morrow came, and did not, as is so common in this work-a-day world, bring disappointment with it; the sun shone brightly, and the exhibition room was again adorned by its living as well as inanimate attraction. The beautiful girl, apparently forgetful of the loveliness which her mirror had just before presented her, seemed easily to tire at gazing upon the superb imitation of life presented in the picture. Paul spent his time as he did the day before, telling himself he was studying the fine specimen of *Art*, but feeling that he was pouring out his whole soul in admiration of the far excelling work of *Nature*. Several times they met at the place of exhibition, and each time Paul took in large draughts of excitement, which one moment seemed to lend life a charm it knew not before, and the next to render all that had hitherto been attractive to him "flat, stale, and unprofitable."

At length the spell was broken; the picture was packed up, to be transported to other scenes, and there seemed no prospect that he should ever again catch a glimpse of his beautiful incognita. Then it was that Paul became sensible how dangerous a pleasure he had been indulging in. It was evident, from several circumstances which (absorbed as was his attention by the poetry of her beauty and grace) Paul could not

help observing, that fortune had not denied her favours to the one whom nature seemed to have taken such pleasure in adorning: all the insignia of wealth attended her; beautiful apparel, handsome equipage, &c., while he had little or nothing to do with the circle in which alone he could expect to meet her; for, although conscious that his birth and education entitled him to association with any, he had yet ever shrunk with nervous sensitiveness from the society of such as, although often inferior to him in all but the adventitious circumstance of wealth, he yet felt painfully apprehensive might not consider him as an equal. "Ah, yes," sighed he, when forced into sober thought by the recollection of these stern realities, "I ought not to wish again to meet her. What can she ever be to me but a form of beauty, a triumphant evidence of nature's exceeding and all surpassing skill? Is it not madness in me even to think of her? to employ my imagination in striving to sketch the outline of the gentle spirit which speaks with such bewitching animation from her soft eye? No, I will be more wise, and endeavour to make some profit of this delightful incident in my life. The recollection of her beauty shall give an edge to my fancy, and impart a more soaring tendency to the powers which seem to have flagged latterly, for want, perhaps, of this very excitement."

—

CHAPTER III.

Having formed this resolution, Paul Churchill flew to his study; obedient memory readily conjured up the desired image; and for some time he gave his days and nights the delightful task of fashioning a likeness of his "bright particular star." It was not easy, however, to satisfy his own fastidiousness. The picture was touched and re-touched, put aside and resumed; but long before it was completed he began to see that—philosopher as he thought himself—he had been most unwise in the choice of an occupation. He found that he had been cherishing and keeping in his breast the very arrow which had destroyed his tranquillity; and now, with the impetuosity natural to his enthusiastic temperament, he resolved at once to draw it out, and force his thoughts away from beauty, with all its fascinations.

He was in this mood when his mother overheard him soliloquizing as above-mentioned. Having reasoned herself into the belief that in urging him to follow the bent of his inclinations, she at the same time advocated a step which would further his success in life; and ever anxious to speak to him fitly and in season, she had, after watching and waiting for an opportunity, ventured to begin the conversation in which we find the mother and her son engaged on the evening of our first introduction to them.

A mother's zeal had shown itself in all that Mrs. Churchill had said; and her words went not without their reward; at least, she had the satisfaction of seeing a degree of animation im-

parted to the eye whose every turn she had learnt to read and interpret with the utmost accuracy, and which had for some time past told a tale of listless despondency.

Paul worked at his picture with renewed eagerness; but while he complied with his mother's wish, he at the same time held to his determination of not allowing himself the dangerous gratification of depicting the particular beauty which had made such an impression upon him; besides, this was intended as a specimen of his skill, and it would have seemed to him a sort of profanation of a form "so rich and rare" to show it to all who might choose to look on it; besides that he thought it would be taking an unwarrantable liberty to attempt a likeness of one not even known to him. He resolved, therefore, to make it a decidedly different style of face. Whereas, the eyes that had enchained his fancy were blue—pure skyey blue! those that his pencil should now spend its skill in portraying should imitate the darkest jet; instead of the raven locks which formed so beautiful a contrast to the marble forehead they overtopped, the palest auburn curl should cluster about the temples of his creation. Further he could not go in the alteration; for to have given up the perfectly oval outline of the face, the Grecian nose, the round red lip, and the gentle transition from the cheek to the ear, would have been too great a sacrifice; they were the common property of all real beauty; but by endeavouring to substitute the most laughing expression for the lofty Madonna cast of countenance which had struck him so forcibly in the beautiful stranger, he thought he relinquished all that could be expected of him. Nor could he refrain from making a somewhat close copy of the graceful form he so well remembered; a little more *em-bon-point* would be consistent with his plan of making a difference, at the same time that it would harmonize best with the less ethereal appearance of his "*chef-d'œuvre*," but the same exquisite chiselling was, he decided, absolutely necessary. "Now," thought he, as the beautiful figure first began to look upon him from the canvas with an air of reality, smiling with the arch simplicity he had striven to impart to it; "who can accuse me of having gone beyond my limits in imitating living beauty? Who will say there is anything heavenly in that face? I flatter myself that it represents a lovely female, but she is evidently of the earth earthy; no one need suppose her a visitor from some better world. There are, to be sure," he continued, as his eye rested on the several points of resemblance before-mentioned, "some charms in common, but I must have disfigured my picture had I denied myself that privilege; there is a striking likeness, I confess, but there can be but one rule for perfect beauty; there must always be some similarity between those on whom is bestowed that bewitching boon."

Mrs. Churchill was, as might have been expected, in raptures, when, having given it its last touches, her son invited her to look upon

his work. Nor was it only a mother's partiality which extorted the warm encomiums she bestowed upon it; the picture was in very truth admirably well executed—life itself scarce ever looked more life. "And then," as the admiring observer exclaimed, "'twas such a mischievous looking Hebe! one really longed to hear her talk! She looked as if the bluest of devils must vanish before her laugh! her eyes told of the rarest joke, while her sweet dimpled mouth promised the kindest apology for the railway which one might fancy the merry spirit within could restrain!"

Several days passed after the picture had taken its station in Mr. Higson's window. Each time that Paul returned from his morning walk in the city, Mrs. Churchill's eyes asked the question she feared to mortify him by uttering; but each time any further interrogation was entirely prevented by her observing the blank, dispirited expression of her son's speaking countenance, and the mortified air with which he took his seat opposite her at the small, scantily covered table, that seemed to force upon the recollection the slender means he still felt himself powerless as ever to increase.

CHAPTER IV.

"Hope long deferred maketh the heart sick!" said the wisest among men; but were it *not* so deferred, where would be the keen relish, the eager appetite, which, "when the desire cometh," makes it "a tree of life?"

One morning, the sun shone with especial brilliancy in the city of —; it was the beautiful month of October, the month which is bright, cheerful, and almost always sunny in every latitude of the temperate zone. Paul (probably from a morbid state of feeling, preferring the retirement of his study to the busy haunts of men, where he felt as if always jostling against those whose prosperity seemed to taunt him with his own failure) had not left the house for several days; but suddenly on this morning he threw aside his pencil, apparently impelled, in spite of himself, to seek the reviving influences of the open air. He turned his steps, as if mechanically, to the part of the city where his favourite production had for some time been exposed to view, and where, had his genius been of a practical sort, he would have known it was not situated to attract the kind of notice it deserved. It was crowded among a miscellaneous collection of engravings, which, being the property of the master of the shop, could not, of course, be expected to turn out of their places in order to give the intruder a fair opportunity of displaying its superior attractions. Thus it passed, among those who might chance to take a view of the contents of the window, only as one—perhaps the prettiest, among the collection.

Paul's slow and listless steps, and the measured pace with which he approached the print-shop, have given us time for this digression.

As he walked leisurely along, he determined within himself to withdraw the slighted picture from its so-called place of exhibition, and place it in the retirement, which would at least be a comparatively honourable one, of his mother's little parlour. Its excellences would there be, at any rate, appreciated; in that position there would be no danger of its being overlooked.

With such feelings, and having formed this resolution, he approached the shop; but on stopping at the window, to greet with one passing look the object of his lucubrations, he started—it was not there. "What," thought he, "even jostled out of its quiet, unostentatious corner!" He entered, and his surprise and agitation were not diminished by the sight of a gentleman standing opposite the identical picture (which the shopman was supporting against the wall), and gazing at it with the most rapt attention; one moment putting on his spectacles, and the next taking them off, and applying his handkerchief to his eyes to wipe the tears which, as he gazed, seemed to gather faster and faster.

Paul was speechless with astonishment. Who could it be, who was bestowing such unlooked-for, such flattering attention upon the so long neglected picture?

It was evident that some particular sorrow sat heavy at the heart of the stranger, which seemed startlingly mysterious to Paul. The sight of the picture appeared to open some deep wound; for, as he looked, he wept—and though he wept, he looked again. At last he turned to the shopman—

"Do you know the artist, whose skill this beautiful picture" (and here he sighed deeply) "so plainly declares to be of no common order?"

"This is the gentleman, sir," replied the man, "standing beside you—Mr. Churchill."

Colouring with pleasure and embarrassment, Paul took off his hat as the gentleman advanced towards him, and grasping his hand, said—"Allow me, sir, although I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance, to thank you for the gratifying surprise I have this morning enjoyed through your instrumentality. May I take the liberty of asking whether this picture be the likeness of an individual, or if it be merely the creation of your own fancy?"

Paul hesitated a moment; but as (though he well recollected having been especially inspired by the beauty of an individual) he yet knew himself guiltless of any intention to attempt a copy, having, on the contrary, as we have seen, carefully avoided similarity as much as possible, he replied—"No, sir, it is no likeness, except of the vision conjured up by my own imagination!"

"Indeed!" said the gentleman. "Strange, very strange! the resemblance is complete, almost without a single line of variation. My dear sir, you must allow me to make that picture my own. I will not ask the price; to me it is beyond price! I trust no one has established a prior right to it?"

"Oh no, sir!" replied Paul, endeavouring to speak calmly, though the flutter of his spirits could not be concealed. "Although most unworthy the commendation you bestow upon it, I hope you will consider it at once your own." Paul, in his new happiness, at being flattered and admired, would have engaged to spend his best efforts for the gratification of the approving stranger, without either fee or reward.

"Thank you, sir," replied the gentleman, the painful expression of grief, lately so visible on his countenance, fading into a smile of benevolent satisfaction, as he marked the flush of pleasure his notice had raised on the young man's expressive countenance, the modest triumph which beamed in his dark eye—"and will you let me ask another favour of you?"

"I can only receive at your hands, sir," replied Paul, deferentially; "I cannot imagine it in my power to confer any favour upon you."

This modest speech completed the young artist's conquest over the old gentleman's heart. He had been fascinated by the picture, the mystery of whose charm will be hereafter divulged; he had been next much struck by the quiet, gentlemanly air of the young man, upon first accosting him, and had at once felt anxious to show his approbation in some more impressive manner than by simply remunerating him for what was so exceedingly desirable to himself.

In this case, the whole air and appearance of his new *protégé* in perspective were so very prepossessing, his pleasing voice, his politeness, which appeared to force its way through his reserve, so gratifying, that they seemed to stand forward as guarantee for his worth; and the old gentleman felt no misgivings as to the wisdom of giving the reins to his benevolent fancy, when he went on to say, that the favour he wished to beg of Mr. Churchill was to be allowed the pleasure of his acquaintance; and in order to do this he requested him to join his family circle at dinner the next day. "I cannot promise you," continued the old gentleman, "any of the attractions of gay society. Our fire-side is not now the abode of mirth and merriment; but you will find warm hearts among us; and this (pointing to the picture) will, of itself, insure you a welcome."

With almost as much surprise as pleasure, Paul received from the hand of the speaker a card, on which were written his name and place of residence, and without waiting one moment to consider whether he had any engagement for the day, accepted the invitation with the most animated readiness.

CHAPTER V.

Whether Paul was quite sure, as he took his way homeward, that he was not treading upon air; whether he realized that there were but the same paved streets which he had traversed with a slow step and heavy heart, only a short portion of an hour before, we will not undertake to determine. Of one thing he felt certain, if all

without and about him were indeed the same, there had been a considerable change wrought in the inner man.

Paul had not the heart to withhold from his mother the gratification of learning some of the events of the morning, although as well from modesty as a prudent apprehension, lest her sanguine feelings might build too much upon them, he gave as sober a colouring to his recital as was possible in his excited state of mind; while she, with a tact rendered keen by her watchful affection, forbore to make the many animated comments which sprang to her lips; and perceiving that he wished to control as well as disguise his own delight, confined her triumph to quietly remarking, that she always knew the picture would be admired as soon as it should be seen by one who possessed a real knowledge and taste for such things.

Not much was accomplished by Paul during the rest of the day; he tried to sober himself somewhat by turning his attention to his usual employments; but by no means could he settle himself to anything. There seemed to be just then a pause in his life, and he felt that all now in his power was to wait with as much patience as he could gather, to see whether Fortune really meant anything by her late kind looks and words.

The next day, at the appointed hour, Paul made his appearance before the house designated on the stranger's card. The bell sounded at his touch, and the door was opened by a servant, who ushered him up stairs into a large and handsomely furnished drawing-room. His new friend, who was sitting on one side of the fire-place, rose instantly to greet him, shook his hand cordially, and, leading him to a lady on the opposite side, apparently somewhat advanced in life, and whose mild but saddened countenance suited well with the sombre trappings of woe in which she was arrayed, he announced him as the gentleman, the pleasure of whose company at dinner he had promised her. He then turned towards a window, where, almost entirely concealed by the folds of a curtain, sat another lady, whose position only permitted a small portion of her dress to be visible. "Esther, my love!" said he, "come and join your mother and myself in thanking Mr. Churchill for the invaluable possession which we owe to him." At these words, the young lady came forward. Paul with the utmost difficulty commanded himself so far as to suppress an exclamation of surprise and delight. It was his *beautiful Incognita*!

Notwithstanding his best efforts, however, his perturbation could not be entirely concealed from the fair cause, while his heightened colour was, in a manner, reflected in the blush which ornamented her smooth and polished cheek; nor was it only his evident agitation which induced a responsive tremor in the usually calm and placid demeanor of the lovely Esther; *his* appearance was not entirely strange to her—for, sooth to say, woman does not often fail to take note of the impression made by her charms, nor

does the silent homage of a look always require the aid of language to render it intelligible. No; there are not many "such dull maids, to whom it must in terms be said," that an eye beaming with genius had fixed upon her beauty its worshipping gaze. Esther had not been blind to the evident admiration shown for her, it seemed, in spite of himself, by an individual of very striking appearance, whom she had met each time she visited the exhibition-room; and although the circumstance had quite passed from her mind, the sight of Paul soon brought it back.

Mr. Bingham, however, entirely unconscious of the mysterious acquaintanceship already existing between his daughter and his young friend, and being neither surprised nor embarrassed, immediately introduced some topic of conversation which he thought Paul likely to be acquainted with, and in the kindest manner endeavoured to make him feel at home. Just as Paul was beginning to control himself a little, Mrs. Bingham left the room; and Mr. Bingham, who probably had been waiting for this opportunity, now making some excuse to send his daughter out also, immediately began to explain to him, why the picture, "a most desirable possession to any one, on account of the genius it displayed," was to him so great a treasure. "It chanced," he said, "to be a most striking likeness of a beloved child, Esther's only sister, who, although resembling her closely in feature and outline, differed entirely in colouring and expression. She was taken from us," he continued, with a deep sigh, "and time having somewhat softened the grief which was at first so stunning in its effects, it has been a subject of great regret in our diminished circle, that no copy remained of the lovely and beloved creature besides that imprinted on our sorrowing hearts. Esther, who is an enthusiastic admirer of your charming art, and no contemptible proficient herself, has made several attempts, but her trembling hand was not equal to the task; and however faithfully memory called up the wished-for resemblance, she never could satisfy herself in the execution. It was too evidently a very painful effort; and even while I most ardently desired this mute representation of the one whose cheerful voice once made such music to my poor doting heart, I yet felt it proper to dissuade my remaining treasure from this injurious tax upon her delicate and depressed feelings. Your picture struck me accidentally in passing the shop where it was placed, and, on taking it home with me, my wife and daughter both bestowed upon it the same unqualified approbation—alternately weeping and rejoicing over it; but," continued Mr. Bingham, "the more I think of it, the more I am surprised, that without having seen my dear lost one, your pencil, my dear sir, should have portrayed her looks with such admirable precision."

Fortunately for our embarrassed hero, before he could be expected to make any answer, the ladies returned to the drawing-room; the con-

versation was of course changed, and after awhile dinner was announced.

Whether Paul, being somewhat of a genius, and therefore subject, as might be supposed, to its whims and vagaries, was so unlucky as to possess that particular "antipathy to seeing a woman eat," which is said to have disturbed Lord Byron's domestic peace, cannot be exactly ascertained; but it may be imagined, that either he was happily insensible on this point, or else that the charming Esther displayed some peculiar grace in going through this ceremony, so necessary to frail mortality, inasmuch as although he sate opposite to her at the table, and even assisted in furnishing her plate with the terrestrial compound whereby her seemingly angelic form was to be sustained during the day, the closest observer could not, we believe, have detected any diminution in the admiration which showed itself in every turn in his tell-tale eye; nor could it be said that any admissible opportunity was lost by him of drinking in the sweet looks and almost sweeter words, with which his lovely *vis-à-vis* fanned the flame that had so long smouldered in his breast. We will not, however, undertake to deny that this and such-like opportunities of association, may in course of time have been in a manner the means of putting our enthusiastic adorer so much at his ease with the object of his idolatry, as to enable him to give utterance to the feelings he had once thought it absolute madness to entertain. And what may be considered still more surprising, we have it from good authority, that she, instead of resenting this extraordinary liberty, so far put aside her dignity as to admit the possibility of her being rather gratified by his assumption; nay, it is whispered, and as subsequent events proved correctly, that she suffered herself to be surprised into a hesitating, somewhat incoherent avowal, that her own gentle and loving heart, being no longer in her possession, she would have no very decided objection to accept of his; which she farther hinted, she might at some future time consider quite a sufficient substitute. Our hero had made his way into Esther's good graces by the straightest and smoothest of roads, her family affection. The memory of her beloved sister seemed entwined with their first introduction to each other—every courteous word she spoke to him, a tribute of that beloved one. And although the unspoken admiration which, as we have said, was not entirely unobserved by her some time before, might have had some share in the smile with which she first received his embarrassed salutation—the tear which stole down her lovely cheek, as they together examined and dwelt upon the several beauties of the precious picture, had its source in a far deeper as well as holier feeling; a feeling which, while it made her tenfold more attractive in the eyes of her entranced admirer, at the same time declared her softened heart ready for a deep impression. And when she listened to Paul's history of the train of feeling that had conjured up the lovely image before them; when he

breathed into her ear a detail of the struggle he had so long maintained with himself, and told her how the ardent admiration inspired by herself had guided his pencil—how the deep respect which mingled with that admiration had led him so to fashion his work as to give it the form most attractive to her heart, she gave herself up to the sweet thought that destiny itself had possessed him of the master-key to her affections, and that the companion of her childhood smiled on the new bond.

The fortunate picture met with many admirers. Paul's time no longer seemed the useless, unprofitable possession he had once thought it; and while he eagerly seized every opportunity of listening to the silver tones of his mistress's voice, and drinking inspiration from her kindling eye, all his other hours were not merely spent in idle exultation over his happiness, but were made to give a strict account of themselves.

Mrs. Churchill no longer felt it incumbent on her to keep silence, nor did Paul now shake his head when she predicted good fortune to him; and although the gratified mother could not refrain from teasing her son a little by reminding him that he had once protested against making any farther advances to the fair sex, than the endeavour to represent them on canvas, yet (seeing that he had become of late particularly placable) she made up for these jokes by declaring, as she affectionately kissed her new daughter, that she "had no idea how selfish a part she was acting, when she had urged her son to marry!"

SONNET.—AFTON DOWN, ISLE OF WIGHT.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

High on the mountains, up above the sea,
With o'er me Heaven's own sky, and nought between
But some bright-colour'd cloud—a gorgeous scene,
That fills the soul with adoration. Bee
Or songful bird, scarce comes so high; yet green
The Downs extend; while 'neath them sunnily
Now stretcheth the calm main; Freshwater Bay,
And Allum Bay, and Scratchell's, where have been
Great thinkers—wandering men from far away—
To view our marvellous isle. Behind yon screen
Of withered furze, the downward eye beholds
The winding Yar, upstarting 'mid rich fields;
And while the sun's declining glory gilds
Sea, shore, and cliff, quiet peace the soul enfolds.

Sept., 1844.

EPIGRAM.

Fortune, the maid, is blind they say—
Hence then we clearly see
The reason how she's led astray,
The slave of vice to be.

J. J. R.

LINES.

(Suggested on seeing a Plate of the British Sovereigns.)

BY J. GOSLIN.

Mute Monuments of England's power and fame,
Where now are all their regal pomp and pride?
What more can history weave around each name,
Than merely that they liv'd, were great, and died?
Where are the laurels which each grasping thought
Would fain have carried from the field of gore?
And where the dignity? 'Tis vainly sought,
For all their earthly mightiness is o'er.

From Norman William to our youthful queen,
How many faces in succession bring
The thought, how each proud heart and manly mien
Bow'd in submission to the fierce Death King?
For all their greatness here was but a loan,
Set round anon with darkness and with gloom;
Nor could the high possession of a throne
Save one from entering the cold narrow tomb!

The good, the brave, the generous, are here;
Also the haughty, vicious, weak, and vile;
And those who droop'd with suffering and care,
Rank side by side with votaries of guile;
And hearts that burn'd to seek redress for wrong,
That strove and fought, and even err'd, to shine;
The dread of foes, the theme of minstrel's song,
Are blended here in brief successive line.

Centuries have fled since thou, first of the great,
Wast hailed as King, by vassal, chief, and lord;
When thousands crouch'd and humbled at thy feet,
Proclaim'd thee King, yet in their hearts abhorr'd!
Nations have fallen, others have arose,
Things strange and wonderful have since gone by;
And History's page alone can now disclose
The deeds of yore and works of royalty.

But what is History, save a darken'd mass
Of crimes, augmented each successive year,
In which both crime and bloodshed oft surpass
The better actions man should still revere?
Some are accounted generous and good,
Who warred and hurried thousands to the grave;
While those who feared to stain their hands with blood,
Scarce gain a place among the true and brave.

The last and fairest of the noble throng
Is one most dear to every British heart;
To whom is pour'd the symphony of song,
And health and beauty equal joys impart.
Oh, may VICTORIA's reign be long and bright,
Unclouded by a particle of care!
May she remain a Nation's fond delight,
Till Death demands the prize he cannot spare!

The fairest flower must wither and decay;
The brightest day is follow'd by the night;
And states and empires all must pass away,
And leave no relic of their former might!
E'en man himself, though honours he has sought,
Though crowns and laurels may have grac'd his brow,
Can only leave the one distressing thought,
"I once was mighty—but where am I now?"
Dublin, Sept., 1844.

THE GARDEN OF CHILDHOOD.

(From the German of H. V. Fallersleben.)

A little garden blooms in beauty,
Where oft I wander joyously;
There angels pay their flower-duty—
Aye caring them full tenderly.

There Heaven's eye itself discloses,
For ever cloudless, ever blue—
There, diamond-like, the dew reposes,
Nestling on leaves and grasses too.

There, freely flowing, bounds the river,
Where nothing bars his rapid rush—
There, at each foot-fall, springing ever,
Sweet morning flowers in beauty blush!

The golden fire-fly airy wheeling,
There wafts us joy on silken wing;
Through the dark foliage softly stealing,
The nightingale begins to sing

The song of peace, where nought of sadness
Dares mingle with the full heart's mirth;
There, ever in their leafy gladness,
Hang fruits and flowers too fair for earth!

There dark suspicions never lower;
Nor envy, hatred, malice, scorn:
There, stingless, sucks the bee the flower—
There roses bloom without a thorn!

The god of day all glorious shining,
The stars all spiritual gleam;
Far, far away dwells dull repining;
There joy and bliss for ever beam.

Vision of childhood! on awaking
Below, no garden blooms for me!
For Sin, alas! is hourly making
A wilderness of misery!

Seek not this garden, beauteous, blooming,
On this dull earth, though ever nigh;
But each a little child becoming,
Seek it, and find it there on high.

London.

ELIZA LESLIE.

LINES ON A PORTRAIT.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

There is a beauty that doth win, though rare,
For tribute only icy admiration;
Like scentless flowers, whose gorgeous hues declare
That they are children of another nation.
But thou art like our own dear rose, or yet
More richly dower'd blue-eyed violet;
For the bright rose a thorny armour chooses,
And so some forfeit from her sweet wealth loses.

The soulless flower we leave upon the stem,
For small the joy its presence can impart;
But thou, sweet lady, likeliest are to them
That they seek to win, and garner near the heart.
Intelligence, high thoughts, and woman's grace,
Make yet more lovely that surpassing face:
Thou art the flower, where'er our footsteps roam,
That sheds a charm around an English home!

FATAL CURIOSITY.

(From the German of Apel.)

BY M. A. Y.

CHAP. I.

"My child, you have passed the night in weeping, instead of sleeping, again," said the aged Gertrude, as she came to the bed-side of the young Countess Viola, to awaken her. "How you have dimmed those pretty eyes! Fie, fie! if you go on thus much longer, you will wash all the bloom of youth away before it has come to perfection. Come, come, cheer up. See, I have brought you a beautiful new dress for the ball at your sister's wedding. Here's embroidery! My little Viola will outshine all the court dames there. Now, get up, and let us see how you look in this lovely dress."

"Ah, my dear nurse," replied the young maiden, leaning her aching head on the bosom of her faithful attendant, "how can you talk to me of weddings and balls? Take away that costly robe. Would that I could be attired as a simple peasant girl, and be as happy as one."

"Silly child!" said Gertrude; "a straw hat may cover as aching a head as a golden coronet. Reared in the solitude of this castle, you know little of the world, nay, even of your own heart. Believe me, sweet, many a maiden of your age, who would willingly have given half her life to obtain her lover, would in a very short time gladly surrender the other half to be quit of him again."

"But it is not so with me, good Gertrude! Separated from Serini, nor heaven nor earth would have any happiness for me. Dear nurse, do not you be dazzled by the riches and magnificence of my sister's lover, and scorn my poor, devoted Serini."

Gertrude was moved by the piteous accents of her young mistress, and besides was a great admirer of the brave, gallant boy, whose devotion to that fair maiden was so earnest and sincere; she therefore sought to soothe and console her, adding, "I know for a certainty that one day you will see all your wishes fulfilled."

"How often you have said that, nurse; tell me, how do you know this? Do, do tell me, dear nurse; now that I am sad, it will console me to hear the ground of your *certain* hopes."

The old woman asked nothing better than to be coaxed and entreated, and after a while replied thus: "When little, you were a poor sickly child, and anything but pretty; therefore no one cared much about you, but abandoned you solely to my care, while all petted and caressed your lovely sister Maria. One day, as I was out walking with you, the 'old woman of the

woods' met us. 'Gertrude,' she exclaimed, 'what an angel that child is!' and she kissed your little hands and feet, and seemed as if she would never have done admiring you. 'Good mother,' I said, 'my little Viola is a gentle, amiable child; but if you want to see beauty, go and look at her sister Maria. 'Maria is fair,' replied the old woman, 'but Viola is fairer; and where she appears, her sister must give place. She will be happy in love, and have the handsomest man in all the kingdom for her husband.' With this she kissed your hand again, and hobbled away. So you see, my darling, that, as her prophecy respecting your beauty is come to pass, I hope that the rest will also be fulfilled; although, sooth to say, there seems little chance of it now."

Viola sprang up joyfully: "Thanks, dear nurse!" she exclaimed. "My hopes revive; I may yet become Serini's bride. It was but yesternight we vowed eternal fidelity."

There was a sound beneath the window as if some one thrice clapped their hands; it was the lover's signal, and hastily kissing her nurse, Viola bounded with fairy step and sparkling eyes to meet him. "But why thus equipped for travelling?" she inquired, as she gazed on his clouded brow.

"I must leave you for a few days," was the reply; "the Count Nadasti requires my presence."

"And must you go? Why not remain here, near your Viola?"

"How willingly would I do so; but the Count is my feudal lord, and must not be denied. He wishes to celebrate his approaching nuptials with all due pomp."

"It is to his marriage then that you are summoned!" exclaimed Viola. "How delightful! We shall meet there. Nadasti is to marry my sister. Now I will go and wear my gay dress since you are to be there."

Serini felt by no means so delighted. Viola would see her sister wedded to the rich and powerful Count Nadasti, whose wealth and splendour could not but dazzle so young and inexperienced a girl. Would she, after this, look on the vassal Serini, who could only offer to his bride a poor pittance, and even that dependent on the will of her sister's husband? His melancholy and emotion did not escape the notice of the maiden, but she was too youthful and inexperienced to dream even of its cause; she only wondered why he should be sad when she felt so happy, and was half inclined to doubt the truth of his affection.

CHAP. II.

That evening Viola and her nurse were sitting together in silence, and the former apparently deep in thought. "Have you never seen the 'old woman of the woods' since?" she suddenly inquired. "Who and what is she?"

"I can scarcely tell you," replied Gertrude. "She has lived in the forest ever since I can remember, and tells fortunes, prophecies, and such like follies. I have never had anything to do with her, for I am not a believer in such stuff."

"How does she obtain her living?" inquired Viola.

"As I said before; by telling fortunes, prophesying, letting people look in her magic mirror, raising the forms of the absent for those who long to see them, and other devil's tricks."

Viola continued to ask all sorts of questions respecting this "cunning woman," and at length ended by entreating her nurse to take her there, just for a joke, and let her see some of these strange mysteries. "Only just for fun; it must be so delightful to hear all about the future, and know what one has to look forward to."

But vain were all Viola's coaxings and entreaties; Gertrude was immovable. "No," she said gravely; "we have no right to jest with such matters. Good spirits are too holy to be profaned by them, and it is dangerous to hold converse with the powers of evil. There are many instances in which persons have bitterly rued such jests throughout a whole life."

Viola was silent for a while, but not diverted from her purpose; a wish to peep into futurity had arisen in her heart, and she could not understand what harm a knowledge of the future could do her or anybody, therefore she continued her importunities. "Indeed I only wish to know if Serini loves me truly; if our affection shall triumph over all the obstacles which now oppose it. Do, do let me go, dear Gertrude. What harm can come of it? My father will never know of the visit. You said the prophetess could show a girl the form of her future bridegroom, did you not? I should so like to see if Sarini will be mine. You will take me, good nurse; I know you will."

"Child, child, do not torment me with such requests; you know how willingly I do anything which can give you pleasure, but this I dare not. You do not know what you ask. By gratifying your curiosity you might be terrified to death, or see that which would rob you of all happiness. I shall never forget the fate of poor Agnes Rosenberg, who was led to join in a spell to raise the form of her future bridegroom. Be content, dear child; the future is in the hands of a good and all-wise Being, who mercifully withholds from us that knowledge which too often would produce only misery, and embitter all the present by fearful anticipation or anxious longings."

Viola now inquired who Agnes Rosenberg

was, and Gertrude replied in the following words:—

"She was a gentle, lovely girl, of some fifteen years of age, and had two elder sisters, both handsome, although not to be compared to Agnes. These two thoughtless maidens having heard that if they went to a certain spot in a neighbouring wood, and there repeated St. Andrew's prayer, they would see the form of the men who should become their future husbands, resolved to do so, and persuaded their innocent young sister to accompany them. Accordingly, one bright moonlight night they stole forth. I cannot tell you all the impious, foolish ceremonial made use of, but each maiden was to place something which might be touched by the spiritual form of her bridegroom that was to be. Martha, the eldest sister, laid a rose on a bush; and Lucia, the second, a lily; but Agnes, who had repented coming, refused to join them any further; and well would it have been for her had she persisted in this refusal. The eldest sister now uttered the spell, and the words had scarcely passed her lips when a fine looking man, in splendid Turkish costume, rode rapidly up, brandishing his sword fiercely. As he approached the rose, his countenance became milder; he snatched at the flower, and vanished. The maidens were not a little startled at first, but, recovering herself, the second sister stepped forward, and repeated the spell; then paused, then repeated it again, but still no bridegroom appeared; and the others joked her, and told her she would be an old maid. Lucia grew vexed, and insisted that Agnes should also try her fortune, and the gentle girl at length consented, and hung her handkerchief on a branch. Again Lucia uttered the spell, and this time a handsome young man, clad in rich uniform, and mounted on a noble horse, rode slowly forward, looked melancholy around, paused awhile, and at length approaching the lily, kissed it, and vanished. It now came the turn of Agnes, and she, urged on by her sisters, and perhaps stimulated by that fatal dower of mother Eve, curiosity, stepped forward and uttered the mystic words. The first time was fruitless, but when she had repeated them, a funeral procession came slowly and solemnly along, and as it passed the tree on which Agnes had hung her symbol, the kerchief fell fluttering into the midst of it; Agnes sank fainting to the ground, and her sisters were so terrified as scarcely to be able to render her any assistance; and for many weeks the poor girl lay in wild delirium on what all feared would prove her death-bed."

Viola shuddered. "Hush, dear nurse, speak no more of this; I am terrified to death."

"Will you not hear the end?" asked Gertrude.

"No, no," replied Viola; "speak of anything else."

The following morning, however, she requested her to conclude the narration. "I could not have listened to it last night," she said; "but now the bright sunshine gives me courage."

Gertrude complied. "For many weeks Agne

lay dangerously ill, but at length recovered, and was even more beautiful than before. Lovers crowded round her in troops, but one only found favour in her eyes. The elder sisters were betrothed by command of the sovereign, and the fright and events in the wood had become almost forgotten. The day was fixed for Martha's marriage, the guests were assembled, and the priest was in the act of joining the hands of the couple, when a tumult arose, and the cry of 'Help, help, the pirates are on us!' Before the startled assembly could look round, a troop of Turks rushed fiercely into the chapel, who hewed down all who opposed them, and seized upon the ladies; the commander seemed struck by the beauty of the bride, and raising her in his powerful arms bore her shrieking away. When Agnes beheld the irruption of the pirates, the whole scene of that fearful night arose vividly in her memory, and again she sank overpowered with horror. Her lover defended her so gallantly that she was one of the few who escaped; this event revealed to him how dear she was, and he shortly besought her to become his bride. Unhappy girl, she shrank shudderingly from the hand she so loved, and feared that the day of her nuptials would be marked by his or her death. Had she never impiously sought to pry into futurity, she might have been the happy wife of one of the noblest of her sex, but her fatal curiosity destroyed the felicity of her life. She refused him once, twice, and thrice, and her heart was wrung with anguish as she did so, for she loved and honoured him. The youth sought distraction in foreign wars, and at length returning, saw Lucia, who somewhat resembled her youngest sister. That likeness moved him to woo her and wed her, but the union was not productive of happiness; he felt she was not Agnes, and the knowledge that he had loved her sister lighted the flame of jealousy in Lucia's bosom. For many years they dragged on a weary existence, and at length she fell ill, and on her death-bed longed to see Agnes once more. Messengers were sent to the convent where this once lovely girl had sequestered herself; they found a mere shadow in place of the blooming beauty of bygone days; she instantly complied with the request, but only arrived in time to see the funeral of her sister pass along the street. The widower recognized her, and she waved her handkerchief in reply to his mournful salute; the wind caught it from her hand, and wafted it to him. A year afterwards, she gave her hand to her brother-in-law, deeply regretting the many years of misery her folly had entailed on them both; but she took care never to mention the appearances in the wood to him; for the saying is, that 'if ever the man learns that he has been summoned spiritually by any female, he hates her with the deadliest hatred.'"

"Agnes was a sad coward!" exclaimed Viola, as her nurse paused. "I would have wedded Serini had a thousand deaths threatened. Why did she not watch the vision to see where her kerchief fell?"

"How inconsistent you are, my child," replied Gertrude; "last night the bare recital of the forest vision terrified you, and now you blame Agnes for not braving the reality. Is it the bracing morning air makes you so courageous?"

"Partly, dear nurse; but the end of your tale has been so satisfactory. I trembled at the vision, and yet methinks had it appeared to me, I could have read it aright."

"Be not so confident, my Viola! The evil one is too crafty even for the wisest and best. Shun the snares he spreads; tremble to approach them, and you will be safe. But those who seek temptation, confiding in the strength of their frail nature, will surely fall."

CHAP. III.

A messenger brought to Viola a letter from her father, accompanying a casket containing rich jewels. The letter greeted her paternally, and informed her that she was to hold herself in readiness, immediately after her sister's marriage, to come and reside with her father at his palace in the capital. The bright, gay future thus opened to the youthful maiden failed to charm her; she saw only the dark side, a separation from Serini, the loss of all her simple pleasures and habits, and the formality and state of a court, and perhaps a wealthy bridegroom forced on her. "What can I do, Gertrude?" she cried; "how escape this? I have vowed eternal fidelity to Serini, my father may compel me to break that vow. I will write to him, and ask him to advise me to save me."

Gertrude said all she could to calm and bring her impetuous charge to reason. She spoke of the Count Harras as a kind, indulgent parent; but Viola only remembered the cold, haughty noble, seen but two or three times in her life, who scarcely vouchsafed to glance at the trembling child as her sister led her to him, and strove to win some notice for her; and she persisted in sending to him who had been her adviser, defender, and lover, amid all her childish gambols, and the amusements of her girlhood's hours. Gertrude had too long given way to have any authority now, and she saw the messenger depart with misgivings; for, although she had smiled at the attachment of her young charge to the gallant boy who seemed to live but to please her; yet she saw how great a distance intervened between the heiress of Count Harras, and the vassal of his noble son-in-law.

That evening, as they walked together in silence, and each deep in thought, Viola suddenly exclaimed—"Yonder path leads to the dwelling of the 'old woman of the woods;' let us go to her. Her words may guide my future conduct, and calm my present fears."

"I fear they would only bring disquiet instead of peace. Be persuaded, my child; trust in Providence, who never forsakes the innocent and virtuous; and hope not to obtain good from the powers of evil."

But Viola would hear nothing contradictory

to her headstrong will, and flew along the narrow path, dragging her panting, reluctant nurse after her.

A pale, wasted boy sat at the door of the miserable hut, murmuring a wild song in broken accents, while his bony fingers played among the strings of a guitar, and drew forth a low wailing sound. Insanity was blazing in his haggard eyes as he raised them to the new comers. "You would see Walfrida," he said, "the syren, the enchantress—you would listen to her spells? She will admit you. Oh, implore her to let me gaze on that vision once again—only, only once!"

Viola trembled as she tapped at the door, which was instantly opened; and a voice bade her enter. She obeyed, and the piteous tones of the maniac followed her, still petitioning for admittance once more.

"What would you with me, maiden?" said a tall woman, clad fantastically in black.

Viola was silent, between shame and fear.

"Speak boldly, and fear not. Would you know whether your lover is true or false? Do you wish to see him as he now is—or is it the bridegroom fate has in store for you that you would gaze on? Walfrida has power to show you all, any of these."

"I would look on my future bridegroom," murmured the trembling Viola.

The woman took her hand, and led her through a long range of chambers hewn from the solid rock, against which the house was built; and the affrighted girl almost closed her eyes to shut out the view of the skeletons, monsters, and strange forms which seemed to gibber and grin at her as she passed along. They reached a spacious chamber, and she was left alone in utter darkness for some moments. A silence like that of death prevailed; she dared not move, for fancy pictured a deep abyss at her feet, down which one step, nay a single breath, might plunge her. Suddenly, a sharp pain pierced her bosom, as if a dagger had been plunged therein, and she screamed in agony; the mocking, hollow laugh of Walfrida replied to her, as that mysterious being entered with a burning torch, which she fixed in the ground, and then loosening her hair and baring her arms, she drew a circle round Viola, chaunting meanwhile in a monotonous tone, which gradually arose or fell like the dreary sound of a stormy wind. Suddenly the maniac's voice was heard above it—"That vision, Walfrida, once again—only once!" and as the witch grasped her magic staff, he rushed into the room and knelt before her. She touched him with it, and the wasted form dropped lifeless at her feet. The scream of horror was frozen on Viola's lips, by the demoniac look and gesture with which Walfrida exclaimed—"Speak not—move not! The spell is wound up. Behold!"

Stunned, terrified, and half fainting, Viola gazed on a dim cloud, which gradually assumed form and substance; until it gave to view a noble, princely knight, clad in glittering armour. In his outstretched hand he held a broken

miniature, richly set in gold and diamonds. It was not Serini, and yet Viola gazed on him with admiration, with feelings such as her heart had never known before; it was as if his eyes were sunbeams which warmed and irradiated her whole being with a new and rapturous sensation. He knelt and lifted his hands towards her, and she saw that the one which held the picture was wounded and bleeding. The voice of Walfrida startled her from her rapt gaze—"Tis your future bridegroom, maiden; and methinks you seem not ill pleased with him; but now dismiss him. Quick, touch the form. Dost hear me, girl? Life and death hangs on the moment. Touch him, I say, if not with your hand, with something else!"

Viola mechanically drew a diamond bodkin from her hair, and touched the hand of the form. It was gone.

"Was it then a dream," she murmured.

"Look on the bodkin," replied the witch.

She obeyed. The gem and setting were stained with blood.

"It is the blood of your future husband; keep it from his sight, as you value your life and his love!" were the last words she remembered, until she found herself lying on the forest turf, and Gertrude bending anxiously over her.

CHAP. IV.

The day had arrived for Viola's departure for the capital, and all her repugnance to go there seemed to have vanished; even the neglect of Serini, who had failed to reply to her letter, was unnoticed. The only tears she shed were those occasioned by her parting with her faithful nurse—her more than mother.

The Count Harras, who remembered his daughter but as a plain, sickly child, was astonished and delighted by the beautiful girl who called him father; and he now prepared, with redoubled splendour, for the period which was to celebrate the marriage of one child and the introduction of another.

The Count Nadasti had been absent some time in active service, and for many days had been hourly expected. Maria looked anxiously for him, and often felt somewhat vexed by such protracted delays. At length came the welcome sound of his trumpets; Viola descended with her sister to the hall, bounding with all the elasticity of health and joy; but scarcely had she entered than, with a faint cry, she sank lifeless to the ground. The Count, who was just entering at the opposite door, sprang forwards, but too late to save her from falling. Eagerly he inquired who this lovely stranger was, and most anxiously watched for returning animation; but with it came delirium and fever, and for many weeks Viola lay on the point of death. Nadasti proposed that his nuptials should be postponed until she recovered; and while the Count thanked him for this mark of regard to his feelings, Maria felt that indifference to her, if not admiration for her young sister,

prompted the proposal; and bitter tears fell from the eyes of that gentle girl as she patiently watched by the couch of the unconscious Viola.

CHAP. V.

Maria's fears were but too well founded; no sooner was Viola able to quiet her chamber than Nadasti became her shadow; his every thought, look, and word was too evidently hers; and the young maiden received his attentions with trembling and blushes, now smiling sweetly as in joyful bliss, now stealing a glance at her deserted sister which filled her eyes with tears.

The conversation, one day, was unusually lively; and Maria, conquering her timidity, inquired of her sometime-lover what he had done with her miniature.

A cloud passed over the lofty brow of the Count, as he replied, "It is broken."

"Broken!" exclaimed Maria and her father.

"Yes," replied he. "Listen, and I will tell you how it was. I drew it, one afternoon, from my bosom, to contemplate those fair and gentle features; when, suddenly, my breathing became heavy and difficult, my heart ceased to beat, I felt as if suffocated, and became unconscious; thus my servants found me, and under their care I gradually revived. In my struggles, or in the fall, the miniature was broken; and some portions of it had severely wounded my hand. But what ails the Lady Viola? You are fainting, sweet girl! lean on me. It is strange, but I always feel as if we had met before. Perchance it was in some previous existence. Smile at my wild imaginings if you will, but it is delightful to think that we have long known and loved each other—that some mystic bond unites our souls. Can you sympathize with this feeling, Viola—my sweet Viola?"

Viola was almost sinking with anguish and fear; but she rallied her spirits, and endeavoured to turn the conversation by proposing a walk. Nadasti was instantly ready to attend her, and Maria threw a veil over her sister's head, saying—"It will blow off unless we fasten it; so take this bodkin, my lord, and play tire-woman for once."

Nadasti turned pale, and pushed back her hand almost roughly, exclaiming—"Take it away, take it away! I cannot touch it." The bystanders regarded his emotion with wonder; but collecting himself, he raised the offended hand to his lips respectfully, saying—"Forgive me, fair Maria. That trinket seemed to recall to mind something disagreeable, painful; the thought flashed like lightning across my brain, and is already gone, nor can I trace it out. Have you never felt a shadowy, dreamy association of ideas raised by some chance word or tone, awakening indefinite emotions which the mind in vain endeavours to grasp? Such a feeling did that bodkin raise in me; nay, so far did imagination carry me, that I seemed to feel its point in this wound in my hand."

"This was your own, your first gift to me,"

said Maria, sadly; "take it and fasten the veil." But he still refused, and she almost impatiently exclaimed—"Then I must do it myself."

"No, no!" murmured the shuddering Viola. "Never again will I wear such a thing."

"Sweet, sympathizing girl!" whispered Nadasti, gazing fondly on her. "Look up, dear Viola. I am to blame for thus exciting your gentle feelings by my vague fancies. Let me see you smile again."

But Viola could not smile, Gertrude's words—"If ever a man discovers that he has been spiritually summoned by a female, he hates her with the deadliest hatred," were ringing in her ears; she hastily quitted the room, and, flying to her own chamber, burst into tears. Presently she opened her casket, and drew forth the fatal diamond bodkin; it was stained in different parts with deep patches of dull red, and Viola trembled as she regarded it. "He will hate me," she murmured. "Oh, Gertrude! would that I had followed your advice. And yet it were better he should hate me; for is he not my sister's plighted husband? Poor Maria! Nadasti loves you not; no, no, he loves Viola! He, the brave, the noble, the beautiful, loves me now; and I love him. Oh yes! I only feel as if I lived while in his presence. How different is this love from the feeling with which I once regarded Serini; that was cold, vain, childish—this is fervent, absorbing, blissful; and yet that fatal stain! how shall I obliterate it?" For hours did she patiently wash and rub the jewel, and at length retired to rest, with the hope that the traces of blood were nearly gone; but the morning's light showed her how vain that hope had been: and distracted by a thousand fears, she enveloped herself in a hood and mantle, and seizing the tell-tale witness of her folly, hastened to a rocky mountain, into one of the deepest fissures of which she dropped the bodkin, and then hurrying back, gained her chamber unperceived.

CHAP. VI.

The love of Nadasti and Viola was soon suspected by Maria, and as her suspicions became certainties, she resolved to release her faithless lover from his vows, nor wait until he forsook her. Accordingly she stated to her father her wish to take the veil. The Count Harras was naturally surprised by so sudden, and to him so unaccountable a fancy, and vainly strove to argue her out of it; but finding this impossible, he broke the matter as cautiously as possible to Nadasti, and was again fated to be astonished by the coolness with which he received the information of the loss of his plighted bride. The good Count Harras had forgotten all the love passages of his youth, or had never had any, otherwise he would have been more quick-sighted. But there was one whose jealous eyes marked each event, and who was neither indifferent or deceived; this was Serini. His rank in life excluded him from the courtly circle, but

did not prevent his hearing all the various rumours and gossip which emanated from it, or occasionally having it in his power unseen to watch his enamoured lord and the fair and false idol of his heart, who had once smiled as sweetly on him as she now did on her noble lover. He wrote to her; but Viola, amid the excitements and delight of her present life, threw the epistle aside, to be read at some leisure moment, and forgot it altogether. Serini waited first patiently, then impatiently for some answer; but receiving none, became exasperated by what appeared to him studied contempt, and believing Maria to be as much wronged as himself, he sought her, to breathe revenge on their betrayers. But he little knew the being he addressed; no particle of revenge lurked in that gentle bosom. Maria had become convinced that Viola and Nadasti were deeply attached to each other, and only prayed for their happiness. She used all her eloquence to dissuade Serini from attempting to disturb or injure either of them, and at length he feigned to be convinced and calmed; but not the less deadly was his hatred, not the less firm his determination to obtain vengeance.

The Count Harras, who regretted Maria's determination chiefly on account of its robbing him of his noble son-in-law, was not a little delighted when Nadasti requested permission to transfer his addresses to Viola, and eagerly consented.

A magnificent fête was given in honour of the betrothal, and the handsome pair received the congratulations of all their friends. "My Viola! my bride!" exclaimed Nadasti, drawing her from the crowd into a quiet walk, and looking down with fond pride on the sweet face raised half bashfully, half lovingly, to meet his gaze. A sharp report of a pistol followed his words, and the ball whizzed closely past Viola. Instant search was made, and the assassin discovered and brought forward; but he disdained to reply to any questions, and stood with compressed bloodless lips, and his flashing eyes fiercely fixed on the shrinking bride. How unlike the animated, joyous Serini of old! "Away with him to a dungeon!" exclaimed the Count; "he shall not mar our festivities to-day, and to-morrow torture shall wring from him the cause of this cowardly attack." Ere that to-morrow Serini had escaped from his cell; there was one in the fortress who pitied, though she had ceased to love him, and could not see him harmed. Vain was Nadasti's rage, no one knew who had assisted the prisoner to escape; even Serini himself knew not the hand which unbolted his dungeon doors, and left him the means of flight. Suspicion fell on Maria, for several persons bore witness to the fact that he had had a private audience with her on the previous day, and there were not wanting voices to hint that, envious of her sister's happiness, she had incited him to the murderous attempt; but no one ventured to breathe such a thought in Viola's presence, for she knew too well that she had wrecked the happiness of that gentle sister,

and strove by every fond token of affection to atone for her involuntary offence, and saw with remorse and regret the fading health of that so lately beautiful and happy being.

Maria, unconscious of the secret slander uttered against her, retired to a convent on the day after her sister's betrothal, feeling it impossible to witness the happiness and affection of the lovers without betraying the anguish of her own heart, and thereby grieving them.

CHAP. VII.

The wedding-day had now arrived. Throughout the whole of the previous night Viola's rest was haunted by feverish dreams. Every scene in Walfrida's hut recurred with all the vividness of reality; again she heard the wailing notes of that guitar, and saw the pale spectral boy die; again she gazed on the blood-stained jewel, and heard the warning—"Keep it from your husband's sight, as you value your life and his love." Then the air seemed peopled by thousands of diamond bodkins, each dimmed by the same crimson stain; and that sharp, agonizing pain, once felt, again pierced her bosom. Day had begun to dawn before sound sleep visited her exhausted frame, and then a shadowy, nun-like form bent over the bed, and an icy touch thrilled to her bones. Her cry of terror aroused her attendants, who, on entering the chamber, started to see a white form flit from the bedside, and melt into the misty morning vapour which hung around. "It was Maria, my poor sister!" she exclaimed. "I have broken her heart! Send immediately to the convent to inquire after her, and entreat the Count Nadasti to postpone our nuptials until the messenger returns." Her first command was complied with; but her impatient lover laughed at the idea of a spirit, insisted that all was a dream, and implored her not to delay his happiness. His eager, passionate entreaties, the voice of her own heart, and the commands of her father, overcame all her scruples, she plighted her faith to him; and as she received the priest's and her father's blessing, and her husband's fond embrace, all the gloomy visions of the past night vanished even from memory, nor were they recalled until the return of the messenger from the convent on the following day, who brought word that Maria had died about the same hour her sister fancied that she had seen her. Viola was deeply affected, and the Count Harras much moved; even Nadasti felt that his happiness was clouded by this sad intelligence, and he spared no pains to soothe and console his weeping bride, and was strenuously aided in his endeavours by the wise and pious conversations of the good father Paul, the family priest, whose highly cultivated and religious mind enabled him to amuse, instruct, and edify his listeners.

"I have lately made a very interesting discovery," he said to them one day. "I had frequently read, in the works of old writers, that

blood will soften the diamond; the moderns laugh and deny this assertion most positively. Lately I met with a diamond at a jeweller's which was so soft as to be capable of receiving an impression. As it had evidently been beautifully cut and highly polished, this softness could only have taken place latterly. On viewing it closely I observed a dark red stain, as if it had been dipped in blood, which had adhered to it. Being fond of natural curiosities I bought it, although the man asked a considerable sum; it was not, however, too much, considering the rarity of the thing."

Nadasti expressed a desire to see it, and Father Paul went to his chamber to fetch it.

"It is still in what was probably its original setting," he said, as he unclasped the case, and handed it to Count Harras, who sat next to him.

The old nobleman gazed at it with astonishment. "Why, Viola, my love, this was yours; I sent it to you as a memorial of your departed mother."

"The jeweller bought it of a boy who said he found it among the rocks," observed Father Paul.

"Look at it, my child," continued the Count, offering the case to her; but with a faint scream she covered her eyes with her hands. "This is folly," exclaimed her father; "take the jewel."

"Why not, my own Viola?" said Nadasti, fondly taking it from her father, and approaching her; but even while he spoke his eyes fell on the bodkin—he turned pale, shuddered, and the wound in his hand burst out bleeding. Like lightning did the past flash on his mind, and his voice thundered out—"Accursed sorceress! now do I remember thee. It was thy devilish spells which tore my soul from its tenement! My blood it is which has crimsoned this stone! see how it flows afresh. Maria, gentle, innocent being! have I sacrificed thee, and to such an one!"

Viola, pallid and fainting, stretched out her arms imploringly towards him, and would have thrown herself on his bosom, but he repulsed her; and as he did so the point of the bodkin pierced her heart. "Ah, that pain!" she murmured; all is now accomplished. Forgive me, my lord, my husband! I am no sorceress; I am weak, but not wicked. Gertrude can tell you all. Forgive—forgive!" Her spirit fled with the last accents.

Nadasti shortly fell in battle, and Serini is supposed to have died in the Holy Land, whither he went as a pilgrim.

The sympathies of nature are neither exploded by philosophy, nor condemned by religion. These two luminaries of the mind do not extinguish, but only regulate the affections; restraining them when inordinate, and reducing them under the dominion of reason when they begin to acquire an undue and dangerous tendency.

STANZAS.

Say, dost thou love the twilight hour,
When every leaf and every flower
Is fading from that hue so bright,
Of loveliness bestow'd by light,
When o'er the fields and meadows gay
The deep'ning shades of parting day
Diffuse a soft, a tranquil huc,
Though stealing beauty from the view?

Ah no! For me the twilight hour
Possesses no sweet soothing power;
I love it not: its pensive light—
More solemn than still darker night—
Brings to my heart in sad review
All that of pain it ever knew;
And those to love or friendship dear
Are thought of with a sigh or tear.

Then dost thou love that borrow'd ray
Which gives to night a softer day—
When the full orb with light serene
Presides the goddess of the scene,
And o'er the glittering landscape throws
A beauteous calm, a bright repose;
While hill and valley, lake and stream,
Shine lovely in her lucid beam?

Oh yes, I love the moon's sweet light,
When stars, in their own splendour bright,
Surround her in the deep blue sky
With awful majesty on high!
For then, forgetting earthly care,
I gaze on all the grandeur there,
And feel, as o'er my path they shine,
"The hand that made them is divine!"

These scenes can then no joy impart,
Nor eve nor night can glad thy heart
Toward earthly things: but in the dawn
Of fresh, reviving, rosy morn,
Or in the sun's effulgent ray,
Which rules in brightness o'er the day,
Say, canst thou aught of pleasure find,
To solace or delight thy mind?

Oh yes, I love the blushing dawn,
The wak'ning beauty of the morn—
The sun just rising to my view;
Like the mild native of Peru,
My heart rejoices in the sight,
Nature's great source of life and light;
I feel his animating ray,
And hail the glorious god of day!

The thing that is uttered from the inmost parts of a man's soul differs altogether from what is uttered by the outer part. The outer is of to-day, and passes away; the inmost is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

The weakness of sickly and imperfect virtue might perhaps often be recovered and strengthened by the support, and in the society of more fixed and regular characters, and this would lead to its being established upon a better and surer foundation.

THE FIRST OF APRIL; OR, A TALE OF THE HARTZ MOUNTAINS.

"Fancy leads the fettered senses
 Captive to her fond control :
 Merit may have rich pretences,
 But 'tis fancy fires the soul !"—CUNNINGHAM.

It was a splendid morning, and though the young year had scarcely emerged from early infancy, the precocious warmth and beauty were to me irresistible; and I strolled forth alike unmindful of my route or destination. Nature was just bursting into life and gladness, as if suddenly awakened from a trance. At every step some new charm presented itself, where, a few days before, stern desolation had held its court. Wrapped in the enthusiastic delight the scene was so well calculated to inspire, I entered fully into the joy and gratitude which seemed to animate the very shrubs and trees. But high-wrought as I had deemed my feelings, they faded into insignificance and listless inanity, when compared to those with which I viewed the scene now opening upon me. I had unwittingly approached the brink of a precipitous descent; the bank where I stood was the northern boundary of a deep, wide, and fertile valley. It was truly a sylvan scene! The broad placid stream that graced the midst seemed to linger on its way, as if loath to leave so much beauty, and repose where peace, happiness, and content reigned undisturbed. From the margin of the stream the ground rose in gentle undulations, its verdant green embellished by many patches of early flowers, amongst which the eldest daughter of the spring, the welcome primrose, shone forth conspicuously; nor did the modest violet deny her meed of perfume. The air was redolent with sweets. Beyond, upon the very verge, the steep was crowned with the noble oak and majestic elm; while farther down, the smooth-rind beech—its elegant foliage just expanding—threw slender, fitful shadows on the rich carpet at its base. Lower still, the pensive willow, as if fatigued and satiated with very enjoyment, bent in graceful languor over the grassy pool, as though to refresh its wasted energies, by laying its long branches in the cool, pellucid stream, whose liquid breast gave back the deep blue firmament and gauzy clouds in wild fantastic shapes.

Oh, it was a charming dell! worthy the artist's pencil; or higher still, meet to inspire the poet's dream of beauty, purity, and bliss! Then why disgrace the hallowed spot by poverty-stricken description? Below the gothic bridge, whose fairy arch gave light and life, the waters, erewhile so gently tranquil, rushed over a ragged shelf of broken rock with headlong impetuosity that threatened to exterminate opposing obstacles. But the rock, heedless of its

fury, still immoveably kept the place it had for ages occupied, seemingly regardless of the shock. Yet no—not so; for on nearer inspection the worn fissures and dulled edges denied the assertion its stolid appearance so resolutely advanced; thus showing perseverance will enable the weak to triumph over the strong!

I could have moralized; and already I fancied the placid pool, from which the restless waters were so eager to escape, represented the smiling, tranquil days of childhood; while the noisy current was like youth, anxiously eager to escape the trammels of restraint! In the solid rock I pictured the good principles in which he had been nurtured; while the turbulence of the gushing water resembled the passions, which—though feeble and powerless at first—if unchecked, become resistless! Whither my imagination might have carried me, I know not; for at this juncture my meditations were disturbed by the branching antlers of a deer appearing within a few yards of me. As the startled creature caught a glimpse of me in the water beneath, and stood gazing in bewilderment, the *Duke* and *Jacques* of Shakespeare occurred to me so forcibly, that I immediately gave up moralizing, lest I should be considered a *qualified candidate*, if not "ambitious for the motley coat!"

At this moment I heard voices in an adjoining thicket. Though I did not see the parties, I readily ascertained from the tone (as who would not?) that neither voice pertained to the fair sex; and so feeling quite certain that here could be no scene of that peculiar nature which makes a third *un de trop*, I disposed myself on the luxuriant bank in a reclining attitude, leaving it to the discretion of the parties themselves whether I should or should not be a listener. The voices neither advancing nor receding, I concluded my entertainers had found as convenient a resting place as myself.

"And so," cried one, the musical intonations of whose voice had attracted my attention, "you see your indefatigable search for me is rewarded with success. And now, sir, what are your commands?"

"Why, you know," said the other, hesitatingly.

"Oh, pray tell me something fresh," said the first, "nor waste time in repeating what I already know."

"Well, then," said the other, as if in a fit of desperation, "I have a strong desire to be mesmerized! or, at least, to hear one describe,

awake, the wonders he has witnessed while in the trance; and my cousin Alice has sent me to you, saying, she knew you could, and she did not doubt but that you would gratify my curiosity, as you have been subjected to the mesmeric influence."

"Oh, yes," rejoined the first speaker, in a tremulous tone, as if with difficulty suppressing laughter; "if the young lady wishes and desires it, I cannot choose but comply."

"I thought you would," cried the other. "Now, pray begin directly."

"Listen, then," continued the former, in tones in which mirth and gravity were blended, "As great a desire as you have to hear this, I had to visit Germany and view the Hartz mountains, so famed for inspiration. This, my avocations prohibiting, I determined to get myself mesmerized for that purpose. The desired effect was no sooner produced, than I found myself alone on a spot whose wild desolation my waking imagination could never have portrayed. Before, behind, on either side—nay, even above and beneath me, nothing could I distinguish but monstrous heaps, each struggling for pre-eminence, appearing to be formed of every earthly material extant. These were piled one above another, to a stupendous height, and wearing every variety of shape, such as fanciful, majestic, wild, noble, elegant, grand—the whole appearing terrific and sublime! I stood lost in wonder and amazement, unmindful of aught but the astonishing scenery around me. Recovering a little from the first effect, I observed a vista, formed by an immense rent in a rock, whose head seemed towering to the skies. The sides of this chasm were perpendicular, save where enormous projections shot out horizontally, threatening to crush anything which might unwarily approach. The bottom it was in vain for the eye to seek; it was, in fact, a bottomless abyss! Not a bush, not a herb, not a blade of grass was to be seen; the interior looked a dirty, smoky brown—perhaps like the crater of a volcano. As these thoughts were passing through my mind, I plainly perceived a mist rising from the fearful aperture! Its indetermined shape and ethereal substance directly satisfied me that this was nothing more than a vapour, or a collection of vapours, which had congregated in the place, and here found a vent to issue from its prison; but after noticing it some time, who shall delineate my horror, when I observed it gradually condense and assume the form of solidity! It now stood upon the brink of the chasm, and a more hideous spectacle words cannot describe nor imagination conceive! There it was, about four yards distant from me! I shivered with terror and apprehension, yet could neither fly nor withdraw my eyes, which were fixed on it as if by fascination! Yes, and there it still remained! rolling its visual orbs in a frightful manner. Eyes I should be loath to call them; for, instead of a portion of white to set off the colour, here was nothing but red—fierce, fiery red! unmixed with aught save a bright green

spot in the centre, like a grassy island in a lake of burning lava! My attention was now drawn to the feet, if such might be called the base supporting this extraordinary figure! You may have seen the claws of a large black bear, grown old in confinement, such as is, or was, in the Regent's-park! Even so were these; that is, like a skeleton—nothing visible but bone, skinless, fleshless bone! The figure was shrouded in a drapery of the deepest black, which continued from the neck to the ground; but its shape was indiscernible. To add to its deformity, the appendages depending from the shoulders, where we look for arms, were dissimilar, though both monstrous, loathsome, and unnatural—the one being long and horny, covered with hard scales, and terminated with what resembled an eagle's talon; while the other, not more than a span long, bore an immense hand, sporting six adjuncts, hairy fingers! I had now, in part, recovered from my consternation, and turned to fly the hideous monster! The ground was broken, however, and in many places precipitous; and yet I ran, or rather flew, with but little inconvenience. I had proceeded some time at this rapid pace, without perceiving any end of the interminable hills, when I heard a slight noise behind me, and again another, unmistakeable—it was the rattle of the horny claws I had so fearfully noted! I now redoubled my speed, but found the noise gain upon me! Nearer and nearer it came! yet I durst not look back, lest I should lose heart and time; and yet I knew—I felt this could not last long. My strength was fast evaporating. I was gasping with exhaustion and terror, when a sudden grasp arrested my flight, and—oh, horrible! the scraggy arm entwined me!! I saw the huge, red flaming eye scowl on me, and wished I knew not what of distance between us. At length the green island in the sea of fire (not like an oasis in the desert) having scowled its full, an immense mouth I had not before observed, unclosed its tremendous portal, when forth issued these words, in a voice cracked and broken—"Young man! cease to contend with me! You are my lawful prey, for I found you in my own domain!" This I thought mending matters, with a vengeance; but resolved, as I could not choose between liberty and captivity, that at least I would not aggravate my fate by impatience. Those horny appendages before named were now beaten upon the ground alternately—one, two—one, two, three!—as if in accordance to music, when quick issuing from the ground, where I saw no fissure, up rose a something like an inverted balloon; but where I should have thought to have seen a car, was a small chamber of wicker work, apparently laid upon the ethereal machine. I was now, in the same broken voice, ordered to place myself in this curious basket; but before I had time to decline, the long arm enforced obedience, and I found myself riding through the air companion to the fiend! Up, up we rose! higher—higher—higher! and yet we continued to ascend! for a time that seemed

to me eternity. So swift was our movement, that I was in constant dread of collision with the planets; but though I saw many, many more than are visible from this puny earth, there was space ample, vast, sickening. Presently, our flight was intercepted by a being of light, so lovely, so graceful, with mien so majestic and dignified, and enveloped in a halo of such vivid brightness, that I was completely dazzled with the sight. It said in a voice clear, strong, yet sweet and benign—"This may not be. *Denizen of earth! return to thy terrestrial abode, nor waste time, precious and invaluable, in vain, futile efforts to attain those hidden secrets which may not be disclosed to man on earth!*" Then in a voice of thunder—"And you, *foul fiend! keep to your own limits, nor longer trespass within these—to you, forbidden precincts!*" This was succeeded by a blast so tremendous, that it quickly sent us back to earth; and—lo! here I am!"

"Oh, dear!" cried the other, who had listened with profound attention, "pray do not be offended, but—I really can-not—quite—believe all this!"

"Believe?" said the former. "Do you forget it is licence day?"

"Is what?" exclaimed the companion, in surprise.

"Oh, nothing of consequence; but it seems Miss Alice omitted to say, and you to remember, that this is the first of April!"

A day to folly we resign,
When to call "fools!" does not malign;
Some, if no other way presents,
Falsehood will tell, and deem it sense!

RUTH.

BY ANNA SAVAGE.

"Orpha kissed her mother-in-law; but Ruth clave unto her."

From her pale brow she flings the raven tresses,
Her dark eyes glitter with the tears unshed;
And tenderly her gentle hand carresses
The cherish'd mother of her lost and dead!
Calmly she stands; no word her lip hath spoken—
No frantic grief, that spurneth all control,
Marks her keen anguish: silence deep, unbroken,
Tells the calm purpose of her faithful soul.
With tears and passionate grief, her sister, bending,
Clasps the lone mother's knees, and mourns their fate—
To her wild sorrow deeper sadness lending,
Leaving the lonely yet more desolate.
The weeping widow, mourning still, departed,
To seek again the ties of home and youth:
Where ruin falls, there clings the faithful-hearted—
In fond devotion speaks the gentle Ruth:

"Entreat me not to leave thee;
Bid me not quit thy side;
And where thy lot may lead thee
There let the orphan bide.

Thy God shall be my God,
Thy people mine shall be;
Nor blessings mine, if aught
But death part thee and me.
Where'er thou dwellest, there
Shalt be the wanderer's home;
My arm thy stay, if still
The earth's dark paths we roam.
And when thy pilgrimage is o'er,
And thou shalt sink to rest,
And I can hear thy voice no more,
Nor thou canst call me blest—
In that land shall my latest prayer,
And my last sigh be given,
Where thou shalt close thine eyes in death,
To join thy God in heaven.
Yes! where thou diest I will die—
There shall my burial be;
And only God's Almighty hand
Shall sever thee and me."

STANZAS.

BY MISS M. H. ACTON.

The evening dew doth fall
On bower and on hall;
The glow-worm's light is shining on the lea;
Yet still I linger here,
Lady, thy lattice near;
Alas! thou lov'st me not as I love thee!

I've watch'd thy love decay,
In anguish, day by day—
I've mark'd thy cheek grow pale when I draw nigh—
I've seen my presence bring,
With bitter suffering,
Scorn to thy lip and coldness to thine eye.

Oh, wherefore didst thou teach,
By winning look and speech—
By tones that seem'd in unison with mine—
By all thy beauty's spell
That on my spirit fell—
My heart to cling so trustingly to thine?

Forgotten be the vow
That binds thee to me now;
Broken the chain I deem'd could never break.
Lo! from an angel's dream—
So blissful did it seem
To find it but a vision—I awake!

For I have liv'd to gaze,
As in my love's bright days,
Into thine eyes, yet read no answer there—
To see thee turn aside,
In cold disdain and pride,
When at thy feet I pour'd my parting prayer.

Lady! thy path is free;
Go; sorrow not for me:
Smile in thy beauty as in time of yore;
Still may thy step be light—
Still may thine eye be bright;
Thou shalt not look upon thy victim more!

But oh! if thou shouldst meet
In this, thy spring-time sweet,
A colder heart than mine hath proved to be,
Kneel then to Heaven, and pray
That thou mayst never say—
"Alas! thou lov'st me not as I love thee!"

A TALE OF THE OLD FRENCH WAR.

BY HARMSWORTH WAY.

A few years previous to the middle of the last century, a large, handsome, but—according to our ideas of conveniency—not very commodious mansion, pleasantly situated about half-way up a gently rising eminence (hill it could scarcely be termed), commanded an extensive and unobstructed view of part of the English Channel, as it washed the south western coast of our island, now smooth and level as the mill-pond stream, now dashing and foaming against it in impotent efforts, as it seemed to overwhelm it in the abyss from which it rose.

After the death of its former owner, who was lord of the manor, it had remained unoccupied for several months, as its present proprietor preferred the pleasures which the metropolis afforded him to the far more innocent but less exciting delights of a country life, until it was taken and furnished as a boarding-school, by the Rev. Dr. Reduce; who, though a staunch advocate for the birch, had yet acquired that most essential quality in all those whose frequently arduous endeavour is the

“Delightful task, to train the generous mind,
To teach the young idea how to shoot;”

namely, the method of making himself equally as much loved as feared.

The house itself, at the distance of about a quarter of a mile from the shore, being surrounded by pleasure-grounds, planted with trees, here scattered and irregular, there in little clumps, which in hot weather formed a most agreeable and grateful labour to the young gentlemen of Dr. Reduce's academy, when tired by their boisterous field sports, thus possessed two desiderata, each indispensable to the health and comfort of a well established boarding-school—plenty of fresh air, namely, and sea-bathing.

In the year of grace then 1746, towards the commencement of autumn, the whole troop of boarders might be seen in one of the pleasure-grounds just spoken of, amusing themselves according to their fancy, some at cricket, others at leap-frog, in their endeavours to pass away the hour that yet remained ere the bell should summon them to bed. The day had been excessively hot, considering the season of the year, and the sun, as if fatigued with the course he had now well nigh finished, was gently and slowly preparing to recline on his evening couch, gilding with his rays the summits of the trees which bounded the play-ground, and shedding a mellow and dusky light on the fields around. Two only of the boys remained silent spectators of the sports, without participating in them; and to these, although to all appearance the most unsociable of the company, would we, nevertheless, draw our readers' attention.

The eldest of them was evidently a foreigner, for the expression of his dark but handsome features was decidedly not English: his figure was tall, robust, and well-formed, and his curly jet-black hair agreed well with the piercing character of his large hazel eyes, in which a casual observer merely might detect some sparks of that vivacity, so long—and most likely to continue for ever—the characteristic of the French native. The other was a son of our own soil, and his whole appearance formed a striking contrast with that of his companion: his deep blue eye gave tokens of a mild and amiable temper, though the flashes of fire that sometimes animated it—fitful and short as wreathed lightning—would satisfy the curious inquirer that pent up within his breast there lived and breathed a spirit high and bold indeed, but, withal, full of love and tenderness. In person he was tall and thin, but much shorter than his friend (for such he seemed), who might also be his senior by two years. His pale and troubled countenance added to the interest a stranger would feel for him at first sight, and his light brown hair adorned and set off to advantage his fair complexion, and small, regular features; which, but for the deep expression of his eye, might have been termed girlish. His age was about sixteen years.

They had been standing without exchanging a word for some minutes, until the eldest, breaking the silence which had seemed involuntary on both sides, exclaimed—gazing on the glorious orb in the west—

“Look, look, Henry; how beautifully the sun is setting! Oh! how I long for next Christmas, when I shall be able to see and enjoy its beauties in my own dear native village. Only that,” he added, in a subdued tone, “will also separate you from me.”

A sigh was the only answer.

“Come, come,” said the lively French youth, forgetting in his pity for his companion, the nature of the last sentence he had uttered; “I have not seen you smile once to-day, since you received that letter; 'tis the only one you have not shown me, and you cannot expect me to continue your friend, without an acquaintance with your troubles as well as joys. Believe me, I would most sincerely sympathize with you, did I but know the source of your grief.”

The boy raised his tearful eyes, and casting a glance replete with gratitude on his kind associate's countenance, said, in a troubled voice—“I—I will tell you all, Victor; but wait till we are in our bed-room.” And soon after, the bell rang.

It is here necessary to draw a veil, for the present, over the confidence that ensued between

R

the heroes of my narrative, and transfer my readers to a large and very gloomy-looking baronial residence in the West-Riding of Yorkshire; and, without wasting any time in introducing them to the menials, with whom the kitchen and hall were crowded, conduct them up-stairs into a small boudoir, handsomely furnished with drapery of a very antique description. A round table of polished oak, elegantly carved, and of a size suitable to that of the room, was placed in the centre, and the chairs and other articles were composed of the same material: altogether there was something sombre and mournful in the dark colour of the curtains and heavy make of the furniture, that corresponded well with the melancholy cast on the face of the inmate.

He was a man in the very prime of life, but his once dark chesnut locks were beginning to show that Time had laid his hand, however lightly, upon them; and that he had been assisted in his devastating work by external circumstances was a matter highly probable. Seated with his elbows resting on the table, and sustaining his head between his palms, his attitude expressed the deepest thought; far from being, however, as might be judged from the frequent sighs he suffered to escape, of a pleasing or agreeable nature. Writing-materials lay on a desk before him; but he pushed them away, and resigned himself to contemplation. His countenance, as well as could be seen by the doubtful aid of a lamp suspended from the ceiling, gave proofs, whenever he raised it, that he had once been eminently handsome; and the features, impaired as they were by the advance of age and still more desolating effects of sorrow, were still highly prepossessing.

"Would that I had never seen her," he exclaimed mentally; "this hour at least would have been spared me." He took up a pen, and commenced inditing a letter; after a few vain efforts he flung it down, and throwing himself back in the chair, pressed his hand against his forehead, and gave vent to his feelings in words. "Poor boy," said he; "what will he now think of the father whom he has hitherto loved? What a change must there be in his conduct when he knows these things, which before he never dreamt of." He soon recovered his self-possession, however; for, with a firm manner and almost steady hand, he resumed his quill, and spent the next two hours in penning the epistle, the reception of which caused such sadness in the breast of the young Frenchman's friend at Dr. Reduce's. Such, then, is the condition in which we present to our readers Sir Henry Palmerton, of Palmerton Lodge, in Yorkshire; for such, and no less dignified, is the personage I have faintly endeavoured to describe; and here also, with their kind permission, we will take leave of him.

Twelve years have passed away as a tale that is told, since the scenes recorded above took place. The old French war, so celebrated in

history, had been raging nearly five years, at immense expense, both of blood and treasure, without any material advantage to either party; and now the time was at hand when the events of a single hour should decide the strife which had so long continued, and was still being conducted with unrelenting animosity between the two nations.

The armament under the gallant and lamented Wolfe had been conveyed up the St. Lawrence, and landed on the island of Orleans, where the troops had encamped; that place being but a short distance from Quebec, the possession of which was the main point of the expedition. The failure of the attack on the French entrenchments at the falls of Montmorency had given the enemy fresh courage, but the spirit of the intrepid British leader was in no wise disheartened by his ill success hitherto.

On the night preceding that fixed for the grand attempt of scaling the heights of Abraham, two officers of the British army were seated in a tent, with one of whom we are already acquainted. Yes, it was the same fair-haired, blue-eyed youth, whom we left under the fatherly care of Dr. Reduce; but the blossom which then promised so fair had now fully expanded; that soft bright eye was now no longer lighted up with the eager desire of classical emulation; but though it shone with all its former lustre, was now animated with the martial flame of warlike glory; the pale and once sickly looking youth had, under the fostering protection of the worthy dominie, and the advantages his establishment possessed, now matured into the strong, gallant, and healthy man.

His companion was a brother officer of the same rank with himself, of a fine, tall, portly appearance, whose sociable countenance, rough and embrowned by hard service, with the clear, manly eye, and frank and open expression of his features, was the ready index to a prompt and daring spirit, and mark of one likely to be included in that class of persons to whom, with propriety, the old adage may be applied, "that a friend in need, namely, is a friend indeed;" his age might have been about forty.

They had been talking on common and indifferent subjects for some minutes, but the conversation was evidently a forced one on the side of the younger speaker, which the other perceiving, immediately discontinued it by saying, with some anxiety, "You are sad to-night, Palmerton; are you indisposed, or has anything happened to render you unhappy? If so, tell me; and trust me, if Robert M'Morton can in any manner assist you or alleviate your sorrow, his heart and hand are equally at your service."

"I am indeed unhappy," replied his friend; "and the cause of my disquietude touches me at the tenderest point, for it nearly concerns my honour. Have I never told you of a Frenchman whose acquaintance I made at school? He is in yonder army."

Captain M'Morton started with surprise at least, if not with anger, upon hearing his companion affix such importance to a circumstance,

in his own estimation, so trivial. "Upon my word, Captain Palmerton," said he, with some severity in his manner at first, but relaxing as he proceeded, "this does not appear to me of such consequence as to give you any great uneasiness even; though I admit it is an unpleasant affair; yet your duty, I think, plainly points out to you the road you should take. However, you are a younger soldier than I, and therefore I can make allowances for you; but I must confess you have surprised me."

"Nay, nay," replied the other; "you have not heard me, Robert; there is a much closer bond subsisting between us than you imagine. When I have told you all, I am sure you will agree that I am the subject of a hard conflict between public duty and my private friendship."

The usual good-natured expression brightened up the face of the veteran, and his eye glistened as, taking the hand of his young companion, he exclaimed, "Forgive me my hasty speech, my brave boy, I replied hastily; but you at least are well acquainted with my temper."

The two officers having settled themselves more comfortably, Palmerton thus began his story:—

"It is now just twelve years since I received the letter from my father, which informed me of events intimately connected with me indeed, but of which previously I had not even the most distant conception. Oh, how perfectly I remember the day! The season was advanced about as far as at present, and De Valmont, who before had been my warmest friend and most trusted companion, seeing that I forbore joining in the sports of the evening, came and questioned me relating to the cause of my depression. I acquainted him with it by reading to him, in private, the following epistle," drawing one from his pocket; "and the effect upon him, as you will presently judge, was such as to increase considerably the astonishment with which I was affected on its first perusal. Thus runs the letter:—

"The shame and sorrow, my dear son, I feel, on making known to you the following circumstances of my past life, is, I acknowledge, some measure at least of my well-deserved punishment for the weakness and folly of which I have been guilty; and therefore I enter on this self-imposed, but, in my opinion, necessary task, with less repugnance, because I trust the knowledge of them, and the sufferings they brought on me, will prove a warning beneficial to you; that if ever exposed to like temptations the remembrance of your father's mental (but be well assured, on that account no less poignant) anguish may, if nothing else will, deter you from yielding to them.

"I had almost reached my thirtieth year without fixing on any person whom, with a reasonable hope of comfort and mutual happiness, I could take as my partner through the remainder of my existence; and my parents fearing, with my decease, the extinction of their race—for, as you well know, I was their only child—

pressed me to take the subject into consideration, and further recommended to my notice the person of a neighbouring squire's daughter, amiable and lovely indeed, but for whom I never felt more than a brotherly affection. I soon discovered that by no means the least qualification possessed by this young lady, necessary in the eyes of my father to render her a suitable match, was the fact of her being heiress to a considerable tract of landed property, conveniently adjoining our own; but with me, from my youth, the idea of marrying for the sake of securing external possessions, of whatever kind, was ever held in detestation. In order, therefore, to delay, for a time at least, the performance of the unpleasant duty of acquainting him of the opposite opinion I entertained on the matter, I requested permission to travel through the continent, saying that at present I had an aversion to entering into the state of matrimony, but that on my return I would give the subject the due consideration it merited. With some difficulty I obtained his consent, and immediately commenced my tour.

"I journeyed through France, Germany, and Italy, but nothing of consequence occurred until I arrived at a village twenty miles distance from the metropolis; and here happened those events which afterwards proved to possess a directing influence over the rest of my life.

"An accident, by the overturning of the vehicle in which I travelled, compelled me to remain some time at a chateau, the owner of which generously refused to accept of any remuneration, and moreover pressed me to call there on my return, to which I readily consented, for I had there lighted on a magnet by which, most probably, I should have been attracted, had even no such invitation been offered.

"During my convalescence I was attended by the niece of the proprietor of the chateau, whose untiring care and attention, and the pity for my misfortune (which was of no greater magnitude than a fractured arm), I could see visibly painted in her countenance, kindled in my heart a flame of attachment, which afterwards, as I had more frequent opportunities of becoming acquainted with her character and disposition, assumed the more serious form of love. It is unnecessary to give you a minute description of your mother, for such was subsequently her relation to you; suffice it to say, that to a person of exquisite loveliness, she added a mind in every way corresponding to her form; which, as it had tasted of trouble itself, had also learnt to 'melt at other's woe.'

"One afternoon, when she had laid down the book she had been reading aloud, I entreated her to favour me with an account of her past history, which, from the habitual shade of melancholy that pervaded her features, though but two years my junior, I judged to be an eventful one; she consented, and I found my supposition not far from truth.

"Her parents, she informed me, lived in one of the southern provinces, and about four years previous to my arrival (the tears chased each

other down her pale cheek as she told it), had given her hand in marriage to a wealthy old chevalier, at least double her own age, who had died in less than six months after she had given birth to a boy, named Victor, after his father; that her son was now staying with its grandparents, in Languedoc, while she herself was on a visit to her kind-hearted uncle, to recruit her health and strength."

"It may seem strange to you," said Captain Palmerton, interrupting himself in his task, "that I perused the letter the first time without the least idea of the possibility of De Valmont being my relation. I had proceeded thus far, however, the second, when Victor, with tears in his eyes, embracing his long-lost brother, as he called me, told me there was no need of continuing to read the remainder, for doubtless he was too well acquainted with it. Such, however, is not the case with you, M'Morton, and if you will have the patience I will proceed; for although it is an ungrateful task," continued he, sadly, "for a son to reveal his father's failings; yet it would be a melancholy satisfaction to me to know that you are acquainted with my history, feeling assured, as I do, that to-morrow night will be my last."

M. Morton, deeply interested, cordially assented, and Captain Palmerton thus went on:—

"These, my dear Henry, were the leading features of her narrative, and the pleasing manner of her relation, and her unfeigned sorrow for the death of her husband, who, though not her own choice, had by his kindness and good qualities won upon her affection, increased greatly the attachment I previously felt towards her. I will pass over the many happy hours that fell to my lot in her society; it is enough to tell you that before my return from my tour, which I made no longer than was absolutely necessary, I had determined to propose to her. I did so, was accepted, and in less than a month after my second arrival at the Chateau de la Mortière, we were united in the Roman Catholic chapel of the village.

"I was now in the possession of uninterrupted felicity, and the birth of a son cemented our union, and formed a still more intimately connecting tie between us; until one morning I was roused from a trance of pleasure, by a letter from my father, requesting to know the reason of my protracted delay, and desiring me to return as quickly as possible. In answer, I informed him of my recent marriage, which I had not done before, and concluded by describing the person and character of my wife; saying I would immediately comply with his request.

"We had actually reached the nearest seaport (Boulogne), and were about to embark, when an epistle was placed in my hand, which, from the superscription, I judged to have come from England. I opened it, and, to my bitter disappointment, discovered that my father would never receive a French daughter; he even threatened to disinherit me should I dare to bring her with me, and entreated me to return instantly,

leaving her in France, where, he said, he would amply provide for her subsistence.

"Grieved as I was at what I considered the unnatural conduct of my parent, the idea of obeying him never entered my mind; the fate of instant death, could it then have been presented as an alternative, would, I am confident, have been preferred to separation from her I had chosen. Little did I then think, Henry, that the draught, at that time so bitterly unpalatable, would ever have been swallowed by me. True it was, that I had never been instructed in a profession by which, in time of necessity, I might have earned a livelihood, and the property of my wife's first husband was in the hands of her child's guardians, to whom it reverted, by a clause in the will, in case of a second marriage; the only available income I possessed was a small annuity of sixty pounds, settled on me by my maternal grandfather, so that from the height of happiness and plenty I was now reduced to anxiety and comparative poverty.

"In this exigency, Marianne advised me to humble myself before my father, and, taking you with me, to proceed into England without her, and there endeavour, by making you the silent pleader of your mother's distress, to change his determination; 'for who can have the heart,' added she, kissing you in her fondness, 'to resist the pleadings of such an innocent?' For a long time I steadily opposed this alternative, till, seeing nothing but the extremity of misery before us, I at last consented, and tenderly embracing my wife, set out with you, then about three years old, leaving her at Boulogne, where it was appointed she should remain until she heard from me.

"When I arrived in Yorkshire, I found my father confined to his bed by an attack of the gout, and fondly—alas, too fondly—hoping to receive forgiveness and compassion from one himself afflicted, I hastened with you to his chamber, and placing you in his arms, entreated and supplicated on my knees, that for your sake, and that of my own happiness, he would receive and acknowledge Josephine as my wife. It was in vain—in vain I prayed and argued in the agony of my grief. He said he would acknowledge you as his grandson, but that never, during his life, should a native of France rule in his house as Lady of Palmerton Lodge. In vain I demanded the reason of this strange determination; he could give none; and with a heavy heart I retired to inform your mother by letter of my ill-success. After I had done so, the thought for the first time struck me whether it would not be better for us to remain separate, until the death of my father should give me power to welcome my wife to Palmerton as such; for if I returned to France, the little means I actually possessed were totally inadequate to supply our wants; and my pride revolted at the idea of applying for pecuniary assistance to her generous uncle; but then the feelings with which my wife, who for me had given up all, would regard this alternative, rose before me,

and persuaded me against it, urging me to bear the pains of poverty, and every other ill, patiently for her sake. I will cut short, however, this melancholy epoch in my history; sufficient for you to know, that I tore up the letter I had just written, and in its stead sent another, in which, after many preambles and excuses for my culpable weakness, I stated that my father being inexorable, the only path out of our difficulties was, that she should remain in her native country—which she was enabled to do by a large remittance—until my parent's decease.

"O, Henry, with what shame and contrition do I recall these things to my mind! But a few days, aye, even a few hours previous, the thought of instant destruction would have been as grateful to me, as of separation from her I so tenderly loved. No diminution had taken place in my affection for her: the spur of the moment had compelled me, in a manner, to devise some plan of extrication; and without giving it the consideration it deserved, or rather, shutting my eyes wilfully against the probable event, I adopted it. Alas, my son, long before the period arrived, which I fondly hoped would bring back my lost happiness, the frail flower I had deserted (no softer name can I now give the act) had pined away, deprived of its nourishment; had died, in short, of a broken heart!

"Think not, my dear boy, I would have torn open the wounds which length of time had almost healed, had I not thought that, by so doing, I could have afforded you a lesson, I trust, of profitable warning. Never, then, I beseech you, during your life, enter on any project, without well weighing the probable consequences; although, most likely, you will never be exposed to such trials as I have experienced. Never forget that impulse, and not principle, had a large share in creating the sorrow of
"YOUR EVER AFFECTIONATE FATHER."

"I never told my father," said Palmerton, when he had concluded, "that I had found not only a friend but a brother in Victor, thinking it would renew his grief. We continued regular correspondents until the breaking out of the war, when I lost sight of him only to discover him now among yonder ranks."

"How did you ascertain he was there?" inquired M'Morton.

"My light company, as you well know," answered the other, "was among those ordered to attack the falls of Montmorency. We were fast retreating, when a division of French grenadiers, more daring than their companions, charged my troop, which was then drawn up to check the enemy, with such impetuosity, that for a few seconds we were borne backwards. With the utmost difficulty I succeeded in putting a stop to the disorder, which would soon have become an absolute flight; and having once more formed the men *en masse*, waited another attack, which the French seemed preparing to make. They came in such numbers, and with an impetus that threatened to carry all before them, when what were my sensations to recog-

nise in the voice of the officer who was cheering them on, that of my old friend Victor de Valmont! What were his feelings I cannot tell, for I could see that he knew me. We were on the point of closing, and the bristling bayonets gave a clashing sound; when the retreat bugle of the enemy sounded, and in an agitated tone Victor gave the signal to retire, and left us to continue our retrograde movement unmolested. What would have been the consequences had it not happened so, I am unable to say; one, I fear, would have been—that he and I, that night, must have crossed swords."

"It was a cruel necessity," said Captain M'Morton; "but cheer up, Palmerton," continued he, assuming a tone of confidence he really did not feel, "'tis ten chances to one that you do not meet him again. Nay, if you will consent, I will take the command of your light company, since you are to be one of the storming party to-morrow night; and you shall come up with my grenadiers, when there will be still less chance of your crossing your friend; since it is well-known that Montcalm always puts his veterans in front."

"Never," ejaculated the other, with startling rapidity of manner, whilst a crimson flush suffused his face, which had hitherto been of a deadly pale; "the ties of private friendship shall never in my case interfere with the duty I owe to my country. M'Morton," he added, speaking more calmly, "I deeply feel your kindness; believe me, I am grateful (who would not be?) beyond expression, for your disinterested offer. Should I be compelled to-morrow night to engage in deadly strife with him, for whom I would willingly lay down my existence, the contest will end—I cannot but think—in the destruction of both."

The conversation here ended, and soon after the elder bade the younger officer adieu, and departed. As he slowly wended his way to his own quarters, with drooping head and folded arms, the kind-hearted soldier commenced aloud. "Poor boy," said he, "I am not naturally superstitious, but I feel a shuddering presentiment that to-morrow night will be his last. But what could he have meant by saying the contest would be fatal to *both*?—surely *one* might escape. I wish he had suffered me to take his place—and yet I like him the more for refusing."

* * * * *

A day and two nights have flown by, but what changes has that short period witnessed? The battle has been fought and won; and the gallant, but ill-fated Wolfe, with his no less courageous enemy Montcalm, are both stretched lifeless on their gory bed. Quebec, and with it all North America gained, is taken.

It is the morning of the thirteenth of September, 1756. A tall, handsome grenadier officer may be seen on the summits of the heights of Abraham, endeavouring to discover among the corpses around him the body, as it seemed, of a companion in arms. His dejected

countenance plainly show his inward grief, and his sunburnt features, which sorrow was seldom wont to make her throne, proclaim him as our old acquaintance M'Morton. Did his forebodings then prove true? Is Palmerton missing? Is he seeking *him* among the dead?—

He paused opposite a place where, from the mingled uniforms of the slain, the strife appeared to have been the hottest. Two officers lay stretched beside each other; in one of whom M'Morton recognised his friend.

"Oh, Palmerton!" he exclaimed, in the bitterness of his anguish; "would that I could have died for you. No friends, no relatives would have wept for me; I should have gone down to the dust unlamented and unmissed save by you; but, for you, how will your father bear this?"

The tears of the kind warrior fell fast on the marble brow of his friend, as he knelt over him, when, as he was eagerly feeling if the heart yet palpitated, the eyes of Palmerton slowly opened, and, glazed as they were by the hand of death, with a glance that told his friend he remembered

him, he collected strength to say, "Thank heaven, we died not by each other's hand. Farewell—God bless you," and then expired without a groan.

The weapons of Henry Palmerton and Victor de Valmont were lying near them, both broken; each of the combatants had received several sword cuts, but the mortal wounds seemed, to M'Morton, inflicted, as intimated by the dying man, by the chance bullets of their opposite companies, many individuals of which lay on the ground around them.

With a heavy heart Captain M'Morton followed the remains of the brothers to their last resting-place; not, however, before he had ascertained that none of the wounds his friend had received were in themselves dangerous enough to cause a fatal result; then, for the first time, he comprehended the words of Palmerton, which before had seemed so difficult of construction; then he perceived that the threads of his affection towards Valmont had so interwoven themselves with his own existence, that, the one being severed, the other could not remain unbroken.

A GOOD CAUSE; OR, AN EVENING IN EXETER HALL.

BY WILLIAM HENRY FISK.

"It is impossible! Nay, what wouldst thou thyself have us do?" cry indignant readers. Nothing, my friends, till you have got a soul for yourselves again; till then all things are 'impossible!'"

CARLYLE.

There are, among the actions of man, some which are prompted by, and carried out with, a feeling of genuine sympathy, and in which his better nature aspires to predominate over and succumb the heated and turbulent feelings, in which **SELF** marks the track which entices the adventurer on. These are the roses amid the arid desert, where ambition, self-interest, covetousness, and love-of-the-world's praise, mingle in one huge, high-towering, mass-of-mind-destroying sand, whirling on, proud in its momentary greatness, hiding the glorious effulgence of the sun; but forgetting, or never heeding, that when the wind of excitement has hurried it by, that truth must glow, that virtue must shed its genial influence—forgetting that all the better feelings of our nature, which collectively are *truth*, must again shine steadily on, though the daring and mighty grandeur of its fleeting power astonish the weak-minded and eye-satisfied beings of a world-loving, and therefore of a world-deluded race!

This genuine sympathy, is it not a means of calling into being and action those purest aspirations of the soul; aspirations which produce

and shed around upon others a large portion of that brilliancy of hope, which—

"Once cherish'd, and its blossoms never die,"

growing, as it does, visibly in brightness, till it burst into the pure glad sunshine of reality; aspirations which are not selfish, which seek in their own realization the regeneration of happiness and comfort of some oppressed and toil-worn class in society, a class naturally bright, but overshadowed by that lethargy of the mental and physical exertions, which brands it as a distinct, an alienated—we had almost said, an uncivilized body, in our self-termed civilized community. That this genuine sympathy which calls our nobler aspirations into action, is progressive daily and hourly, there is abundant proof; yet it is not because that proof of advancement is continually before us, or that the fruit of that genuine sympathy is duly set forth, that we should rest content with its first early produce—no; but rather, in enjoying the earlier production of the harvest, we should encourage the ripening of that plant, the seed of which has sent forth its leaves, the boughs of

which plant are grown strong, the blossom of which tree has bloomed, and left the fruit as yet unripened, in need of, and claiming the fostering hand of, encouragement; for—

“Perfection is a thing of time and toil—
No offspring of a minute nor an hour.”

Of this genuine sympathy, and the ripening fruits of its exertion, the crowded, monster assemblage at the Annual Meeting of the Draper's Association, held at Exeter Hall, on Wednesday, the 12th of last month, was a striking and gratifying instance. Previous to commencing the business of the evening, the audience were amused by a variety of sacred performances on the magnificent organ; and at 6 o'clock Lord John Russell, attended by the Committee, and a numerous body of master drapers, made his appearance on the platform, amid the reiterated congratulations of the friends and supporters of a truly good cause. Lord John Russell having taken the chair, the Secretary opened the transactions of the evening, by reading the committee's report, which was immediately followed by a short but impressive speech from the noble chairman, who briefly stated his opinions and conviction of the great evils, both mental and physical, of which the present long hours of business adopted in the metropolis and elsewhere, have been the primary cause. The noble chairman's was followed by several very able speeches, among which we particularly remarked that of the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel; it was calm, beautiful, and impressive, and was greatly heightened by the quiet and thoughtful style of delivery which marks, both in the pulpit and on the platform, the sermons and speeches of this gentleman; he regarded the subject more particularly in a religious point of view, in the ill effects which the late hour system must necessarily produce upon the mind of the person subject to that system, both as to their being rendered fitting and respectable members of society, and as concerned their happiness in a future state; endeavouring particularly to impress upon his hearers (the drapers' assistants especially) that the success of the society's undertakings depended in a great degree upon the efforts they themselves made. The hon. and rev. gentleman's speech was of about one hour's duration, and was listened to by an audience evidently deeply interested, from the silence which they preserved, giving vent only to sudden bursts of feeling, as their admiration, pity, and indignation, each was aroused. The rev. gentleman was preceded by a barrister, whose name we unfortunately lost; the speech was full of lively and amusing anecdote, and if we may judge from the continued laughter and applause, highly amusing to his audience. Dr. Lancaster also ably addressed the meeting, taking the subject in a medical point of view. Several other gentlemen addressed the assembly, and at the conclusion of the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel's speech, the noble chairman relinquished the chair, and the meeting soon after concluded.

Till the Drapers' Association first commenced its active operations, the class of Assistant Drapers were looked upon merely as Assistant Drapers, and not as responsible and intelligent beings; or if their condition was remarked, it was only by some pitying one, not by the body of society in general. Doubtless the feeling was keen in the breast of that one, while it lasted; but too soon it was forgotten; and the Drapers' Assistants, male and female, dwindled on, working early and late, rarely enjoying any invigorating and healthful bodily exercise. Nor was it, and is it now, the exercise of the body only, that was and is neglected, but with it that of the immortal soul.

It might perhaps chance that you, condescending reader, have not heard of the objects of this Society, and it were perhaps as well to inform you of them before proceeding; though we doubt not you may have gathered them, from some foregoing part of our paper, or what is more probable, you may have heard of its endeavours and success; how it has, in a great measure, accomplished the shortening of the hours of work in the Drapery business—how the young men and women are liberated at a reasonable and proper hour; and so have time to attend to the cultivation of their minds, to the refinement of their ideas, and to the study of their religion. And it is, gentle reader, a Society whose aim and endeavour is from, and of, the genuine sympathy which we have said calls into being and action the purest aspirations of the soul; their *aim*—to redeem and improve the condition of a large and powerful body of society, powerful for good or for evil, and surely better for the former than for the latter; their *endeavour*—to place that body in its proper sphere in society, that it may no longer be the weak and toil-worn in frame and in mind, poor in its participation of both the mental and physical exercises and enjoyments of the world. And where can ye, philosophers of nature and her being, where can ye, who read the universe and scan the mighty tomes of men and manners—where can ye who dive deep, deep, deep into the sinks of poverty and wretchedness—where can ye find a poverty or a wretchedness more complete, more deep, more sad, more baneful than that of a powerful mind struggling with the oppression of a hard and pitiless task-master? Is the soul entirely the subject to the body? Is the soul entirely the subject to a man? Is the soul the subject to the task-master? Alas! it is made so. But, should it be? No! the soul is immortal, therefore for immortality; the soul is of God, and should be trained God-ward; it proceeds from, and must return to the Everlasting; and if the body be neglected on earth, how shall the soul be prepared for heaven!

It is the great, the powerful, who must, joined with the public, unite in promoting this good cause.

“Meet them, and grateful they will be
For timely aid and sympathy—
Yield somewhat of your sordid aims
To reason and to justice' claims;

Step from your sect and party rage,
Meet the young spirit of the age—
 Conciliate her, and never cease
 To meditate some plan of peace;
 For rave and strive, oppose and jangle,
 The Hercules you cannot strangle!"

By its arts, sciences, and literature must receive additional advancement, and that generally the Drapers Assistant will avail himself of the opportunities within his reach there can be little doubt; in fact it has been proved to be the case, as appeared from the speech of a master-draper in a large way of business, who said, that since

he had closed early, the *library and reading-room* had become regularly and studiously attended; the library and reading-room, he it marked, are *a part of the establishment*. And it is to be hoped that this is not the one solitary instance where the mental improvement of the Drapers' Assistant has been considered, and means given for its advancement. We have heard of several establishments to which the library has been added, or is being added. This is the right and proper way to proceed; it is praiseworthy to the Master Draper, both as a fellow-being and an Englishman, thus to unite and assist in promoting the Christian endeavours of a *GOOD CAUSE*.

L I T E R A T U R E.

BURNS' FIRESIDE LIBRARY.—Half-a-dozen charming volumes of this publication are before us, and we believe before this notice appears several other works of acknowledged merit will have been issued in a similarly attractive form. A portable book has always an advantage over an unwieldy tome, provided, as in the present case, there is no compromise or sacrifice in the way of small type and careless getting up. Among the numbers to which we are now referring there is an excellent translation of Fouqué's "Undine," so justly lauded by Coleridge as one of the most exquisite creations of modern times. We had not read it for years, and were rejoiced to find that it was no delusion of an earlier taste which had left us so vivid a memory of its delicate and poetical beauty. "The Shadowless Man," by Chamisso, enshrines no less subtle an allegory, though one very different, since it savours so often of the humorous. The excuses which poor Peter makes for being deprived of his shadow, and the manner in which it is rolled up before his eyes, might win a smile from the saddest. Next on our list comes a delicious collection of fables and parables, from the German of Lessing, Herder, Gillest, Meissner, &c., &c., many of which have freshness to the English reader. Sincerely do we pity those who cannot lend themselves to such enticing reading as this, and discover the wise teaching it offers. So much for the translations. And now we come to a goodly compilation of "Ballads and Metrical Tales," of a thoroughly native quality—"Robin Hood," "Valentine and Ursine," "The Children in the Wood," "The Beggar's Daughter," and a score or two of equally established favourites are here to be found in a beautifully illustrated volume. "Evenings with the Old Story Tellers," is, to our mind, a yet more "taking" number; for these fine old moral tales, or parables, are, for the most part, derived from sources nearly inaccessible to the general reader, to whom they will be absolutely new.

"Frank's First Visit to the Continent," by the Rev. W. Gresley, M.A., conveys sound in-

formation in that delightful manner which charms both old and young.

LAYS AND LEGENDS ILLUSTRATIVE OF ENGLISH LIFE; by Camilla Toulmin: Quarto (*How*).—Much praise is due to the publisher for the tasteful and artistic manner in which he has brought out this richly illustrated volume. It contains twenty-seven steel engravings, after Chalon, Collins, Creswick, Leslie, Newton, Pickersgill, Stephanoff, Stone, Turner, Urvins, Westall, &c., &c., and above sixty woodcuts. For obvious reasons we decline entering upon the merits of the literary portion of the work, which consists of a story of the thoughtful stirring present day, to which are linked some memories of the romantic past; these being both in prose and verse. We extract one poem entire, and part of a chapter, which describes a visit to the Eddystone Light-House—

"THE HAND.

"What is it fashioned wondrously, that, twin born
 with the Brain,
 Marks Man from every meaner thing that bounds
 across the plain,
 Or gambols in the mighty deep, or floats in summer
 air,
 What is the help meet for the Mind, no lesser life
 may share?
 It is the Hand, the Human Hand, interpreter of
 Will;
 Was ever servant yet so great, and so obedient still?
 Of all Creation's mysteries with which the world is
 rife,
 It seems a marvel to my soul but second unto Life!
 How weak a thing of flesh it is, yet think what it
 has done!
 And ask from poor Idolators why it no worship
 won?
 How could the lordly forest trees first bow their
 heads to Man,
 When with their ruined limbs he delved where veins
 of metal ran?
 Ho! ho! 'tis found, and his to know the secrets of
 the forge;
 And henceforth Earth, at his behest, her riches must
 disgorge.

And now the Hand has servants fit, its guides as it
is schooled,
To keep entire the perfect chain by which the world
is ruled.
For when the molten iron flowed into the first rough
mould,
The heritage of cunning craft was to the Right Hand
sold;
And it hath been a careful lord, improving every
right,
Until the Mind is overawed by thinking of its might.
How slender, and how fair a thing, is woman's soft
white hand!
Yet Saragozza's Maid could seize the cannon's ready
brand;
And martyr'd Joan (but not of War or courage
would I tell,
Unless the time were ripe and mine the deep-toned
honoured shell
Whose notes should be the requiem of the gory
monarch dread,
Whose laurels still, though steeped in tears, conceal
his leprous head!)
The harp is roused by fingers fair, where clinging
jewels glow
With light upon the awakening hand like sunbeams
upon snow;
Entranced Music's soul returns once more to earth
again—
A vessel to the Hand that wills a gay or pensive
strain.
Yet, think that Hand which never yet knew wear-
iness or soil,
Whose fairness neither summer's sun nor winter's
cold must spoil,
Which doth not know a harsher rule than leisure's
chosen toil,
Is after all but fashioned like the trembling, clammy
thing
With which the faded sempstress pale, in youth's yet
early spring,
Digs her own grave, with needle small, through Na-
ture's drowsy night.
Oh! when will Fortune, Justice, too, unbind their
eyes to light!
How is it fashion's proud array, thus wove on Death's
own loom,
Ne'er changes by a demon spell to trappings of the
tomb?

The Painter bodies forth ideas, which on the canvas
live—
The Sculptor bids the shapeless stone a form of
beauty give—
Wise Egypt's giant pyramids by human hands were
piled,
To wrestle still with conquering Time, though cen-
turies have smiled,
With gentle touch to think how they sweep Man
from where he stands,
Yet linger o'er the records of his wonder-working
hands!
It is a thought to lift the soul beyond its prison
home,
To ponder o'er such things as these beneath the
fretted dome
Of Gothic fane, where erst have swept the serge clad
Monkish train,
Who sought to win their paradise by self-inflicted
pain;
Who never knew the worship true, that life's pure
joys impart.
Yet what a world and history is every human heart!

Alas! material monuments too oft, like Babel's
tower,
But tell of human littleness, and not of human
power!
More subtle, less self-evident, than marvels such as
these,
Those spirit deeds that leave behind but dream-like
legacies,
Nothing that sense can see or touch, but much that
Thought can keep.
As when the stately ship is taught its pathway o'er
the deep
By one right hand that guides the helm, beneath the
watchful crowd
Of ever silent stars, that pierce through Nature's
nightly shroud.
But Thought is lost in mazy dreams of all the
wondrous band,
Of Things and Deeds that owe their birth unto the
Human Hand."

"It was a radiant morning that shone, for before
our party embarked the faint mist which had lain
over the ocean was raised like a veil, and the sea
sparkling in the sunshine looked like a huge glit-
tering mirror. The Lighthouse is about fourteen
miles from Plymouth, and between nine and ten
from the nearest point of land, the Rame Head, a
promontory of Cornwall. Thus from Plymouth it
is on the very verge of the horizon, and can only
be seen on a remarkably clear day, though the bril-
liant white light emitted from its lantern is more
often seen by night than the fabric by day. The sun-
beams were too dazzling for any one to recognize it
on the morning of which we are speaking, except by
the aid of a good glass, with which, of course, they
were provided: when, however, they had advanced a
mile or two outside the Breakwater, it rose to their
view, though not to be distinguished at first from the
mast of a vessel. Gradually, as they advanced into
blue water, far beyond the parallel of the Rame
Head, and leaving the Devonshire coast a dim light
behind them, the Lighthouse seemed to rise in the
form of a mushroom from the ocean. But this ap-
pearance rapidly gave place to a more correct outline,
for while with a fair wind the boat was almost flying,
the tide was rapidly ebbing; indeed, it is only be-
tween half ebb and half flow that the structure can be
visited, and it presented itself in the form which the
architect had observed best resisted the fury of the
elements, and which, copying Nature, the great
teacher, he had adopted—namely, the trunk of a
tree.

"No description with which I have ever met, and
scarcely the most accurate drawing, conveys an im-
pression of the appearance of this wonderful work as
it rises from the cluster of dark and slippery rocks
on which it has now for nearly a century stood un-
disturbed—rocks which are much more than covered
at high water; and I am afraid that, though most
persons feel tempted to try to convey their own im-
pressions to others, it is one of those things which
defy description: there is a bleakness and barren-
ness about it that is felt to the heart's core. To the
north only a thread of land, that we see chiefly with
the eye of imagination, and because we are conscious
that it is there; east and west, nothing but sea—
sea; and to the south, we know the boisterous Bay
of Biscay rolls before us; probably not a ship or even
a fishing-boat to be seen within many miles; and the
three men, seeming like spirits of desolation, the
only living creatures—on the look-out, be sure—with
a ready welcome to such chance visitors. Till within

half-a-dozen bats' lengths of the rock, the sea is of that dark purple indicative of a fathomless depth; but as we come above the slanting, *stirring* rocks, it assumes the rich translucent green, which is seldom beheld except on a rocky coast, or near some ocean pinnacle like this.

"Our adventurous party were awed to silence. Different persons feel such things very differently, and there may be some who could visit such a place without a throng of associations crowding to their minds; but to all of *them* there was a power, a presence, that affected them sensibly. To fancy's ear, the shrieks of the myriads who have there met a grave in the surging waters, still mingled with the roar of a tempest, and the heavy blows of the breaking ships: and fancy's eye could see the ghastly countenances of despair, billow-tossed, and the bruised and bleeding limbs still seeking a momentary hold of the fatal rock, slippery from its coating of short moss-like sea-weed and marine insects.

"The care necessary in landing, however—a performance all the more readily accomplished from the kindly zeal of the light-keepers—recalled them to a sense of the present; and Sibyl and Marguerite soon found themselves climbing the stairs as best they could, much more efficiently aided by their new acquaintances than by the gentlemen of the party. A common guide-book will give the dry details connected with the building, and the particulars of the former Lighthouses, the one destroyed by fire, and the other swept away by a tempest; but it does not give any idea of the stability of the fabric, or the immense thickness of the granite blocks, of which the outer wall and foundation are composed. The entrance is but the size of a ship's port-hole, and the winding stone steps turn so abruptly from it, that for a few paces the visiter is in perfect darkness. Neither do the guide-books afford any notion of the beautiful order and compact arrangements which prevail, from the ample store of excellent provisions (though bread and fruit, such as our party took, were very acceptable presents) to the neat little library, which seemed to them a pleasant sign. It was impossible to examine the lantern very accurately, for the metal reflectors to the four-and-twenty lamps gathered the sun's rays into so powerful a focus, that the heat was nearly intolerable, and the visitors gladly withdrew to the gallery which surrounds it for a breath of air.

"It was now that Captain Vortilar whispered a hurried word to Herbert; his experienced eye had detected a faint cloud, that forewarned him of a coming change in the weather; and, without alarming Marguerite and Sibyl, he yet determined there should be no delay in their return. It might be half-an-hour after they had left the Lighthouse, that a sudden heave of the little boat startled the voyagers into the consciousness that the sea was no longer a calm and unruffled mirror. The wind was a side wind, and the sail did not greatly assist their progress; but the men rowed with increased vigour, and were very silent—a sure sign that they had something serious to do and to think of; for otherwise are they not the most loquacious of creatures? Presently, white-crested waves were seen at a little distance, and the clear atmosphere seemed suddenly to cloud, as if the sky were drawing down. Soon the spray dashed boldly over the boat as it breasted the coming waves, while the frail bark seemed to groan and heave like some exhausted thing. There could be no doubt that, though now getting nearer to shore, they were in considerable danger; and had any more seaworthy vessel been within hail, they would assuredly

have endeavoured to get on board; but such was not the case.

"It was now that Sibyl, ever more thoughtful of others than of herself, wrapped round Marguerite a large shawl which belonged to herself, and which was of rather a peculiar fabric and pattern. Herbert was at the moment, under Captain Vortilar's direction, assisting to reef a sail, and did not observe the action. Almost the next instant a huge wave came rolling against the side of the boat, and turned it completely over! The heavy shawl which had just been thrown round Marguerite, and fastened securely at her throat, sustained her probably for a moment, and as Herbert rose from the immersion it caught his eye—he thought Sibyl was the wearer—she who was dearer than life itself; and, blinded with the foam of the waters, yet nerved to strong exertion by fearful excitement, he struck out, and succeeded in wreathing one arm round the waist of Marguerite. She must soon have become insensible; though not, as it afterwards appeared, until she had heard the words of passion and endearment, which at the moment of peril burst from her preserver's lips, unconscious, poor girl, that they were meant for another!"

THE ECCENTRIC LOVER; a Novel, in Three Volumes. By Bayle St. John. (*Bentley*, 1845.)—The novel before us, which appears under the above very original title, is one which will attract no inconsiderable share of attention. There is in it much to admire, and very little wherewith to find fault; and lest we should be mistaken, we may state that this fault consists in a slight dash of extravagance apparent in some of the characters. But apart from this, it is a delightful book, full of beautiful passages, pathetic touches, and appeals to the feelings. We have no high-wrought pictures, no attempt at painfully wringing the heart—but a series of domestic scenes, sprinkled with wild and comic adventures, diversified here and there with incidents which are sure to chequer the path of every person more or less. The manner in which Agnes, the heroine, meets with her lover, and feelings are excited which afterwards deepen into the strongest attachment, are exceedingly well portrayed. The eager impetuosity of Claude to regain her, when she disappears from her family, under circumstances so strange—his pursuit—the adventures he meets with—the persecutions of D. Hericourt (the instrument of Agnes's abduction), from the moment he first accidentally beheld her face at the masked ball—the fears excited lest he should succeed in his plans, are all admirably described; as are likewise the adventures into which Joubert, the philosopher, and Joseph, the national guard, fall while following in the track of Claude. Joseph is a very natural character, and the scene in which he confesses his love to Felicité is extremely good. Felicité herself is a French *couturiere*, and represented in very moderate circumstances: her fortunes deeply excite our interest from the moment we first behold her, she is drawn with so masterly a hand. Felicité and Chassereau will, we have no doubt, form the model from which many future writers will delineate a character; she is an entirely new conception, and it requires a person himself to have perused the work to

judge of her as she really deserves. The position she occupies with respect to Agnes, too, is interesting. She is a young aunt, with a niece a very few years younger than herself, and a strong attachment, as may well be supposed, exists between Félicité and Agnes, who is very vigorously depicted, though totally different from her aunt. Pelagie Bourgeon is a girl in whom the reader must put a deep interest, she is so retiring, so gentle, yet so resigned and calm, in a moment of intense fear and alarm, as for instance, when along with her two friends, Agnes and Félicité, she is depicted as hanging as it were on the verge of eternity, awaiting a death too common in society, and yet the most awful that can be conceived.

Narcisse Leroux, the Eccentric Lover, will often arouse a laugh from our fair readers by his grotesque speeches, and humorous extravagances. He is a sort of Falstaff. There is no other person to whom we can compare him.

To impart an air of life and truth to fiction is a very difficult task; but as this is accomplished in the "Eccentric Lover," it cannot fail to be useful.

THE MUSICAL WORLD. (*Purkess, Dean-street, Soho.*)—More than once have we taken occasion to draw our readers' attention to a weekly publication called the "Musical Examiner," and we ought some time since to have informed them that it had merged into an old-established work with the above title. The intellectual vigour, fine taste, and experience, however, which rendered the one an unquestioned authority on matters musical, remain under the banner of a fresh name; and most conscientiously do we recommend this cheap musical chronicle to our musical readers. We make an extract—an amusing attempt to answer a question often asked:—

AN AMATEUR CHAT ABOUT THE FUGUE.

What is a Fugue? pray can you tell

What mean these strange—these medling sounds,
This subject hunting all pellmell,

Which some bold voice first does announce?

Perhaps you can its drift define,

And this gordian knot entwine.

My friend, adepts in music can,

And such are starting every day;

These can divulge the laws and plan,

What could I on such subject say

Who am a novice in that art

That wants so much of mind—of heart?

However, my steel pen shall try,

And with my friend's request comply.

A Fugue seems like a great debate,

To which are listening young and old;

A president does the subject state,

And all its bearings nice unfold.

The subject grave, yet seems to please,

A voice repeats it loud and clear;

A second, third, and fourth increase

The model, as it does appear.

Another subject braves the throng,

And mingles with the question free;

And in that storm majestic, strong,

All voices join, in due degree.

Now like the sea, in dread commotion,

Whirlwinds contending, dreadful roar;

Whilst great confusion swells the ocean,

Fierce waves assault the rocky shore.

Thus threat'ning clouds discharge their ire,

And murmuring, like a Fugue expire.

This is, dear friend, all I can say;

Perhaps some more—another day.

March 9th, 1845.

J. A. STUMPF.

MUSIC.

HOW'S ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF BRITISH SONG.—On a former occasion we mentioned the beautiful work of this enterprising publisher, and each number that appears, convinces us more and more that it is a perfectly unique undertaking, whether for the fine taste displayed in the selections from the old masters of melody, the judgment with which Mr. Hogarth performs his editorial task, the beauty and variety of the illustrations, or the surprising cheapness of the publication—a few pence being sufficient for three approved old English ballads, music, words, illustrative letter-press, and wood engravings!

AMUSEMENTS OF THE MONTH.

ITALIAN OPERA.

This fashionable and popular house, conventionally known as the Italian Opera, and rightly her Majesty's Theatre, has opened most brilliantly; talent of the first order, both in the opera and ballet, have been secured, and success has been complete. Before, however, we venture on criticism of the music and singers, a slight sketch of the opera with which the house opened, *Ernani*, may not be inappropriate. The plot is taken from the *Romancero Espanol*, a collection of tales which bears the impress of

the Spanish medieval age, with all its extremes of unbridled passions and of romantic honour. Donna Sol, the heroine, is on the point of marriage with her doating old uncle, Ruy Gomez de Silva, duke of Pastrana, count and grandee of Castille, who has inherited, with his titles, the romantic vengeful feeling of honour of his ancestors; but Donna Sol has long since sworn eternal love to the young Ernani, to whom in the hour of need she once offered a refuge, and who returns her love with the most ardent affection. Ernani's real name is John of Arragon; he is the son and heir of the duke of Segorba

and Cardona, whom the king of Castille had procured his followers to assassinate. Proscribed and pursued, John of Arragon fled to the fastnesses of the Sierras, became the leader of three thousand brigands, and the terror of the land, and has changed his name to Ernani. The king of Castille, Don Carlos Quinto, afterwards the celebrated Emperor Charles the Fifth, has also become violently enamoured with his beautiful subject, Donna Sol. He watches her windows, and discovers that when all are at rest in the castle of her uncle, a young cavalier (it is Ernani), gains admission to her apartments by a secret entrance. He imitates the signal of the favoured lover, gets admittance to her chamber, declares his headlong passion, and is about to drag her off with him by force, when Ernani enters, and protects his "ladye love." A violent contention arises, which brings to the rescue Don Ruy Gomez de Silva. To allay his jealousy and anger, the king reveals his august character, and pretends he came in disguise, to consult him about his approaching election to the empire, and on the conspiracy against his imperial promotion and his life. The king and Ernani retire unmolested; but soon after, at the moment of the festivities preceding the solemnization of the marriage of Don Ruy Gomez with Donna Sol, Ernani, who has claimed hospitality, disguised as a pilgrim, in a transport of jealousy discovers himself; Donna Sol flies to his arms, and Don Ruy dooms him to death. Ernani reveals to Gomez the passion and attempts of the king; and the former consents to release his rival, and that they should for a while combine their vengeance against the common enemy, on condition Ernani will yield up his forfeited life whenever it is demanded. They then join the conspiracy of electors against the future emperor, who, however, discovers the hiding-place of his enemies, and takes them prisoners. Now an emperor, he forgets the vengeance of the king; he pardons Ernani, restores him to his ancestral dignities, and unites his hand to that of Donna Sol. But Gomez demands that the fatal promise should be redeemed; Ernani stabs himself, and Elvira falls down in a swoon. Thus ends the drama. The *libretto* is founded upon Victor Hugo's drama, *Hernani*, one of that long list of absurdities which in France are called tragedies. As an opera, however, it is effective and dramatic. With regard to the music of Verdi, we must certainly avow that it is not original: we constantly recognize favourite pieces; now a bit from *I Puritani*, another from *Lucia*, another from *Norma*, produced however in a novel shape. The fault of the opera however is, that it strains the voices of the singers by far too much; the *soprano* part is perpetually above the stave. With regard to the singers we can scarcely speak too highly. Signora Rita Boria, albeit no sylph, is a tastefully dressed, elegant-looking lady, with an extensive soprano voice; she sings with unflinching energy, grace, and effect, and is decidedly an acquisition to the house. Moriani was excellent, as usual; Fornasari, finished and expressive; Botelli, a new

and most tasteful baritone. The ballet was beautiful, and Mademoiselle Grahn a graceful and beautiful dancer. Of other matters we must speak next month.

DRURY LANE.

Robert le Diable, produced on a scale of very great magnificence, has been highly successful at this delightful and popular house. Though demanding a power, flexibility, and depth of voice, rarely found in English singers, every part has been sustained admirably. Harrison, King, and Stretton, deserve the highest praise. The opera is too well known to demand lengthened criticism. In *La Sonnambula* Donald King has been highly successful, being nightly encored and applauded with enthusiasm at the fall of the curtain. The opening season of this theatre, which commenced on Monday, is expected to be unusually brilliant. Mademoiselle Pilon, a dancer of first-rate ability, with Mademoiselles Louise and Adele, were announced to appear on Monday last in a comic ballet, entitled *Robert and Bertrand*; in addition to this, Duprez, the celebrated French artiste, is engaged for twelve nights, and will make his debut in *Guillaume Tell*. Balfé too, has a new opera in rehearsal, in which Madame Anna Thillon will appear. It will be difficult for any house to show greater attractions than this.

HAYMARKET.

The only novelty here has been Peake's *Sheriff of the County*, a merry, pleasant comedy in three acts, which, admirably acted, full of fun from beginning to end, founded on the natural follies and passions of mankind, with a dash of the grotesque, is highly successful. The plot is as follows:—Mr. Nathaniel Hollylodge (Farren), "a country gentleman of retired habits," who delights in gardening, gossiping, and feeding poultry, has "honour thrust upon him," being appointed "sheriff of the county," an honour, however, which he little esteems, but consents to gratify the vanity of his wife (Mrs. Glover). This is in the first act. In the third act, Mr. Hollylodge is superseded in the shrievalty, to his own great joy, and his wife's great annoyance; and so the play begins, and so it ends. And what takes place between this beginning and this ending? The drollest masquerading, and joking, and cross-purposing conceivable in the world, at least in the little world of Mr. Hollylodge's old-fashioned establishment. To meet the coming honours with a good face, the whole place is turned topsy-turvy. A new footman, *Nonpareil* (Webster), "late footman to the lord mayor," comes down from London to exhibit his own handsome person, and his airs and graces, and to drill the clodpoles who are there before him, namely, *Pansy* and *Andrew* (Buckstone and Widdicombe), to their duties. An Irish tailor comes down with new state liveries, braided with broad silver lace, into one of which poor Hollylodge himself is unceremoniously thrust, to which he patiently submits, thinking it is his official costume, and wondering

at the droll character of the new fashions; and Mrs. Hollyodge renders herself ridiculous by accosting the aforesaid puppy, Nonpareil, with formal salutations of welcome, taking him for an officer in the army. Then Pansey has been reading the "History of England" in numbers, and is perpetually jabbering out nonsensical statistics and references, as "When were aldermen invented?" "Do you think Jane Shore a fit person for a nursery governess?" and "I'm like Henry the Sixth, rather respected for the vices he wanted than the virtues he had." Of the bold, but happily successful "points" invented by the author, we give as a specimen the conclusion to the second act. The company to a ball are being announced in quick succession by Buckstone, below stairs, and Webster at the drawing-room door—"Mr. This," "Captain That," and so forth; the room is pretty full, and dancing commencing, when enters Buckstone in his own peculiar way, announcing "the baker, with his cart," and the curtain falls amidst an absolute convulsion of laughter. There is an underplot; it consisted of a returned soldier, *Firedrake* (Howe), and a long-lost sister and mother (Mrs. Yarnold and Miss Julia Bennett); an attempt to kiss the last-named by an officer in *Firedrake's* regiment (Brindall), whom *Firedrake* unceremoniously knocks down; then a little from *Black-eyed Susan* is put in requisition—a court-martial is held, and, according to the articles of war, sentence of death is pronounced. Interest is made at the Horse-Guards, and a free pardon speedily follows; after which *Firedrake* and his officers are all "hail, fellow, well met," and manage so as to assemble, with all the remainder of the characters, in Hollyodge's

drawing-room, at the termination of the piece. Buckstone, Farren, Webster, Widdicomb, with Mrs. Glover and Mrs. Humby, all acted admirably.

PRINCESS'S.

Of Miss Cushman we can scarcely speak too highly. As *Lady Macbeth*, as *Rosalind*, as *Mrs. Haller*, in all and every piece she is equally successful. We feel satisfied that with care and patience this lady may become one of the first actresses of the present day. With an admirable voice, an energy which is surprising in a woman, a natural flow of spirits, a keen perception of humour, full of graceful touches, we are borne along by her, both in tragedy and comedy, with irresistible force. We expect much from Miss Cushman, more than we express, and feel sure of not being disappointed. In *As You Like It*, Wallack is exceedingly effective, Compton original and humorous, and Walter Lacy very happy. Of Mr. Forrest we shall say nothing, since nothing said is the best; while Graham improves much.

SADLER'S WELLS.

This popular resort of all who love the sterling drama, proceeds with triumphant success. No novelty, however, demands our attention this month. Still we may remark that Miss Jane Mordaunt, as *Lady Anne*, in *Richard III.*, has gained deserved plaudits, and we feel great pleasure in recording her success in this very difficult part; she is essentially a Shakspearian actress, though in all the pieces in which Miss Mordaunt appears, she is a favourite. Of Phelps and Mrs. Warner our opinion is well known.

FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

Our spring fashions are this year more backward than they have been during several seasons past—I mean as regards their appearance; for both materials and forms wait only for bright weather to be brought forward: the materials for *chapeaux* and *capotes* are indeed nearly decided. *Pailles de riz*, *Pailles d'Italie*, fancy straw, a kind of open-worked willow, called *Sparterie dentelle*, *poult de soie*, and crape—the latter in three different shades of the same colour—will all be in request. Italian straw will probably be less seen than the others, because of its excessive price; for it is only the very finest kind that will be at all fashionable. There is as yet nothing really decided as to the forms of *chapeaux* and *capotes*; that some change will take place there is no doubt, but I have reason to believe it will be trifling. Flowers of all kinds, but more especially the early ones, will be employed to trim *chapeaux* and *capotes*; but feathers also will be partially adopted, particularly for the *chapeaux* in *demi toilette*. I have already seen some shaded crape ones decorated with ostrich feathers; the beards

turned in rings, and with birds of Paradise, of three different colours, gradually melting one into the other; the *follettes glacées* will also, I know, enjoy their former vogue. But for Italian, or any other kind of straw adopted in promenade dress, nothing can be prettier, or more durable than a wreath formed of partridge feathers alternating with the tips of peacock's plumes.

Scarfs will, this season, be quite as much in vogue as last year. Some of the prettiest are of China crape, embroidered both sides alike; there are also a great many scarfs and shawls of *barege* in Cashmere patterns. But it is expected that *mantelets* and scarfs of muslin, beautifully embroidered, or lace, both lined with silk, will enjoy the honours of the season, as soon as the weather is warm enough to allow of their being worn.

Spring silks for robes are, this year, equally pretty and numerous. There are several new patterns of *foulards* and *taffetas*; one of the latter that is particularly beautiful is the *taffetas pophyre*. Shot and shaded silks will be par-

ticularly in favour; so also will be the silks *Chinés*; one of the most remarkable of these latter is the *Chiné Victoria*, striped alternately in plain and *Chiné* bands. The *balzerines*, *bareges*, and the *tissus Memphis*, all of the finest wool, are expected to enjoy a certain degree of vogue, though not so much as the new silks. The last material is something of the *barege* kind. It is yet too soon to talk of muslin, but I am assured that it will this season be more in vogue than it has been for some years past, both for robes in evening dress and *redingotes* in half-dress, both will be beautifully embroidered, the latter lined with coloured silk. Some of the most elegant of the evening robes will be made with double skirts, the upper one of the tunic form; these will be composed of either *tartalane* or *organdy*. An evening dress, called *robe Moitza*, is already a good deal talked of; it is embroidered in colours intermingled with *point de dentelle*, and has quite an Oriental appearance.

Several of the half-season robes are of the *redingote* form; the *corsages* high at the back, but very open on the bosom, displaying the beauty of the *chemisette*. Those worn in *demi toilette* will be mostly made half-high. I have sent you one of the most elegant models of that kind for the fifth figure in your first plate; it has also one of the prettiest *garnitures* of the newly-introduced *passementerie*. Sleeves of a three-quarter length will continue their vogue, and a good many silk robes will have them in muslin or *tartalane*. There is nothing as yet positively fixed as to trimmings. Flounces, it is said, will lose nothing of their vogue, and it is very certain that *passementerie*, of various new kinds, will be as much in favour as ever. I have every reason to believe that velvet trimmings will be continued for robes and *redingotes* during the early part of the season. An attempt is making to decorate some of the new spring *chapeaux* with velvet, but that I believe will fail. I have seen several *redingotes* of *mousseline de Cachemere*, in *Cachemere* patterns, bordered with eight or ten narrow velvet ribbons of all the different colours in the dress; I think the effect was too shewy. If the robe or *redingote* is of shot or shaded silk, the velvet has a much better effect, as the colours are neither so numerous nor so varied. The prettiest half-season *toilettes* that have yet appeared in *demi toilette*, are those composed of green Cashmere skirts and velvet spencers; the skirts are dark green, trimmed as high as the knee with twenty or thirty narrow velvet ribbons, all in different shades of green; the spencer was of a lighter hue than the skirt, and made with a jacket.

Among the spring novelties, or rather revivals, that will take place in morning dress, I may cite, as one of the most likely to be successful, the blouse. It was, I am told, very much in vogue twenty years or rather more ago, and was worn even in evening dress in muslin and *organdy*. Last season we had its partial re-appearance in the form of *blouse peignoir* in morning dress; but this year it is to be the veritable blouse, and confined to morning dress

only. I have seen a few composed of jaconet muslin, with the *corsage* and sleeves embroidered in colours; and others having the fulness confined by embroidered *entre deux*. The blouse, however, though a powerful rival to the *robe de chambre*, will not entirely displace it as an elegant home *négligé* for the early part of the morning. Some have already appeared of striped muslin, made with a falling collar and robings; they are trimmed round the collar and down the robings with a triple row of deep scallops; the front of the dress is tied down with knots of ribbon; the long sleeve, made not quite demi large, is terminated by a wrist-band and a *garniture* of scallops, somewhat smaller than those on the front of the dress. Caps retain all their vogue in morning dress; I have sent you one of the prettiest models that has recently appeared; it is a new version of the *bonnet Babet*.

As balls and evening parties are still at their height with us, and will continue still longer with you, I must now lay before your fair readers the last novelties for both. Velvet robes, though not yet quite laid aside, are now but seldom seen in evening dress. Brocades and damasks are also disappearing very fast; but satins, Italian taffetas, and some of the winter Pekins, as the striped *satins* and royal, are still in favour, and will continue to be so for some time. The style of trimming for these robes is one that I spoke of some time ago as being adopted for half-dress ones, it is the *garniture pyramide*; it is composed of different materials, velvet ribbon, some new *dentelles zephir*, a novel kind of fringe with an open heading, and where the trimming is for a full dress robe, *point d'Angleterre*, or—what is still more elegant—blonde lace. The trimming that forms the pyramids is disposed in rings of different sizes, so that the one at the top, which is placed very near the waist, is very small, and that at the bottom very large. This trimming ornaments the front of the dress only, and is composed in general of three parts; I think there is little doubt that it will be continued through the spring, for I have already seen several *poult de soie* and *moire* robes decorated with it. I may cite among the prettiest, two of white *poult de soie* just made for two sisters of very high rank; the *corsage*, cut very low is trimmed, or rather I should say the front is covered with *bouillons*, which decrease in size as they descend; this is reversed upon the skirt, the front of which is ornamented with three pyramids, the one at top formed of seven, the next of nine, and the last of eleven *bouillons* of *tulle de Bruxelles*. I should have observed that the smallest of these *bouillons* is larger than those on the *corsage*; short tight sleeve, terminated by a row of *bouillons* of tulle. These robes are in the very best style of half-season evening dress. Several satin and taffata robes have recently appeared in evening dress, which, if the mode should take, would effect quite a revolution, for the skirt is cut bias, and gored in such a manner that it sits quite close round the waist, and is of enormous width round the bottom. This fashion suits only

Digitized by Google



very stout ladies, and I do not consider it generally becoming, even to them. The fronts of the *corsages* and skirts of these dresses are mostly trimmed with lace; sometimes a double row is attached to a trimming *à la vielle* of ribbon. In other instances the lace is disposed in large deep scallops, with a flower or knot of ribbon in each. The mania for lace is not indeed at all diminished; we have it disposed *en échelle* upon the front of dresses, or round the border in flounces which nearly cover the skirt, as they rise so high upon it. A style of robe that is a good deal adopted in full dress is composed of satin of light colours, as blue, or emerald green, with a breadth of white satin let in in front; the sides of the dress open upon it in the robing style, and are trimmed with *chicorée* wreaths of *tulle*, either white, or to correspond with the robe; the *corsage* is deeply pointed at the bottom, low and square at the top, and trimmed with a round *revers* of satin similarly edged. The short tight sleeve is also terminated with a *ruche*.

The skirts of ball robes are never made in the way I have just described; indeed those of *tulle*, crape, &c., &c., are, I think, wider than ever; falling from the waist in full folds round the figure. Double skirts have lost nothing of their vogue; it is even expected to continue during the summer in muslin and tartalane, for demi-toilette and evening dress. Some of the prettiest ball robes are of *gaze sylphide*, either white, pink, or blue. Several of the first have the upper skirt trimmed on each side with two wreaths of anemones, disposed in such a manner as to raise the skirt, in the drapery style, a little above the knee; it descends behind about a quarter of a yard below it. The flowers are of different hues, they reach to the *ceinture*; the *corsage*, cut very low at top and deeply pointed at bottom, is ornamented with a *revers* of *dentille d'argent*, deep round the back and shoulders, but narrowing almost to a point in the centre, where it meets a row of small anemones, which descend to the bottom of the *corsage*. The under skirt is bordered with a very deep row of *dentille d'argent*. Several ball robes, of gauze and crape worn over satin, or *poult de soie*, are trimmed round the border of the skirt with small tucks. There are generally eighteen arranged in three rows of six each, at a distance from each other. The *corsage* is very low; it is ornamented with a lappel edged with three tucks of the smallest possible size. A row of knots of ribbon on the *corsage* completes the trimming.

Turbans still retain their vogue, and probably will in evening dress during the whole of the summer; but those of heavy materials are disappearing very fast. The Turkish form retains its predominance, but it is now made principally in gauze *tulle* or blonde; they are for the most part ornamented with flowers. *Petits bords* have as yet lost nothing of their attraction; the form most decidedly in favour is that of the *chapel* of the middle ages, decorated with two white ostrich feathers. Lace, intermingled in various ways with flowers and foliage, conti-

nues, and will continue in favour during the summer; but as the season advances, *coiffures en cheveux*, ornamented only with flowers or foliage, will certainly be the most in request; some of the new wreaths are composed of a triple row of foliage, intermingled with roses and ornamental grasses. Ribbon also begins to be a good deal employed to ornament the hair in evening dress. Caps, which latterly have seldom been employed in evening toilettes, are likely to resume all their vogue for the *négligé du soir*: several are composed of coloured *tulle*; green and blue are the hues most in favour, but white is still predominant; all are decorated with flowers.

An invention, very similar to the *capuchins* of our great grandmammas, has just appeared; it is called *capuche laitière*: it is a hood attached to a collar of the *fichu* form, large enough to cover the shoulders and the upper part of the back and breast: the hood is sustained round the face by a slight whalebone, which prevents it from crushing the head-dress: the new colours are several of the lighter shades of green, blue and pink, lilac both red and grey, several shades of yellow and fawn colour, some neutral tints, and fancy colours.

ADRIENNE DE M——.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATES.

FIRST PLATE.

No. 1. DINNER DRESS.—Robe of white and lilac shot silk; the *corsage* half-high behind, but very open on the bosom, displays a richly embroidered *guimpe*: it is deeply pointed at the bottom, and trimmed with a pelerine *en cœur*: it is bordered with very deep rich fringe, and the lower part is of a novel form. Long tight sleeve; the upper part trimmed in the style of an arched *mancheron*, with fringe. Three rows of fringe, with a novel open-work heading, decorate the skirt. The head-dress is a *bonnet Victoria*, composed of *tulle*, and edged with blonde lace: it is trimmed with roses, placed in the folds in which the lappets are turned up at each side.

No. 2. DEMI TOILETTE.—Robe of one of the new spring *Pekins*; a low and deeply-pointed *corsage*, trimmed with a round lappel, edged with a *ruche* of the same. Sleeve a three-quarter length; round *mancheron* and cleft cuff, both edged to correspond. The skirt is trimmed with two flounces, similarly bordered. *Tulle* cap; a melon-shaped caul; the front formed of a blonde lace lappel, disposed in folds on the head-piece; the ends descend in *demi-barbes*; bands of pink gauze ribbon loop them at the sides, and a shower of small flowers fall from the bands upon the lace. *Tartatane chemisette*, embroidered in a lace pattern.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

No. 3. SOCIAL PARTY DRESS.—Robe of lavender bloom *poult de soie*; a low *corsage*, trimmed with a round pelerine, bordered with fringe, and ornamented in the centre with fancy

silk buttons. *Chemisette* and sleeves of embroidered muslin: the *chemisette* is made quite high; the sleeve a three-quarter length. The head-dress is a lappet of *point d'Alençon*, confined on the head by a wreath of flowers: the ends of the lappet float over the shoulders.

No. 4. CARRIAGE DRESS.—Robe of violet *soie Pompadour*, figured in black; the *corsage*, made quite up to the throat, and deeply pointed, is trimmed with a *revers en cœur*, embroidered in black silk: round *mancheron* and cuff, both embroidered. Emerald green *poult de soie chapeau*; an oval brim, moderately open; the exterior is decorated with a long *plume zephir*, composed of marabouts, and shaded in white and light green; it descends very low on one side; the other is trimmed with a knot of ribbon with floating ends.

No. 5. MORNING DRESS.—*Redingote* of fawn-coloured *mousseline Cachemire*; the *corsage* made high at the back, but very open on the bosom, displays a cambric *chemisette*, with a falling collar embroidered in feather stitch. The *corsage*, and also the front of the dress, is trimmed with *passementerie lyrinthe*. Long tight sleeves; the *epaulette* and cuff covered with *passementerie*. *Bonnet-Babet*. A round cap, composed of *organdy*, and bordered with Valenciennes lace: a lace rosette, in which pink and white gauze ribbon is entwined, is placed at each ear: a band of the same ribbon crosses the caul, and descending through the hind-piece, forms floating *brides*.

SECOND PLATE.

CARRIAGE DRESS.—Robe of gray lilac *gros d'été*. The *corsage*, rather more than half high behind, and very open on the bosom, is made with a falling collar and lappels, forming a *cœur*; and closed from the centre of the breast to the bottom of the waist by wrought silk buttons to correspond. The fronts of the *corsage* are arched at each side. Cambric *chemisette*, made quite high, and frilled with Honiton lace. Long, tight sleeve, and lace ruffle. Rice straw *chapeau*, a round open shape, the brim slightly turned up, and the interior trimmed with *coques* of one of the new spring ribbons. The exterior is decorated with white ribbon, and a long and very full white ostrich feather.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.—Tea green *poult de soie* robe. A high, close *corsage*, very deeply pointed; it is trimmed down the centre with two rows of a new kind of broad rich gimp, of a darker green than the dress; *papillon nœuds* of *passementerie* are placed at regular distances between the two rows of gimp. This trimming is continued on a larger scale, in the *tablier* style, down the front of the skirt. Long tight sleeve; lace collar and ruffles. Pink *gros de Naples capote*, a drawn shape, round, and rather close. The garniture is composed of ribbon to correspond, and a very full bouquet of damask roses with their foliage. *Parasol à la Duchesse*.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

No. 3. MORNING VISITING DRESS.—Grey *taffeta* robe. The *corsage*, high at the back, opens

on the bosom with lappels of the demi-lozenge form, and descends in an open jacket at the bottom; the lappels, fronts of the *corsage*, and the jacket are bordered with a *ruche*. Sleeve a three-quarter length, also trimmed at the bottom, and in the *mancheron* style, with a *ruche*. Pink crape *chapeau*, entirely covered with a veil of *point d'Angleterre* arranged in such a manner that the ends descend *en voilette* at each side. A band of pink ribbon confines the veil round the bottom of the crown, and *coques* and ends complete the trimming. Barege shawl.

No. 4. DEMI-TOILETTE.—Red lilac *poult de soie* robe; *corsage à caraco*, opening *en cœur* on the bosom, and trimmed all round with a *chicorée* wreath. The front of the skirt is ornamented with the same kind of trimming disposed *en tablier*. Long tight sleeve, with a square cuff similarly edged. *Capote* of lemon-coloured *poult de soie*, a small and rather close shape: the brim is disposed in horizontal drawings on the exterior, and the interior decorated with close *coques* of ribbon: a band and *nœuds* of a novel form adorn the exterior. Lace *chemisette* and ruffles.

No. 5. DINNER DRESS.—Robe of rose-coloured *gros de Naples* shot with grey. The *corsage* a three-quarter height, round at top and deeply pointed at bottom; it is trimmed with a pelerine of two falls, each bordered with *passementerie*. Long tight sleeve, and round cuff edged *en suite*. A similar garniture adorns the front of the skirt. *Tulle* cap; a small round shape, bordered with blonde lace, which is turned up in front, but descends low at the sides. The back part of the caul is decorated with three rows of blonde lace. A wreath and knot of green ribbon complete the trimming. Breast knot of dark green ribbon.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications to be addressed to the Office, 24, Norfolk-street, Strand, where all business is transacted.

ACCEPTED, with many thanks: X. Y. Z.; H. E. A. I.; "When the Tree is fell'd," &c.; "The Last Lay;" "The Cabalist's last Dream;" Jane; "To E. C. C."

DECLINED, with many thanks: Ellen T—; "An only Child;" Amy; "Sketches during an Evening Stroll;" "Life's Uncertainties;" "Emily Challoner" (the MS. as requested); "Mammon, versus Cupid;" Cathleen; M. M. G. G.; "The Abbot;" Grenville.

Office, No. 24, Norfolk-street, Strand. Sold by Berger, Holywell-street; Steele, Paternoster-row, and by all Booksellers in Town and Country.

Printed by Joseph Rogerson, 24, Norfolk-street, Strand, London.



Fashions for April 1845.

CONTENTS.

	Page
THE HISTORY OF EDINA BREMER. BY P. P. C.	255
THE FORSAKEN. BY GEORGINA C. MUNRO	261
LINES ON AN ANCIENT OAK ROOM IN WARWICKSHIRE. BY ROSE ACTON	ib.
BIOGRAPHY. BY R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, LL.D.	262
THE RUINED ABBEY CHURCH. BY CAPTAIN BELLEW	263
SONNET. BY C. C.	ib.
FLORENCE; OR, WOMAN'S FRIENDSHIP. BY GRACE AGUILAR.....	264
TO A GROUP OF SPRING FLOWERS WITHERED BY THE NORTH WIND. BY JANE.....	274
FRAGMENT OF A SONG BY RICHARD CŒUR DE LION, WITH TRANSLATION BY X. Y. Z.	275
THE PAST, THE PRESENT, AND THE FUTURE. BY ANNA SAVAGE	ib.
SOLILOQUY OF FRANCIS THE FIRST. BY ALICIA JANE SPARROW	ib.
RECOLLECTIONS OF GIOVANNI PERGOLESI. BY ELIZABETH YOUATT	276
THE CHURCH ORGAN. BY MRS. ABDY	279
THE BEACON OAK	280
THE STOUT OLD BRITISH CABLE. BY J. J. REYNOLDS	ib.
SOPHIA. BY MISS MATILDA S. WATSON	281
THE QUEEN OF SPRING. BY CAMILLA TOULMIN	289
THE BEAUTIFUL. BY CHARLES H. HITCHINGS	ib.
FRANCES BROWN'S POEMS. BY ALICIA JANE SPARROW	290
THE WORSTED-WORKING WIFE. BY J. S. DE VISME	292
THE BRIDAL ROBE. BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY	293
OUR EARLY YEARS. BY MRS. F. B. SCOTT	296
BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES. BY M. F. H.	297
THE PRINCE AND THE PEASANT. BY M. A. Y.	298
ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING. BY LEONARD	304
THE EARL OF FLANDERS. BY AGNES SEYMOUR.....	305
A GLANCE AT MR. LOUGH'S STATUE OF THE QUEEN. BY THE AUTHOR OF "TITIAN"	308
"THE PRIDE OF THE SEA!" BY F. L. JAQUEROD	309
LITERATURE	310
FINE ARTS.....	312
AMUSEMENTS OF THE MONTH	314
FASHIONS FOR MAY	315
DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATES	317
TO CORRESPONDENTS	318

Just Published, Price One Shilling.

THE BOOK OF THE TOILET; OR, THE SECRET OF BEAUTY, an illuminated elegant little GEM, designed to promote the personal comfort and attraction of Youth, Beauty, and Age, of both sexes. "Those who court a Fine Head of Hair, Good Teeth, and a Beautiful Complexion, will, we are sure, lose no time in possessing themselves of this delightful little work."—*Ladies' Book of Fashion.*

Published by SIMMONDS and Co., 18, Cornhill, London, and sold by all Booksellers, Chemists, Perfumers, and Venders of Patent Medicines generally.

MR. THOMAS'S SUCCEDANEUM, FOR STOPPING DECAYED TEETH. Price 4s. 6d. Patronized by Her Majesty, His Royal Highness Prince Albert, and Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent.—The Succedaneum will remain firm in the tooth for many years, arresting the further progress of decay, and rendering extraction unnecessary. All persons can use Mr. Thomas's Succedaneum themselves with ease, as full directions are enclosed. Price 4s. 6d. Sold by Savory and Moore, 220, Regent-Street; Sanger, 150, Oxford-Street; Butler, 4, Cheapside; Prout, 220, Strand; Johnston, 68, Cornhill; and all Medicine venders.

Mr. Thomas continues to supply the loss of Teeth on his new system of self adhesion, without springs or wires. This method does not require the extraction of any teeth or roots, or any painful operation whatever. At home from 11 till 4. Mr. Thomas, Surgeon-Dentist, 64, Berners-Street, Oxford-Street.



PARTHENA.

London Published by Joseph Rogers 24, Mark Lane Street. 1840

PARISINA.

It is the hour when from the boughs
The nightingale's high note is heard;
It is the hour when lovers' vows
Seem sweet in every whisper'd word
And gentle winds, and waters near,
Make music to the lonely ear.
Each flower the dews have lightly wet,
And in the sky the stars are met,
And on the wave is deeper blue,
And on the leaf a browner hue,
And in the heaven that clear obscure
So softly dark, and darkly pure,
Which follows the decline of day,
As twilight melts 'neath the moon away.

But it is not to list to the waterfall
That Parisina leaves her hall,
And it is not to gaze on the heavenly light
That the lady walks in the shadow of night;
And if she sits in Este's bower,
'Tis not for the sake of its full-blown flower:
She listens—but not for the nightingale,
Though her ear expects as soft a tale.
There glides a step through its foliage thick,
And her cheek grows pale—and her heart beats
quick;
There whispers a voice through the rustling leaves,
And her blush returns, and her bosom heaves:
A moment more—and they shall meet—
'Tis past—her lover's at her feet.

ELY CATHEDRAL.

THE foundations of Ely Cathedral were laid by abbot Simeon, who erected only the old choir and transept, the latter of which now only remains. The nave was finished in 1174; the great western tower in 1189. The Galilee, or western portico, by which the church is entered, was finished in 1215: it is generally allowed to have been the work of bishop Eustachius, and affording a very early and perfect example of the early English style. Various successive additions were made, all tending to add to the grandeur of the structure, which differs from other cathedrals in the great length of the nave and shortness of the transepts. In 1650 the cloisters were taken down. The great spire was ordered to be removed in 1748, from the top of the great western tower, against the will of the inhabitants, who petitioned that it should remain, which was granted, though ultimately it was taken down. The choir was removed into the presbytery in 1770.

The first part to which the attention is turned is the Galilee, the work of bishop Eustachius, where the penitents used to wait for re-admission into the church. This was repaired and restored in 1802. From thence the nave is entered immediately under the great tower. The magnificence of the building here bursts upon the sight. The tower is of Norman character in the lower stages, and early English in the upper. In 1802, the old belfry floor was removed, and the magnificent arch by which the tower communicates with the nave then became visible.

The nave consists of twelve arches, somewhat more than semicircular; above these is another row about half the height; in the third row there are three arches in each compartment. The side aisles are worthy of notice.

From the intersection of the nave and transepts rises the octagonal lantern, a beautiful work. From it a flood of light is poured into the cathedral. The original square tower fell in 1322, throwing down the first three arches of the original choir. The stone-work of the octagon was immediately commenced, and was finished in six years. Here the choir was, and here it was again restored.

The original choir extended only to three arches, the work of bishop Hotham. The choir, originally the presbytery, was solemnly dedicated in 1252, Henry III., with his court, being present. The entrance is through a screen, which is an arcade of three pointed arches supported on slender columns; above, is the organ. The

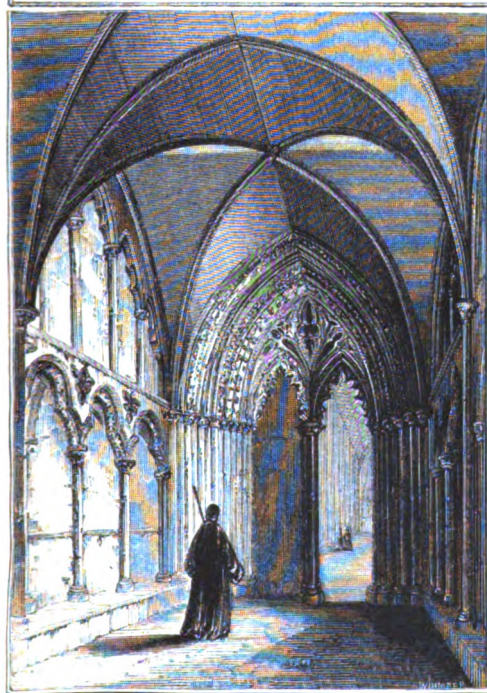
choir is in the style denominated early English; it is very richly ornamented. The east end is exceedingly beautiful; it was found to be two feet out of the perpendicular, but was restored to its proper position by Mr. Essex, by means of screws, in 1768. The stalls are beautiful specimens of carving. The altar-screen is modern. The bishop has no throne in the choir, but sits in the right-hand stall at the entrance: the last abbot becoming the first bishop, still retained his seat; while the last prior becoming the first dean, sat on the left. The presbytery once contained many monuments of bishops, priors, and deans, all removed except two. At the east end are two chapels—bishop Alcock's, wherein is his monument; on the north, bishop West's. These are decorated with a profusion of architectural embellishments. The windows were once filled with glass, destroyed by the puritans. There are three rows of windows at the east end. The lowest has three lancet-headed windows of one light each; the middle five of one light each, the centre one being higher than the two next to it; and these higher than the others, of three lancets. The third story, which admits light between the roofs, are in the gable itself.

The Lady chapel, which is parallel with the choir, adjoins the eastern angle of the northern transept. It is an elegant building. The groining of the roof, and the series of niches surrounding the interior, are of exquisite beauty; it is now fitted up for the use of the inhabitants of Trinity parish. In the southern transepts are the vestries, libraries, &c. Of the cloisters and chapter-house, few vestiges remain. The refectory has been turned into the deanery. A little to the south of the cloister stood the chapter-house, of which only just enough remains to shew that it was a building coeval with the oldest part of the present cathedral. The cathedral, as a whole, presents a most beautiful and noble specimen of architecture. Had the northern wing of the great tower remained, the western front would have been magnificent.

The dimensions of the cathedral are as follow:—

FEET.

Length from east to west	517
Breadth of nave and side-aisles.....	78
Length of transept from north to south. 179½	
Height of vaulting choir.....	70
Lady chapel, 100 feet long, 46 broad, 60 high.	
The tower, with the turrets, about 215 feet.	



THE NEW MONTHLY BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

MAY, 1845.

THE HISTORY OF EDINA BREMER.

BY P. P. C.

“Patience is woman’s glory, love, and hope :
Fruition comes but in the life beyond.”

It is a cold, autumn night, the wind is keen, and the hoar frost lies glittering in the moonlight on the thick fallen leaves. The ball is over, and the dancers, weary of merriment, are driving in all directions to their own homes.

“Frank,” said a young man, who shared a cabriolet with one of the gayest and most admired heroes of the already defunct revel, “Frank, I should never like that Miss Bremer; she looks so cold, so impassive; and her wit and talents only light up the utter vacancy in her bosom. A woman ought to be full of blushes and sensibility, like that sweet, timid cousin of yours, Mary Melville: her eyes are full of expression, and, little bright tell-tales as they are, seem to enjoy betraying the secrets of their dwelling house. Why take care, boy, you are swerving so, we shall have the cab into the ditch.”

Frank Manly laughed; but the sudden twinge of pain he had received from his friend’s admiration of pretty Mary Melville, did not pass away, though he concealed it carefully.

“I think,” he said, “you do Edina Bremer injustice: I am sure she is anything but cold-hearted.”

“Edina!” repeated his companion, in a tone of contempt; “did ever rational woman sport such a fantastic name?”

“You must turn your objurgations to the christener not the christened, Cholmondely: this name was given her by a silly, absurd mother, because she happened to be born in Edinburgh; and it is rather hard it should prejudice you against the poor girl. If you knew poor Edina’s story, and how she was cursed with a profligate father, and the silliest mother

ever heard of, you would wonder how nobly she bears herself, accustomed as she must have been to much of evil and folly.”

“Depend upon it, she has not come out without contamination,” said Cholmondely, whom early disappointments had rendered cynical and suspicious; “that severe brow of hers is not feminine—I do not like her; but that will not signify to her as long as there is such an eloquent advocate of her charms as yourself.”

“Nay,” answered Frank, hastily, “I never thought whether she had any charms at all: I was only interested in her as having suffered much; and as a friend of Mary’s, of course I was anxious to think well of her.”

“Is she a friend of your unsophisticated cousin,” asked Cholmondely, with some interest.

“Yes, she is living with my aunt. Mrs. Bremer was a sister of Mary’s father, so it is her natural home; but you will see both the girls at Miss Merton’s, where they are spending some weeks at present. You are going there next week, are you not?”

“I believe so, my leave is not yet out.”

“Happy fellow! I must back to Addiscombe, and strive for the first engineership. I am determined to have it, so I cannot afford even memory for this pleasant evening. Heart, mind, senses, all must turn to fortifications, mines, mathematics, and the oriental tongues; and after all, success will only hasten my departure for an unknown land, and my eternal farewells to my dear, dear relations.”

While the young men drive back to their inn, let us look in on the two girls who have been so freely discussed between them. The

warm padded chariot which contained them rolled up to a handsome though old-fashioned country mansion. The good old lady who ruled its snug, hospitable apartments had long retired; but the fire was still blazing cheerily in the drawing-room, and the housekeeper hastened to bring them warm coffee after their long, chilly drive. Mary Melville was very tired; she had danced every dance; she had never been at a ball before, and the music and merry compliments were still ringing in her ears. With eyes half shut, yet smiling through their sleepiness, she swallowed the coffee, and kissing her wakeful, thoughtful cousin, departed to her revel-haunted slumbers. What girl ever slept after her first ball without rehearsing in her dreams every lively tune, every bright smile, every soft word whose dazzle had broken in upon the quiet tenor of her hitherto childish life?

Edina stood gazing in the red coals, and thinking, as it seemed, of old sad remembrances. Had her thoughts been audible, they would have run thus:—"He does not remember me; I must be very much changed; he used to admire me, at least so my mother said; it was the only time I ever believed her." She raised her eyes to the gilded mirror; it was a long time since that female flatterer had ceased to flatter her. "Yes, I am changed," she said, "withered and saddened since I saw him at the Cape; but he is still the same, and must ever be the same to me. I am sorry we have met; it will make my forced philosophy more difficult and distasteful, but I must not yield. I have weathered too many real, tangible horrors of shipwreck in every natural tie of life; I must not be stranded by the pampered imaginations of love. How often have I told myself love is not for me! Aid me, Great Father, in this self-dedication!"

Had Cholmondely seen her then, he would not have thought her cold and impassive. A rich colour had flowed into her usually pale cheek; her eyes were dilated with exalted aspirations; her brow was calm with the pure reflections of an innocent mind; yet she sighed as she drew her cloak over her arm, and retired to her room—Mary and she occupied the same. In her little white cot the young tenderly-nurtured girl slept sweetly and soundly; her colour bright with health; her lips moving slightly, as if at the beautiful visions of her soul. Edina stooped and dropped a noiseless kiss on the straight white forehead, and was soon herself wrapped in sleep; but sleep less bright than her cousin's, for it teemed with the spectre-faces of those dead, or worse than dead, whose memory darkened her young but sadly-experienced heart.

The mother of Edina had been a beautiful, wilful, spoiled girl, the daughter of a Lord of Session in Edinburgh. At an assembly she became acquainted with the handsome and dashing Captain Bremer, who, hearing she was expected to succeed to much of her father's property, made himself determinately delightful to the easily deluded girl. He had a "winning tongue," whose soft English music contrasted powerfully

with the disagreeable accent of the Edinburgh youths: he had many showy accomplishments, and apparent good humour. Lord Lintieglan (as the nominal nobleman was called from the name of his family estate, although his wife and children preserved their own simple appellation of Melville) was far from approving of his daughter's partiality to the penniless dragoon; he had an unconquerable aversion to soldiers, and imperiously forbade the young lady to have anything to do with the beguiling son of war. But Captain Bremer, imagining that the old man might easily be reconciled to an irremediable evil, prevailed on the infatuated girl to elope with him, for which act of disobedience Lord Lintieglan cut her out of his will, and refused to see or hear of her more. In every respect this marriage turned out most unhappily. The mercenary lover was enraged to find that he had overshot his mark, and after two or three shabby solicitations for forgiveness, and querulous complaints that he required an allowance to support his wife, the unworthy spendthrift rewarded with ill-usage and cutting sneers the woman who, instead of defraying his debts and reinvigorating his extravagance, could only burden him with fresh incumbences. After wandering two or three years in England with his regiment, Captain Bremer happened to be passing through Edinburgh once more on business; his wife being near her confinement, was so overcome by the associations of former happiness, by the altered faces of short-remembered friends, and, worst of all, by an accidental encounter with her father in the street, who passed her like a stranger, that she was taken unexpectedly ill, and gave premature birth to the child, whom, with a poetical and melancholy fancy, she called Edina, from the place, ill-starred and full of sorrow, where she first drew breath.

It was the peculiar trial of poor Mrs. Bremer, that all her husband's unkindness could not trample down in her heart the love which had led her to forsake all in life for him; but she had neither sense, temper, nor tact; and when he came home surly, disordered by excess in drinking, or discontented with failure at play, she could not repress her anger, her contempt, and dislike. These emotions were short-lived, though in their brief existence they sufficed to alienate her lord still more; and, on reflection, the unhappy woman would weep bitterly at his neglect, would caress and implore him in vain, for he remembered her taunts, and grew weary of her upbraidings. Still she loved him, weakly, uselessly; but she loved him, and that sharpened the pang of all his ill-treatment and scorn. Mrs. Bremer had never been gifted with self-control, and she was not likely to improve in the society of a dissipated, ill-principled husband. She abandoned herself to her feelings and to her temper; grew capricious, idle, and immoderately addicted to romance-reading, and was never so happy as when weeping her eyes red over the sorrows of some imaginary Ethelrida, or Clotilda, or Sir Osmond, &c., &c.

As for her little girl, she was early given over to her own devices; indeed, it might seem that Providence, in this child, had annihilated the usual hereditary sequence of good and evil, for had she shared even in part her father's vices and her mother's follies, she had been a lost creature. But in her had been implanted a strong will, a clear judgment to direct that will, a warm heart, and a sacred love of truth and honour—marvellous to see in the child of such parents; yet though kept stainless in the midst of ill, her very purity barbed the keenness of her sufferings. Her young life was an unintermitting struggle between the holy feelings of filial reverence, and the contempt and aversion she naturally saw befitting wickedness and folly. Her mother, from sheer indolence and carelessness, had grown quite disregardful of truth—her principles, never well grounded, had given way from the effect of bad example, and she had the bad taste to complain of her husband to her child.

Captain Bremer did not conceal his indifference to his daughter; she was not, strictly speaking, pretty, so he called her "a d—d fright," and asked her "how she ever expected men to make up to such an ugly face, with not a shilling to set it off." During Edina's youth, the regiment had been stationed in the Ionian isles, and their lovely climate and gorgeous scenery had awakened in the heart of the forlorn girl an ardent love of nature, which soothed and strengthened her spirit in its many trials. When she was about fifteen years old, her father's ungovernable temper betrayed him into insulting his commanding officer; he was allowed to evade a court-martial by exchanging into another regiment, and as the one which he now entered was stationed at the Cape of Good Hope, he repaired thither, accompanied by his disconsolate family. After his disgrace, Captain Bremer seemed an altered man; he was silent and moody, avoided all who had formerly known him, and shrank from the eyes of his family, as if he read in them reproach for his fall in the opinion of the world. But when they reached Cape Town, where all faces were new, where his history was unknown, and his fine appearance and delusive manners were in his favour, he threw off this dejection, and plunged deeply into the excitement of society.

Edina was soon attached to her new home. Her father, with unusual generosity, allowed her to keep one of his horses in exercise, and many were her rides under the shadow of the mighty Table rock. Here, too, she chanced to attract the attention of Captain Cholmondeley, a poor but aristocratic member of the East India Company's army. He had come there for health after a severe campaign in Cabul, and was in the proper mood, after the toils of war, to be caught by the charms of beauty. Edina, with the bloomy and airy lightness of sixteen, had the reflection of six-and-twenty, and circumstances shining on her more favourably than at any other time of her life, it is no wonder that Cholmondeley was much fascinated by the play-

ful, shrewd little girl. Mrs. Bremer not only perceived this proof of her daughter's influence, but greatly exaggerated it, and with the foolish openness, so peculiarly her own, made it a continual theme of her discourse to her daughter. Experience had made Edina very chary of receiving her mother's reports on all subjects; but here she was more unguarded, where her own wishes biassed her so strongly towards the deception. After all her trials, did such a haven of peace await her?

It would appear not; for Captain Cholmondeley finding his improvement in health more tardy than he expected, was advised by medical men to go on to the more bracing climate of England. A ship, homeward bound, touching very unexpectedly at this crisis, the invalid went off at a day's notice, so hurriedly, that he forgot even the ceremony of bidding adieu to Mrs. and Miss Bremer. Edina felt grieved at this evidence of indifference, while her mother was highly offended. "Had your papa been anything of a protector, my dear," she said again and again, in her usual querulous tone, "this young gentleman would not have dared to trifle with your feelings; but it is always my unlucky fate; nothing prospers I ever take in hand; I am the most unhappy of human beings," &c., &c., till patient, long-suffering Edina, with her voice and her harp, had soothed the weak-minded, low-spirited creature into her afternoon slumber.

But circumstances subsequently occurred which drove for a time from Edina's heart the very memory of Captain Cholmondeley. I said, that on arriving among new associates, Captain Bremer had plunged freely into society: he was the life of all the balls: no moonlight picnic, or wild ramble into the interior, was complete without him: he thought nothing of galloping twenty miles to attend a ball, and his wife and daughter saw less and less of him as days went on. This was at first rather matter of congratulation to the deserted ones, until Edina's quick ears caught sounds of unfavourable reports regarding her father and a certain Mrs. Benjamin Stratton, whose house was the rendezvous of all the gay young men of Cape Town and its vicinity.

Mrs. Stratton was wedded to a man of more than double her own age, ill-favoured, and an habitual drunkard, but wealthy and well connected; she herself was of French extraction, very handsome, clever, and insinuating, and thoroughly disgusted with the sot to whom her friends' ambition had tied her for life.

Captain Bremer was still the fascinating hero of the ball-room, and Mrs. Stratton was too beautiful and spirituelle not to claim his attentions. Gradually she acquired an influence over him, which was evident to the duller eye, and this bruited about, made poor Edina cower and shudder as if the shame belonged to herself. She now remembered having encountered in her rides her father, when acting escort to this beautiful Delilah, whose face, striking and full of ungoverned emotions, had impressed itself powerfully on her young mind.

With the prudence which had become an integral part of this girl's character, Edina concealed her fears from her mother, and when Mrs. Bremer congratulated herself on her husband's being now more easily pleased, and less surly with her than of old, the dutiful daughter forebore to warn her that it was shame for his meditated infidelity which made the tyrant gentle before the still loving and virtuous wife, whom in heart he had so long deserted. She did, however, implore Mrs. Bremer to seize the hour of peace, and try once more to regain her empire in her husband's heart; but the poor silly being was, alas! only inclined to abuse the calm, and to lecture her erring mate on his former evil doings. It so chanced one day, when Mrs. Bremer and Edina had set out to spend the day with a friend, that on reaching their destination they found the hostess laid up with a sudden attack of rheumatism—no uncommon disease in the damp and misty climate of the Cape. As they were only in the way, Edina proposed to her mother to return; they did so, and thus arrived at their home some hours earlier than they had been expected. Two horses were fastened at the entrance, and they heard voices within: one was the voice of a female stranger, and as all the windows were open, they could hear her urging her companion to make haste.

Edina, with unfeigned alarm, ran up stairs in the direction whence the voices issued; her mother followed, panting and groaning at the shock on her nerves, but little was she prepared for the scene that awaited her. Captain Bremer was on his knees before a large portmanteau, which, now completely filled, he was endeavouring to force together for the purpose of being locked; beside him, in full riding garb, stood Mrs. Benjamin Stratton.

The accomplices in evil stood aghast to find themselves thus discovered. Mrs. Stratton turned pale, and lowered the whip which she had been flourishing in the energy of her haste.

Bremer, as he saw his pale wife sink half fainting on a chair, felt a twinge of conscience that almost diverted him from his guilty purpose. Her love; her leaving all for him; her girlish trust, came back on him, and as Edina sprang to his side, and, grasping his arm, murmured in hoarse, low tones—"Do not leave us, Father; God will bless you if you cast aside this temptation; think of poor mamma, do not leave her"—the eyes of the profligate filled with tears, and his heart yearned to throw itself for forgiveness on the breast of his faithful wife.

But, unluckily for Mrs. Bremer, she recovered from her faintness in full time to mar all the effects of her emotion on her erring partner. She saw before her the well-known Mrs. Stratton, and she comprehended the whole case, and fired by rage and jealousy, she never stopped to reflect whether she might do harm or good by giving vent to her indignation.

"Go, wretch!" she cried to the abashed Mrs. Stratton, whom her tone, however, soon lashed into wrath and haughtiness, "Go, nor abuse the

folly of an idle, good-for-nothing man. What do you pollute my house for? You are worse than the dust under my feet. And, oh! Bremer, have you lost all shame? Can you profane the presence of your virtuous wife and pure child with the sight of that corrupt wanton——?"

Here Mrs. Stratton interrupted her contemptuously—"Madam, your politeness in your own house is indisputable; suffer me to take my leave, ere you load me with any more of your elegant abuse."

Mrs. Bremer, in a terrible passion, impotently clenched her hands, and stamped with her tiny foot.

Her husband's passing repentance soon blown over by the sight of her violence, he cried out to the departing Mrs. Stratton—"Eugenie, Eugenie! you go not hence without me; I leave wife and child for you! Aye, Madam,"—and he turned round savagely to his enraged wife—"aye, one gentle word on your part might have retained me now; one smile of love, and I would not leave you; but I hate you, termagant! I hate your tears and your taunts, your passions and your perversities; you have driven away your husband for ever! I am coming, Eugenie," and with a powerful hand he seized the portmanteau, and rushed with it down the stairs; another moment, and they heard the feet of both the horses as they galloped down the avenue.

Mrs. Bremer sat motionless and speechless, her eyes staring wildly and fixedly at the place her husband had just occupied. Edina, in horror, watched her unhappy parent. After listening intently for some moments to the unbroken silence, Mrs. Bremer looked up in her daughter's face—"He is gone, Edina. Did you hear him say it? I have driven him away for ever—he loves another! My husband, my idol! I left my father for thee; everything, country, friends, home, everything! and he loves another. I have driven him away for ever!" With a wild hysteric laugh she fell down in a fit, foaming and gnashing her teeth, most terrible to behold.

Poor Edina! she repressed her almost irresistible desire to scream, lest it should heighten the violence of the poor woman's sudden convulsions; but quietly ringing the bell, she prevailed on her mother by firm and gentle persuasion, which seemed given her by an almost miraculous instinct, to lie down on the sofa, and soon assistance came, and a medical man was procured.

But Mrs. Bremer's senses were wholly confused; she sank into hopeless idiocy, and the doctors, not unwilling to give up the responsibility of so discouraging a case, pressed an early return to Britain, in the hope of sea air having a beneficial effect on the bodily health of their patient; the mind, they confessed, was past their cure.

With great difficulty Edina, by the sale of even the better part of their own wardrobe, gathered together sufficient funds to defray the expense of their passage home. At length she

was able to engage one small cabin in a large handsome ship, and about two months after her father's desertion, she set sail from the Cape of Storms, whose name had indeed justified itself in the scenes which it had witnessed in her troubled life.

The doctor of the ship in which they embarked was a man of great talent and kind heart, fitted for the highest walks of the profession, though want of interest had condemned him to the ill-paid drudgery of a ship-surgeon. I know it has been a fashion among writers on these subjects to decry the generally amiable and experienced men whom ill-fortune has depressed into this inferior branch; but my own experience, as well as that of travellers more capable of judging than myself, leads me to set a high value on the professional skill and patient attentions of the medical men attached to the noble Indianen which trade between our own country and its eastern possessions.

Mr. Sterling (for not being an M.D., he disliked the honorary title of Dr.), soon perceived that Mrs. Bremer had been dismissed from Cape-Town to die in other hands; and his interest was deeply excited in the self-possessed, uncomplaining girl, whose pale cheek and trembling hand alone betrayed how much she was affected by her heavy burden.

Day after day, sitting in that close, narrow cabin beside her mother, who was either weeping childishly, or laughing wildly, and murmuring scraps of compliments out of novels, or reproaching her husband; it was a hard task for a girl of scarce seventeen years.

Sometimes, in the dead, silent night, no sound was heard but the footstep of the sailor overhead treading the deck in his midwatch, or the plashing of the long roll of the waves as they climbed up the vessel's sides, and the masts creaked and groaned, but low, as if under their breath, and afraid of disturbing the sleepers below them, who lay forgetful of the sullen waste of waters far and near. In these solemn times the strong-hearted girl would sit beside her mother's bed, watching, with eyes too sad for sleep, the heavy breathing of that desolate one. Suddenly, with a scream of agony that pealed through the ship, Mrs. Bremer started upright from her pillow, and clenching her hands, tore with a maniac rage at her affrighted daughter's shoulder: "Wretch!" she cried, "where have you taken him? I know you, you are his tempter, you have robbed me of my husband; you shall feel what it is to dare my revenge!" and she shook the almost senseless Edina, whose tongue clove to the roof of her mouth, so that she had not words to tell her that she was her child, and no phantom of the wicked Mrs. Stratton.

Luckily for Edina, at this moment the inhabitants of the other cabins hurried into hers, alarmed, and eager to give assistance if necessary. Mr. Sterling, with gentle violence, detached the poor girl from the maniac's hold, and led her to another cabin, where he persuaded her to swallow a composing draught,

and to lie down on a sofa pressed upon her service by the hospitable lady, who, rich and wealthy, owned the largest domain in the whole vessel.

After this outburst, Mr. Sterling took care that a nurse should be provided to attend on Mrs. Bremer at nights, and Mrs. Cumming gladly insisted on the young lady's continuing to occupy the sofa where she had been at first so kindly welcomed.

With tears in her eyes, Edina assured the good surgeon, that their means were too straitened to afford this assistance. "My poor mother is always gentle with me; I ought not to leave her." Mr. Sterling's heart swelled at this instance of filial devotion, but he persisted in compelling Edina to leave her mother at night, and in endeavouring by all kindly means to soothe and relieve her agitated mind. It happened that the voyage was unusually tedious, especially in the tropic latitudes; long and weary calms kept them tossing for days, moveless under a vertical sun, swinging from side to side with the long ground swell, as if they had been moored in the fathomless mid-sea. The heat was intense, the cabins nearly unbearable; the air was dry and hot, and burned upon the cheek it touched; every one was complaining of thirst and languor, every one but Edina. She sat fanning her suffering mother, who was now in a state of high fever, moistening her lips with lemon-water, and soothing her with kind words.

When evening came, the girl was totally exhausted; never had anything been so delicious as the fresh breeze which sprung up at sunset. How reviving it was to sit without bonnet and shawl, greedily drinking the cool air that wandered over the weary brow and lifted the damp, heavy masses of her hair. Mr. Sterling came to her, and strengthened her soul with words of deserved commendation and encouragement in her sacred duties; and as Edina looked on the magnificent piles of clouds, the crimson light on the waters, the brightness of the gleaming sails bending and flapping, and swelling with varying grace, she felt refreshed and hopeful, and willing to go on, without sinking, in her difficult and depressing path. The sun sank, and the stars came out one after the other, first bashfully, then boldly, brighter and brighter in the short twilight, till the deep vault was thickly sown with diamonds, and every wave glittered with the reflex of some heavenly star-love. Edina still sat alone, for Mr. Sterling had been summoned to the fore-castle, to attend a sick sailor; in her beautiful and solemn musings she forgot time, and it was striking four bells, when she started up and perceived that the rest of the passengers had gone down to their cabins, and that there was no one on the poop but herself and the helmsman.

At this moment she saw a white figure ascending the companion ladder, stumbling and unsteady, yet hurrying in its gait; it came close to her as she leant over the taffrail; it was her mother!

"Good God, mother!" exclaimed Edina: "go down again, come, let me lead you."

But the maniac shrank from her touch.

"Edina," she whispered; "I see him: he has been standing outside the cabin window all day, watching for me; I could not get away for that horrid old woman. But she's asleep now. Don't you see him?—he's drowned *her*, ha! ha! she's quite dead; so he wants me, and I am going to him. Good bye."

As she whispered this with a laugh and strange grimaces, and glee, Edina was preparing to allure her down by kindness, when, to her horror, the unhappy woman, with another laughing nod and goodbye, leaped on the seat Edina had occupied, and thence into the sea, her laugh being still heard when she mingled with the murmuring waters. So sudden was the action, that neither Edina nor the helmsman, who started forward, could even grasp at her clothes. But now the man gave the alarm. The terrible cry echoed through the ship; "overboard! overboard! some one overboard!" The vessel was put back, the life-buoy cut away, the boat lowered—all in vain—the unfortunate Mrs. Bremer still sleeps in the pathless wilds of the Southern ocean.

Edina, in all this commotion and excitement, stood still and silent; long, very long was it, ere all the kindness and affectionate sympathy of Mr. Sterling could melt her to tears, and he began to tremble for her; but at length tears came, and with them relief, and when the first shock of horror had subsided, and when Mr. Sterling had told her that her mother's recovery of intellect had been hopeless, she bowed meekly to the divine will, and strove to reconcile herself to her destiny. She had nothing to fear now, no anxious watch, no listening for sounds in the night-time till her heart grew painful with its stopped beating. Great care was taken by the good Sterling, that no injury might accrue to her constitution from the perilous anxiety and agitation she had undergone; but, although she was saved any violent illness, imperceptibly at first, the effects of her trials worked upon her, and at length she had grown so thin and pale, her eyes so dark, her expression so deepened and steadfast, that it is no wonder Captain Cholmondely did not recognize her when they again met. Meanwhile the ship arrived in the channel, and Sterling, with a suppressed pain which alarmed him for the state of his feelings, interrogated the orphan regarding her future home.

"I had intended to go to my mother's sister-in-law, Mrs. Melville," replied Edina; "she is the only relation I ever heard my mother mention as yet alive. But—" and she faltered, for poor as she had always lived, it was a new thing for her to lack the bare means of transit to an unknown home.

Sterling guessed the dilemma in which she was placed, without, however, possessing the means to relieve her; he had not yet received his scanty pay, nor the fees from the passengers, which mainly contributed to his support.

While he revolved these melancholy reflections, seeing, at every turn of his mind's shifting wheel, how fatally interested he had become in the poor orphan's welfare, he was summoned to Mrs. Cumming's cabin, where he found that lady alone. With many expressions of polite regard, she put into his hands an envelope containing as she delicately remarked, "a little mark of gratitude for his many attentions during the voyage," and then taking some gold from her purse, begged he would arrange everything for Miss Bremer's return to her friends, without, however, informing that young lady of the source of this timely assistance. With a throbbing heart, the excellent man accepted the charge and sought Edina. She was leaning on the bulwarks of the ship, gazing on the winding shores of England, green with the young leafiness of June. She turned hastily when he approached; but Sterling saw the tears were gathering in her eyes—his own grew hot with sympathy; a pang of exquisite bitterness passed through him; how vain, how worse than vain, for him to think of loving her! Yet, how could he avoid it, so tried, so noble as she was? And how agonizing was it for him to see her depart among strangers, her whom for four months he had seen hourly, and watched over with the tender care of a father.

Edina, loving him cordially and gratefully, as the best friend her friendless youth had ever known, suspected nothing of the nature of his regard for her. She accepted the pecuniary supply with a blush of shame-faced pride, merely remarking, that on reaching her relations she hoped to find herself enabled to repay the temporary loan.

Sad, sad, was she to disembark the next day under the care of her kind friend, Mrs. Cumming; and melancholy were her thoughts as the pilot boat skimmed rapidly over the calm waters, and the huge vessel they had left, turning and swinging in the light breeze under her silver panoply of sails, grew less and less on the horizon; but much as she grieved at parting from her benefactor, Mr. Sterling, she little dreamed how heavy was the heart which missed her sweet, patient gentleness, her fervent though generally silent gratitude. The railway and the cross-road stage soon brought our wanderer to Mrs. Melville's pretty cottage-house, near Dorking, in Surrey. Here she was so affectingly welcomed, that all her shyness (a feeling very unusual to her calm self-control), was soon dispersed, and she found in Mary Melville—a companion of her own age—a wonderful and inappreciably delightful acquisition to the hitherto lonely girl. Another gratifying circumstance was, that she was independent, for her grandfather on his death-bed, hearing of the existence of a girl in the family he had cast aside, in a fit of remorse declared the innocent should not suffer for the guilty, and so added a codicil to his will, leaving Edina Bremer four thousand pounds, which profitably invested, gave the orphan an income of £200 a year. This to Edina, who had been accustomed to poverty and the scrambling dis-

comforts of a military life, seemed absolute affluence, and with great joy did she sit down to transmit to Mr. Sterling the amount of her debt. Her pleasure would have been modified had she known the extreme pain it gave her undeclared lover to reply calmly as the occasion required. Poor man! his long regret and life-long remembrance of her were hardly poetical justice as a reward for his disinterested and parental kindness to the helpless orphan. But so it is in life: the good things of this world seldom fall into the mouths of those that deserve them. It is an uphill struggle for the poor; and love is a very dear luxury, and requires an income, as much as an opera-box or a carriage.

And we have now brought Edina Bremer safely to the ball of which we have spoken; for the two intervening years, spent in study of many sciences and accomplishments in which her wandering life had made her very deficient, and in the quiet pleasures of a secluded country life, have little to offer for the amusement of readers. Mary Melville is now seventeen, and Edina verging on twenty years of age. They are henceforth knitted together in their paths: let us follow them; it may not be un instructive.

(To be continued.)

THE FORSAKEN.

BY GEORGINA C. MUNRO.

Where the bright glancing waters
Flow rapidly on,
One of Italy's daughters
Sits weeping alone:
At her feet lie unheeded
A rose-wreath and lute—
One long has been faded,
The other is mute.

Oh! who shall awaken
The chords that he woke—
Or, when shall be spoken
Such words as he spoke—
When those flowers 'mid her dark hair
The false lover wreathed,
And sweet to her ears were
The vows that he breathed?

Ere almost the flowers
He had gathered were dead,
And ere from the bowers
Their companions had fled
His vows were all broken,
His presence—a dream;
The words he had spoken—
As yesterday's beam.

And he had forgotten
What ne'er will depart,
But remain as if written
With fire on her heart—
The false rays which lighted
The flowers on her path,
The whirlwind which blighted
Them all in its wrath.

ON AN ANCIENT OAK ROOM

IN WARWICKSHIRE,

*Built in the reign of Elizabeth, and formerly
inhabited by the Earl of Leicester.*

Relic of ancient splendour!
Remnant of olden pride!
Spells rest thee round, lest aught of ill
Thy pillared walls betide!

Many an eye hath marked thee,
Now closed in Death's long sleep;
Gay hearts have ceased their laughter,
The sad have ceased to weep.

All, all hath changed around thee,
But thou'rt unaltered yet—
And long must Time pass o'er thee
Ere thy beauty we forget.

Hast thou no gentle legend
Of courtly dame and knight—
Whose joyous voices, long since hushed,
Have filled thee with delight?

Thou bearest on thy portal
The symbol of a name;
Whispered with strange misgivings,
Deathless in crime-wrought fame.

Say, hath no gentle being
Passed o'er thy polished floor—
With sigh of bitter meaning,
Lip that would smile no more?

Say, hath no weary watcher
Rested thy casement near,
Marking the Leicester's absence
By many a blighting tear?

Surely thou canst not tell us,
Thou hast looked down at last
On scenes as dark as story
Hath brought us from the past.

For we would gaze around thee,
And picture hearts of mirth
And fancy they are laid to sleep,
Watched by their parent earth,

Rather than know *thy* fame to be
Such scene of terror wild,
The tomb of every cherished hope,
Raised by earth's fairest child.

Oh! noble spot; long o'er thee
Be cast a magic spell—
Kind fairies tread thee lightly,
And guard thy beauty well.

Still—still endure, to gladden
The hearts within thee now,
And cast a gleam of pleasure
Upon thine owner's brow.

Still be to them a relic
Of a calm and happy past—
The brightness of its sunny hours
Recalling to the last!

ROSE ACTON,

BIOGRAPHY.

BY R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, LL.D.

There is no sort of reading in which the useful and the agreeable are more advantageously blended than Biography. Whatever may be the peculiar branch of letters to which any person is attached, it has ever been remarked that the memoirs of those who have made themselves eminent are perused with an avidity which no other description of writing can so generally create.

The Statesman relaxes for a time from his protocols and intrigues, his treaties and his despatches, his ambitious aims and his patriotic strivings, to learn from those secret springs of action which their memoirs supply, what has really disgraced or distinguished his predecessors, and how, taught or warned by their example, to "ride on the whirlwind, and direct the storm" of political agitation.

The Philosopher pauses from his theories and experiments, to gather from the historic page how his "elder and better" brethren made their discoveries, with what painful patience they watched the different processes which they wrought; with what perseverance they combated with failure; with what honest triumph they finally hailed success.

The deep-thinking Divine, whose soul brightens with the holy hopes of the better land, loves, amid his hallowed musings upon immortality, to meditate on the example of those good men of a by-gone day; whose lives, illustrating the pure doctrines which they taught, bore testimony to the purifying influence of their faith, some of whom have attested, even by their martyrdom, the sincerity and unworldliness of their belief.

The Warrior has his knowledge extended, his spirit invigorated, by glancing over the pages whereon are recorded the high achievements of those whose *deeds have made history*, and is cheered at learning, from their darings and doings, what conquests strategy can win, what miracles valour can accomplish.

The Man of Letters, whose imaginings and life may be said to shadow out the true workings of the Ideal and the Real—who struggles, it may be, with throbbing brow and stricken soul, to win that fame which will be the best reward of his spirit-striving—lays down his pen, for a time, that he may read how the great men, with whose names the world is full, have, like him, struggled on, amid baffled hopes and unrequited cares, until mankind at length have gladly welcomed those glorious minds, from which a flood of moral light has been cast upon the literature of the land. High consolation and renewed hope spring from the perusal of such biographies.

The general Reader, without any peculiar

ties of study—even men of this class delight to read the history of the great ones who have departed. They are curious to know how such have lived and died, have thought and done. They love to rise above the life in which they are cast, and hold converse with the mighty. They like to know how great or how little have been the mighty of the world; and when they see the splendid but erratic career of many whose eminence they had envied, the book is often laid aside with a chastened spirit, and its readers, reconciled to their own humble condition, grow grateful that their lot has not been cast amid the gilded pains of state, or that their brows have not throbbed beneath the wreath of fame, which, like the coronal on the brow of Alethe, poisons while it decorates.

No wonder that Biography is so agreeable. It requires no grasp of mind to comprehend, no learning to simplify it. It presents a leaf out of one of the chapters of human life, which "he who runs may read." Yet, for those who wish to go deeper than the surface, it can unlock many a treasure; it enables them to distinguish the true from the false; it shows men not only as they seemed, but as they were; it separates what is exaggerated from what is extenuated; it exhibits men with their motives made more palpable to us than they were to the daily companions of their life. By means of Biography, we call in the aid of Time to remove the shadow which, while in life, prevented full knowledge of the causes upon which mighty events hinged. Thus, we are that *Posterity* which the philosopher tells us is necessary to sit in judgment on great men to discover how far they were entitled to distinction. We feel, with the poet, that

"The proper study of mankind is Man,"

and gain, from Biography, a close and intimate acquaintance not only with personal but with national character. We discover, from this source, the key to dark and tortuous passages in national history. When we read the lives of the actors, we learn the why and the wherefore of the actions; we unmask men; we discover motives. Thus, in the American struggle for Independence, the treachery of Arnold would appear causeless, if his biographer had not told us that he was passed over when many of his comrades in arms were elevated in rank. From that hour, wounded pride lay coiled in his heart, like a serpent. Had the rank of major-general been earlier bestowed upon Arnold, the chances are that he never would have linked his name to immortal infamy by becoming traitor. Yet we know that his promotion was justly denied,

for his unrighteous providence, his untrustworthy spirit.

In this country, from the first, Biography has been highly cultivated. Some of our earliest writers have thus transmitted to us memoirs of persons who flourished in the infancy of the country. Among our standard works, a fair half are biographical. Laying aside the worthies of preceding times, we shall find that even now, when Romance has more votaries, in this age of stern reality, than she ever had, our best writers have, more or less, dabbled in Biography. Moore, Scott, and Southey; Allan Cunningham, James Montgomery, and Barry Cornwall; Campbell, Hazlitt, and Hook; Gleig, Washington Irving, and Hogg; Brewster, Macintosh, and Lockhart; D'Israeli, Godwin, and Stanley—to say nothing of the memoirs which, with abundance even greater than our own, are constantly issuing from the press of America, France, and Germany. In sooth, it has become quite a common thing, “to take a man's Life.”

THE RUINED ABBEY CHURCH.

BY CAPTAIN BELLEW.

(Author of “*Memoirs of a Griffin*.”)

Full many an age hath past and gone
Since rose these mould'ring walls,
Where glowing pane and fretted stone
The time of old recalls.

High soars its head, in green old age;
Its ivy-mantled tower;
The summer martlet's heritage,
The nightbird's secret bower.

From thence no more the vesper chime
Floats soft on evening air
No more as in the olden time
Invites to solemn prayer.

Full many a stirring scene they've viewed,
As years went fleeting by,
Of Danish raid, and Saxon feud,
And Norman chivalry.

Around upon the chequered floor,
Fond records of the dead—
As wrecks that strew old ocean's shore—
Tablets and tombs are spread.

And many a sunset's slanting ray
Hath tinged this gothic pile,
Since first the chaunt, at close of day,
Resounded thro' the aisle—

Since first the penitent's low sob,
The pilgrim's parting prayer,
The maiden's orisons to God,
Were first presented here—

Breathings of gratitude and love,
Sweet sorrow, holy fear,
And—passport to the realms above—
The warm repentant tear.

The mailed crusader here has bent,
A blessing to implore,
Ere parting on his high intent
He sought the Paynim shore.

And there, in yonder chapel lone,
Where dusky shadows fall,
Reclines, in monumental stone,
His stalwart figure tall—

In clinquant mail, with casque and cope,
As warrior bold should lie—
With hands upraised in trembling hope,
As sinner e'en should die.

And near him, in her antique stays,
Her kerchief and brocade—
The quaint costume of Norman days—
His stately dame is laid.

Some Umfraville or Bohun she,
Of ancient blood and true;
A tender wife and devotee,
Who well her falcon flew.

Devices various—ruffs and spears,
Saints, angels, gods, and Fame—
Display the changing tastes of years,
Tho' man is still the same.

Victim of passion, doubts and fears,
Tost like a bark at sea;
Lives—wonders what he is—then dies
To solve the mystery!

For Happiness unceasing strives—
A thing unknown on earth;
Or e'en if found, which scarce survives
The moment of its birth.

SONNET.

“Died, at Duntroon Cottage, Nairn, on the 29th November, Beatrice Campbell, co-heiress of Duntroon, and relict of the Rev. P. Grant, of Duthil, aged 83.”—*Scotch paper*.

Farewell, maternal friend! kind counsellor!
Soother in sorrow! strengthener when, weak
I bent despondingly, with hurried check
And doubting heart! Farewell! for never more
Shall thy fond praises make Hope's sunshine break
In flushes on my brow! Earth covers o'er
The feeble form, where lodged a spirit strong
And bold in Virtue's cause; but tho' among
The dead thou liest here, high up in heaven
Thou livest there, rejoicing! Thou shalt be
A holy memory 'midst lost transports, given
To all who knew thee as I did—and long
Shall sad ones crave thy presence; like the sea
Moaning for never-coming rest, as I for thee!

C. C.

* Mrs. Grant, of Duthil, author of “*Popular Models*,” “*Tales*,” &c., was for many years an occasional contributor to the *New Monthly Belle Assemblée*.

FLORENCE; OR, WOMAN'S FRIENDSHIP.

(A Domestic Tale.)

BY GRACE AGUILAR.

(Continued from Page 211.)

“To show us how divine a thing
A woman may be made.”
WORDSWORTH.

CHAPTER L.

It was one of those dull, cheerless mornings of January, the snow falling at intervals, and the wind so cold and cutting that few, except those unhappy pedestrian teachers who are compelled to bear all weathers, would have ventured out. There had been a heavy fall of snow, and then a thaw, and then as rapid a frost, so that the thoroughfare had the semblance of dirty glass. Folks could not walk fast for fear of falling, and so they shuffled and fretted along, shivering with the nipping wind, and looking, from their purple cheeks, red noses, and watery eyes, the very caricatures of misery; for cold, though one of the worst evils to encounter, is the most ludicrous to witness, and the unfortunate sufferers receive little sympathy from their warmly-clad and warmly-sheltered observers.

From a small morning room in one of the mansions in Belgrave Square, however, the cold was so effectually excluded that it had almost the atmosphere of summer. The sole inmate of this comfortable retreat was a man very little more than fifty, if years could be counted by the figure, which even in a sitting posture was unusually erect and dignified; his face told another tale, not so much, perhaps, of years, but of passions and their consequences, making him old before his time. The countenance had been unusually handsome, but it was indented by those strong lines about the brow and mouth—the sure indexes of strong passions, held under forcible restraint by some feeling yet stronger than themselves. His eyes were large, dark, and piercing; but so seldom now permitted to become expressive, that their natural brightness never destroyed the stony calmness of the other features. His whole appearance was that of a solemn statue, to whom the feelings and passions of mankind were now as things unknown, and never, to the recollection of any of his domestics, had this solemn rigidity been disturbed. Days, weeks, years, left him untouched in out-

ward appearance, except by mingling his raven hair more profusely with grey, and deepening the lines upon his brow. He seldom encountered the eyes of his fellows, for he lived absolutely alone, isolated at first by his own choice, and next by the dislike of those whom he had scorned. He was dressed with care, but plainly, and there was an absence of all pretension about the room, which seemed to denote that he cared little for outward things: his whole world was WITHIN, and terrible, indeed, at times, were the tempests and convulsions of that world. That though devoid of pretension, his apartment was almost luxurious in comfort, was little owing to himself: his housekeeper, incited by her much-loved young master, had so cautiously and gradually rendered it thus, that it grew upon him unconsciously.

He was accused of parsimony, perhaps with justice; but a miser he was not. Hoard wealth he did, strangely and engrossingly, and none could guess wherefore: but we must check this long digression, for though without Lord Glenville our tale would have no connection, he is too little known to our readers for more particular notice, especially as our fast diminishing space warns us loudly to conclude.

It was near three o'clock, when a footman entered, his face so expressive of astonishment, that any one but Lord Glenville must have demanded its cause.

“My Lord; a lady, my Lord, wishes to speak with your Lordship. She will take no denial.”

Lord Glenville's face was always pale, or it might have appeared to become yet more so; but to the man's increasing wonder his master stared him in the face without attempting reply.

“Shall I show her in here, my Lord, or into the drawing-room? She is close behind me;” and the lady, whoever she might be, entered, supposing she had been sufficiently announced, ere one syllable of reply had passed Lord Glenville's lips.

He rose involuntarily; for no seclusion, no

eccentricity could conquer the habits of the English gentleman, still so strong within. He fixed a glance on his visitor, with an emotion which, could it be possible, seemed like alarm. She was standing in the shade, for the room was thickly curtained, and three o'clock in January is little more than twilight: her veil of black crape—for she was in mourning—was raised indeed, but still hung so much over her face, as almost to conceal it; and however little satisfaction his penetrative glance could afford him, it permitted Lord Glenville to recover his voice and his cold repelling manner.

"I am honoured," he said, sarcastically, as his domestic quitted the room: "it is seldom that a lady deigns to enliven my apartments with her presence. May I crave the reason of this unusual honour, and the name of my fair visitant?"

"I am come to answer both, my Lord," replied a voice of such soul-subduing gentleness, that he winced beneath it. "I fear I intrude, but a very brief interval of attention will suffice me; my name is Florence Leslie, and it is on account of your son, though *not sent* by him, that I am here."

His face, which had appeared about to relax, became stone again; but he motioned her to a chair, and sat down again himself.

"Leslie? Florence Leslie? My son's betrothed bride, perchance, for such I believe was the name, come to plead her own cause with the iron-hearted father. Madam, you should have tried some other method; I am not one to melt at woman's tears."

"Nor am I one to shed them, my Lord," she answered with a dignity, which involuntarily commanded respect, "nor would the chosen bride of your noble son demean herself in the manner which you are pleased to believe. No, Lord Glenville, I am not Frank Howard's chosen bride, but the sister of that bride; come hither not to plead, but simply to know if, indeed, the decree you have pronounced be irrevocable, as they believe it; or, if by any exertion, any sacrifice on my part, it can be changed. My Lord, I am, perchance, too bold; this intrusion upon one so retired, so removed from the world—perhaps from the feelings of the world—as yourself, may well be regarded as unmaidenly, or, to say the least, unwise; but when the whole heart is intent on the furtherance of one object, idle forms are wont to be rejected, and we think only of that which we so earnestly wish to gain."

Lord Glenville looked at her with surprise, and his tone was somewhat less sarcastic as he answered—"In this instance, Madam, it is a subject of regret that so much enthusiasm should be wasted. My decision is, as my son justly believes, irrevocable."

"And wherefore, my Lord? Pardon me, but as your affection for your son has never been doubted, I cannot believe that a mere prejudice should obtain such an ascendancy. You would not condemn Mr. Howard to unhappiness, without some very powerful reason. My

sister's birth is, indeed, not noble; but for aught else, My Lord, she may vie with the highest and the noblest of the land. See her, know her, and let her gentle virtues, and your son's affection, plead for both."

"You are eloquent, Miss Leslie; I doubt not but that the object of your interest is deserving of all praise. Prejudice against herself I have none. My son must marry; I care little whom, so he is happy. His wife will be as little worth to me as others of her sex. I am not what men term ambitious, for did a prince's daughter win his love, without the power of making him, if need be, other than he is, my refusal to such an union were unchangeable as now."

"Forgive me, my Lord; but seeking, as I do, the happiness of one so dear, this mysterious answer cannot satisfy me. You own that no prejudice actuates you against my sister; you say, that you are not ambitious, that you seek but your son's happiness, and yet you refuse to permit it. A prince's daughter can scarcely cause the same objection as my sister—she would have both birth and fortune—and yet your refusal would extend to her. How, then, can I obviate objections which seem so contradictory? I am rich, my Lord, and can well afford to make my sister rich. Name that portion which will endow her sufficiently to be the bride of your son, and if it be within my income, it is hers."

"Riches have not been long yours, they tell me, yet you would part with them. Strange, most strange!" replied Lord Glenville, musingly; "yet, perhaps, not so; they have not been long enough your own for you to know their value. Madam, take advice, ponder on their worth ere you offer to part with them."

"Value—worth! talk you of the value of gold compared with the value of happiness, the enjoyment of bestowing it? My Lord, my Lord, how little you have read the human heart!"

"I have read too much of it," he exclaimed, starting up with sudden emotion, and pacing the chamber, "too much of it; I have read its annals in my own, and they are black—black as the thoughts that torture! Pshaw, this is folly, what can have moved me thus? a voice, a woman's voice. Can I not hear it yet in peace? away with the weak folly! Human heart! Aye, I have read it—read but its dark page."

"Then read another now, my Lord," replied Florence, meekly, subduing with an effort the alarm which his manner, almost that of madness, caused. "Look beyond the black veil you have cast before you. Surely, surely, in the heart of your son may be read whole pages of nobleness, virtue, truth, which might give a fairer, lovelier face to humanity. Did you look but there, the glow of that heart would dissolve the clouds you deem so black within your own."

Lord Glenville paused abruptly before her. "Why did he not love you?" he muttered, "it is strange that any one but those deluded by love should so read a human heart. Why not trust his happiness to one so capable, it would seem, of appreciating and securing it? If he

had, there would have been no need of all this; I had consented without a word."

"And why so honour me, my Lord, and yet refuse my sister—younger, fairer, in all things more fitted to be his bride? I do beseech you, alter this decision. Say but what portion will make my sister in your eyes worthy, as you are pleased to deem myself, and again I say it shall be hers."

"Madam, I know not how it can be; you are an heiress, she is nothing; and an heiress only, with my consent, shall Francis Howard wed."

"And were Minie Leslie heiress in the stead of Florence Leslie, would all objection be removed? I conjure you to reply. Is it but this, to become an heiress, and your consent to your son's choice is gained?"

"Madam, I repeat it is only this"—Florence clasped her hands with sudden joy—"Aye," he added, sarcastically, for his nature imagined not her meaning, "transfer your newly-acquired inheritance to the sister you so profess to love, and she shall be Frank Howard's bride; will romantic enthusiasm permit so great a sacrifice? The world must change its nature first."

"Do you speak in earnest, my Lord, or is it but sarcastic jest? Oh! do not trifle with feelings such as these," she entreated, gazing on him with eyes which riveted his upon hers. Her veil and bonnet had fallen back, and, for the first time, her pale face was fully revealed. "Tell me, I beseech you, promise me, that if I do this, there shall be no more objection nor denial, and that Minie Leslie shall be your son's bride."

Engrossed in her own emotion, she saw not that damp drops had started to Lord Glenville's brow, and that he had sunk back in his chair, as if faint with some sudden pain, and passing his hand across his brow, had muttered—"Fool, fool! what right have I to parley thus with women? I have foresworn them; they are all spectres of the Past; like or unlike the same!" and again he started up, and strode across the room. Florence repeated her words, for it seemed as if he had not caught their sense; and then he paused, when every feature which had been a moment since convulsed and working, became rigid as its wont.

"I have said it, Madam; were my son's choice an heiress, my consent had never been withheld."

"You will promise this, my Lord."

"Aye, in black and white, if it so please you." She turned hastily to the table, as if eagerly accepting the proposal, then paused. "No; not yet. I will not claim it now. My Lord, I ask but your word, and your honour is sufficient for my trust. Promise me, as a gentleman, whose simple word should be far more sacred than the mere stroke of pen, that if I bring earnest of my sincerity in this matter, strange as it may seem to you, you will not fail in yours. You will grant freely and fully the consent I claim, and by no word or sign embitter the blessing which you give. Promise me this; grant me one more interview, it shall be briefer

than this has been, and with my presence I will trouble you no more."

"Miss Leslie, mysterious and incomprehensible being, I do give you this promise, and it shall be sacredly, solemnly observed; you may trust me; your words and manner are too solemn for the jest I deemed them. Yet it cannot be: there never yet was human nature disinterested as this. Pause, ponder, weigh, ere romance becomes reality; you will not be enabled to retrace this step when once taken. Think that there will be no return, no gratitude; build no delusive hope on the belief that generosity, devotedness, have power to purchase love. Those you seek to serve are too much wrapt in each other to spare one grain of love for you; hope it not; look not for it; you will reap but ashes. I am not ambitious. No, no." He grasped her arm, and his face became livid. "Miss Leslie, there is a cause for this seeming tyranny; my boy knows it not, may never know it; but he may need change of name, change of heritage. You think me mad—be it so; let his wife give him these, and whoever she be, I care not. Go—go, make him happy! My boy!—my Frank, and—and God bless you."

His grasp on her arm became literally convulsed; he glared in her face, and rushed from the room.

Florence looked after him, bewildered, terrified, for she felt convinced that words, look, and manner were all madness. Was she right in trusting to a promise from one seeming so little capable of keeping it? Surely it was something more than the mere eccentricity for which he was noted. His words had chilled her heart, but not her purpose. But though the glow of enthusiasm had been darkened, the sustaining impulse remained. What was the sacrifice of riches to that of heart, which she had already made? There was neither pause nor doubting in her purpose. Strangely as he had spoken, she yet firmly believed that Lord Glenville would not deceive her. In her hands, as she had prayed, was the happiness or misery of him she loved.

CHAPTER LI.

Ten days sufficed for Florence effectually to conclude the business which had brought her to London; and on her return she found a merry party assembled at Amersley Hall. Lord Edgemere's family had at length accepted Lord St. Maur's often proffered invitation, and Frank Howard and Minie Leslie were of course of the party. The joyous face of the latter was already dimmed by anxiety; duty suggested the propriety of separating herself from Howard, till his father's objections could be surmounted; but this was an act of heroism for which her nature was too simple, and her love too powerful, for her to carry it into effect; opposed too, as it was, by Lady Mary, who violently protested against Lord Glenville's tyranny, and vowed that

it should not be regarded. Frank, she said, was old and wise enough to choose and decide for himself.

Lady St. Maur had half wished, for Florence's sake, that Lord Edgemere's visit had been concluded before she returned, or, at least, that Frank should have left the party. Something in her expressive features must have betrayed this, as she affectionately greeted her, for Florence answered her thoughts.

"Do not fear for me, my kind friend," she said, as they sat alone in the Countess's *boudoir*; "I feel as if I were strengthened to see him, speak with him, even with pleasure, for I have made him happy: he will not, shall not know how, until —" She paused a moment, as if gathering firmness—"until he is my sister's husband, and cannot impose upon me the suffering of any resistance to my wishes. Oh! Lady St. Maur, you said once—'I should rejoice in Mrs. Rivers's unexpected generosity.' Rejoice! my wildest dream had not pictured its bringing me happiness like this."

"Florence! what have you done?" inquired the Countess, startled almost into consciousness; "you cannot have been so foolish as to —." Florence's hand was gently laid on her mouth.

"Do not you call it foolish, Lady St. Maur, or you will forswear yourself, for you have said, there may be such a thing as making our own happiness by securing that of others. Oh! do not—do not chide your poor Florence for this. What can I look to for personal happiness? What can my thousands bring to me but increase of care? I have known only misery since they became mine; not indeed through them, but they have become so associated with suffering, that I loathe their very name. Why should it be folly then to act as I have done, to go back to that station in which I was so happy? Dependent, indeed, I am not. No, no! Had I not reserved that which I felt was sufficient for my need, aye, for doing what little good I can, they would have pressed it on me; I should have been compelled to look one day for return, for gratitude from those whom I had served; and that, that I could not do. Dearest Lady St. Maur," she exclaimed with increasing agitation, "do not refuse me this; let me still retain the station I have occupied in your family—the best. Oh! how much the best for me! How could I have mingled with the world, or performed what is naturally expected from Mrs. Rivers's heiress, with the bitter consciousness of what I am? Should I not feel more and more painfully that I was imposing myself upon the world for what I am not? But in your household, still your chosen friend, Lady Helen's companion, aiding you in rearing your sweet children to be like yourself. There may be happiness in store for me yet, or at least calmness, cheerfulness, peace. Oh! do not say I have acted unwisely; I have made no sacrifice; done nothing I could wish undone; indeed, indeed, I have not. Let me live with you, be your lowly Florence still:" and a burst of passionate tears choked that eloquent appeal.

Lady St. Maur could not condemn, could not say one word against a resolution which, formed as some cold-hearted people might deem it, on mere romantic enthusiasm, had yet been acted upon with a forethought and deliberation which precluded all idea of after regret. She endeavoured only to soothe her friend's unwonted excitement. She promised that all should be as she wished. She would not condemn; would not refuse her sanction to it, however such decision, on the part of Florence, might occasion her regret.

Before the dressing-bell sounded, Lord St. Maur and Lord Edgemere were summoned to the Countess's *boudoir*, and Florence answered so calmly, so decisively, all their prudent arguments, to prove that her course of acting was neither wise nor positively demanded; and, therefore, she might still repent it, that they found it was useless to persist, and acquiesced, though with regret, in all she desired, promising to take all farther law business out of her hands, and so contrive it that the bridegroom elect should, as she particularly wished, be ignorant of his bride's fortune till his wedding day.

To Lord Edgemere, this resolution was a subject alike of astonishment and mystery. To Lord St. Maur, it was neither. He could understand the feeling which dictated this line of conduct, and how painfully she would shrink from anything of publicity or notoriety attending it; and while he regretted the decision, he honoured her with a larger portion of reverence and esteem than he believed any woman could have had power to excite, except his wife; and he inwardly blushed at the idle prejudice which, even for an hour, could have suggested the idea of banishing such a being from the friendship of his Ida.

"I bring you news, joyous news, my gentle sister," exclaimed Florence, after completing the business of the toilette, and finding her sister in a favourite sitting-room, opening into the greenhouse; "give that to Mr. Howard—to Frank," she added, determined to pronounce his name, "and see if its mystic characters have not power to change that anxious look into your former sweet smiles."

Frank was not far off; and overhearing Florence's words, bounded into the room again just as Minie, with a cry of joy, called upon his name. "My father's hand and seal!" he ejaculated, almost breathless. "Can he have relented—granted his consent? Oh it is impossible!" The letter was torn open as he stood, Minie clinging to his arm, and devouring with him its contents. For a full minute Florence calmly looked on them both; but when Frank suddenly caught Minie to his bosom, bursting forth into a wild passionate cry of joy, her heart turned sick, and every pulse stood still. A minute, and the pang passed; and well it was, for the next moment Frank was at her side, clasping her hand, and pouring forth thanks, blessings, inquiries, all in a breath; while Minie could only throw herself on her neck and weep for very joy.

"Be satisfied, my dear friend," she said, when he permitted her to speak, and her voice was quite calm; I have gained Lord Glenville's unconditional consent. Nothing can now interfere with your happiness—indulge it without alloy; and let me enjoy the thought that I have gained it, without farther question. Rest satisfied that to procure this consent I have done nothing that I can ever regret; nothing that has occasioned, nor can occasion, me one moment's feeling which you, as a brother, could have wished otherwise. That my journey to London, and brief detention there, was on your account, I will not deny; but do not ask me more, for indeed I will not answer."

Frank looked at her doubtfully, almost sorrowfully; but playful as was her manner, it was too decided to be evaded. "Tell me but one thing," he said, earnestly, "dearest Florence; only tell me that to obtain this consent, so unexpected, from one like my father, you have made no sacrifice to which your friends can object; tell me," he rejoined, taking both her hands and looking full in her face. "Florence, I must have an answer, if you would not destroy my new-found happiness at once."

"Be answered, then," she said; "I have both the consent and assistance of my friends in all that I have done. And for your father, judge him not harshly; I am sure he loves you, seeks but your happiness. Now, will you be satisfied," she added, smiling, "or must I name the portion I have settled on your bride?"

"Perish the thought!" indignantly burst from Howard. "I would that she had none, none but her own lovely face, and lovelier mind; that the world might know there is one heart can enshrine affection without a thought of that hated frame-work—gold!"

The first dinner-bell sounding at that moment, saved Florence all reply. Many of Lady St. Maur's guests, being eager to welcome and converse with her, it was no very great matter of surprise that she should leave Frank and Minie to their own happiness, and find a seat during the remainder of the evening elsewhere.

It was a joyous evening in the halls of Amersley. Frank was so universally beloved, that the ban being removed from his happiness was a source of real rejoicing. The hours sped in the dance and song; though both grated somewhat harshly on the feelings of the noble hostess, for she knew how they must fall on the heart of one in that lordly room. She looked towards her friend, often tremblingly; but there was still a smile on her pale lip, and her eye was radiant. Was it but excitement? or would indeed her noble spirit carry her throughout, and create its own reward? She did not dance; but for that her late illness was sufficient excuse, and it elicited no remark. Sir Ronald Elliot preferred remaining by her side, defending himself against all the raillery of his companions by declaring the dance was too landsman and too savage an exercise for him; and Florence

alternately conversed with him and others of the elder guests, with all her wonted calm and earnest manner, on various subjects, the whole evening.

The 25th of March had been fixed for Lady Mary's wedding day, and Frank was eloquent in his entreaties that Minie would consent to become his on the same morning. Lord Glenville (to whom Frank had flown on the wings of gratitude the day following Florence's return) was anxious for the speedy solemnization of his son's happiness. Lady Mary and Melford seconded his entreaties, laughingly desiring the *éclat* of a double marriage; and Florence, when appealed to by her blushing and trembling sister, advised the granting her lover's request. It was not quite a year after their mother's death, but so near it that the pleading another month of mourning had little effect on Frank's impatience. The 25th of March, then, was the day fixed; and, as Lady Mary was to be married from her father's house in London, whither they adjourned after leaving Amersley, Florence determined on taking a house in town for the two following months, that her sister's elegant *trousseau* might be prepared together with Lady Mary's, and all things relative to her marriage be conducted with the refined taste natural to Florence, and demanded by Minie's future prospects.

Lord and Lady St. Maur expected to be in London about the middle of February, and directly after her sister's marriage Florence was to return to them. More than this Minie did not require, satisfied with her sister's assurance that she should not be lonely—that in all she had done she had secured her individual happiness, as far as it lay in her own power. Vainly Minie remonstrated that the rich materials selected for her *trousseau*—the elegant though simple ornaments which Florence presented to her were unsuited to her station.

"Unsuited, and you the sister of an heiress! about to be the bride of the heir to a Viscounty. Shame on you, dearest. I will not permit you to dispute my taste. As long as you are under my roof, you must submit to my authority. When you leave that for the home of your husband, my beloved girl, spare me but your affection; let no circumstance, no accident come between my memory and your heart, and I will ask no more."

"Spare you my affection! Florence, dearest, kindest! can you think that aught of individual joy can lessen the ties, or diminish the affection of nearly nineteen years? Oh, have we not grown from childhood to youth together? together struggled against the ills of life? wept each other's sorrows, shared all returning joys? Have I not ever looked up to you as even more than sister, and you on me as combining child and sister both? Love! oh, until death! no image, not even of husband or child can come between us, Florence!" and overpowdered with unusual emotion Minie flung herself impetuously into her sister's arms, and wept.

CHAPTER LII.

It was over; that day of smiles and tears, too full of feeling for entire joy, too twined with hope to be all sadness. We leave to others, more experienced in such matters, the task of dilating on the brilliant *coup d'œil* which St. Margaret's Chapel, Westminster, presented on the occasion of the double marriage of the Right Honourable Alfred Melford to the Lady Mary Villiers, second daughter of the Earl of Edgemere; and that of the Honourable Francis Howard, M.P., son and heir to Viscount Lord Glenville, with Minie Leslie, younger daughter—so Lord St. Maur expressly inserted in the *Morning Post*—of Edward Leslie, Esquire, deceased. We have neither time nor inclination to enter into detail on the splendour of the dresses, the noble company, most of which were of the highest and loveliest of the aristocracy; the demeanour of the brides, and of their respective bridegrooms; the refined and high-born elegance of the elder bride, the resplendent loveliness of the younger; all of which might occupy some half-dozen pages. Suffice it that the *Morning Post* and *Court Journal* were compelled to banish columns of irrelevant matter, and disappoint some dozen eager correspondents, to find room to do justice to the exciting subject.

From the hands of Lord St. Maur, the enraptured Howard received his bride; and close by the side of Minie, to whom she had acted the part alike of mother and sister, knelt one on whom alone, midst all that brilliant assemblage, the Countess St. Maur's thoughts were fixed; she saw, felt but for her; yet there was no expression in those gentle features, no movement in that graceful form, which could account for such anxious thoughts. Grave she was, and pale; but the impressive service in which her young sister bore a part so important, was sufficient to account for this; her whole soul was wrapt in prayer for Minie. If Howard's name mingled in those fervent orisons, if his happiness were besought, together with her sister's, was it marvel? Had they not become one, and could the bliss of one henceforth be perfect, distinct from the other? No! she looked upon the two, kneeling in their first and loveliest prime, beside the altar; it was her work, and she was strengthened to endure it.

The wedding-breakfast, which might rather have been termed a banquet, from its splendour, was at Lord Edgemere's; his wife's persuasions having overruled Florence's desire that Minie should return to her house; the wedding-party would by such arrangement, Lady Edgemere urged, be so divided.

Woodlands had been prepared for Minie and Frank. Florence had so earnestly entreated them to make that their home, at least for a time after their marriage, that they had willingly acceded. At four they prepared to set off; and then it was, after changing her sister's bridal robe for her travelling costume (the young bridesmaids having feelingly retired, to leave the sisters together ere they parted), that Florence

placed in the hand of Minie a sealed packet:—"Keep it, or give it to Frank's care, dearest," she said; "and a day or two hence it may afford you some little interest to examine it. Only remember this: believe not, for a single instant, that its contents have afforded me a moment's regret, still less a moment's pain. Solemnly and sacredly I assure you that no circumstance in my whole life ever afforded me the satisfaction, the happiness, which were comprised in the signing of that packet. Tell this to Frank, and conjure him from me to believe this attestation, as if it had been given upon oath."

Minie had no time to answer, save by the tears, half of joy, half of timidity, which still kept her clinging to Florence even after her toilette was concluded. Frank had come to seek her; gently he detached her from her sister's fond embrace, bore her through their thronging friends, and placed her in his carriage; but then for a brief minute he returned; he was alone with Florence, and he clasped her cold hand in his:—"Farewell!" he said with emotion. "Florence, we shall think of you in our happiness, and bless you for its bestowal. My sister now, God bless you, you will not refuse a brother's kiss." He held her to him, and printed a long kiss upon her cheek; the next moment he was gone. Sister! brother! the words thrilled through her, as spoken by some other voice than man's; the room began to reel round. But not then might she unloose the iron chain of self-control; she heard Lady Mary and young Melford calling on her name, as waiting to bid her farewell; and she obeyed the summons; she mingled with the world again, and not till eleven o'clock that night was she alone—ALONE!

* * * *

"By the way, Minie love, have you ever examined that mysterious packet, which you told me Florence gave you just before you parted?" enquired Howard, the fourth morning after their marriage. Minie was looking, if possible, lovelier than ever, and superintending, with newly acquired dignity, the breakfast-table.

"Indeed I never thought of it again," was the reply. "And yet I ought not to have forgotten it, for Florence seemed so anxious that we should not blame her for its contents. What can it be? All deeds and settlements, and those disagreeable things, were concluded before we married, were they not?"

"Yes, love; so I hope and believe; but as to this packet our curiosity may easily be satisfied. Where is it?"

"In my dressing-case; Jane knows. Shall I ring and tell her?"

"No, Mrs. Howard," replied her husband, laughing; and putting his arm caressingly round her, as she half sprung up; "certainly not, while I am by to ring it for you. Will you never learn that you are a very important personage now—even a wife; and husbands, young ones more especially, are bound to perform such

little offices. When I am old and gouty, you shall do them for me."

"I am afraid that I shall be much in the same predicament, Frank; and then what will become of us?" she said, laughing. "I will tell you," she added a moment afterwards; and leaning her head on his shoulder, she warbled forth with inexpressible sweetness two or three verses of that exquisite ballad, "John Anderson, my Jo;" so entrancing Frank, that the packet might again have been forgotten, had not the servant entered in answer to the bell.

At length, the important papers made their appearance, and Frank carelessly broke the seal, Minie leaning over him as he did so.

"Why, what in the world is this: a lawyer's paper? I thought I had done with all those annoyances," was his first exclamation. It had scarcely, however, escaped his lips, ere it gave way to another, in which wonder and regret were so intimately blended, that it was impossible to distinguish one from the other.

"What, after all, is it," simply asked Minie, "that can cause you so much agitation?"

"What is it, dearest?" he replied, much moved, "what but a deed of gift, making you heiress of Woodlands, and all its extensive possessions, with the sole exception of a paltry five hundred a year, instead of your noble sister from whom it comes. All, all made over to you, without a single reservation or clause, except that which I have named."

"Made over to me!" Making me heiress instead of Florence! No, no. Oh! do not, pray do not let her do so," answered Minie, entreatingly, when astonishment permitted her to comprehend the truth. "Pray, make her take it back; what can I want more than I have? If I had but you alone, with not a luxury of life, with only the home I had when my poor brother lived, I should be happier, richer, more to be envied than a crowned queen! What can I want more, my own dear generous Florence! Do not let her make this sacrifice. Why should she have done it?"

"Why, my beloved? Alas! it is too clear now. This is the sacrifice which won my father's consent. You were made an heiress, and of course his prejudices were all removed. Fool, that I was, not to suspect something of the truth! Even if I were so mistaken in my father, as to believe for a moment he could have relented without some more powerful incentive than mere eloquence, there was something strange about the manner of Lord St. Maur and Lord Edgemere, which, had I not been a dolt, an idiot, must have awakened my suspicions. Noble, generous Florence! what do we not owe to her!"

"But can it not, in part, be recalled; must we permit the sacrifice, dearest Frank? How can I bear to feel the wrong she has done herself for me? Is there no way of eluding this deed of gift, of compelling her to recall it?"

"None, dearest: it is much too late now. See how long ago the deed was drawn up, and the signature affixed—ever since she made that

hasty visit to London! Little did I imagine wherefore. And that Lord St. Maur and Lord Edgemere could consent, nay, encourage this, by becoming your trustees! What could have made them do so?"

"My sister's persuasions," replied Minie, sorrowfully—"their belief in her assertion that they more effectually secured her happiness by doing, than by preventing this. Oh, I know her so well! She never thought a moment of herself, except in encouraging the belief that every sacrifice, even in little things, was greater happiness than the doing of justice to herself. And she believes, feels all she professes: the message she gave me for you when you read this packet proves it."

"What message?"

She repeated it as it had been given. Frank was deeply affected, and compelled to be convinced. The manner in which it had been accomplished, the absence of all display, all assumption in the sacrifice, the secrecy in which it had been carried on, did but enhance its value; although to generous natures, every individual benefit received at so heavy a price, must be intimately mingled with alloy.

We need not linger on the conversation which followed—how Frank longed to travel post to London, and speak with Florence, but was dissuaded by Minie, who intuitively felt that, to her sister's sensitive feelings, such a visit would give more pain than pleasure—how he at that very moment made the resolution that the first hour it was in his power, should he ever become Lord Glenville, he would restore Florence the heritage she had resigned. Both then wrote, pouring out all their heart's eloquence, to Florence; and Howard giving vent to something very like indignation to both the trustees of his wife, for permitting such a sacrifice. With regard to Lord Glenville, Frank's emotions were almost all full of bitterness. We may here state, that in the very next interview he had with his father, Frank did speak much more reproachfully than his wont, but received little satisfaction from the doing so, except the conviction that, if this deed of gift had not been made, Minie could not, in his father's life-time at least, have become his wife. That this truth did much towards reconciling him to the acceptance of the sacrifice may be believed; but while it increased his veneration and regard for the bestower, it certainly could not soften his feelings towards the demander, or enable him more clearly to understand the latter's ever incomprehensible character.

It so happened that Florence's unexpressed, but most earnest wishes, were gratified. She did not see Howard and his young bride, in the first excitement of their ardent gratitude. Frank had been appointed envoy extraordinary to the Court of Hanover, on a mission likely to detain him there till autumn: permission for his bride to accompany him had been graciously accorded, but so sudden was the nomination, and its attendant removal, that notwithstanding all their exertion, to Minie's great grief they were com-

pelled to embark without visiting Amersley, where Florence then was with Lady Helen: she had preferred returning to the country to remaining in London with the Earl and Countess, both being then much engaged, and before Frank and Minie returned from Germany, Florence had left England.

CHAP. LIII.

Gorgeously and majestically an August sun was sinking within the blue waters of the placid Mediterranean, the evening on which we resume the fast decreasing thread of our narrative; blue waters in such an hour, indeed, they were not; for their unruffled, tideless expanse, gave back with fidelity, magnificent as the original, every glowing tint of the sunset sky. There was a stillness in the atmosphere, unconsciously whispering peace; and even when broken by the sounds of music floating from yacht or frigate—for it seemed to unite the characteristics of the two—the calm was rather deepened than disturbed. The little breeze there was filled the snow-white sails, and the gallant vessel skudded over the waves, leaving behind her a line as of silver, to mark her onward track. She was evidently English built, and English manned, and from the excessive neatness of her decks, the beauty and order of her rigging, and those many nameless little things observable only in well-appointed ships, appeared the pride and glory alike of her captain and her crew. There was a gay, striped awning over the quarter-deck, where couches and chairs were scattered. A band of wind instruments occupied the fore-castle, ever and anon sending forth strains which called back dear old England, and the musical novelties of the past season. A group of young midshipmen, variously employed, now assembled midway, near the band; while other of the officers, and gentlemen of Lord St. Maur's suite, were indiscriminately scattered on the quarter-deck, and, arm-in-arm, earnestly conversing as they paced up and down, were the Earl himself and the captain of this gallant little frigate, Sir Ronald Elliot.

On one of the couches lay Florence Leslie, pale, attenuated, yet with an expression of such deep repose upon her features, that it seemed as if, indeed, the inward tempest had been stilled, and all was once more peace. No visible illness had attacked her since her sister's marriage, but strength and flesh had so dwindled, that she had been compelled to give up one employment after another, until at length she could not leave the drawing-room, save for her own apartment; yet so far was she from feeling ill, that she had striven long with Lady St. Maur's desire to have advice, and only consented in order to please her friend. Sir Charles had recommended very easy travelling to another more genial climate, and a sea-voyage, could they but ensure one of even temperature and without storms. Every one laughed at him but Sir Ronald Elliot, who instantly proposed fitting

out a sort of frigate-yacht, which he would convey round to the south of France, where they might join him by very easy stages through that country; and a cruise on the Mediterranean, touching at those ports where there was anything worth seeing; this excursion combining a residence for a short period in Italy, and, if still necessary, a farther cruise in the Adriatic, would be, he was certain, more beneficial than any other change. Sir Charles warmly approved the plan, declaring it would be almost as good for Lord St. Maur as for Florence herself; for, however brave and strong the former might consider himself, he would be all the better for leaving England and her politics, and revelling for a time in all the *dolce far niente* of fair Italy.

It so chanced that Lord St. Maur could at that time easily obtain leave of absence, and, to the astonishment of all his friends, he was most particularly anxious to revisit Italy for a short interval.

Italy! would Florence indeed visit Italy? her birth-place, the land associated with so many day-dreams of her happiest youth; but now subject to almost of horror, associated as it was with the fatal secret of her birth. She knew not if the proposal were one of pain or pleasure; but the conviction that she had friends so anxious to restore her to health, so eager to welcome Sir Ronald's proposal, could not but weigh powerfully with a disposition such as hers, and incline her to whatever their will might be. That there were times when she felt she was leaving England to die, was only natural to her state of health; but even in this thought there was no bitterness. Her countenance told no false tale; her mind, yes, and her heart were both at rest. If it were her Father's will that life, not death, should be her portion, she felt no longer as she had done, that earth was but a bleak, cold desert. No, that life could never be to her what it had been, she did think, but yet it might be one of *doing*, if not of *receiving* good, of loving if not of being loved. She had not prayed in vain. She could think of Howard, as the husband of Minie, calmly, even thankfully. She had been permitted to conquer that passion which had been once so powerful; she felt, indeed, that her heart had been too scorched and seared for the flower of a second love ever to find resting-place. She was at peace, willing to live or die, which ever a wiser, kinder Power willed; praying but that the mystery of her birth might be dispelled, that that birth might be legitimate, and not another blessing could she find need to seek. And smiles were on her lip as she lay conversing on many mutual topics of interest with the Countess St. Maur, sometimes pausing to share by her caresses, and notice the unalloyed enjoyment of the lovely children, who were alternately lingering by their mother, or circled around the young lady, who, as Constance's instructress, had made her way to the hearts of all. And who was that tall, fair, gentle girl, who seemed ever on the alert to add to Miss Leslie's comfort, to read to her, talk to

her, embroider for her, bring her everything she needed, and linger by her, even when her younger and merrier companions called on her to join their dance and noisy plays; seeming, too, to find such real pleasure in those little attentions, that Lady St. Maur's warm smile of approbation, though often bestowed, was no longer needed to incite them? Could this be the proud, the overbearing Constance St. Maur, who had once looked on Florence with such scorn and dislike because she had been her governess? It was even so. Example even more than precept had wrought this change. She had never been a stupid child, and since her residence with Lady St. Maur, circumstances had passed before her, which, although not entirely understood, had yet brought much to her comprehension, which mere precept had required a longer period to effect.

Lady Helen St. Maur had hesitated some little time between accompanying her children or accepting Lady Edgmere's eagerly-pressed invitation to reside with them till the Earl's return, and at last acceded to the latter—her advancing age rendering travelling and a voyage less agreeable than they had been a few years previously.

"I really do regret you could not succeed in persuading Emily to join us," observed Florence, after a pause, and perceiving the Countess had laid down her book; "she must have enjoyed this. Why would she not come?"

She was too weak, too ill, could not bear the water. Wondered how any body could think of venturing, and felt quite sure that she could not endure the excitement, and fatigue, and all the nameless dangers of Italian travelling. "Now do not look at me half frightened that I am going to turn serious," she added, laughing, "Emily has grieved and disappointed me too much for any such amusement. Do not, however, waste any regrets on her; her mind has been too long warped by frivolity and vacuity to enjoy such pleasures as these. For Mary and Alfred I do wish; and he was excessively provoking for being so much engaged just at the very time we wanted them."

"But they are so happy in each other; so actively employed, it would have been but exchange of pleasure for them. Now, Emily really might have derived more than mere temporary advantage. The change must have done her good."

"Only while it lasted. When I first returned to England, I did indulge the hope of rousing her into exertion. I could not believe that five years had so completely ruined all which I thought would have led to good. It makes me almost tremble when I think how she wastes existence. At first she read to please me, but to what purpose? Her eye glanced over the page, but her mind retained nothing; and as for bringing any sentiment or reflection home, I soon found it was worse than idle to attempt it. No; I have done what I can, and I despair of effecting any alteration now. She will pass

through life like too many others, reading novels and working Berlin wool."

"Unless she marries. If she could but come out of herself for another—in other words, really love."

"Love, my dear Florence! In your meaning of the word, Emily could never love. Had she been united earlier, to some really worthy man, her character might have altered; now, even marriage would fail. She would never come out of herself, as you express it; and, unless she did so, as a married woman she might *exist* as she does now; but live happily and beneficially for herself and others, I very much doubt."

"And yet she seems to me to have had so little of real misfortune; it is strange that her life should be so cheerless."

"Hardly strange. It is almost a pity she has never had anything like trial to encounter. Her education made her artificial; but I did once think she possessed the germ of higher qualities and powers; which, had they been called forth, might have made her a very different being. A single woman must often *make* objects of interest to prevent the too great ascendancy of self, and that requires intellect and yet more energy. With her sisters she has little in common, but her brothers are both superior young men, and their families might have been real sources of interest to her. It is not those who have endured misfortune, and endured it nobly, who are the most miserable themselves, or by whom the world is most darkly judged; it is those who vegetate like Emily, whose greatest solace is a novel, whose highest ambition is to be the first possessor of a new pattern for embroidery; who look on this beautiful earth as dark and sinful, and disbelieve, as romantic folly, all the tales of self-denial, high enterprise, and moral good, which they hear. Oh, believe me, dearest Florence—to you I may say it, for you must feel its truth—that real trials, nobly borne, are no subjects for pity; it is for those who fritter life away, as if it had no end, no goal, nought but the present pleasure, which flies ere it is clasped."

While such conversation was passing between the Countess and Florence—recorded only that our readers may not accuse us of entirely forgetting Emily Melford—another of more real importance to our heroine was engrossing the two gentlemen already noticed, Sir Ronald Elliot and Lord St. Maur.

"You do wrong, my good friend, indeed you do," the latter was urging, at the moment when we take it up, "to encourage such feelings after all I have told you; they can bring but misery."

"Misery! to love such a being, St. Maur?" was the sailor's impetuous reply. "Granted, that I do love alone as yet, that I am resolved she shall never know, never dream how I have dared to love, till she is in health and happiness; till there is a chance, however faint, of a return. What misery, what harm can there be in loving, when every thought devoted to her makes me a better and a nobler man? I feel a new creature

since my wild dreams of woman's loveliness and gentleness and magnanimity, and a host of household virtues, have all found embodiment in her. Leave me to my heart's beautiful image, my good lord; to love such a being can never do me harm."

"All very fine and heroic, Ronald, no doubt; but yet I uphold that to encourage a feeling which I more than fear must be utterly hopeless, is more unwise than I gave you credit for being. Think you that you will always be satisfied to gaze and worship as you do now? Never long for more? and despair that more is not given, but always be content to worship, though to your divinity herself your worship is unknown?"

"St. Maur! I would not lose my present emotions, were they to be paid for by years of torment. I am no romantic idiot, though you look very much as if you thought me one; yet, believe me, I would not have that glorious creature suspect that I dare love her now—no! not for worlds. I could not meet her look of sorrowing regret, for, presumptuous as I am, she would give me nothing more severe. I should deserve to lose her, did I dare bring myself forward at such a moment, wrapt as she is in her own sorrows."

"You are a strange fellow, Ronald; have you learnt all these high-flown notions on the high seas? If so, I will send my Cecil there directly he is old enough. Now don't look reproachfully! I would not jest with you on such a topic for the world; but do you remember all? I have told you much which would withhold many another man."

"What have you told me? That there is a mystery on her birth; and it may be that which the world brands with shame; and you believe that can weigh with me, can fling a dark shadow on the beautiful mind which that gentle form enshrines? That I can think one moment on aught of mystery when I look on her, and see truth, purity, honour, gleaming up through the crystal of her heart as clearly as I have seen the rich coral reef and golden sands shining through the still blue ocean, though they lay full many a fathom deep? You hint that she has loved unhappily, and therefore I never can obtain the heart's first freshness, which my love deserves. Let her give me its regard, its confidence; I ask not *passion*, only affection. I will wait years, long years, I care not how long, so she be mine at last! That she is no heiress now, has resigned all but a mere pittance. Aye, it was that very deed which first awoke me into consciousness, telling me I revered—I worshipped her!"

"All very likely, and most eloquently expressed, friend Ronald; but it says nothing as to the wisdom of the thing. Your every word betrays that you do hope; and when I warn you that it must end in misery, you tell me it cannot, as you are content to worship as you do now without hope—to love unsuspected and unknown; something rather contradictory, my good friend. However, lovers' feelings are

always mysteries; mine were once, I suppose, though I found, to my cost, that loving without hope was not a thing to thrive on. I wonder if those madcaps yonder are fighting for love."

"Fighting! and in my presence!" exclaimed Sir Ronald, and still arm-in-arm with the Earl, he hastened to that part of the deck which we have mentioned as occupied by some young midshipmen, two of whom from a storm of words had come to a yet thicker storm of blows.

Sir Ronald's imperative voice parted them, and one, the taller and evidently the more incensed of the two, slunk aside, as conscious of the weakness of his own cause; while the other, a sturdy handsome boy, much his younger, stood boldly forward, crossing his arms on his chest, casting a contemptuous glance on his adversary, and meeting his commander's half reproving look with a good-tempered yet respectful smile. He was silent, however, until Sir Ronald, finding it impossible to obtain a comprehensible answer from the elder, who stood twirling his hands together and shifting his feet in every position but that of a man, turned to him and demanded the cause of such unusual disrespect.

"Why, if you please, sir, Mr. Stanley there chose to insult me, as not fit company for such as he, being you see a sprig of nobility, and I a poor lieutenant's son; and I, not quite comprehending such distinctions, gave him a good bit of my mind, which you see he did not like, and so it came to blows."

"And what did you tell him, my boy?" asked Lord St. Maur, laughing.

"Only, my lord, that I saw nothing in a nobleman more than in a gentleman, except according to his conduct; that if relationship to nobility made the man, why I might claim the like, being connected with some Lord or other, of whom I know not even the name—so much good his being a lord has done our family; and what's more, my grandfather disclaimed the relationship years ago, because of something or other wrong, which caused a change of name; and I would not give up mine, of centuries standing, for his new-fangled one and the title too."

"Most clearly, comprehensively explained, young man," replied the Earl, still laughing. "One thing only I can comprehend, that you are a fine high-spirited fellow, looking on nobility in its proper light, man making nobility, not nobility the man. You have the best of it in argument, and I rather think the *force* of it in blows."

The lad bowed respectfully, looking very much as if, however low his opinion of nobility in general, Lord St. Maur was an exception.

"Who is that fine youngster, Elliot?" inquired the Earl, as he resumed his walk with his friend.

"The grandson of as noble and free-spirited an old man as ever chanced to cross my path; he is a clergyman of Yorkshire, whose only daughter married a poor lieutenant, a messmate

of mine, now disabled and retired, and living on half-pay with his wife and her father. He wrote to me, hearing of my return and promotion, intreating me to use my influence in getting a berth for his son, who was absolutely pining for the sea. To his father's great delight I placed him under my own eye; he is a spirited fellow, like his father."

"But his name?"

"Philip Neville Hamilton."

"Neville!" repeated the Earl.

"Yes; after his grandfather, who, proud of his old family name, and always disappointed that he had not a son to carry it on, gave it to his grandson, who you have seen is equally proud of it. What he means by a lord and a new-fangled title, I cannot comprehend."

"Do you think he does himself?"

"I really cannot tell. But you seem agitated, my good friend! 'What's in a name?'"

"Maybe more in this instance than appears, Ronald. I am under a vow not to let any one who bears the name of Neville pass unquestioned."

Lord St. Maur's attention, once aroused, permitted no delay. Early the following morning Mr. Hamilton was summoned to his cabin, and a long private interview followed. Though apt and quick enough, the boy could not give all the particulars which were asked. He only knew that when he was longing to go to sea, his father had spoken to his grandfather about seeking the interest of some lord, with whom they were connected, but that Mr. Neville had solemnly declared he would not; he would rather see his family starve than have anything to do with one whose conduct had been such that the very name had been dropped. That he (Philip) had been so excited by this conversation, he had appealed to his mother for farther information, but she had told him little more. The very title he did not know; it had come into the family only some twenty or thirty years. That when there was a chance of the succession, some near relation of his grandfather, uncle or cousin, ashamed of the stigma attached to the name by the conduct of his son, the present lord, had expended an immense sum of money in changing it, and so all trace of the family connexion was lost. So much his mother had imparted, with an earnest injunction that he would never allude to this nobleman again.

Lord St. Maur listened as one in a trance, feeling convinced that he had either actually heard, or vividly dreamed a tale like this before; he racked his memory till his brain ached, to discover where, by whom related, or to whom applied. Still, not to depend alone on his own reminiscences, he wrote to Mr. Neville, intreating him, as he valued the chance of doing good, and restoring peace, to write to him all particulars of this little connexion, if, as from Philip's words he suspected, he had once borne the name of Neville, who and what he had been, and what were his present name and title. This he placed within a letter from Philip, who told of his own accord how deeply, almost painfully,

Lord St. Maur had been interested in the name, and then enclosed them both in a packet about to be dispatched to Lord Edgemere. In writing that nobleman's name, a flash of light darted through the Earl's mind, illuminating like electricity every link of memory. It was from Lord Edgemere he had heard a similar tale on the night of his return to England; and of whom had they been speaking? Lord St. Maur absolutely started from his chair in the strong agitation which the mental answer excited. Could it be? Was it possible? If so, with what infinite mercy had Providence interposed. It required an effort, even to his strong mind, while labouring under these thoughts, to retain his usual calm exterior before his wife and Florence. Yet he kept his secret even from the Countess, fearing to excite hopes which after all might not be realized. In his own mind, however, he felt convinced that, as very often happens (though the sceptic world denies it, as visionary folly), the simplest chance, in this case the quarrel of two boys, would unravel the painful web of mystery, which it had appeared only a miracle could solve.

We are wrong to say chance. In a government of love there is no chance; a Father's hand rules our destiny, and turns even the most adverse circumstances (in seeming) to the furthering of his own immortal will.

(To be concluded in our next.)

TO A GROUP OF SPRING FLOWERS WITHERED BY THE NORTH WIND.

Sweet flowers of a day,
Whose fragrant bells adorn'd the verdant bank,
From heaven's blue sky, and other flowrets gay;
Why have ye shrunk?

Ye budded one by one,
And your frail forms in waving beauty grew;
Inhaling the warm breath of morning's sun,
The evening's cooling dew.

The lark, on agile wing
Trilling his wild lay, hailed your birth;
And the soft, balmy air of spring
Woo'd ye to earth.

Ah! did it seem, fair flowers,
This world of light could wear no frown for ye;
That ever bright and blissful 'mid its bowers
Your span of life would be?

But the chill gale hath passed
With ruthless violence, o'er the lovely spot
That cherished you; your bloom is fading fast.
What is below that changes not?

Ah! not by you so lorn,
Alone is felt the winds of sorrow, drear:
On earth no rose is there without a thorn,
Nor smiles without a tear.

Cerne.

JANE.

FRAGMENT OF A SONG BY RICHARD
CŒUR DE LION.*

Ja de sos pes no m partira,
S'il plagues qu'ieu a lui servis,
Et sivals d'aitant m'enriquis
Que dieses que ma dona era ;
Qu'en ren als non ay mon voler,
Jor ni nuch, ni matin ni ser,
Ni als mon cor non dezira.

Genser dona el mont no us mira,
Guai'e blanca coma ermis,
Plus fresca que rosa ni lis ;
Ren als don m'en desespera.
Dieus ! si poray l'ora vezer
Qu'ieu josta leis pueca zazer ;
Ben ai dreg, mas trop mi tira.

[TRANSLATION.]

I from her feet would ne'er remove,
So she my service might allow,
Or, me more richly to endow,
Were fain to be my lady-love.
No other wish may I conceive
By day or night, or morn or eve,
This sole desire my heart can prove.

All dames the world can boast, above,
As gay and fair as ermine's show,
More fresh than rose or lily glow,
None else in me despair can move.
Oh, Heavens ! to see that hour arrive
When I near her might ever live !
But hope, tho' just, too far may rove.

X. Y. Z.

THE PAST, THE PRESENT, AND
THE FUTURE.

BY ANNA SAYAGE.

When back upon the buried Past
We bend the musing eye,
To find some sunny resting-place
For aching memory—

How weakened is the bitterness
Of sorrow and of tears,
Whilst every joy but fairer beams
Undimm'd thro' passing years !

The weary labyrinth we thread,
The cares that round us press,
Hushed from remembrance of the Past
In brief forgetfulness ;

And, cheated by the dazzling gleam
That fancy only throws,
Recall each past and vanished ray
Till e'en the Present glows.

The Past ! with all the griefs and joys
That may have round it shone ;
With all its slighted blessings, too,
Is now for ever gone.

No longer ours, but Death's, it may
Have left the goading sting,
That e'en the Future's healing power
Can scarce a comfort bring.

Yet may its proved experience teach—
Tho' bitter once to bear—
What path to take, what rock to clear,
With much of wisdom there.

The Future's God's ! who holds the cup
We from the Past have quaffed ;
Tho' grace with many a suffering there
Be mingled with the draught !

The Future ! that an all-wise hand
In mercy hides from sight,
Hath many a promise for the page
Yet left us, pure and bright.

This unexplored remains ; and now
The Past, in warning tone,
Will whisper, 'midst her deep regret,
"The Present is thine own !"

SOLILOQUY OF FRANCIS THE FIRST,

On finding himself released from the power of Charles the Fifth, by whom he had been taken prisoner at the battle of Pavia. He was led to the river Bidassoa, which separates the two countries (Spain & France), and springing on the bank, he is said to have exclaimed—"I'm yet a King !" and mounting a fleet horse, galloped, without drawing rein, to St. Jean de Luz, and from thence to Bayonne.

"I'm yet a King—I'm yet a King !
Tho' long in prison vilely pent ;
Again I'll hear the lugle peal,
Again I'll pitch a soldier's tent !

"I'm yet a King ! tho' when I look'd
My last upon thee, sunny France,
No crown begirt my fallen brow,
My hand sustain'd no burnish'd lance !

"A Spanish galley bore me o'er
The wide and wildly rushing deep ;
And Spanish foes around me stood,
And only left me free to weep !

"I car'd not how the billows lash'd,
I car'd not how the tempest toss'd
The bark that held my helpless form,
For all—save honour—all was lost !"

"But I have loos'd the cruel chain,
That bound me in Castilian Halls ;
Speed on, my charger, till I shout
My freedom on old Bayonne's walls !

"I'm yet a King—I'm yet a King !
And o'er my empire, wide and far,
Again I'll sway my regal rod—
Again I'll lead in gallant war !"

ALICIA JANE SPARROW.

* Discovered by the late M. Raynouard, at Aix, and published in the *Annuaire Historique pour l'année* 1837.

* Francis wrote the following brief letter to his mother:—"All is lost, Madam, save honour and life."

RECOLLECTIONS OF GIOVANNI PERGOLESI.

BY ELIZABETH YOUATT.

Author of the "Blind Man and His Guide," &c., &c.

"And while he rests, his songs, in troops,
Walk up and down our earthly slopes,
Companions by diviner hopes."

MISS E. B. BARRETT.

It was a clear, cold morning in the early spring, when we set forth to hear Pergolesi's celebrated "Stabat Mater," a work too little known and appreciated among the English, but unrivalled in its holy and pathetic sweetness. The rare, bright sunlight, so prized at this season of the year, only because it is rare, smiled out ever and anon over the busy streets; and what with its cheering radiance, and the poor flower-girls, with their bunches of early violets, the spring seemed indeed come at last.

It was late when we arrived at the place of our destination, and the rooms were already thronged with an eager and expectant crowd, among whom we could distinguish not a few fully capable of appreciating the musical treat which had been provided for them. Mutual greetings were exchanged, and then the hum of many voices became hushed all of a sudden—the sacred melody of the past, thanks to the genius of a kindred spirit, was forming itself into words of power and strange pathos, that appealed to every heart. But somehow we were not in the mood—our souls refused to soar upwards with those divine strains, the earth-chain was upon them. Imagination, who seldom closes her dreamy eyes for long together, awoke in one of those wild, wayward humours that will not be controlled, and yielding ourselves to her guidance, the past came back like a beautiful panorama, that, moving slowly to some sweet melody, discloses scene after scene with all the vividness of reality, and makes us sad when the end comes at length, that there should be no more.

We were in Rome, at the theatre, on that eventful night when Metastasio's *Olimpiade*, set to music by the youthful and gifted Pergolesi, was performed for the first time before an Italian public. The place was crowded to the very ceiling, but one face alone riveted our attention; it was sad and grave, too grave for one so young—the forehead broad and massive, shadowed by deep thought. There was a fitful light in those dark, earnest eyes, a hectic flushing of the thin, sallow cheek, that told its own tale of the burning and wasting fever within.

It was the composer himself, and as he glanced eagerly over that sea of cold, immovable countenances, in whose apathy he too clearly read his doom, alternate expressions of exultation and defiance, of anguish and despair, gleamed athwart his own.

The truth of the matter was, Giovanni Pergolesi was before his age. Accustomed to the hard and laboured compositions of Durante, and others of the same school, his countrymen were incapable of either understanding or appreciating the simpler style of melody he was so anxious to introduce. Here and there a lightning touch of inspiration flew from heart to heart, but this transitory enthusiasm died away almost as soon as it had arisen. The face of the composer grew more and more ghastly in that brilliant light; but when the opera concluded at length, almost in silence, and many looked towards him to see how he bore it, some in pity, others from mere curiosity, they were struck with the strange, sweet smile that rested thereon like a glory. And not a few prophesied, even then, that the hour of triumph was but deferred, so heaven spared him.

Gradually a change came over the scene—an indistinct blending of objects, defining themselves by slow and imperceptible degrees into a new creation, a kind of mental dissolving view. The crowd remained, with their earnest countenances, over which had stolen a holy and subdued expression; while from out the obscurity sprung up vast pillars, loaded with bas-reliefs, supporting the massive roof, or fading dimly away in long lines of columnal perspective, scarcely illuminated, here and there, by the feeble light of a painted window, or pale, silvery lamp, in some far off recess. Myriads of wax tapers burnt before the altar, sending forth a flood of radiance which danced and flickered upon the marble pavement, pouring along the great nave, and athwart the vast columns, and making the deep obscurity of the objects beyond even more profound; while, as far as the eye could reach, to the remotest extent of those shadowy pillars, knelt a crowd of worshipping people, bending their heads to the earth with a

stillness, a devotion which almost connected them with the pictures and statues around them. The music still played on, sweeter and sweeter, holier and holier; its character had changed with the scene. The classical beauties of the *Olimpiade* had merged into a diviner harmony, and the people held their breath to listen, as the exquisite, and now popular movement, "*Gloria in excelsis*," arose up for the first time like enchantment; only restrained from giving vent to the rapturous emotions that filled every breast by the solemnity of the place and hour.

On a sudden our gaze became once more fixed and concentrated on the same slight form, and pale, sad face which had before engaged our attention in the theatre at Rome; and it seemed to have grown fearfully attenuated even since then. The smile still remained upon the parted lip, but there were tears in those large, glittering eyes, tears of gratitude and thanksgiving, which cooled the fever of his throbbing brow. He bowed down his lofty head and prayed—the gifted one to the Giver—the inspired to the Great Fountain of all inspiration! In the enthusiasm of the moment, it was but natural that Giovanni Pergolesi should dedicate to heaven, the wonderful genius it had bestowed; and although there were times when the vow was not strictly kept, when earth claimed him again, his productions, for the most part, bore from that hour the stamp of a higher and holier purpose, and were peculiarly distinguished for their tenderness and solemnity.

Again that panorama moved on—the rich tracery, the exquisite carving of that old cathedral, melted away like the frost work upon a window-pane. The gorgeous roof opened, as it were, to let in the blue summer sky—the wax lights before the altar burned more and more dimly, until they finally disappeared in the bright sunshine—the multitude faded like a dream, or as though the calm expanse of waters upon which we now gazed had passed over them. It was the Bay of Naples, with its sweeping amphitheatre of a glowing land, its castles and convents, spires and palaces, its green, sunny isles, and romantic shores; and the music, which we still heard, seemed to proceed from some of the picturesque-looking boats which lay there at anchor.

The panorama was still moving—stretching north of the range of hills behind the city, upon the Campanian plain, we caught a transient glimpse of Casoria, the birth-place of Giovanni Pergolesi; and then a sudden mist seemed to gather over that shifting scene. Fainter and fainter grew the outline of the villas and palaces at Portici, and the fairy-like spars of the shipping in the bay; while the smoke-wreathes, which rose dimly up from Mount Vesuvius, still coloured with the fading hues of the departing sunshine, became gradually lost, until they brightened into flame in the deepening twilight; while the music still played on, and the fishermen sang their vesper hymn—Pergolesi's *Vesper Hymn* to the Virgin.

Now we are at Torre del Greco, a small town

lying about two miles south east of Portici, at the foot of Vesuvius; destroyed over and over again by lava and earthquakes, but rebuilt with a dauntless pertinacity, and still smiling defiance upon its ancient foe. The moon rose up like a silver lamp, and aided by its pale light we could distinguish a slight, shadowy form, more like a spirit than a human being, walking to and fro with a feeble and tottering step, now bending down to listen to the far off vesper hymn which stole tremblingly over the sea, and anon dreaming of sweet sounds unheard by mortal ears until embodied by his rare genius; while we shuddered to hear, amid the pauses of that distant melody, a weary sound that told too fatally of earth, where all bright things pass away—that peculiar cough which is never forgotten by those who have once listened to its prophetic warning, the herald of a cureless disease and an early death!

Presently another form became visible in the moonlight, white-robed, and with a sweet and lovely countenance; gently it laid its small hand upon the thin, wasted one of Pergolesi, looking up fondly into his eyes, and smiling to hide the tears that gathered in her own. And then the composer smiled also, as if to soothe away her tears; and yielding to her persuasions, they turned their steps homewards, a dim mist falling over the scene they had quitted.

Once again the mental panorama moves on—it is the interior of Giovanni Pergolesi's house at Torre del Greco. The composer, in the last stage of consumption, rested languidly on a low couch by the open window. The weary eyes were closed, their dark lashes sweeping like shadows over his thin, hollow cheeks; and yet he did not sleep. His parched lips moved fast, but for some moments no sound was audible; and then on a sudden arose a sweet and solemn cadence—part of the celebrated motet, afterwards known as the "*Salve, Regina*," his latest work. Several times did Pergolesi repeat the same strain, and the last with a smile, as though satisfied with some minute alterations, and afterwards lay quite still, in order to gain strength for what yet remained to be done; while she with the white robe and the kind voice watched over him like a ministering spirit. We could almost read her thoughts as she stood and gazed upon a countenance now flushed into crimson from excitement and disease.

"He will not die! the young, the gifted, the beloved, the good, the gentle—O heaven will surely spare him yet a little longer for his country, for his friends, for her! With the bright future only just opening before him—the laurel crown of fame already half-won—a thousand haunting melodies that wanted voice only to go forth and charm the world, as yet unheard. Nay, it was idle to weep thus—the gifted are immortal 'till their work is done!" Poor girl! she knew not that Pergolesi's mission was already fulfilled.

And now a gloom comes over that silent chamber. The motet has been completed many days since, but the composer still hums cease-

lessly to himself, smiling the while. We listen breathlessly, and the strain seems familiar; it is part of the "Stabat Mater," interrupted ever and anon by that harassing cough, or dying away in the weakness of exhaustion.

She is still there, pale with watching, but beautiful in her untiring devotion, wiping his damp brow, pillowing it upon her bosom, calming its throbbings with her sweet kisses, praying with him and for him, hushing her own wild grief that she might the better soothe his, asking for herself but one boon of heaven—that she might die too.

All is still. Pergolesi has ceased to sing, to moan, to pray. His head droops heavily: there is a strange light in those large star-like eyes, a cold dew upon the wan and faded brow. His companion bent towards him, and her whispered invocation was distinctly audible:

"Giovanni! my beloved one! speak to me!"

There was no answer. She pressed nearer, listening to hear him breathe, praying if it was only for the sound of that dull hollow cough: her lips touched his, from which all warmth, all life had fled for evermore. He was dead! and a long, wild, woman's shriek burst the spell that bound us to the past.

Dead? Ay, long since, better than a hundred years ago; but his genius is immortal! It was no dream now—the crowd that had met to celebrate it—the "Stabat Mater" still ringing in our ears, with its final *corale* dying sweetly and lingeringly away!

Once again we are amid the hum of voices and the rattling of vehicles, in the busy streets of London. The poor flower-girl whom we noticed in the morning has sold all her violets, and is wending her way homewards with a light step; but pauses, weary as she must be, to listen to a melancholy air which a little Italian boy has just commenced playing, while the strain rude as it is, brings us back to the old theme—Giovanni Pergolesi.

Doctor Burney tells us that the instant his death was known, which happened about the same period of life that bounded the earthly existence of Purcell and Mozart—three-and-thirty—all Italy manifested an eager desire to hear and possess his productions, not excepting his first and most trivial farces and *intermezzi*; and not only lovers of elegant music, and curious collectors elsewhere, but even the Neapolitans themselves, who had heard them with indifference during his life-time, were now equally solicitous to do justice to the works and memory of their deceased countryman, the day-star of whose glory seemed, as is too frequently the case, to have arisen only to gild his tomb. They have called him in their vain homage, "The Domenichino of music!" "And it is certain," says the author before quoted, "that in the clearness, simplicity, truth, and sweetness of his vocal compositions, on which his fame chiefly rests, Giovanni Pergolesi has no equal among all his numerous predecessors and contemporary rivals."

There is a haunting sadness pervading most

of the productions of this great master, arising in all probability from depression, induced by infirmity of constitution, but chastened by much tenderness of expression, and an occasional sublimity, a rare pathos, unrivalled in the works of any other author whom we could name. Rousseau's common but erroneous definition of music, "*l'art de combiner des sons d'une manière agréable à l'oreille*," was evidently not that of our young composer, who in all that he attempted, had a higher and holier purpose, which he never lost sight of for a single moment, regarding it rather as a beautiful illustration of language, powerfully fitted and adapted to represent and awaken all the gentlest, as well as the more lofty passions of the soul—an artistic union of sweet sounds, learnt on earth, but perfected only in heaven.

It may be that he was a believer in the poetical faith of the Hindoos, regarding musical effect, which they strictly connect with past events, imagining that it arises from our vague reminiscence of the airs of Paradise, heard in a state of pre-existence, mistaking the inspirations of genius for the dreams of memory, the hauntings of immortality. How exquisitely does this wild creed seem shadowed forth by one of the very sweetest of our living poetesses!

"The yearning to a beautiful, denied you,

Shall strain your powers;

Ideal sweetness shall ever glide you,

Resumed from ours!

In all your music our pathetic minor

Your ears shall cross;

And all fair sights shall mind you of diviner,

With sense of loss!"

We have already referred to Pergolesi's principal works; in addition to which we may mention his grand and well-known motet, "*Dirit Dominus*," and the equally celebrated "*Laudate Pueri*." We are indebted, according to Walpole, to Grey, the poet, for their original introduction into this country. Pergolesi's opera, *L'Olimpiade*, was first performed at the King's Theatre in 1742, and the *Serva Padrona* in 1750. His sacred compositions were brought out at the Academy of Ancient Music, shortly after they reached England, and have never since ceased to be admired by all true lovers and judges of the art. The "*Stabat Mater*" was, without doubt, his *chef d'œuvre*; and we cannot close this brief sketch of the gifted composer without reverting to one whose labour of love it was to adapt to it words, the sweetness of which manifested a strange sympathy with the gentle spirit of the original—one whose constant desire that this great work should be more generally and universally known among us, even found expression in the will which he left behind, for he, too, "is not!" We allude to the late talented Mr. Barham, formerly of St. John's College, Cambridge. In fulfilment of this request, a public performance has already taken place under the superintendence of his friend, Mr. J. Alfred Novello, and the highest praise we can offer is by simply stating that

Mr. Barham's "Calvary," is well worthy the music to which it is wedded, of the "*Stabat Mater*."

Giovanni Pergolesi died, as we have before stated, at Torre del Greco, in the Bay of Naples, whither he had removed for change of air, of a deep and rapid consumption, in the year 1737. There does not seem to be the slightest ground for crediting a report at one time prevalent, of his having been poisoned by rivals; although there is no doubt that, like most great men, he had his enemies. Long before his death he is touchingly described by a friend and future biographer, as "always ailing, never quite well; as one whose spirit was strong, but his bodily frame weak and decaying, while a constant spitting of blood too surely indicated the fatal disease which finally destroyed him." But his spirit, the spirit of the gifted, yet lives, and breathes, and speaks to us in the divine compositions which he has bequeathed to his country, and the world; and can never die out again, while music continues to be a passion, a power, and a memory.

THE CHURCH ORGAN.

(*A Legend of Germany.*)

BY MRS. ABDY.

And dost thou weep, and art thou sad of heart,
Deeming this fair, bright world a gloomy void,
Because thou see'st some darling hope depart,
Some treasure, nursed in anxious love, destroyed
By fraud or by misfortune? List, I pray,
And I will tell to thee an old, wild lay,
Culled from that land where wondrous tales abound,
Dear, mystic Germany. Nay, spare that glance
Of scorn—a soothing charm may oft be found
In the strange fantasies of quaint romance;
And this, my poor tradition, may have power
To cast a sunshine o'er thy soul's dark hour.

There was a lone, sequestered church; it stood
Sheltered behind by a green, sloping wood;
And in its front, the wide and foaming sea
Rolled its careering billows joyously:
Sometimes the soft and supple waves would fall
With gentle plash beneath the hallowed wall,
Bringing gay shells and sea-weed to the shore
Like envoys, offering the far-brought store
Of distant lands before a monarch's throne;
Sometimes the storm arose, and the hoarse moan
Of sobbing winds was heard, mixed with the cry
Of drowning seamen in their agony,
Till He who rules the tempest at his will,
Said to the troubled waters, "Peace—be still!"
And soft, glad sunbeams smiled upon the main,
And all was light and loveliness again.

And in that church, on every Sabbath day,
A small and pious band were wont to pray—
Loving to glorify the Lord, and raise
Hymns, sweet and clear and solemn, to his praise;
Yet would they sometimes deem that the low tone
Of holy song, though with deep reverence fraught,
Seemed faint and feeble, and they sighed to own
High Music's spell; and ever then the thought

Came o'er them, of the proud cathedral pile,
Where the full organ's rich and pealing sound
Diffused its sacred harmony around,
And woke the echoes of the spreading aisle
Commencing in its mighty earnestness
With the sweet voices of the warbling choir.
Thus oft they pondered, nor could well repress
The still recurring, vehement desire
That to their church a boon like this were given,
That they might sing their grateful hymns to Heaven
In union with the organ's swelling peal:
Thus did they evidence their love by zeal.
Oh! 'tis a bitter and a grievous thing
To mark how lavishly our gold we fling
Upon the light and idle gauds of state,
Spreading forth festal banquets for the great,
And decking with rich tapestry our halls;
While from the House of God we coldly turn,
And seem as though unable to discern
Its scanty garniture, its mouldering walls,
Sadly contrasting with the proud excess
Of our profuse and selfish worldliness.
Not so these holy men: though counted poor,
Vain luxuries they sought not to acquire;
And in due season, from their little store,
They gained the object of their fond desire.
Oh! how their hearts beat free from every care,
When in the boat they spread their snowy sail,
Hasting the treasure to their church to bear!
Blue was the sky, and soft the favouring gale;
Calmly they glided the smooth current o'er,
And gazed upon the firm and sandy shore—
When, lo! the tempest howled, red lightnings flashed,
O'er their frail bark the angry billows dashed;
Vainly the whelming torrent it opposed—
It sank—and o'er it the wild waters closed.
They, the sad passengers, escaped with life,
And gained, amid the element's fierce strife,
The beach; and there, in heaviness they stood,
Looking upon the loud and briny flood,
That in its hidden prison-house retained
The treasure that their patient toil had gained.
Yes, in the deep recesses of the wave,
Their organ lay; mute were its tuneful spells,
And in the cool and silent coral cave,
Pillowed on vivid, many-coloured shells—
With wreaths of waving sea-weed round it twined,
Veiling its gilded radiance it seemed
A desolate companionship to find
In lustrous gems, that once profusely gleamed
In Beauty's hair, now hid from mortal eyes,
Never from ocean's desert cells to rise.

Awhile deep grief these holy men oppressed,
Till one his weeping comrades thus addressed:
"What, do we mourn a frail possession lost?
Should God demand our dearest earthly things,
Wife, children, friends, all, all we love the most,
Should we not quell our rebel murmurings,
And feel that He who gave can take away?
And shall we weakly sorrow for a prize
Inanimate and lifeless, and repay
The mercies of the Lord by wailing sighs?
No; rather let our hearts exalted be,
To Him who saved us from the yawning sea."
He spoke—and all his fervent call obeyed,
And on the beach they meekly knelt, and prayed.

Sunbeams shone brightly over sea and land;
It was the Sabbath, and that pious band
Of worshippers within the church renewed
Their prayers, and raised their hymn of gratitude.

Amazement! transport! from the glassy sea
 Pealed forth a strain of wondrous harmony!
 Beneath no earthly touch that organ gave
 Its sweet notes forth; they rose above the wave,
 Seeming the low and humble church to fill
 With concord far surpassing human skill;
 Till—as the trembling singers closed their lay—
 The soft, declining music died away.
 And evermore, upon the Sabbath morn,
 That music from the friendly sea is borne
 To the calm church, and mingles with the voice
 Of the glad worshippers, whose hearts rejoice
 In love; nor feel they anxious and distressed
 Least spoiling hands the gift from them should wrest,
 Since God vouchsafes the charge for them to keep
 Within the secret chambers of the deep.

Such is my simple legend; doth it not
 Show forth a healing moral, proving well
 That clouds may gather o'er our earthly lot—
 Nay, may our best and purest hopes dispel:
 Yet if we in resigned submission lift
 Our hearts to God, He shall our rest secure,
 Not by restorement of the vanished gift,
 But by those revelations deep and sure
 Drawn from believing love? The world may still
 Pity our lot, and friends bewail our loss
 With tender sympathy; but let the cross
 Dispose us meekly to endure God's will,
 And even if we lose the means whereby
 We humbly hoped His name to glorify,
 His gracious kindness shall direct our course
 To the pure waters of Faith's hidden source;
 And we shall turn from outward ills, and win
 Sweet peace and holy comfort from within.

THE BEACON OAK.

The Beacon Oak! aye in pride it stood,
 The glory, the boast of the fair green wood;
 Beneath its embowering shade once press'd
 The lover to hope, and the weary to rest.

And around its trunk how many a scene
 Of stirring tumult and joy hath been!
 How many bold hearts once climb'd its height,
 To kindle the blaze of the Beacon light!

For a spirit was waken'd in Albion's Isle
 That breath'd proud defiance, with taunt and smile,
 To him who should dare to invade and spoil
 The land of the free—the Oak's rough soil.

And the Beacon fire was raised on high,
 And its light was seen both afar and nigh;
 And it summon'd the peer and the peasant bold
 Around its gleam, their gatherings to hold.

But those days went by, and Britain still—
 Upheld by Him, whose sovereign will
 None shall dispute—remained the free,
 Unshackled land of liberty;

And blithesome bands of the young and gay
 Came in their spring-tide holiday,
 Merry and free as the fairy folk,
 To sport 'neath the arms of the spreading Oak.

But the beauty of summer pass'd away,
 And autumn came with sere and decay;
 And the winter of age, with its ruthless hand,
 Bade the rude Oak all sapless stand.

And then it was levell'd; its once proud head
 Low 'mid the flowers of the forest was laid;
 But one who had known it in youth's bright day,
 Bore as a relic fondly away

Its gnarled root. And it lives in fame—
 The pride of the forest a table became;
 In a snug English home, there meetly stands
 The Oak that was planted by patriot hands;

And to listening ears its owner tells
 Of its beauty and prime, while his heart still dwells
 On the days when the spirit of Britain awoke
 Beneath the shade of the Beacon Oak!

THE STOUT OLD BRITISH CABLE.

BY J. J. REYNOLDS.

The gallant ships of Albion rule proudly on the
 wave,
 The sturdy tars that man them too are lion-hearts and
 brave;
 Their flags, the ensigns of the free, float gaily in the
 breeze,
 And spread a Briton's name and fame afar beyond the
 seas:
 Their sides are built of stoutest oak from trees that
 grew of yore,
 High monarchs of the forest—sound, unshaken to
 the core;
 And yet to stem the billow's might, our ships would
 ne'er be able,
 Without their tried and chosen friend, the stout old
 British Cable.

When storms awake the raging main, and fear o'ertakes
 the crew,
 'Tis then the Cable proves himself a willing friend and
 true;
 Well grappled to the anchor, 'mong the sea-weeds he
 doth sleep,
 While the vessel rides in safety on the bosom of the
 deep—
 The sails are rent, the timbers creak before the hurried
 blast,
 But the Cable holds the stronger as each mountain
 wave rolls past!
 What tho' he strain, he'll never break—he's strong,
 he's sound, and stable,
 For every inch is prov'd that forms the stout old
 British Cable.

What wondrous tales he could unfold, and secrets
 could he tell,
 Of fabled halls and coral caves where water spirits
 dwell,
 Of treasures buried in the sand lost from the slippery
 deck,
 And scattered remnants lying there of many a bygone
 wreck!
 Yet not for this we honour him, but for the mighty
 aid
 He lends to all the noble craft employed in war and
 trade.
 To hold her empire o'er the seas, Britannia is un-
 able,
 Without her tried and chosen friend, the stout old
 British Cable.

S O P H I A.

BY MISS MATILDA S. WATSON.

"Well, I'm sure nothing would ever tempt me to marry a sailor," exclaimed Sophia Merivale. "Look at Ellen, pining and pining, and watching the winds of heaven as they blow, every time she expects a letter from Charles. And then if it does not arrive the very day she thinks it ought, there is no putting it out of her head that he's drowned or wrecked, or some such shocking thing: and when she does get it she is not much better, for she shuts herself up, and reads it over and over; one would almost fancy she thought to find a mine of gold in it."

"Perhaps you would prefer to watch the weather-cock on the church tower, Sophy, and think a black coat more becoming than a blue one," joined in a fine-looking young man, who sat by with a book before him.

"I don't know what you mean, Frank; but I neither care for black coats, nor blue coats, no, nor red coats either! they are all one and the same thing, as a flock of geese to me."

"No rule without an exception you know, sister Sophy," and the young lady's heightened colour seemed to bear him out in the assertion. "But where is Ellen?"

"Oh, she is gone to meet the letter-bag, I suppose, while I am waiting here, like the statue of Patience, to go and carry the strawberries we promised poor Sally Goodwin. Ah, here she comes, and she has got a letter, I see; so I need not expect her company to go with me."

"What say you to a substitute, Sophia? I saw the *reverend* Mr. Cavendish coming up the avenue just now; oh, here he is," as the footman shewed in a tall, handsome, aristocratic-looking young man, whose habiliments bespoke his profession to be the church. And Frank looked mischievously at his sister, who, stooping quickly over some geraniums, which had just been sent in for selection, did not seem immediately to perceive who entered; till a gentle voice by her side, the slightest intonation of which reached much further than her ear, asked permission to assist in sorting her specimens, which was smilingly granted, and the trio were for some time in deep discussion on pink, and scarlet, and white, and pencil geraniums.

"So Bertie Glen is taken at last," said Mr. Cavendish, as he held up the last slip, a sprig of beautiful white and lilac; "and I should think the new comers may prove an acquisition to the neighbourhood."

"Do you know them, then, already?" inquired Sophia.

"I had that pleasure previous to their coming here," he answered, and the colour slightly

rose on his cheek, though he stooped down to pick up the sprig of geranium which he had accidentally let fall while replying to her question.

"I have heard another piece of news, too," said Frank. "The old barracks are to be occupied immediately; and as Lord Elwood's family remain at the Park another six weeks, we shall be quite gay, not the 'Deserted Village,' but the envied village."

"I think we have been very happy as we were," remarked Mr. Cavendish; "what say you, Miss Sophia?"

Sophia had got a crotchet in her head, and quickly answered—"Me? oh, I am delighted at the thought of the military coming here; they always make a place so gay, and their bright uniforms give so much *éclat* to a party."

"Pshaw! sister, they are all one and the same thing, as a flock of geese, you know."

"Well then, Frank, they are the brightest of all bright geese; and once more I say I am delighted at their coming."

Mr. Cavendish rose to take leave, when Mrs. Merivale entered, and cordially shaking hands, invited him to accompany them in their drive; which, however, he politely declined, having, as he said, some directions to give at Bertie Glen materially affecting the comfort of the new comers.

"Oh, they *really* are coming then? When is it likely they will arrive?"

"As soon as the house can be got ready for them."

"Oh, that will not take long; every thing keeps railroad time now," pleasantly remarked Mrs. Merivale. "Well, shall we have the pleasure of seeing you at dinner on Thursday? We have some friends coming to stay with us; half-past six you know is our hour; Mr. Merivale never will alter that."

"Thank you, thank you, my dear Madam; but I shall, I fear, be engaged on Thursday."

"Indeed! I did not think our little village sustained so many engagements. Well, on Friday, then; we shall be equally happy to see you, and shall have company every day while our friends stay—I believe you have met some of the family here before. It is Sir Frederick Morton and lady, with their son, who has returned from his travels, I am told, a finished courtier, and two daughters whom you saw here last Christmas."

"I should be most happy to make one at your festive board, but have the misfortune to be *particularly* engaged on that day also. Some of the Fairfax family, if not all, come to Bertie Glen on Friday, and have made such a point of

my going to them, being the only person they are acquainted with."

"Oh! well, well; I hope they won't want you always, though. Come, Sophia, the carriage is at the door."

"Mr. Cavendish handed the ladies in, made his bow, and shaking hands with Frank, departed to fulfil the mission of his coming friends; not however, half so buoyant as he had come up the long avenue did he now pursue his way down it: *he* thought Sophia too much pleased at the looked-for arrival of the military, and *she* thought him too much occupied with the coming family and the affairs of Bertie Glen; and she could not in her woman's heart attach any cause but one to his heightened colour, whilst speaking of them.

"I think Mr. Cavendish might have managed to accept one of my invitations. Don't you, Sophia," said Mrs. Merivale, whilst catching a glimpse of him, as he crossed a field to the right of the carriage-road, to her silent daughter, who was probably looking in the same direction.

"I don't think about him, dear Mamma; indeed I have so much else to occupy my thoughts just now, that I have no place in them for Mr. Cavendish."

"I am very glad, dear, to hear you say so, for he has been so very attentive to you this long time, that I—I almost thought—that is—I fancied—well never mind, he is quite taken up with his new friends, it seems."

"Old friends, Mamma, he says: he says he has had the pleasure of their acquaintance some time."

"Indeed! did he tell you so? Whom does the family consist of?"

"A son, who is in very bad health, and two daughters."

"Well, I must call on them when they come;" and as Sophia made no reply, here the subject dropped. The rest of their ride was lifeless enough. Mrs. Merivale was occupied in thinking of a new dessert-service she was going to purchase: whether it should be porcelain or crystal was a matter of great consideration with her; and whatever Sophia's thoughts were, she kept them to herself.

They returned home just in time to dress for dinner, and hear from the delighted Ellen that Charles *might* be home in six months; and from Frank that he had seen a plain, handsome travelling chariot, with four posters, going towards Bertie Glen; that it contained a gentleman and a lady; that the lady seemed young and pretty, and that he should take the first opportunity of getting Cavendish to introduce him.

"But are you sure that Mr. Cavendish will like to introduce you, Frank," asked Sophia?"

"Ah! I never thought of that, Sophy. By-the-bye, I thought there was some sort of embarrassment in his manner this morning. Did you notice it, Sophia?"

If Sophia had been in "the palace of truth," she would have answered, that she not only noticed it, but felt it in her very heart of hearts,

But Sophia was not in "the palace of truth," and therefore replied—"Not I, indeed, I was too much occupied with my geraniums to notice what sort of manner Mr. Cavendish displayed."

"Oh! oh! I suppose that, then, was the reason he was so particularly engaged. Well, well, his place will be well supplied, I warrant," added Mr. Merivale, who was never inclined to make a moment's trouble of anything. "My little girls need not go hunting for beaux, nor *fishing* either, hey, Ellen? So Charles is coming home, is he?—*Captain* Carpenter, I trust!"

"What a horrid name Carpenter is, Ellen. Can you ever hear to be called Mrs. Carpenter?"

Ellen said she did not think it so bad as many she had heard. She, for her part, did not care what it was, provided it was but a *long* name."

"Besides," remarked Frank, "'a rose would smell quite as sweet,' &c., &c."

"Now, Sophy, what name should you like; supposing you could choose?"

"Oh! I don't intend to change the one I have; and if I did, I'm sure I would not choose a *long* one."

"I think the best name we can fix upon just now is *dinner*," added Mr. Merivale; "and here in good time comes the butler, with the important word legible in his face. So 'to dinner, with what appetite we may.'"

And so did the usual routine of dinner, tea, breakfast, &c., bring the expected guests, and in due course of time the expected Friday's dinner party; but with no intervening visit from Cavendish.

"Ah! well," thought Sophia, "he is better engaged than to come prosing here; and Frank may wait long enough for his introduction, I fancy."

But however, on Saturday morning he made his appearance, and said "a slight indisposition had caused him to be a bad visitor, and that young Fairfax had come down to Bertie Glen much sooner than he expected, so that he had necessarily been much engaged, and obliged to forego the pleasure of paying his visit at Thor-seldon Hall."

"He does not mention the lady," thought Sophia, although apparently not attending to a word he uttered; and as Frank was not present, and no one else probably thought it a matter of moment, Mr. Cavendish rose to take leave without any mention of her being made.

Sophia had chatted and laughed so much with Mr. Morton during his stay, that she did not notice perhaps the brevity of his visit; but her spirits seemed to have exhausted themselves, and departed with him. She scarcely appeared aware that he was gone, till Maria Morton, gaily tapping her on the shoulder, asked how it happened that she had not bewitched the handsome parson.

"I bewitch him!" cried Sophia; "no, my dear, I leave that labour to you."

"Oh! then you *have* tried him, since you pronounce it a labour to enchant."

"Not I, indeed; he is not the Adonis of my thoughts, I assure you."

"There, Maria," cried young Morton, "the field is open to you, so now for our canter to Elwood Park;" and the young ladies retired to prepare for their equestrian excursion: the one with the feather, the other with the lead of the arrow in her heart!

In skirting Elwood Park, to come round to the carriage entrance, they descried a gentleman, who immediately on perceiving them retreated into the thicket from whence he had emerged, but not before both ladies had recognized Mr. Cavendish, though neither made any observation. They had not, however, proceeded many yards before they perceived a lady making towards the same underwood he had entered; she did not appear to see or heed anything but the spot of ground she was hurrying to attain, and Sophia felt she must be the lady whose beauty Frank had extolled on her arrival a few days preceding.

"Then all the attentions of Henry Cavendish to herself had been nothing. All his tender looks and soft whispers, all his gentle cares for her, and seeming interest in all that concerned her, had only been to while away the time till the real possessor of his heart should appear to claim it. The passing colour in his cheek, when speaking of the Fairfax family, now forcibly presented itself to her recollection, and brought conviction with it."

"He is a fortunate swain, whoever he may be, that vanished but now among that copse-wood; did you see him, Miss Sophia, and your lovely damsel who appears as if she were flying to meet him?"

"What nonsense you talk, Fred," replied his sister, in a tone of rather more vexation than Fred thought the subject warranted; "come, let us increase our pace, or we shall not find them at home."

They put their horses in a canter, and speedily reached their destination, where they found the Miss Elwoods delighted to see them, as they were planning an archery-meeting, and glad of some one to join the consultation. The chief point of discussion appeared to be the costume: all was, however, settled with the assistance of the two fair visitors, and their taste gave the casting vote for blue and silver.

"Has Mrs. Merivale seen anything of our new neighbours at Bertie Glen?" inquired Lady Elwood; "does she intend calling on them?"

"I believe the family arrived last Friday. Young Mr. Fairfax and one of his sisters came down on the Tuesday; she is, I am told, a lovely girl, and if report speaks true, will soon change the name of Fairfax for that of Cavendish."

Poor Sophia!—like the Spartan youth, who suffered the fox to gnaw out his vitals, she sat outwardly composed and smiling, while an inward vulture strained her heart-strings.

Before the party separated, however, the archery meeting was fixed for that day month, as

in the interim the military would arrive, and they have a little time to judge of their eligibility for the exercise in question; a ball and illuminations in the park were to conclude the evening.

The commencement of the ensuing week, which was even earlier than they were expected, the gallant —th marched in, took up their quarters, and were immediately called upon by all the gentry round, Mr. Merivale setting the example; for, as he always remarked—"If the navy is our wooden wall, the army is our iron wall; and it would ill become us to forget that if war should come, they will stand up to be shot at, whilst we sit at home in ease and comfort."

Invitations were sent them from all the families far and near, which, of course, were accepted with alacrity; and the speedy announcement that the officers intended giving a ball, set more heads and hearts in consultation than we should like to enumerate. The Fairfaxes, too, had been duly called upon, and parties were going on so briskly that the village seemed to have changed itself from rurality and still life into fashion and animation.

Sophia had declined taking any actual part in the archery, out of deference to her father, who declared he had an honest old English dislike to female exhibition; however, as there were plenty to advocate it, and this pastime in particular, there were not wanting sufficiency of fair applicants to fill the lists. She had not seen Mr. Cavendish during the long interval which elapsed between her morning visit at Elwood Park and the intended fête there; for though he had called three times during that period, she had the ill fortune—as we notice that it happens with those we most wish to see—to be always out at the time.

He had not, however, made the slightest difficulty about introducing Mr. Frank Merivale at the Fairfaxes, who declared himself delighted with them all, and that Caroline Fairfax was the sweetest girl he had met with; but when Sophia laughingly said "she hoped he and Mr. Cavendish would manage matters, so as not to create work for the police," and repeated what Lady Elwood had said, he acknowledged, with a serious look, "that there was something he did not understand, but that it was not Caroline, it was Hetty; and yet," he added, somewhat hesitatingly, "I did think Sophy, that Cavendish was your devoted admirer; but he is a fine, honourable fellow, and I feel certain all will come right as regards him, and my opinion of him. However, I'm very glad, Sophy, you never cared for him; I'm very glad, too, he did not choose Caroline. Choose, did I say? No, its not that either; Hetty does not seem to be his choice. As I said before, there is something wrong there. Apropos of choosing, Sophy, Colonel Coulthurst declares you are the chosen of his heart! There is an envied piece of information for you. The admired, the sought after, the looked at, the fashionable, Lieutenant-Colonel Coulthurst, with

£9,000 a year, and his four beautiful grays. What think you of that, Sophy?"

"I think, with such a fine fortune, he should go out of the army, Frank, and leave his place for some less highly favoured son of war, to whom the pay might be more acceptable."

"You don't mean to say you would refuse such a man as Colonel Coulthurst?"

"I will certainly wait till he asks me, brother, before I give any answer."

"And by Jove," exclaimed Frank, "here he comes, galloping up the avenue. How gracefully the fellow sits his fine charger! *Addio, mia cara*; I won't hinder the question being answered," and off he went, singing to some tune of his own madrigal, of which Caroline seemed to be the burthen, and which he was teasing his sisters to set to music for him, that he might present it; but as they either had not the time, or did not feel inclined, perhaps some of our fair friends will try their powers, to oblige Mr. Frank Merivale: we subjoin his lyric for their consideration, and we hope, approbation—

"Since on magic ground I move
A humble votary to the Nine,
I'll steal a plume to sing of love,
And dedicate to Caroline.

"I'll wreathe my lyre with blossoms sweet,
And tune its chords to notes divine,
That Time, howe'er his foot be fleet,
Shall stop to hear of Caroline.

"For her I'll form a sylvan bower
Of roses and of eglantine,
And thither bring each beauteous flower
That's dearest to my Caroline.

"And there I'll breathe my sweetest lays,
And a bright coronal will twine
Of roses, myrtles, and of bays,
To deck thy brow, fair Caroline!"

For once, however, Mr. Frank was out in his calculations; the question was not asked, and therefore not answered; for, as Sophia had retreated to the library, there was no one at home to receive the Colonel, or listen to his question, if he intended to ask it.

The so long-anticipated morning of the archery meeting rose bright and beautiful as any al fresco party could desire. By the gallantry of the officers the splendid band of their regiment was in attendance, and all and everything wore, or appeared to wear, a jocund hilarity.

But in the midst of gaiety, in the heart of pleasure, there always is a canker, and some one or another is always sure to find it. Sophia, who was the envy of all the young beauties present for having the sole attention of the handsome Colonel at command (and, indeed, he seemed to have no eyes but for her; and scarcely three weeks acquainted, was whole ages gone in love), was herself wearied to death of his persevering and marked preference, and worried to death at witnessing that of Cavendish to all, to any but herself; for, though the younger brother of a noble house, he was what is called

a good match where there were many daughters to get off; and, therefore, young ladies so situated were permitted to receive as much attention as he chose to bestow. He had come with the Fairfaxes, and remained attached to their party, which had also entirely attracted the two younger Miss Elwoods and Mr. Frank Merivale, who seemed determined to stand his ground against the military gentleman with his fair Caroline.

"Everything now keeps railroad time," as Mrs. Merivale before remarked; but Time itself must come to an end, and so must archery meetings and quadrille balls. The sun will rise when the moment for his doing so is come, and so he did now, warning off the revellers, some to sleepless pillows, some to pleasing dreams, however intruded on by daylight, and some to painful musings on the past, the present, and the future.

Sophia had fancied more than once that Cavendish looked sorrowfully towards her as she talked and laughed with Colonel Coulthurst; but still he had kept aloof from her; and she now felt vexed with herself that she had talked and laughed so much, especially with a person who was not only uncared for, but absolutely, in spite of all his acquirements and advantages, unpleasing to her. More particularly did she reproach herself when her father, calling her into his study as she passed the following morning, informed her that he had had a long visit from the Colonel, the purport of which was requesting permission to pay his addresses to her, and begging her father's assistance to influence her in his favour. He had named the large settlements he should make on the lady who honoured him with her hand, and declared he should be the most miserable man alive if Miss Sophia were inimical to his suit.

Here was a climax that all the young ladies in the neighbourhood, aye, or any neighbourhood, would have deemed themselves, or herself, the favourite of fortune in arriving at, but which poor Sophia would have given some years of existence never to have reached. She sat, looking so like the pale picture of woe, that her father was quite shocked; and instead of beginning the congratulations that lay on his lips, he asked if she felt ill, or if she had any such great repugnance to receive Colonel Coulthurst's addresses.

"Oh, yes, dear papa, I cannot receive them—I cannot! Tell him I cannot!" And she burst into such an uncontrollable fit of tears, that the old gentleman was really alarmed, and perhaps not very far from guessing the truth.

"Do not distress yourself, my dear child; take time to consider of this eligible offer, every way desirable, and what any one of your young acquaintances would jump at. But do not think, my child, with all the advantages of the match in view, that I would wish to make you unhappy by pressing its acceptance, if not acceding with your own feelings. I would only advise you to consider of it, and not let any little

girlish inclination come between you and such an establishment."

"Oh, dear papa, I cannot endure Colonel Coulthurst! I wished him a hundred miles off yesterday! Indeed—indeed, I cannot marry him! I beseech you, dear papa, tell him so!"

Mr. Merivale reasoned long and tenderly with his daughter; and having at length brought her to composure, endeavoured still to point out, without probing her feelings too much, the advantages of marrying a man like the Colonel, highly gifted as he was in every respect; of good family, fine fortune, unexceptionable character, and withal, a gentlemanly and a handsome man!

"I grant it all, dear father, and ten thousand times more, if you will; but I do not fancy him—I do not like him—I cannot marry him!" And so earnest and agitated did she become, that her father at length promised her, if after a little time she still continued in the same sentiments, he would dismiss the Colonel altogether; that any sacrifice was better than the sacrifice of his child's happiness. And so the conference ended.

Mr. Merivale informed the Colonel that his daughter seemed averse to receiving his addresses, or, indeed, marrying at all at present. But he was a soldier, and would not quit the field without another attempt to win his point; moreover, he was really and deeply in love, and requested to be allowed a little time to endeavour overcoming an obstacle which stood between him and the happiness he aspired to; and as he only entreated to continue his visits, and Mr. Merivale really wished him to succeed, it was soon agreed that things should remain in this position. Rumour, however, with her hundred tongues, somewhere managed to hint that the elegant Colonel had proposed for Miss Sophia Merivale. The hint soon became a whisper, and then boldly grew at once into a topic of conversation; but as Rumour's hundred tongues are never employed to do anything but mischief, she never, with any one of them, even surmised such a thing as the young lady's declining the proffer of nine thousand a-year, letting alone the *et-ceteras*! And speculations were actually making as to when the wedding-day would take place—who would be the bridesmaids, and whether the Colonel and his lady would go abroad with the regiment, which was soon expected to be in orders for foreign service; and much more idle gossip got afloat, without either of the parties concerned being at all aware that any information on the subject had yet transpired.

In the meantime, Mr. Frank Merivale had sped well in his wooing; and as there was no need to wait, or to work for money—that constant bane of true love—and as in cases where birth, rank, and fortune are equal, and parents agreed, there is no need of protracted courtship, the wedding was fixed to take place in the autumn, to which August was fast conducting.

Mr. Cavendish had been called away at a moment's warning to attend the death-bed of his mother, and for a time gaieties had

appeared to be at a stand-still, when tongues were again set in motion by the news of the handsome Lieutenant-Colonel's having effected an exchange into a regiment which was actually about embarking for America. This information was speedily followed by the P.P.C.'s of the gentleman himself, and he vanished, to the great regret of some and the renewed hopes of others; as all were sure his place must be occupied, and the next Lieutenant-Colonel might not fall in love with Miss Sophia Merivale, and might fall in love with some one else! But, alas! the next Lieutenant-Colonel was a married man, with a large family, who received the same kindly welcome from Mr. Merivale, and a much more cordial one from Sophia; who in being relieved from Colonel Coulthurst's attentions, felt a load taken off her spirits. He had been very loath to take a final dismissal; but Sophia was serious and firm, and bitterly reproached herself for any encouragement she might have given him (in order to conceal another feeling) at the archery meeting, as she thought had she acted otherwise, he at least might not have been pained by a refusal. She heard that Mr. Cavendish had been presented to a living, and that his mother was dead, which she expected would detain him long, before he even returned to take leave of those families amongst whom he had dwelt, and with all of whom he had ever been a welcome guest for nearly two years. She thought, and thought, till her heart grew sick; but she was not selfish enough to be so wholly engrossed by her own feelings as to preclude her rejoicing in the happiness of her brother and his affianced bride; the pretty Caroline and she had become attached friends, and she thought Frank stood a very fair chance of happiness. With Hetty Fairfax she held no communion, as they seemed uncongenial to each other; in short, Miss Fairfax appeared quite to hate Sophia, which was often remarked without any one being able to assign a cause, except it might exist in their different style of loveliness; Hetty being a dark-eyed, dark skinned, bright-coloured beauty, completely the reverse of Sophia, whose glossy ringlets, of golden brown, shaded her deep blue eyes and very fair and delicately tinted cheek.

"Time rolled his ceaseless course," and Frank's wedding-day was fixed for the following Tuesday. He had written to Cavendish, asking him down to be one of the bridal guests; when, on the Saturday preceding, as Sophia sat in one of the library windows, with her harp before her, and intending, we suppose, to play—though as yet she had not struck a chord—Frank passed at a little distance, and catching her eye, hastily beckoned her to come to him. She rose immediately to obey the summons, thinking he had some little message from Caroline; but on joining him, was startled by the expression of his countenance.

"Come this way, Sophia," said he; "down the shrubbery, I have something to tell you." And he looked so serious, she begun to feel much alarmed.

"Sophia," said he, "Hetty Fairfax has eloped from her father's house!"

"What, Frank?—where—when—with whom?"

"Not anybody that we can find; but Caroline says she guesses, and fears where she has gone to. You remember the conversation we had about Cavendish nearly six months ago? I have many times questioned Caroline about him, and her sister, and several times she has appeared on the verge of making some disclosure, when consideration has stopped her short; but now she has told me all. You are aware they knew Cavendish in Italy, and at that time Hetty Fairfax fell desperately in love with him; I may say desperately, for it led to desperate consequences then, and I fear it will now. Caroline says he never expressed the slightest preference in return, but on the contrary, as much as lay in his power, tried at all times to avoid her; that he had said, repeatedly, if his mother (with whom he was travelling for her health) were but able to move, he should quit the place they were at, and go to Nice; that Hetty wrote several letters to him, which at first he answered, gently remonstrating with her, and declaring he had no intention of marrying; that he did not think he should ever find the original of the picture his fancy painted, and always returning her own letter with the answer, he left off visiting at their house entirely, but that all his repulses only seemed to make her daring spirit more determined. She caused him to be followed, watched, and dodged everywhere; and then, throwing herself in his way, would sue and threaten by turns—at one time upbraiding him for not loving her, and then imploring his forgiveness—till at last he confined himself almost wholly to his mother's sick couch, as that was the only spot she dared not intrude on. You will wonder where her father and mother were, that such disgraceful conduct could be carried on with impunity; but Mr. Fairfax was confined to his bed, with that severe illness you have heard him speak of, and which makes him so detest Italy and its malaria; her mother was entirely taken up with attending him, and my gentle Caroline—being so much younger—was unable to cope with her sister's violent and ungovernable spirit. But this is not all: finding that she could not gain his heart, she made a vow to mar his happiness, and actually attempted to stab a young lady to whom she fancied he was attached, and who proved to be his own niece, come over with her father to see Lady Cavendish."

"Good Heaven! Frank—*can* this be possible?"

"But too possible, my sweet sister: when a woman once breaks the bounds prescribed to her sex, and displays a character of violence and revenge, bloodshed and murder are but too possible to follow! She did not, however, succeed in her diabolical attempt, for Cavendish—who was in the act of pointing out a beautiful view to his niece—attracted by the gleam of the weapon in the sunbeams, turned suddenly round, but just in time to arrest the blow and seize the instrument. How he got over it with his young relative Caroline does not know, for as his

mother's health was partially restored, they all left that evening for England; and it was Hetty herself who gave her these particulars, in a frenzy of rage and disappointment at having been foiled. Cavendish coming to do duty in this retired village, has been the means of freeing him from her persecutions these two years, and previous to their coming here he had heard, through a friend who was intimate with him abroad, that she was engaged to be married to an Italian nobleman, which is really the case. Mr. Fairfax met with Cavendish accidentally, the first time he came down to look at Bertie-glen. He spoke of his family, and the match on the tapis for his eldest daughter with the Marquis del Manno, asked Cavendish to superintend some orders for their speedy instalment, and requested him to settle the final arrangements and give his son the meeting on the Tuesday; adding, it was chiefly on his account he took the place, as he was just returned from a ten years' residence in India, with his health so much impaired that he almost feared he should lose him. And further, he made it a very particular point, that Cavendish should be with them the first day, as the Marquis was to come down. Now comes to *you*, Sophy, the interesting part of my story—"

Sophy grew pale, her heart beat almost audibly; but she held her breath as it were to concentrate every sense into the faculty of hearing.

"Hetty Fairfax no sooner learned from her father, that Cavendish was residing in their new locality, than she determined on coming down with her brother. You remember, perhaps, I spoke of seeing a lady in the carriage, as I returned from riding the day they came?"

Sophy remembered it well.

"Cavendish was quite ignorant of her intention, and knowing her engagement, naturally concluded she had overcome or forgotten any little inclination she might have entertained towards him. On the Tuesday, then, she behaved very well, and beyond the pleasure of seeing an old acquaintance betrayed no warmer feeling; but on the Friday, when—if you recollect—he said he was particularly engaged, it was to meet the whole family and the Marquis del Manno. At that time he had not the slightest idea that Hetty regarded him in any other light than that of an acquaintance; but she soon found an opportunity to undeceive him. She began by imploring his forgiveness for the rash act (as she termed it) she had attempted in Italy, which he freely accorded. She told him that since she had met him again, the Marquis was hateful to her, and finding him proof against all, she took another tone, and *demand*ed to know if it was love for another created the indifference he shewed towards her? 'But beware,' she frantically added, 'I will have a *surer hand* the next time!'

"She was now on the watch, and her jealous eye soon detected attention to you, Sophy; and she solemnly swore, that if he prosecuted his addresses to you—let the consequences be what

they might to herself—you should die by her hand.

Sophia shuddered, and clung to her brother's arm for support, looking round as if she expected to see the bright blade again, ready to be plunged into her heart.

"Fear not, my sweet sister," cried Frank, who caught the glance of her eye; "so long as your brother is nigh, you need no surer protection on earth; and I well believe that, for one so good and pure, 'the eye that never shuts' is watching still to guard thee! No, the wretched woman we speak of is doubtless far from here. Caroline thinks she is gone to seek!"

"And Cavendish! Brother, what of Cavendish? Gone to seek Cavendish!"

"Who names that name?" exclaimed a well-known voice; and springing from a side walk into their path, Cavendish stood before them!

Sophia neither screamed nor fainted, though she was very near doing both. With a strong effort, and gasping for breath, she stretched out her hand and laid it heavily on his arm, all the while looking up in his face, as if to be certain that it was Cavendish himself, and not his apparition she gazed on. He took the unresisting hand, and gently drawing it within his arm, began telling Frank that he was but just arrived, in answer to his letter; that Mr. Merivale had offered him a seat in the carriage as he was returning from some county meeting at the next post-town; and that from him he had first learned Miss Fairfax's sudden disappearance, upon which he could, he thought, throw some light, as he had been told by a friend, on whose veracity and correctness he could positively rely, that while driving along the road, on business, as early as eight o'clock that morning, he had seen a lady, who he felt quite certain was Miss Fairfax, in company with a dark, foreign-looking gentleman, pass in a post-chaise, at a very rapid pace. Cavendish said he thought at the time that she might have married during his long absence, and the gentleman be the Marquis, the only thing that excited his surprise being that she was travelling in a post-chaise! They were at that early hour more than twenty miles from Bertie Glen, and therefore by this time had no doubt secured themselves from pursuit, though he was wholly at a loss to conjecture what had occasioned her flight.

Frank requested Cavendish would excuse him, and see his sister back to the house, while he ran across the fields to Bertie Glen, in order to impart the first tidings they had got of the fugitive. The two walked for a space in silence, when Cavendish softly raised the fair hand that lay on his arm, and clasped it in his own; and Sophia, whose heart was subdued by the agitation she had so recently experienced, and at suddenly beholding before her the being whom ten minutes before she had thought lost, and gone from her for ever, made no effort to withdraw it. "Sophia," said Cavendish in a whisper, rendered husky by excess of emotion; "oh, might I add one word, one little word!" He bent forward to catch a glance at her counte-

nance, and "*my Sophia!*" burst from his lips in a tone of deep and tender feeling. And the long pent up love he had felt for her, amounting almost to idolatry, was now poured forth, and listened to with quiet and full happiness. He told her that he had been informed she was positively engaged to Colonel Coulthurst, and was only undeceived in that idea during the ride home from P—— with her father; he alluded, slightly, and with the utmost delicacy, to Hetty Fairfax, and the fears of what her violent and vindictive spirit might have excited her to. It was a subject unpleasing to both, and soon dropped, to talk of better and brighter things; their own sweet hopes of happiness, and the happiness of those who were dear to them. All the doubts that had so long obscured both their hearts were now fully explained away; he told her that on the morning of their visit to Elwood Park he had seen them skirting the wood, and had taken a short cut, to join them at the grand entrance, where he knew they must pass, when he suddenly beheld Hetty Fairfax emerge from the opposite side and make towards him, which caused him to retreat, in the hope of avoiding her; he said, the regard he had for the other members of her family had made him endure much from her, rather than by an open rupture cause facts to come to light which would throw a share of blame on unoffending and innocent persons. He spoke of the archery meeting, and the agony he endured at beholding her seem to take pleasure in Colonel Coulthurst's attentions, which to a looker-on, and that looker-on a lover, could not be mistaken; and many more topics, which, however interesting to them, are seldom so to others; and they were quite surprised, when Frank, having returned by the same way he went, after a protracted absence, came upon them almost in the same spot he had left them. He soon discovered how matters stood, and all returned to the house together, where he informed them that Mr. Fairfax and his son had both returned from a fruitless search, and on learning his intelligence had determined on waiting quietly, a short time at all events, in the hope of receiving some voluntary communication.

During this interval Mr. Merivale had joyfully given his consent that Sophia's marriage with Cavendish should take place at the same time Captain Carpenter's return would give him a right to claim Ellen's promise; till which period she interdicted to Cavendish all solicitation on the subject. In this desire (however murmuringly) he was obliged to acquiesce, and employ himself as best he might, either visiting the improvements he was making in his already beautiful parsonage house, or watching the *wind* with Ellen, hoping every breeze that blew would bring Captain Carpenter along with it. He arrived at last, to the joy of all his friends, and more particularly his own, after being, as Mr. Merivale jocosely remarked, fourteen days over due. And from him, who was *seemingly* the most unlikely person in the world to expect it of, they learned that the fate of the unhappy

Hetty was sealed. She was gone for ever! He said, as their good ship made the land, in rather *dirty weather*, they picked up a boat, bottom upwards, on which were two men, nearly dead with cold and fatigue, consequent on long immersion and want of food. As soon as they were restored, their depositions were taken before him, when the elder of the two declared himself to have been tempted, by the offer of a large reward, to put off in a stormy sea, in order to overtake the packet, as a lady and her servant (pointing to his companion of the boat) wanted to get on board of her; that he had several times represented to them the impossibility of reaching it, and the danger they were exposing themselves to; that the lady was very violent, and when, at last, he insisted on returning into the harbour, she jumped up to seize the rudder, which movement by over-balancing the boat, caused it immediately to upset; that the poor lady he supposed was drowned, as they never saw her afterwards; and the packet was too far off, even to see them in such a heavy sea. The other man said he was an Italian, and a discarded servant of il Signor Fairfax during his residence in Italy; that his daughter, the Signora Hetty, had written to him, desiring him to come to England, as she had a service for him to perform; that on his arrival in London she had employed him to watch Mr. Cavendish, and let her know where he went, and whom he saw; that he had found out the gentleman was going to Dover, and, he thought, to Italy. On which he went down to P—, the nearest post town, and gave her all the information detailed. She then ordered him to have a post-chaise in readiness the following morning at a spot which she indicated, and where she had joined him: on which they immediately set off in the direction of Dover, where he soon discovered Mr. Cavendish, and saw him go on board the packet, which, however, was some way out at sea before they got down to the beach; that the Signora had offered so much money to get on board *that packet* as to tempt the man, now his companion, to put off; finally, that he had a letter in his cravat which was to have been posted at Dover, for the Signora Merivale, but in the hurry he had forgotten it. The contents of the epistle made them all shudder; it was to Sophia.

"PROUD GIRL,—Think not to triumph over me: I go to *your* Cavendish—to *my* Cavendish. Before you read this *he* will no longer exist to love, nor *I* to hate you.

"H. F."

A look of consternation, almost amounting to horror, overspread each countenance at the perusal of this letter, and the memory of Hetty Fairfax would have been buried in a grave of obloquy, but the father stepped forth to redeem the name of his unfortunate child; for unfortunate poor Hetty had too surely been, and her nobler part, the mental faculties, had become the sacrifice to another's villany. Her parent, therefore, in giving to the knowledge of those

whom it concerned the trait in her early youth, which coloured all her short existence, felt that he was only directing the current of indignation in the right channel, and awakening a feeling of compassion for the departed.

She was seven years older than Caroline—which accounts for her ignorance of prior circumstances—and had been at an early age engaged to be married, with every requisite which was considered likely to produce a happy union. After several delays the wedding-day was fixed, the circlet of plain gold fitted on the slender finger, the company invited, bridecake cut and enveloped, with a long list of names, to be despatched from Farrance's, was all in readiness, when the very morning which was to have registered the marriage vow, the bridegroom was found to be missing; and after incredible search, dragging all the pieces of water in the neighbourhood, sending breathless messengers in all directions, it was discovered he had eloped with the bride's own lady's maid.* A brain fever, followed by total deprivation of reason, was the result to poor Hetty, who continued for some time hovering on the verge of eternity. Eventually, however, she recovered, and to appearance had actually lost all recollection of the catastrophe which had caused such a revulsion of nature; but the sight of Cavendish, in whom she discovered some slight resemblance to the unworthy object of her love and misery, brought back, it was supposed, a partial remembrance of her sufferings, and occasioned a sort of systematic frenzy, which perhaps the faculty might be able to account for, and under the influence of which she had been led to act the awful part we have had the painful task of relating.

Was she most an object of abhorrence or pity? the reader must decide.

With the more atrocious part of the unhappy girl's aberration even her father was not acquainted, from the honourable silence which Cavendish had maintained, and his immediate departure from Italy. And once the object removed from her sight, the monomania subsided, until again roused, by some unfathomable record in a maniac's fancy, awakened by hearing her father speak of having met with him in his first trip to Bertie Glen. All felt, deeply felt, the painful catastrophe, and yet were relieved by the disclosure Mr. Fairfax had made respecting her state of mind, as it opened a door for hopes of mercy where sin cannot enter to cause sorrow. The father wept for her sore and bitter tears, and the mother mourned as only mothers do.

Mr. Cavendish had actually been at Dover, intending to go with his cousin to Pisa, but altered his intention on receipt of Frank's letter, and having seen his cousin on board the packet, had returned towards Thorweldon Hall on the very morning she left her home.

Mr. Frank Merivale's bridal was necessarily postponed, and the Fairfax family immediately

* A fact.

quitted Bertie Glen; but Captain Carpenter, with his strong ally, Mr. Cavendish, would not listen to any proposal of waiting for him, as Ellen and Sophia wished to do, and Mr. Merivale performed the last duty of a father in giving away both his lovely daughters at the same time, each with every prospect of happiness before her; which, nevertheless, did not prevent their shedding many tears on quitting the paternal roof. And when some time after they all again met at Thorseldon Hall, to celebrate the nuptials of its heir, Mr. Frank Merivale, with Caroline Fairfax, so animated and agreeable did Captain Carpenter appear, that Sophia laughingly declared she had now quite retracted, and made up her mind to marry a sailor.

"I thank my stars it is too late now, Sophia," replied her husband.

"And you may thank mine too, Henry, if you will; for I should never have suited any one so well as you."

THE QUEEN OF SPRING.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

Hail to the Queen!—the Queen of Spring!
She hath journey'd here on the Zephyr's wing;
Like a young coquette, she hath linger'd awhile,
That we may rejoice in her song and smile.
But we know she has come, for her perfum'd breath
Hath awakened the earth from its seeming death.
She has spoken the word, and the messenger breeze
Has whispered her will to the shivering trees;
Their pale green leaves they have all unfurl'd,
And the Spirit of Youth is abroad in the world!

Hail to the Queen!—the Queen of Spring!
That has journey'd here on the Zephyr's wing;
Let us twine her a wreath from the sunny bowers
Of the violet blue and young wild flowers—
And the valley's lily that grows beside
And always looks like the violet's bride.
But see!—here are roses as white as snow,
They are fitting to bind on her fair young brow;
And their deep glowing sisters, whose hue first begun
From a blush at the praises their loveliness won,
While the sun with warm kisses, in whispers the air
Still tell the same story and hold the blush there!

But the roses are come! SHE must hasten away,
Or the Southern World will mourn for her stay!
On the Zephyr's wing she is sailing now—
She has many a league to cross ye know.
For her car she hath taken a warm bright beam,
And is fading away like a happy dream.
The sun rides high in the heavens again,
The flowers have burst from their emerald chain,
So their beautiful ruler—the Queen of Spring—
Her sceptre must pass to the Summer King!

May, 1838.

The vagrancy of thought lessens the pressure of particular objects on the mind.

THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY CHARLES H. HITCHINGS.

The Beautiful!—the Beautiful!—we see it every-
where,
In dancing leaves of forest trees and light blue sum-
mer air,
We see it in the earth beneath—the glorious heaven
above—
And the Beautiful, where'er it be, still whispers us of
love.

Is not the bright Day beautiful, with its sunshine and
its shade?
And the music in the gay green wood, by Nature's
minstrels made?—
The ceaseless singing of the brook—the lowing of
the herds?—
The waving of the forest trees, and warbling of the
birds?

Is not the still Night beautiful, with its sad and solemn
morn?
And its heaven of silver clouds, with stars of mystic
brightness strewn?
With its soft and gentle breezes, and its own sweet
bird that sings
Alone, when all is hushed to rest, of pure and holy
things?

And yet how little beautiful our own sad hearts
within—
The ruins of a blessed time, before the birth of
sin—
How dark amid these holy things our strifes and
wrongs appear,
How cold and full of selfishness our best affections
are!

Yes! this bright world is beautiful, around us and
above,
And seems to plead with us for aye of universal
love;
It seems to chide our unkind words and every bitter
thought,
And ask of us a love as pure, as holy as it brought.

Love then the bright and beautiful! Be sure that it
was given
To lead us with a chain of love by loveliness to
heaven—
To guard our hearts from apathy, and everywhere to
give
The shadow of a BETTER WORLD, to bless us while
we live!

Indolence and tranquillity are two very different
states of being. The one is to be considered as a
torpor of all the faculties, mental and corporeal; the
other as the solace of the passions, and the only
temperament for uniform and consistent virtue.

To sit listening to the complaints of people, who
are wretched they know not why nor wherefore, and
without any earthly reason to make them so, is a
task at which the understanding revolts, and for
which the heart has no feeling.

FRANCES BROWN'S POEMS.*

By a mischance this work did not reach our hands until this, the eleventh hour, when, perhaps, a review of it may seem somewhat late; still, it is so sweet to give praise, where praise is so justly due, that we cannot deny ourselves the gratification of adding our weak and unworthy voice to the voices of the many, who have combined, with one accord, to welcome this new star to our horizon, though mere words of praise are but faint "shadowings forth" of what we feel towards this gifted and wonderful individual—the blind poetess of Ulster, who, in her pursuit of knowledge, has boldly breasted a tide of adverse circumstances that would overwhelm another, and conquered obstacles that would seem unconquerable—the heaviest of them all, the darkness which fell upon her ere she was able to comprehend the light!—the mournful visitation of a total loss of sight at the tender age of eighteen months! What a lesson do we learn from the brief, but beautifully interesting memoir appended to her works! How ought we to blush for our neglect of the numerous opportunities of improvement held out to us—for our indifference to, our unthankfulness for, our forgetfulness in prayer of the countless blessings we enjoy, when we hear of the wonders that have been achieved by this helpless girl, in a lonely and unfriended position, with scarcely a hand to guide her from the dungeon of mental darkness to which her physical calamity had consigned her!

"I was born," she says, in a letter to a friend, "on the 16th of January, 1816, at Stranorlar, a small village in the county Donegal. My father was then, and still continues to be, the postmaster of the village. I was the seventh child of a family of twelve, and my infancy was, I believe, as promising as that of most people; but at the age of eighteen months, not having received the benefit of Jenner's discovery, I had the misfortune to lose my sight by the small-pox, which was then prevalent in our neighbourhood. This, however, I do not remember, and, indeed, recollect very little of my infant years. I never received any regular education, but very early felt the want of it; and the first time I remember to have experienced this feeling strongly, was about the beginning of my seventh year, when I heard our pastor (my parents being members of the Presbyterian church) preach for the first time. On the occasion alluded to, I was particularly struck by many words in the sermon, which, though in common use, I did not then understand, and from that time adopted a plan for acquiring in-

formation on this subject. When a word unintelligible to me happened to reach my ear, I was careful to ask its meaning from any person whom I thought likely to inform me—a habit which was probably troublesome enough to the friends and acquaintances of my childhood; but by this method I soon acquired a considerable stock of words, and, when further advanced in life, enlarged it still more, by listening attentively to my young brothers and sisters reading over the tasks required at the village-school. They were generally obliged to commit to memory a certain portion of the dictionary and English Grammar each day: by hearing them read it aloud frequently for that purpose, as my memory was better than theirs (perhaps rendered so by necessity), I learned the task much sooner than they, and frequently heard them repeat it."

Further on in the course of her narrative, she adds—"At this juncture I had heard much of the London *Athenæum*, and the accounts of it which the provincial papers contained made me long to see it; but no copies reached our remote neighbourhood. Finding it impossible to borrow the publication, I resolved to make a bold effort to obtain it, and in the spring of the year 1841, having a number of small poems on hand, I addressed them to the editor, promised future contributions, and solicited that a copy of the journal might be sent to me as the return. My application was long unanswered, and I had given up all for lost, when the arrival of many numbers of the journal, and a letter from the editor, astonished me, and gratified a wish that had haunted my very dreams. From that period my name and pretensions have been more before the public: many poems of mine have appeared in the pages of that publication, in Mr. Hood's magazine, and in the "Keepsake," edited by the Countess of Blessington. Ten only of those contributed to the *Athenæum* have been included in the present collection, because most of them were so widely copied into the journals of the day, that I feared they might be too familiar for repetition. I have little more to tell, this story of my mind's progress being the story of my life. My contributions to the *Athenæum*, and its editor's kindness, shortly enabled me to procure some instructive books, which supplied in some measure the want of early education; while they have been, in my solitude, unspeakable sources of entertainment. I have few memories to disturb my grateful recollection of those who have cheered me onward in my chosen, but solitary path."

And this humble and self-educated girl is the sweet singer whose melodious numbers won our young heart's delight—whose graceful scholarship won our young heart's applause in the

* "The Star of Altégheí;" "The Vision of Schwarz," and other poems. By Frances Brown. —London: Edward Moxon.

pages of the *Athenæum*, ere we knew of the harsh realities that strove to silence the singers' voice, or the chains that held the scholar from the Grecian spring! Ah, blessings on the heart that found fine meanings and melodious expressions in the lyrics of the lone and friendless poetess*—blessings on the helping hand that led her up the first steep and rugged steps of her glorious and meritorious career!

Few will stand up from a perusal of the volume before us, without feeling a deep sympathy for the poetess, and a deep love for the poetry. Those who do not find harmonious sweetness, striking imagery, traces of a spirit that *loveth to look upwards*, and to lift the spirits of others with it, in the poems of Frances Brown, are not of "our way of thinking." Let her speak for herself:—

"THE MARTYR'S FAREWELL.

"As night, with all her silent stars,
Was fading fast away,
A doomed one, through his prison bars,
Looked on the dawning day;
For he had seen its glory break
On many a vigil past;
And well, then, might the martyr wake—
That morn would be his last!

"He saw, afar, the eastern sky
Bright with the coming sun,
And triumph lighted up his eye,
Like one whose work was done;
Yet mingled with a strange regret
Of deep, undying love—
He wept no treasure here, and yet
He seemed not all above!

"Grieved he for friendship's faith, that clung
To him and could not part?
Or early hope?—for he was young
In years, but not in heart.
Oh! not in heart—for he had seen
The glory pass away,
And fierce around his path had been
The tempest of the day.

"Nor home nor friends were his; for truth,
An early stranger grown,
It was not hard to die in youth
Since he had lived alone:
But in that dewy hour of peace,
The frozen fount awoke;
And thus amid his loneliness
The youthful sufferer spoke:—

"Thou art come, in all thy splendour, back,
O bright and blessed day!
And I have marked thy golden track
O'er mountains far away;

But now my changeless home is nigh,
My weary wandering o'er,
O, summer morn, farewell! for I
Shall see thy face no more!

"How dim the gold of earth hath grown—
How vain its peace or strife—
Since to my spirit's sight was shown
The promised land of life!
And earthly hopes, and kindred ties,
Were cast away at will;
But the love of you, O glorious skies!
It lingers with me still.

"And yet, I had a dream last night,
Of sunny glens and green,
Where shone my long-lost summers, bright,
As if no change had been!
And one, my early-loved, whose way
Lies now through brighter bowers—
But wherefore comes *her* memory
Upon my dying hours!

"Hath not the Highest summoned me
To endless life and light,
With those upon the glassy sea
Who kept their garments white?
Why gaze upon a desert soil?
My portion is not here;
Long, long have been the strife and toil,
But now the crown is near!

"Yet many hearts have borne, indeed,
The cross the martyr bears,
And thought they sowed the precious seed—
But only planted tares;
And some have deemed that all was o'er
When death had sealed the brow;
Such dark thoughts never came before—
Why do they cross me now?

"God of the morning! let thy dew
Fall on a blasted tree;
And breathe upon my country, too,
Thy word that stilled the sea!
Shall not some voice of power go forth—
Some banner wave again
For faith and freedom, on the earth?
Though *we* have striven in vain!

"There shone the sun's first rising ray,
Bright as the hope of youth;
So bursts upon my soul the day
Of everlasting truth!
For now I see eternal light
The darkening clouds dispel,
And go where comes no storm or night—
Sun, moon, and stars, farewell!"

"The Star of Altéghéi," the longest poem in the volume, is a tale of deep interest, and told with a "grace of language" that reveals genius of no common order. Oh, how clear, how beautiful must be the mind's eye of her whose eye of sense is closed for ever! and yet, who can pourtray such a picture as this?—

"For glorious is the mountain land
That rises o'er the Euxine sea,
With towering cliffs so wildly grand,
And forests waving wide and free,

* "They who, like ourselves, have found fine meanings and melodious expressions in the various lyrics that have, from time to time, appeared in our numbers, under the signature of 'Frances Brown,' have not known, like ourselves, in how barren a place she found, and amid what impediments she has cherished, her gift of song."—*Athenæum*, No. 887.

O'er ruined tower and rocky steep,
And lovely valley, green and deep;
Where far amid the boundless blue,
The mighty mountains close the view
In misty majesty, with zone
Of cloud and glacier, dimly lone—
The eagle's nest, the tempest's throne!
Or, robed in all the gorgeous dyes
That only shine from eastern skies,
They might have claimed the brightest page
Of Harold's glorious pilgrimage,
By yet more azure heavens o'erhung,
And loftier than the Alps he sung."

How can we tire of dwelling upon such a beautiful evidence of the empire of mind over its tenement of clay! What a study it offers to us! the bard whose mortal eyes never gazed upon the light, painting light, painting earth, painting sky, painting the green dell and the shining river, the rainbow's glory, and the rose's blush! Whence did she catch these hues? From mind, immortal mind! from the essence which soars up to heaven, and sees, but not with human eyes—

"A land of brighter flowers and streams
Than earth hath ever known."

In the touching memoir before referred to, Miss Brown tells us that her poems have been written neither by the advice of friends, nor with the hope of success, but merely for "the love of the thing;" and is not this but another proof of the purity of her "celestial gift?" that irrepressible desire to *give voice* to the harmonies by which her own heart and ear are filled—to utter forth the feelings, the thoughts, the emotions that o'erburthen her own breast—to satisfy what De Stael calls "*L'inspiration intérieure dont l'ame est saisie*"—is not this the true poet's nature? Would he not rather cast his song on the winds than not sing it at all? Oh, long may the harmonious numbers of Frances Brown's sweet lyre be heard amongst us! long may she live to charm us so wisely away from the stern realities of this work-day world! long, long may her songs

"Their 'bright' world win,
Amidst the souls of men."

ALICIA JANE SPARROW.

April 2nd.

THE WORSTED-WORKING WIFE.

Oh! the glorious days of our good Queen Bess,
When the dames of old England wore worsted hose,
With high-heel'd shoes, and stiff-starch'd dress,
With petticoats quilted, and furbelows;
A bunch of keys, hanging down by their side,
With lappets, and pockets, and frills, and hoop,
With scissors, and needles, so bright and tried,
With long heavy ropes, fasten'd up by a loop.

Oh! those were the days, when the good man's dame
Would spin and would card, would knit and would
sew,
Make up all the linen, and mend the same,
And rise every morn, as the cock did crow.

Oh! those were the customs of good old days,
When Bess rul'd the land, on her Island throne,
When novel-reading, and balls and plays,
And Berlin wool, was to them unknown;
But in eighteen hundred and forty-five—
When Victoria holds the sovereign sway—
Our single ladies, and those who would wive,
Pass their time, alas! in a different way.
With mustachiod professors, and mademoiselles,
They thump on the grand piano,
And farmers' fat daughters and village belles
Sing and scream in *Italiano*.
No useful works on their tables rest,
No stockings or sheets surround them,
But they look like Miss Linwood, when working her
best,
With their worsteds and patterns around them.
It would shock these fair ladies to mend up a shirt,
But they never refuse to waltz, polka, or flirt.
If asked by their husbands their needles to ply,
They answer—"Mend linen? darn stockings?—
Not I!"

To argue the point is both useless and vain—
"If the shirts are worn out, pray am I, sir, to
blame?"

To be pestered in this way by you is a shame,
And I trust you will never propose this again—
If you do, I shall leave by the earliest train."

Now John bustles in—"A parcel for Marm;"
Her face brightens up, it acts like a charm.
Only judge of the husband's surprise and alarm,
When two sturdy fellows, who work on the farm,
Come dragging along—without joking or fun—
A bundle so large, it might weigh half a ton.
"My dear, what is this—is this package for me?"
She answers, in smiles, "Dearest love, you shall see!"
Then she wheedles and coaxes—"Dear hubby, I pray
You will pardon my folly, and please me to-day;
And surely the bill for this worsted you'll pay—
Only twelve pounds for all, a mere nothing the price;
Think—the pleasure of working it will be so nice,
And the sofas and chairs will look smart in a trice!"

* * * *

There's not a room in all that house that she has left
alone,
The pictures are all taken down for worked ones of
her own;
The chairs are worsted, the sofas too; each day she
spends her cash
In Berlin patterns, canvas, wool, and all that sort of
trash.

The household linen is left in rags,
The stockings are worn in holes,
The rooms are filled with worsted bags,
She never will ring for coals;
The fire goes out for want of care,
Whilst madam pores over her stitches:
Oh! this is the case with ladies fair,
Whom the Berlin wool bewitches.
So bachelors young, and bachelors old,
If you wish for a happy life,
Not only beware of a flirt or a scold,
But a Worsted-Working Wife.

J. S. DE VISME.

Crouch Oak, Chertsey, Surrey.

Find a man whose words paint you a likeness, and
you have found a man worth something.

THE BRIDAL ROBE.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"Can this be death? there's bloom upon her cheek:—

It is the same:—Oh, God! that I should dread
To look upon her beauty!"—*Manfred*.

Never had a more brilliant fête been witnessed, even in festival-loving Mexico, than that which was held in honour of the nuptials of Count Alvarez da Carrero with the young and lovely Celestina d'Atayde. The bridegroom was young, rich, well-born, and eminently handsome. The bride was one of the loveliest of her sex, and the attributes of rank and fortune were to her but as the golden setting of a picture which, in itself, would have been priceless. Educated in the seclusion of a convent, she had known nothing of the world until, at the age of eighteen, she emerged from her retirement an affianced bride. An arrangement had been made, in which, as usual, the inclinations of the parties most interested had been the last thing considered, and Count Alvarez, having satisfied himself, by ocular demonstration, of the beauty of his destined bride, offered no opposition to the plan. But Love is a plant of rapid growth in fervid climes. It needed but a few interviews between the betrothed, to convert policy into passion, and the Count was soon as devoted a lover as ever knelt at woman's shrine.

The young Celestina was full of romance; her heart was abounding in unappropriated sentiment, and many a beautiful dream had she woven in her convent home, of mutual love and reciprocal affection. To her ardent fancy, her fairest vision seemed realized in the person of her affianced husband. The flash of his wild, bright eyes was as sunshine, and the tones of his rich voice as music to her soul. She was in a trance of happiness, and earth was all fairyland to one whose hopes were so near their perfect fulfilment.

The charge of providing all things suitable to the rank of the parties was gladly assumed by their haughty relatives, and nothing that wealth could afford of pomp and magnificence was wanting. The mother of Celestina had long been noted for the excessive vanity which led her ever to outshine her compeers in dress and equipage and now, the energies of a spirit which ever wasted itself upon small things, were exerted to excel all others in the splendour of her preparations. But the bridal robe—that object of especial interest on such occasions to all who feel a pride in the bride's appearance—was the chief object of the mother's care. She

resolved to devise something which had not before been seen in Mexico, and for this purpose the utmost secrecy was preserved respecting it. The gossips were all at fault; in place of finding the bride's dress and ornaments exhibited, as usual, to all admiring friends during the whole week previous to the nuptials, no one was admitted into the apartment where was secured the gorgeous paraphernalia. It was said that the richest looms in Europe had been taxed to furnish the fabric of this superb dress; but all was conjecture, no one really knew anything about the matter, and it may be conceived how much interest was therefore awakened in a community of frivolous and unoccupied women.

Never had a more brilliant assemblage of rank and beauty been drawn together in Mexico, than were now met to do honour to the noble pair. There is perhaps no city in the world where magnificence in dress is carried to such an extent as in that ancient capital of a rich kingdom, and there was no lack of display on the present occasion. Diamonds (the only precious stone which a Mexican lady condescends to wear) flashed a second sunshine over the scene, and the dark eyes of the stately dames were almost outshone by the brightness of the gems which sparkled in their raven tresses. But foremost in beauty appeared the youthful bride. Her classical features, the exquisite beauty of her full, dark eyes, the curve of her small mouth, the exceeding grace of her tall and noble figure, were acknowledged by all who looked upon her loveliness. To the eyes of her own sex, however, she offered an attraction far exceeding her personal beauty. That dress was at last exhibited, and words were found to be quite inadequate in the praise of its unique beauty. It was a robe of rich lace, so delicate in its texture that it might well be called 'woven air,' while the tracery which covered its transparent surface was like nothing so much as the inimitable arabesques that in northern climes are wrought by the night-frost upon a window-pane. The drapery which ornamented the skirt was looped by knots of gold filagree, so exquisitely wrought, and of such pure metal, that they were as pliable as if formed of silken ribbon, while pearls of great size and purity were set in the interstices of their network, and

a single diamond formed the centre of each. The same rich ornaments looped the full, hanging sleeves, through which the white arms of the lovely wearer gleamed like moonlight through a mist. Nothing could be imagined more surpassingly beautiful than the effect of this fantastic but superb attire. The ladies well knew that however costly might be the pearls and diamonds lavished upon its adornments, yet the lace, so fine, so exceedingly delicate, and yet so richly wrought, that it seemed to have been the work of fairy hands, was far more valuable than all the gems. The men looked upon the loveliness of the bride until they could have envied the bridegroom his happiness; but the ladies felt their hearts burn with desire to possess so exquisite a dress, and they forgot even to be jealous of the face which excelled all others. For a whole week after the nuptials, nothing was talked of among the Mexican ladies but this magnificent dress, and though it was not again seen at any of the gay festas which followed, yet its rare beauty and costliness were not soon forgotten.

A year passed away, and a second grand fête gathered a crowd of gay friends in the hospitable mansion of Count Alvarez. An heir to the honours of his noble house had been born, and the christening was expected to exceed in splendour the nuptials which were yet so vividly remembered. Nor was public expectation disappointed, for the banquet and the ball, the concert and the fireworks, were alike inimitable. Foremost still in beauty appeared the lovely Countess, and now, for the *second time*, she wore her bridal robe. Not a fold of its rich texture seemed to have been displaced, and the eyes of the observers followed with delight the beautiful woman as she glided gracefully among her guests, while her delicate drapery enveloped her like a half-veiling atmosphere of light.

Yet there were some present who fancied that her beauty had lost something of its brilliancy during the interval which had elapsed since first she wore that bridal robe. There were some who noted that the healthful tint of quiet happiness, which once painted her smooth cheek, had given place to a bright burning spot that told of feverish excitement rather than content. Her eye was keener and more restless in its glances, and there was an unquiet drooping of her heavy lids, as if tears lurked beneath their shadow. Yet only those who possessed the power of deep discernment, the faculty of reading the soul, could have seen aught but joy in the beaming face of the youthful Countess.

Alas! how little to be desired is the power which enables one to look beneath the smiling surface of life! how fatal is the gift which brings before the mental vision those dark and creeping things which lie beneath the flowers and verdure of our daily path! Sorrowful is the lot of him whose eyes have been touched with the fairy wand of disenchantment, and who finds the trail of the serpent even in Paradise. Sorrowful indeed the lot of him, who may not rest his gaze upon the calm surface of a summer sea, but is

compelled by a mysterious power, which he cannot resist, to look down into the deep, dark depths of sin and sorrow. By suffering alone is won this fearful faculty, and in suffering only is its power perfected. A weary gift is that second-sight which can foresee the coming sorrow; but far more fatal is the gift of inner vision, which can perceive the melancholy of the smiling present.

Such a seer might have read in the bright and beautiful face of the Countess a tale, perhaps but too common, of disappointed hopes. Like all earnest and imaginative persons, she had imaged a vision of such perfect happiness as never can exist on earth. She had fancied that unselfish devotion, unchanging constancy, and undeviating tenderness were as inherent in the fervent passion of man's nature as they are in the deep affection of woman's heart. Love was, with her, religion—the religion of a pure, unsullied breast. She had given up her whole soul to this engrossing faith, and she had met a woman's reward.

The Count was high-minded and honourable, passionate in his feelings, and impetuous in his will. His impulses had ever been the guides of his conduct, and he had never looked into his own nature to learn its mysteries of good or evil. Volatile and fickle in all his feelings, unstable in principle, and possessing an insatiable love for pleasure, he was little likely to realize a woman's dream of devoted love. He had surrounded his wife with every luxury, he had worshipped her with that delicious homage which so intoxicates and enervates the heart of the idol at whose feet such incense is poured out—he had imbued her with the knowledge of what passionate love might be even in this cold world—and then the purple glow of passion grew dim in the sunshine of enjoyment. He became weary of the monotony of happiness, and the restless excitement of a life of daily-changing amusements drew him abroad into the world. The birth of his son awakened in him the pride and pleasure of paternity, and, for a time, he seemed to return to the heart-joys of domestic life. But the Countess had learned a lesson of distrust, and this transient gleam of happiness could not revive the freshness and bloom of her withering hopes. Her bridal robe had once been folded over a bosom filled with hope and joy—now it veiled the dull throbbings of a heart which lay in the iron grasp of disappointment.

Another year passed on, and again were friends assembled in the richly-garnished apartments of Count Alvarez. It was the anniversary of his bridal day. Yet the guests looked not like those who had met to celebrate a festival. Alas! sad indeed was the occasion which had again summoned the assembled throng. In a room hung with black, and decorated with all the insignia of mourning, stood a bier, on which, extended in utter lifelessness, lay the lovely Countess. Again, and for the last time, she wore her bridal robe. It was the custom of the land to bury the dead in their richest attire, and the mother's grief had found something of solace in

thus decking the form of her child in its priceless array. That magnificent dress which had excited the admiration and the envy of so many, was now folded over the rigid form, which even in death had not lost its graceful outline. Those snowy pearls, whose hue was yet unsullied by the breath of time—that fine gold, yet undimmed as when it came from the hands of the cunning workman—those diamonds glistening like tears amid the drapery which swept stirringly down from the fixed and stony figure—all were now the adornments of the bride of death, the vain decorations of one who must now lie down with the worm.

How beautiful she was as she lay upon that funeral couch! with her thick, black tresses bound, as on her marriage day, with a tiara of diamonds—her delicate hands, sparkling with gems, laid meekly on her breast; her rich robe with its glittering ornaments; and her small feet, clad in jewelled slippers, crossed with a sort of childish grace, she seemed like some fair creature, who, weary with the merry dance, had lain down to slumber in the very moment of enjoyment. Beautiful was the curve of those long, black lashes, shadowing the white cheek—beautiful the smile which parted those sweet lips—beautiful the repose of that young, fair brow. Yet this was death! Those eyes would never again lift up with tenderness—that cheek would no more kindle with the blush of womanly feeling. She was dead!—the victim of unregulated sensibility—the martyr to an unrewarded faith.

The mother sat beside the bier, and ever and anon her hand would adjust the folds of that gorgeous death-robe, or smooth caressingly the rich braids of raven hair, which she had so often adorned for the festival or the banquet. No tears fell from eyes whose fountain time had sealed, but in cold, calm, unutterable agony of soul, she watched beside her dead child; her habitudes of thought and action unconsciously showing themselves in the occasional arrangement of her funeral array.

The Countess was borne to her grave amid the tears of all who loved her, while the grief of the bereaved husband was in full proportion to his consciousness of previous neglect; and he mourned over that which was lost to him for ever with the passionate grief of a child who weeps for the toy his own hand has destroyed. Within the dim aisles of the cathedral, the bier reposed before the great altar. The mass was sung, the services of the holy church performed, and a solemn requiem for the soul of the departed echoed sweetly and mournfully beneath the lofty arches of the sacred dome. Then came the moment of farewell. All pressed forward to look their last upon the beautiful dead; one tearful glance was all that could now be allowed, and, as the shades of evening fell over the mournful scene, the portals of the vaulted tomb closed upon the fairest form that ever death embraced.

Many months had elapsed, and the untimely

fate of the Countess Alvarez had been forgotten in a thousand new excitements. Even those who loved her best seemed to have found solace in their wonted habits of life, for her mother was again seen in the gay festas and at the gorgeous spectacle, while the Count had returned to the excitements of the wine-cup and the gambling-table. He had wedded again, and his new bride had a stateliness of demeanour and a sternness of aspect which little resembled the gentle loveliness of her predecessor. No one doubted that the Count had been tempted by his lady's wealth, which his diminished coffers sadly needed, and few, therefore, were surprised that the cloud which had gathered over his brow when he gave his fairer bride into the keeping of death, should deepen and darken, instead of being dissipated by the smiles of his newly chosen partner. The present Countess possessed a turbulent temper and an indomitable will. There was nothing of the gentle, loving woman, in her hard, cold nature, and as time advanced, the Count found deeper reason to remember with tenderness the wasted affection of her who was gone for ever. Wayward and fickle as Alvarez had ever been, there were yet glimpses of better things in his nature, which might have been developed, had he early fallen under nobler influences. His love for the dead seemed now to hallow the inmost recesses of his heart, and profligate and reckless as he seemed, he now sought the cup of pleasure rather to drown painful thoughts, than from actual enjoyment of its draught. Moods of melancholy came upon him, when despondency was like an incubus upon his soul. He grew morbid and irritable; his physical strength seemed to fail, and his vigour of mind decayed. His noble beauty of visage was marred by lines of painful thought, and there were not wanting persons who remembered that the blood of his family bore a fearful taint. His grandfather had died a raving maniac, and his father had shown a degree of eccentricity, which, but for his early death, might have developed in utter aberration of mind.

It was under the influence of one of his fits of gloom, that the Count suffered himself to be persuaded to accompany a large party to the theatre. A new opera troupe had just arrived from Havana, and the *prima donna* was said to be not only beautiful, but also gifted with a voice of the most exquisite melody. No one had yet heard her, for Mademoiselle Pauline had refused to admit any one to the rehearsals which preceded her appearance. She was a sort of feminine Napoleon in her limited sphere, and relied upon the first grand effective movement to win success. She wished to carry her audience by sudden surprise, and therefore she resolutely concealed herself from all eyes and ears, until she should appear amid the gorgeous accessories of scenic splendour.

The theatre was crowded; the walls seemed literally lined with expectant faces, and all eyes were bent with eager gaze upon the dark curtain which shrouded the beautiful actress from view. The opera was a favourite one, and at the con-

clusion of the brilliant overture, the bravas of the delighted audience resounded on all sides. Suddenly the music changed, and all became still as death. A tender and beautiful melody ushered in the heroine of the night, and as the curtain slowly rose, there stood revealed by the soft light which illumined the stage, *the living semblance of the buried Countess Alvarez!* The similitude was perfect; the black hair wreathed with diamonds; the white arms half hidden in their veiling drapery; the fine form decked in that peculiar and inimitable robe, with its many gems sparkling in the rich and flowing folds—all was the same: it was the Countess as she appeared on her bridal eve—it was the Countess as she looked upon her funeral bier!

A murmur of horror ran through the gay assembly, but high over all the sounds rang out the cry of mortal agony and terror, as Count Alvarez fell, in the fierce struggles of a strong convulsion. The theatre was instantly a scene of confusion. Some gathered round the unhappy Count, whose livid lips were wreathed with foam and blood, while others sprang upon the stage and eagerly surrounded the terrified actress, and others again shrunk in superstitious awe from her whom they believed to be risen from her sealed grave.

The mystery was soon solved in the presence of the ministers of justice, before whom the unconscious Pauline was carried, to give an explanation of this strange apparition. The poor girl, ignorant of the nature of her error, was sadly alarmed; but the simplicity with which she related her story soon exonerated her from all censure; while a nearer observation of her faded and tarnished countenance destroyed much of that frightful similitude which her attire and the illusion of distance had occasioned. But her dress was actually the robe in which the Countess had thrice been seen. The sacristan of the church, into whose care the keys of the burial vaults were always entrusted, had found avarice too strong for principle. The custom of burying the dead in all their richest jewels, had long before tempted him to commit the sacrilege of robbing their tombs, and scarcely had the friends of the fair young Countess left her to the repose of the grave, when the wretch had despoiled her lifeless body of its costly vestment. By the aid of a confederate, the dress with all its decorations had been sent to Havana, where it was supposed it might safely be exposed for sale, and falling in the way of the admired actress, who was as extravagant as she was vain, she had purchased it at a price far below its real value, and certainly without being made acquainted with its previous destination.

But Count Alvarez had received a shock from which he never recovered. A severe and prolonged attack of brain fever reduced him to a degree of imbecility of mind almost approaching to idiocy. He fancied the apparition of his buried wife was ever beside him, and he would talk with the airy phantom as if it had been the real living and breathing Celestina, who had long since mouldered in the grave. For five years he

lived a quiet, harmless monomaniac, as feeble in body as in mind; but nothing could ever again restore his faculties to their wonted vigour, or dissipate the delusion which made him happy in the fanciful possession of her whom he had lost.

[NOTE.—The incident upon which the foregoing tale is founded may be seen in Madame de la Barca's *Life in Mexico*. The main circumstance is there stated upon the authority of a distinguished Mexican lady, and it is further asserted, that in consequence of this strange discovery the dead are no longer entombed with all their jewels, although custom still requires that they shall be arrayed in their gayest apparel.]

OUR EARLY YEARS.

BY MRS. F. B. SCOTT.

"I've learnt to look with lover's eyes
On home, sweet home."

KNIGHT.

Oh! we ne'er forget our early years,
Our days of young romance,
When pleasure, dreaming not of tears,
Dwelt in each sunny glance:
The streamlets had a pleasant tone,
A friendly murmur then,
As wandering, peaceful and alone,
Thro' many a forest glen.

Then, fearless, on the mountain's brow,
The winds around us sighed—
Or, gaily, with our mimic prow
We stemmed the river-tide;
Returning to each gleesome hearth,
Where kind good-humour smiled,
And legends, merry in their birth,
The winter hours beguiled.

Our ardent friendships *then* were sure
To heal each little sting,
Our youthful love was all too pure
To dream of suffering:
An undimmed future *then* was ours,
Untouched by this world's scorn—
We tampered with earth's choicest flowers,
Nor knew they bore a thorn.

'T was ours to speed the eager dance,
And trill the joyous song—
'T was ours to give back glance for glance,
Amid the youthful throng;
'T was but to wake at morn and be,
A thing of light and air—
To live in the *heart's* world, and see
Eternal summer there!

Oh! as we take a sad review,
How bursts the quivering tear!—
More bright, more heavenly in their hue,
Those *fairy-days* appear:

We've sailed upon the world's rough sea,
Our hopes wrecked near the shore—
And home, endeared by memory,
We long to clasp once more!

But the bounding pulse of youth is fled,
Faded its blooming bowers;
Can the graves restore to earth their dead,
Or snow rear summer flowers?
Alas! the winter in our hearts
Changes the self-same scene,
And to the noon a cloud imparts
As tho' it ne'er had been.

Yet we ne'er forget our early years,
Our days of young romance,
When pleasure, dreaming not of tears,
Dwelt in each sunny glance:
The streamlets had a pleasant tone,
A friendly murmur then,
As wandering, peaceful and alone,
Thro' many a forest glen.

Can the peasant girl forget the cot
Where calm and pure she dwelt?
However high and changed her lot,
That influence will be felt:
And dearer is the simple flower
Which wreathed her flowing curls,
Than, dazzling in the midnight hour,
A coronet of pearls!

In the smiling morn and silent night,
Some voice or sound shall be
The herald of Faith long past, made bright,
And hallowed by memory;
And tears adown her pallid cheek
Will in pearly torrents roll—
Telling the hopes she may not speak,
The peace of a long-lost soul!

Can the soldier brave, where'er he roam,
In camp or crowded court,
Forget his childhood's happy home—
His boyhood's merry sport?
No; like far sunbeams in the west,
That light around him plays,
And many a whisper in his breast
Recalls his early days!

He does not care for titled Fame,
But he looks upon the sky—
Dear in thought is one treasured name,
The glance of a vanished eye;
And his manly eye grows dim,
As thoughts in his bosom burn—
Oh! what is the wealth of the world to him,
To the days that can never return?

The lonely widow turns, and weeps,
And gazes o'er the hill—
Fast in her heart of hearts she keeps
One old remembrance still;
There droops the graceful leafy bough,
Beneath whose sheltering shade
A merry band, with laughing brow
And gleesome gestures, played.

And the sailor-boy, when far away,
Tossed on the heaving main,
Springs to the sunshine's early ray,
That tells of home again;

And, peering thro' the distant space,
Fears not the howling blast—
Gazing in thought on one pale face,
Paler for "perils past."

No: we ne'er forget our early years,
Our days of young romance,
When pleasure, dreaming not of tears,
Dwelt in each sunny glance:
The streamlets had a pleasant tone,
A friendly murmur then,
As wandering, peaceful and alone,
Thro' many a forest glen.

To each and all 'tis a gentle thought,
In the waste of life a sun—
A ray divine from yon heavens caught,
A spot to rest upon:
And dear must be that wilderness
Where memory brings no tone—
Like a gushing fountain with power to bless
The joys around us thrown.

'Tis a holy spell—let it ne'er depart,
But, like a guiding star,
Rest in the midnight of each heart,
Shining, however far.
Dream on—dream on, of your childhood's
home;
Muse—muse o'er the love-fraught past;
So shall ye smilingly, blissfully come,
To a brighter home at last!

Cambridge.

BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES.

Buttercups and Daisies!
Though only simple flow'rs,
Ye are bound up with the memory
Of childhood's happy hours.
Ye call to mind those merry days
When all around seem'd fair—
When I twin'd the graceful bind-weed round
A brow devoid of care—
When I climbed o'er ditch and bank,
A golden crop to gain,
And my glad heart gaily danced to
The lark's liv'ning strain!

Buttercups and Daisies!
Though only simple flowers,
Ye are bound up with the memory
Of childhood's happy hours.
Ye call to mind the fictions
Woven in sunny dreams,
When fancy stamp'd reality
On her delusive beams.
Unworldly then, I wene'd not
Of falseness or of scorn,
And dream'd not that in after-years
The veil would be withdrawn.
But a knowledge of the world
Experience has taught;
Yet 'tis a bitter knowledge still,
And dearly, dearly bought.

M. F. H.

Without deep, earnest sincerity, nothing great can be achieved.

THE PRINCE AND THE PEASANT.

(From the German of La Motte Fouqu .)

BY M. A. Y.

It was a calm, sweet evening, which prevailed in a hilly, woody spot in Schleswig. Klaus, a worker in the coal-mines, came loitering homewards from the scene of his employment, wherein he toiled industriously throughout the week, returning late on a Saturday evening to his family, and his small, but comfortable cottage, accompanying his wife and children to church on the Sabbath, and then early on the Monday morning quitting them to resume his weekly labours. Oh, how delightful were these periods of rest to Klaus and his family! The joy of re-union, enhanced by the intervening six days of separation—the holy duties and solemnities of the Sabbath—the lively humour of the father, and the fund of anecdotes and adventures each had to relate and to hear. The heart of the good man beat more quickly each time when he reached the brow of the little hill from which he caught the first view of the village, and could distinguish the blue smoke from his own cottage chimney, curling gracefully upwards, and announcing to him that his beloved wife was busy preparing some one of his favourite dishes for his supper. 'Tis true that some fears would occasionally mingle with the joy he felt, at the thought of beholding all he loved once more.

"Ah, thou gracious God!" he would murmur to himself, "how much of sorrow and sickness may have fallen on the dear inmates of that humble roof! Who knows but that my wife, who is getting aged now, may not be ill again? Then a stranger will be cooking my supper, and perhaps boiling some herbs for the invalid at the same time; and my good daughter Agnes will be sitting by her mother's bed-side; and when I enter she will rise, and strive to smile a welcome to me, but cannot for the tears which bedew her face; so she will look away, that I may not see how sad she is. And my little grandson Hans, instead of coming bounding and shouting up, will creep to me, and standing on his toes, whisper, while he slides his little hand into mine, 'Grandfather, thou must not weep or grieve, otherwise Grannie will be worse, and I shall feel as if my heart were breaking, but must not let them see it!' Then my dear wife Else will sigh—'Ah, husband dear, have you not yet heard any news of our beloved son Gotthilf? It is a long and weary time since he departed to seek his fortune as a shoeing-smith,' and I can only echo her sigh and reply—'Alas, no!'"

A short time before, such had been the state of things on Klaus's return, and since then a sad spirit of foreboding had again and again checked the joy with which he ever anticipated

his "happy day." It was now just rising like a cloud over the serenity of his heart; but he knew a spell of potency sufficient to lay the spirit, and folding his hands devoutly, his heart ascended to heaven in silent, wordless prayer, for, as he often said to himself, "What need for words? God understands what I mean far better than I could express it myself." Scarcely had he thus relieved himself by pious and trustful prayer, than he beheld his little grandson running towards him with outstretched arms. It was easy to perceive that the child was an eager messenger, whether of good or evil remained to be proved, for keenly and anxiously as Klaus gazed on him, he could not in the distance catch the expression of his features. At length the little treble voice reached him: "Sing! shout! rejoice, grandfather! There is news of uncle Gotthilf come—bright, joyous news! And a letter from him, too! And a bearded soldier, with a shining cuirass and helmet, brought the news and the letter, and is sitting in-doors with grandmother and aunt Agnes, telling all about the war. Oh, it is so delightful to listen to him! Let's make haste, grandfather, or we shall lose all his pretty stories. But sing, grandfather! sing and rejoice!"

But Klaus neither sung and rejoiced, nor hastened onwards, but paused; and as he clasped his hands fervently together, and raised his beaming eyes to heaven, his little grandson was silent for a moment, and thought, "dear grandfather sings and rejoices in his own way; and although I cannot hear him, the angels in heaven surely can!" Then he took hold of Klaus's hand, and trotted along gaily by his side, making five or six steps to each of the old man's lengthy strides, and chattering away about the strange soldier—his long, shining sword, which seemed to light up the room, and his great black steed, which had been put in the cow-house, where it kept pawing and striking the ground with its fore-feet, and making *such* a noise! but never doing the least harm in the world to the cows. Klaus, in his thankfulness to God, gave little heed to the prattle of the child: it was as if a little brook ran murmuring and rippling by his side, soothing and rejoicing his heart by its music; and yet, though his mind had been absent, his ears had caught and retained some of the words; for, as he entered his dwelling, the soldier, who sat eating and drinking so comfortably between his wife and daughter, did not appear to him a stranger, but rather an old acquaintance, and extending his

hand to him, he exclaimed, "This is kind of you to bring me news of my dear son: how we have longed for tidings of him! Welcome! a thousand times welcome to my home!"

The soldier accepted this greeting as heartily as it was given, and conducted himself exactly as if he had been at home, and drew a little on one side, in order to make room for the arm-chair of the master of the house.

Else and her daughter greeted Klaus affectionately, and when they had served up his favourite dish, and set a foaming jug of clear, golden-looking beer by his side, they requested the soldier to repeat his gratifying intelligence: "for," exclaimed Else, with sparkling and moistened eyes, "one cannot hear such glad tidings too often; no, not if it was repeated again and again unto eternity;" and she seated herself at her spinning-wheel as she spoke, Agnes followed her example, while Hans stationed himself close by the stranger, looking eagerly up into his face, and seeming as if he would fain catch each word, even before it was uttered.

The soldier, addressing Klaus, said: "Fortune has guided your brave son's steps. After wandering through many distant lands, and visiting many strange towns, where he took every opportunity of improving himself in his trade, chance led him to a spot where a great hunt was held by our most gracious sovereign Christian, King of Denmark." As he pronounced this name, the soldier touched his helmet, as if saluting an officer, and the old man raised his cap and bowed his head. "The cheerful sound of the horns, the voices of the hounds, and the calls of the huntsman, fell so pleasantly on the ears of your son, that, loath to lose them, he penetrated further and further into the windings of the woody valley. Suddenly the hunted stag crossed his path, and vanished again in another thicket; close at its heels came a stately rider, mounted on a white horse, which he spurred at a high thicket. The noble steed attempted the tremendous leap, but his fore-legs caught the top of the fence; he fell heavily, and his rider was flung, head foremost, out of the saddle to a considerable distance; both horse and man lay motionless, and to all appearance dead. Your son ran up immediately, and raising the biped shook him well, and brought him to his senses in this rough manner. The first use he made of them was to inquire, with flashing eyes and a voice of thunder, 'what this meant?' 'Why, that you would have been suffocated by the sudden rush of blood to the head, if you had not happened to have had a rough fellow like me at hand,' was Gotthilf's reply, and with this he turned his attention to the quadruped, got it once more on its legs, arranged the bridle and saddle, held the stirrups for the rider to mount, and then walked silently off, without paying the slightest attention to the words or questionings of the man he had helped, who was now sensible how much he owed him."

"Ha ha! that is just like my brave Gotthilf," exclaimed the pleased old man, "ever ready to

render assistance in time of need, but haughty as an emperor if offended. Well, continue."

"Some days afterwards," continued the soldier, "as your son was entering Copenhagen, he heard it proclaimed, that whoever could cure the king's favourite horse of a bad lameness should receive a very considerable sum. Gotthilf inquired his way to the royal stables, and when, at his request, the animal was shown to him, what was his astonishment on perceiving it to be the very same white horse which he had seen fall in the valley. But this discovery troubled him little either way; his business there was to discover the cause and seat of the lameness, and see if he could do anything with it. Accordingly, he examined it very carefully, and presently declared that it did not, as was supposed, arise from any disease of the fetlock, but from a bruise in the sole of the foot, which he undertook to cure thoroughly in a fortnight. The wise ones who had previously examined the horse raised a great outcry at this bold declaration, pronouncing Gotthilf a quack, a pretender, and what not; but as they were unable themselves to cure the lameness, the animal was handed over to him; and, sure enough, at the expiration of the fortnight it was perfectly sound. When your son led the horse out before the king, the latter recognised him as the sturdy fellow who had been of such service to him on the day of the hunt, and, smiling, said: 'If you are a real living being, and not that fabulous smith, Wolundar, so celebrated in ancient legend for his sorcery and his evil temper, I would fain retain you in my service.'

"'I am willing, your Majesty,' replied Gotthilf, bowing reverently; 'I am no sorcerer, but a christian, and a member of that evangelical church for which you have fought so zealously in Germany, and your Majesty's true and loyal servant.'

"'Would my endeavours had been more successful,' sighed the king.

"'We cannot command success,' said your son, 'it was a good and glorious battle for a righteous cause. And now we have a glorious peace throughout the whole land.'

"'Thou art my man!' exclaimed King Christian, extending his hand to Gotthilf, who clasped it cordially and yet respectfully; I stood by at the time, and we all, nobles and peasants, bond and free, rejoiced with your brave son, who has ever since accompanied his sovereign, and is at once smith, armourer, huntsman, and all that requires bravery and devotion. But he will not promise to remain at court for good, but declares his intention of returning home to you, and practising his trade here in Schleswig, and feeding his furnace with your coals."

"Yes—yes," said Klaus, "so I hoped, so he promised. Wander about, my son," said I to him, when we parted, "as long as you find pleasure in doing so, or can learn anything good or useful; but forget not your family. Home, and especially a home in the heart, is far more precious than gold."

"And when will my darling son return to us?" asked Else, while the rosy lips of Agnes moved as if they uttered the same words, although no sound reached the ear.

"Most likely he tells you in his letter," replied the soldier, pointing to a sealed letter which lay on the table.

"How's this, Mother," said Klaus to his wife, "you have not opened it!"

"It was addressed to you, dear husband, and not to me," replied Else.

Klaus nodded approvingly, but said—"Husband and wife are one, especially in matters relating to a beloved and absent son." He opened the letter, and read it attentively through, while the soldier said to Else and her daughter: "This much I know, that Gotthilf will only attend his royal master in one more campaign before he returns home to settle among you, and that one will not last long. It is merely undertaken to quell an insurrection of the Dithmarsens, that strange tribe, who, although they have called themselves to the crown of Denmark, choose to be governed by laws of their own, and who have just discovered that some antiquated old rights are interfered with, and, consequently, are up in arms against the injustice, as they term it. But our army will soon settle all points of law for them, and convince them that might is right. Then you will have Gotthilf returning to you victorious."

"God forbid!" said Klaus solemnly, as he slowly folded up the letter, and placed it carefully in the breast pocket of his waistcoat. The others stared at him in astonishment, and the soldier said: "Did your exclamation apply to my words?"

"Yes and no," replied the old man, smiling, "it was applicable to your words, and it was uttered in reference to the end of this letter."

"There is no bad news, I trust," exclaimed the mother, anxiously.

"None relative to our son, good wife, for he is not answerable for the evil which others meditate; but there is bad news relating to persons very dear to every loyal heart, and to one in particular." He was silent for some minutes, and at length drawing a deep breath like one from whose bosom a heavy burden had been suddenly removed, he smiled and murmured—"Aye, well, it is not my place to give an opinion in such matters;" and immediately began to talk on a variety of subjects, like one who would fain drive away some intruding thought; but every now and then came pauses, and he sunk into reverie. His wife and daughter ventured not to inquire further, for they well knew that when he deemed it proper to communicate aught to them, it was done frankly and at once; but that at other times his bosom resembled some casket fastened with a skilfully devised lock, the key to which had been lost, and so well did they know him that they then never even dreamed of questioning him.

The evening passed away in cheerful converse, and on the morrow the soldier set forth on his journey, expressing his obligations for their

hospitality, and accompanied by their good wishes, and many thanks for having brought tidings of the loved and absent son. The family then entered on all the solemn duties of the sabbath as usual, Klaus appearing to enter into them with more than usual seriousness and fervency. The minister of the little church which they attended had chosen for his theme the folly and wickedness of those who having put their hand to the plough afterwards drew back, and the rewards held out to those who were faithful in well-doing.

The countenance of the good old Klaus became more serious as he drank in each word, and when the service was over, sinking on his knees, he prayed so long that his wife was obliged to touch his shoulder gently, and remind him that the church was empty. As they walked homewards he was silent and thoughtful, but looked joyous and confident. Immediately after dinner he began to fasten up his bundle, and asked his wife for his allowance of eatables and drinkables. "Surely you are not going back to the forest to-night, dear husband?" said Else; "why not stay with us as usual until to-morrow morning?"

"No, I go not to the forest, but farther, much farther," replied Klaus. "If you have any message for your son, good wife, or you Agnes for your brother, or my little Hans for his uncle, give it to me at once, for in another hour I shall be on my way to Copenhagen."

"On a Sunday evening!" exclaimed Else; "will not that be desecrating the Sabbath?"

"'Tis God calls me," was the reply: "God and my conscience; nor have I any time to lose. Be not anxious, my dear ones; I hope with confidence that the Great Being who has inspired me with this purpose, will lead me home again safely and joyfully. If all goes as I think, as I trust it will, I shall bring our Gotthilf back with me. Should I fail—but there—let us trust in that Providence by whom even the hairs on our heads are numbered."

The little circle were astonished at this unlooked-for journey; but confidence in Heaven, and in the upright firmness of the old man, supported them. In another hour Klaus was striding manfully on, his eyes somewhat dimmed by a tear of affection, while weeping and yet hopeful his family gazed after his departing form, until it was lost in the distance.

* * * *

A short time after the occurrence of the scenes which we have already narrated, a crowd of people stood assembled round the gates of the royal palace of Copenhagen, waiting to see their king ride out. The noble white steed was already there, richly caparisoned, and held by Gotthilf, who, since he had cured the animal, allowed no one to tend him but himself.

Christian had just crossed the threshold, attired with simple yet costly elegance, and as he grasped the pommel of his saddle, said: "What ails my brave smith to-day? Why, Gotthilf, you seem strangely moved."

"May it please your Highness, I have just perceived my old father standing among the crowd. I cannot imagine what has brought him hither. Something good, I am convinced, for all his actions are carefully ordered."

"Call him hither," said the King; and, on a sign from Gotthilf, old Klaus came forward. Gotthilf was endeavouring by motions to make his father understand that his first duty was to pay homage to the king; but his care was needless, for at that moment the whole world appeared to contain no other individual for Klaus but his sovereign. Reverentially and with uncovered head did the old miner draw near to the prince, his looks expressing cheerful confidence. "God has ordained this!" he said, "Tis he who has thus brought me at once into the presence of my sovereign, and he will doubtless now inspire me with words in which to express to you what I have in my heart. The subject is most important, my liege."

"Does it concern thy brave son?" inquired the prince.

"Higher, far higher, my king," replied Klaus.

"Thyself, then, perchance?"

"Higher, far higher."

"Indeed, then, perhaps it relates to me, your sovereign?"

"Partly. But still I must once more repeat—higher, far higher, gracious king."

"O ho!" said the prince, laughing, "Be it known unto thee, good miner Klaus, that if your errand relates to the Emperor of Germany, or the Pope, I do not acknowledge their supremacy."

"Nor do I, gracious sire," replied Klaus, "I am your subject, and yours only; and you are subject only to God: what, then, have we to do with Emperors or Popes?"

The king looked approvingly at him, and said: "Needs thy business haste?"

"Perhaps each moment is fraught with important consequences both for time and eternity," said Klaus, solemnly.

King Christian turned to the smith, and said: "Well, then, brave Gotthilf, take thou my noble steed, which I owe to thy care and skill, back to his stall; I will not ride to-day, but hear thy father's errand." With this he greeted the assembled crowd courteously, and re-entered the palace, accompanied by the old miner, while the people marvelled and wondered.

* * * *

Arrived in his private cabinet, Christian seated himself in an arm-chair of purple velvet, embroidered with gold, and Klaus stood reverentially before him.

"Now," said the King, "thou requirest rest far more than I do; I was merely going out riding for the sake of exercise and health, but thou hast performed a long and tedious pilgrimage. Draw a chair hither, and seat thyself."

"My liege," replied Klaus, "lead not your subject into temptation. What though I have been brought up in forest wilds, I know full

well that it becomes not me to seat myself in the presence of my sovereign as I would before an equal. And had I not previously known this, your kingly presence would have impressed it on me. Yes, great king, you are a man consecrated by God, and entrusted with great power and heavy responsibilities."

"Heavy responsibilities, indeed!" murmured Christian, as if unconsciously, and then added—"True, true, good Klaus; I have often felt this most deeply. I observe that thou makest use of far more impressive words than are generally employed by persons in thy station. I am about to call for a cup of wine, and hope that thou wilt not refuse to take one with me." He pulled the bell, and commanded the page who attended his summons to bring two cups of Rhenish wine.

"My Lord and King," said the miner, as the page bowed and withdrew, "although my most costly drink, when at home, is wont to consist of a draught of hop-beer, I will not deny that I shall right willingly taste a cup of good old wine; especially as I shall have the honour of doing so in the presence and companionship of your most gracious majesty. But with your approbation, I will first discharge my errand, and then quaff the good liquor. Work first and pleasure afterwards."

At this moment the page returned, bearing on a silver waiter two richly embossed golden cups filled with sparkling wine, and kneeling before the king proffered it to him.

"Set them on yon table by the window, my son, and leave us," observed Christian; and when they were again alone the following conversation took place between the king and the miner:—"Now, brave Klaus, speak thine errand," said the former.

"My liege, it is said that you meditate invading the territories of the brave Dithmarsens, and have already prepared an army for that purpose. Indeed, my son has written me a letter in which he states the same."

"For once rumour speaks the truth, then, and thy son has told thee what is a fact, friend Klaus. Do you come as an envoy from the Dithmarsens?"

"No, good my lord, I know no soul among that people; but I know God and his holy laws, and it is in his name that I come, and as his envoy."

"Wert thou impelled to do so by any vision?"

"My conscience impelled me; which said, 'Klaus, thy king must not make war on the Dithmarsens.'"

"And what business can it possibly be of thy conscience whether I do so or not, man?"

"It would have laid heavily on my conscience if I had suffered you to set off without one word of remonstrance. Now, when I have spoken my thoughts to your Majesty, my conscience will have nothing further to do with the matter."

"Methinks I can perceive what thou art aiming at, Klaus."

"And your Majesty does not appear to take my intentions amiss."

"Mark, then, and confess that I am right. Thou wouldst willingly have thy son at home again, and as he has promised to accompany me in this campaign, thou findest it ill-advised; but we will soon come to good understanding. I will absolve Gotthilf from his promise, and send him home rewarded according to his just merits. Now what hast thou to urge against my projected invasion? How? that shake of the head looks as if thou wert still unsatisfied. Is not all right yet?"

"Far from it, great king. This is not coming to an understanding with one another, but rather to a misunderstanding."

"Be pleased then, friend Klaus, to state thine own terms of treaty, and let them be better than mine if it is possible."

"Truth to tell your Majesty, I do not rightly comprehend the meaning of those words, 'terms of treaty;' but I will in few and simple words speak my feeling. It is now nearly sixty years since many valuable ancient privileges were wrested from the Dithmarsens by your royal father, by force of arms. They defended themselves manfully, like brave fellows, and much blood was spilt in this strife. That blood resembles the crimson carnation, not only in hue, but also because its pure odour rises up to heaven, for they fought against a tyrant in defence of their hereditary rights; but it rises not as acceptable incense, but calling aloud for vengeance on those who unjustly shed it. Surely this scene is not to be acted over again, and these poor people once again compelled to battle for the few rights tyranny has left them? My king, far be such intentions from you!"

"They are near to me, very near, I do assure thee, good Klaus. But mistake me not, I would but conquer the Dithmarsens in order to be enabled to benefit them when they become my subjects."

"Were your Majesty a God you might chastise those you loved, in order to perfect them by suffering. But you, although a mighty king, chosen to fill so great an office, are but a man, and the greater your power the greater is your responsibility."

"Friend Klaus, wilt thou tell me wherefore the Dithmarsens should pretend to claim other and greater rights than those appertaining to you, Schleswigers, and others of my subjects?"

"Because they are your allies, not properly your subjects, but a separate people who voluntarily connected themselves with the kingdom of Denmark. In short, they are different people."

"Dost consider them better?"

"I consider them different. One coat will not fit every man."

"Twere better that it did, Klaus, for then in cases of necessity one might help the other out; and how much of strife and envy this similarity would save."

"No, no, my liege, begging your pardon, such a state of things would not be better, for then all would resemble each other like so many eggs, and such uniformity would be wearisome to the eye, and productive of endless confusion.

Besides, even if these men were enabled to help each other in the matter of dress, there would still be other differences; the great would oppress the small, the fleet would outrun the slow, the strong would triumph over the weak, or they would mutually be of service to each other. How beautiful it is to do good! O, my liege, let me implore you, in the name of the King of kings, suffer the Dithmarsens to wear coats after their own fashion, nor attempt to alter the pattern, or assimilate it to that of your real subjects. Then will your reign be prosperous."

"I did not stay at home to listen to foolish prophecies," angrily exclaimed Christian.

"The prophets of old," replied Klaus, "were often ignorant men, whose sole merit lay in their simple obedience to the commands of Him who sent them. 'Tis true that I am not gifted with miraculous powers, as they were; but, good my liege, a clear conscience is a priceless gift of God's, and my conscience will not suffer me to be silent when I think on the invasion you meditate."

"Very well; and now thou hast satisfied its qualms by telling me so, Miner Klaus, thou canst go thy ways contentedly."

"Not yet, my lord and sovereign. Tell me. I pray you, is not that large bright sword, which now hangs glittering from your girdle, the same which you drew and used so nobly in Germany in defence of the true faith?"

"It is, friend miner. What of it?"

"Nothing; but methinks, oh king, it were as well, when you set out against the Dithmarsens, to leave that trusty companion behind, and choose some other blade. These apparently inanimate tools often bear a sort of life, when one has employed them, as you did that sword, in a good and noble cause; or in protecting the innocent, as I once did an axe; with it I struck down a wolf that was pursuing my daughter Agnes, and since that time have only used that axe for good purposes, as to add some little comfort to my dwelling, to hew out a cradle for my little grandson, or prepare some pleasant surprise for my good wife. Therefore, leave that sword behind when you set out on this expedition, my liege!"

"Strange man! Well, well, as it becomes not royalty to deny every request offered to it, I will comply. I will leave this sword behind; and I will also leave thy son, unwillingly as I part with him; so thou mayest take him home with thee. Hast thou aught else to ask of me? If so, speak, and it shall be granted."

"Forgive me, if I decline accepting your Majesty's offer regarding my son. He is your armourer, your attendant, and cannot leave you at the very period when his services are most required. When danger draws near, a brave man must not flinch from his post. Were he to accept your gracious offer his honour might be blemished."

"Friend Klaus, if I, his sovereign, choose to dispense with his services, and dismiss him well rewarded, who shall dare to raise a voice against him?"

"Perhaps no one would, my liege. Perhaps many would whisper insinuations which they dared not speak out, and that which is done in secret spreads far; a worm at the root will often destroy a goodly tree; and naught can efface the stain once cast on the pure brightness of a man's honour; therefore it behoves us to keep it bright and free from each speck of rust, for if at first it be but as a pin's point it will speedily increase to an unsightly blotch. Besides, even if no one blamed my son, his own conscience would; that still small voice would not fail to whisper, 'Gotthilf, hadst thou not left thy master, when he went to the wars, such and such an accident might not have befallen him; thy faithful arm might have turned aside the deadly blow, thy skilful care have made his steed more sure-footed.' And he would feel like a coward who had fled from the battle-field and deserted his standard at the first sound of the trumpet of war, and would no longer have joy in anything on earth, nay, scarcely in God's blessed word and promises. No, no, great King, you would not have your and my Gotthilf placed in so miserable a plight; that would be a poor recompense for his loyal services; you must not dismiss him until this warfare is at an end. If Gotthilf returns alive, then send him back to me with honour; should he have fallen, then shall we meet again in that world beyond the grave, where all good men shall see salvation. You will take Gotthilf with you, my liege?"

"And canst thou wish me to do so, even while thou dost condemn my entering on this war? Strange, incomprehensible man!"

"Not at all, my liege. A day must come when we shall all appear before the throne of the Most High, to be judged according to our deeds while in the flesh, and to hear the awful fiat, 'Depart from me, ye workers of iniquity,' or those blessed words, 'Enter into the joy of thy Lord.' Should my son fall in your service, I humbly trust that to him will the latter be addressed, and that my ears shall one day hear them pronounced to me, for I have endeavoured to do my duty, and so do take my leave, great King."

With these words the old miner bent reverentially to his sovereign, and then strode towards the door; but Christian called out, "Hold, friend Klaus, thou hast not emptied thy cup of wine yet."

The miner paused. "If your majesty commands, I will do it; but still would pray you to excuse me. Good wine is most refreshing and palatable when it comes after a satisfactorily settled business: the settlement of our business has been by no means satisfactory."

"Thou art wrong, good Klaus!" exclaimed the king, rising suddenly up and approaching the table on which the cups stood, and taking one himself, he offered the other to the old man. "There now, pledge me in my toast; 'Peace, protection, and justice, to the brave Dithmarsens, so long as Christian, King of Denmark lives.'"

The sturdy old miner fairly trembled with joy. "My King!" he exclaimed, "My great,

my good King! I feel as if I must kneel before you, and pay my homage."

"Now shame on thee, noble old man! Hast forgotten these words—'Thou shalt kneel to God, and not to man?'"

Klaus knelt down, and folding his hands, exclaimed with deep fervency, "Then to God do I kneel, and most humbly do I thank him that he has inspired my sovereign with such princely, such noble feelings; that he has been pleased to give such power to the words of one of the humblest of his creatures. May he bless and preserve our King to us for many long years, to reign in the hearts of his people; and when at length it is his pleasure to call him from this world, may it be only to exchange a temporal for an eternal crown, and be admitted to the joys of heaven." Having thus spoken he arose, and, taking the cup from the King's hand, said, "You have given me an excellent toast, my liege; I will in turn give you one: 'Long live our gracious monarch, Christian of Denmark!'"

The two men slowly and solemnly emptied their cups, their eyes gazing eagerly the one on the other, and each saw the brightness of the eyes on which he looked dimmed by a tear.

"Thou shalt take that cup with thee, Klaus," said the King, "and bequeath it to thy descendants."

"That will I do most willingly, my liege, and the poorest beer drunk out of it will be to me as delicious as this fragrant Rhenish wine."

"Thou mightest remain with me, and ever have the cup filled with costly wine. I would not suffer thee to want for anything; neither thou, nor any belonging to thee."

"And in what capacity might it please your Majesty to retain me?"

"Why, let us see. What sayest thee to being my counsellor?"

"No, no, my liege; you have counsellors enough; and it takes a very different man to what I am to fill that office. Yes; I have seen them: they are wise, grave nobles, sometimes pale and haggard with intense study, sometimes rosy and jolly from their devotion to the pleasures of the table; they speak little, look full of meaning, write whole mountains of acts, dress themselves magnificently, and are as anxious about their fine clothes as for the safety of the state. No, no, my gracious liege, old Klaus is not fit for a counsellor," and he laughed heartily.

The King laughed too, but said, "And yet, old friend, thou hast been my counsellor, and thy words have opened to my gaze clearer views of duty and justice than I had before."

"I am willing to believe your majesty, but I spoke not of myself. When I entered this chamber I knew not in what terms I should address you; all I knew was, that it was my duty to speak, to warn you that your conscience, nay your hopes of eternal happiness were endangered; but the words were not mine, they were inspired and gifted with power to move your heart."

"Well then, thou messenger from heaven, remain ever near me to guide and advise."

"No, my liege, once is as good as a dozen times. The shoemaker must stick to his last. You are called upon to wield a sceptre, or, at times, a sword; I, to use a pick-axe; our paths are far apart; and we have each of us a counsellor, if we will only seek him, one able and willing, not only to guide us aright, but to give us strength to follow that guidance; and we hear ever about with us an infallible mentor, Conscience, whose whispers, if heeded, will not fail to preserve us from sin and all its evils."

"Farewell then, my good old miner!" said the King; "thou hast indeed left me an invaluable counsellor, one whose admonitions I have hitherto too much disregarded; but henceforth he shall fill the place rejected by thee."

* * * *

A few days afterwards the King and the miner parted with every demonstration of friendship. Klaus took back his brave son with him, and great was the joy which greeted their return. Christian and his loyal subject both lived many years after the events here recorded, the one busied in projects of government or war, the other in industry and domestic enjoyment; and neither ever forgot their first interview. Whenever Klaus saw the sabbath closing in—that day devoted by him and his family to the worship of God, and the practice of piety and brotherly love—he was wont to say, "And now hand me the 'counsellor's cup;' we will close this happy day with a draught from it." And whenever the king had withstood some great temptation, or felt himself in doubt as to his own opinions or the advice of others, he was wont to say, "Let no one disturb me; I am about to consult my faithful counsellor!"

ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

BY LEONARD.

Without entering into a discussion of the respective merits of the different seasons of the year, perhaps we do not upon entering any of them feel such a charm and novelty as we do when entering upon Spring. Having seen the barren state of the earth—heard the howling storm—and felt the piercing cold, we look upon, with not a little delight, the very perceptible changes which, rapidly succeeding each other—like heralds—announce that Spring is on his way. Emerging from a scene of death, in which the light that visited us was mixed with gloom, we shake ourselves from the dull habit we had acquired, corresponding with the state we were in, and open our eyes to the brightness that has begun to appear. Now we think, no more shall we be confined to our habitations—secluded from all that is without, but our feet shall wander over plain and mountain-top—by the side of gentle streams, making their soft murmurs to our ear, and, pursuing our walks, we shall arrive at fantastic exhibitions of Nature—enter her majestic woods—and bend our way homeward along a solitary path, surrounded by the most pleasant and the most bewitching scenery.

Already has Nature roused herself from her slumbers, and commenced her operations to bring about the field carpeted in the most luxuriant green, and the hedge arrayed with leaves of the most delicate, singular, and beautiful texture. That most wonderful process—the process of vegetation, is being carried on: to whatever corner we turn our eye, or in whatever spot we place our feet, the mysterious work of producing being is accomplishing, by imperceptible degrees, its glorious results. The creation seems as if its every particle were

endued with the power of life. Examine what we will—the least particle of matter—and, behold, there germinates a vegetable existence.

And now tempered is the air, which a very short time ago was most severely cold. In comparison with the state of the air we have lately felt, it feels as though we had been introduced to a new and beautiful element, as suited to our institutions as the former was unsuited. How many thousands will leave their homes to enjoy it, who all the winter were obliged to avoid it as much as they would the destroyer. Now they plunge into the country to breathe the air, which is the restorer of their health, and the soother of their troubled spirits.

With the return of Spring we expect the return of many happy—yes, the happiest—associations. We anticipate the flood of delightful feeling to arise, which has always arisen when we have taken certain walks—long, and lovely, and interesting. We can recollect a certain stone of an odd shape which we used to meet in our walks, from its peculiar position to the herbage that grew around it and the thick foliage that hung over it, shading it so darkly, and hiding it from our view until we were immediately upon it—and it then broke upon us, at once, in all its venerableness and antiquity, and arrested our thoughts—that were previously carried away upon the pinions of our musings—to reflect upon its snug retreat, and its mossy garb. We remember how—to our eyes—jocund has Nature appeared, and how she will appear so again. We remember, too, how we have stood upon the side of a country and viewed an extent of land that parcelled out several parishes, and we saw the spires and the battlements of the steeples rise out of the foliage, and, what

still more entertained us, the amplitude of Nature—her infinite variety—her streams—her rivers—her gorgeous attire—her mountains in the distance, rearing their awful heads to heaven, and presenting a sombre and sublime aspect from their distance and their magnitude. We recollect, too, how we have heard the birds carolling in the sprays around us—the lark singing his matins, mounting towards heaven in the early morn, with his breast wet with dew, and while all Nature was grey with the moisture, and the beams of the morning were contending with and dispelling

the clouds of rising mist: oh! we recollect all these—when the beauty and the magnificence of Nature disclosed themselves in the advance of day—the opening of the flower—the stepping forth of Sol from beneath the horizon into the glorious chariot of gold and vermillion and many-coloured hues, and ascending in majesty the arch of heaven: all these impressed us with unutterable thought—we beheld the operations of the Deity, and were awed and enraptured: all these we witnessed, and look forward to do so again.

THE EARL OF FLANDERS.

BY AGNES SEYMOUR.

In a lofty and richly decorated apartment in the mansion of the Duke of Brabant, in Paris, stood two figures, the one a youthful knight, tall and finely formed, with lofty brow, slightly aquiline nose, a mouth like the bow of Cupid, over which curled a small moustache, and large eyes of the deep blue of the heavens at midnight, which were bent beaming with admiration and love on his companion, a fair young girl, whose beauty of form and face was well worthy of the devotion even of the knight who stood by her side. But the brilliancy of her fine hazel eyes was dimmed with tears, and the high white forehead bore the mark of care, as though he had pressed it with his iron finger. The knight was the young Earl of Flanders; the lady, Constance, daughter of the Duke of Brabant.

"Nay, cheer thee, Constance," said the earl. "What canst thou fear? Have not my subjects invited me to return to my native land; have they not promised to receive thee as their sovereign lady, and bestow on me far greater power than any of my ancestors have hitherto possessed? And surely thou canst not fear that I would be faithless to thee, and wed the daughter of Edward of England? Must I again swear to thee that while I live no other brow than thine shall bear the crown of Flanders? Nay, Constance, though I had never seen thee, never loved thee, the daughter of him whose murderous countrymen slew my father as he fought like a gallant and true knight for his friend and ally, Philip of France, on the fatal field of Cressy, shall never share my throne."

"I doubt not thy love for me, or thy hatred for Edward," said the fair girl; "but I doubt the promises of the Flemings. Have they not already declared that they would rather see Isabella of England thy bride than Constance of Brabant? Have not the messengers of Edward taught them to look upon France with mistrust, and to look to England for support and protection against that nation for which thy gallant father died? Thou art their sovereign, but, alas! ere now sovereigns have been compelled to consult the wishes of their subjects."

"I would die ere I would relinquish thee, or marry the daughter of my father's murderer!" cried the earl, with flashing eye and contracted brow. "Rebellious traitors! let them beware if they dare to thwart me in the dearest wish of my heart. Constance," added he, in a softer tone, "sooner than wed another, cheerfully would I pour forth the last drop of blood that flowed in my veins; for without thee, the world would be to me a desert, a prison-house, from which I would gladly be set free by death."

"Speak not thus, Lewis, I implore thee," cried the terrified girl. "Unworthy indeed would I be of thy love did I wish thee to sacrifice aught for me; but thy life—oh Heaven!" and she covered her face with her hands. "Listen to me," she continued, more calmly, after a moment's pause; "thou mayest, indeed, be forced to choose between thy throne, perhaps even thy life, and thy love for Constance of Brabant; and if so, I charge thee think not of me; let me not accuse myself of being the cause of thy misfortunes; embitter not my life with the agonizing thought that but for me thou wouldst be happy! Oh! Lewis, sacrifice naught for me—to know that thou art happy, will be happiness enough for Constance!"

"Honour, Constance," said the earl, "is of more value than life or a throne. My word is pledged to thee, and no earthly power can compel me to break it. But let us not part thus," he added, soothingly; "believe me, thy fears are vain. And now, dearest, farewell; soon will I return to claim thee as my bride."

The young Earl of Flanders was about to return to his native land, which he had never seen since he left it in childhood to be educated with the royal family of France. The wealth and importance of his dominions had made his alliance desirable to Edward the Third of England, who was anxious that he should marry his daughter Isabella, and had by his artful representations rendered the Flemings almost unanimous in favour of the marriage. But the young prince declared his intention never to ally himself to one whom he considered as the

murderer of his father; while, at the same time, he announced his resolution of espousing Constance, daughter of the Duke of Brabant. Anxious to have the young earl in Flanders, and pleased with the promises made in his name by the Duke of Brabant, the principal noblemen and the councils of the most important towns consented to the union, and entreated him to return, informing him that if he did so, the royal rights and privileges should be extended to a greater degree than heretofore they ever had been.

The young sovereign was received with every demonstration of joy; magnificent presents were made him by the principal towns, and his progress through his dominions was one continued triumph. But this was not to last. The King of England, determined to prevent the marriage of the earl with Constance, sent the Earls of Arundel and Northampton and Lord Reginald Cobham into Flanders, who succeeded so well in their mission, that the fear and hatred of France that had been before excited, again broke forth; and a large deputation of nobles and of the principal citizens waited upon the earl, and represented to him that it was the earnest wish of the people that he should wed Isabella of England. He returned the same answer that he had done previously, adding that he should still refuse though she brought the moiety of Europe as her dower, and that his word was pledged to the daughter of the Duke of Brabant, and nothing should induce him to break it. They used every entreaty, but in vain. At last, a stern baron stepping forward, addressed him thus—

“Lewis of Flanders, thou hast been received by us with love and respect and joy; we have extended thy privileges in our delight at having thee amongst us; we had even given our consent to thy marriage with the object of thy boyish passion, until we were shown the dangers that awaited such a step, and the advantages we would possess as the friends and allies of England. We have reasoned with thee, entreated thee; but since thou wilt not be advised by us, thou canst not expect we will submit to thy folly. Had thy father been ruled by us, he had still lived and been the greatest prince of his times; but blinded by his love for France, he perished. Thou, too, lovest France too well for the good of Flanders. If thou art allowed to go free, thou wilt ruin not only thyself but thy country; wherefore I arrest thee in the name of the citizens of Flanders, and a prisoner shalt thou remain until thou art married to Isabella of England.”

As he spoke, he advanced and laid his hand on the arm of the earl, who, enraged beyond the bounds of prudence, drew his sword and called loudly for his guard to seize the traitors. But the unhappy prince was overpowered, and the threat of the baron executed. The unfortunate earl was imprisoned, and so closely watched that escape was hopeless.

Painful as was his situation, debarred from all the enjoyments of his age and rank, a sovereign

at the mercy of his subjects, the thought of Constance was the source of the most intense suffering. He pictured to himself her tears, her bitter agony; he saw her pale and despairing, and the strong man trembled like a child as the possibility of her mental suffering proving too severe for her delicate frame would present itself to his imagination.

“She will die,” he would exclaim; “they will be her murderers! But let them do their worst—never will I be faithless to thee, dearest Constance!”

But he was exposed to more serious evils than imprisonment. The Flemings were a bold and inflexible people; possessed of more liberty than any other nation at that period in Europe, they were jealous of their rights, and no consideration ever deterred them from asserting them. It was not improbable then, that enraged by his continued refusals, they might put their lord to death, or, depriving him of his rights, raise another to the sovereign power. These considerations, combined with the impossibility of escape, induced him to feign an acquiescence, fondly hoping that he should then regain in some degree his liberty, and before the period appointed for the marriage be enabled to escape into France.

King Edward was immediately informed of the consent of the prince, and a day appointed for their meeting at Bergues St. Vinox, between Newport and Gravelines, at the monastery of which town the betrothal was to take place. Never had so magnificent a sight been presented to the eyes of the inhabitants of Bagues. The earl came, escorted by the greater part of the nobility, and the leading men of the principal cities of Flanders, while the train of the King of England consisted of the most gallant knights of his army, and the high-born dames that accompanied the queen and princess yielded to none in grace and beauty. The sovereigns saluted each other with princely courtesy; and Edward taking the earl gently by the hand, withdrew from the immediate vicinity of the courtly throng, and assured him in the most solemn manner that he was ignorant of the presence of his father at the field of Cressy, until some time after the battle.

That night the Earl of Flanders was betrothed to the Princess Isabella. Mirth and happiness reigned the sovereigns of the night. Every eye sparkled with pleasure, and every lip was wreathed with smiles. The jest, the brilliant sallies of wit, the sparkling repartee, the most exquisite musicians that the age could produce, the courtly warriors of England and the proud Flemish nobles, the lovely English dames and the blue-eyed beauties of Flanders, robed in velvets and satins, and sparkling with gems, formed one of those brilliant scenes of festivity that relieved the darkness of the middle ages, like those meteors that flit athwart the midnight sky, startling by their brightness, and rendering the gloom still more deep when they have passed away.

But there were three hearts at least that beat

not in unison with the scene. The earl, pale and flushed alternately, endeavoured in vain to feign a happiness he did not feel. He scarcely saw what was passing around him; one image alone was constantly before his eyes—his own fair Constance. The Princess Isabella, conscious of his deep love for the daughter of the Duke of Brabant, while she sympathized deeply with the unhappy young knight, shrank from the contemplation of her own fate as the bride of a man whose whole heart was devoted to another. But with woman's art of concealing her feelings, she showed few traces of what was passing within her heart, save that her delicately rounded cheek wore a deeper bloom than was its wont, and her large dark eye flashed with a feverish brilliance.

The third was a young and handsome knight who stood apart with his eyes fixed on the princess, as though the vast hall contained naught else worthy even of a passing glance. It was Reginald, Count and afterwards Duke of Guelderland. Gallant and intrepid, he was one of the few opposed to the severe measures resorted to with respect to the earl, but absent in his own dominions, where he was engaged in quelling some disturbances which had arisen; during the dissensions between the unfortunate prince and his rebellious subjects, he had been unable to render him any assistance. Never before had he seen Isabella, but struck with the beauty and fascinating demeanor of the lovely Plantagenet, he felt that sympathy for the earl was no longer the only reason that would lead him to use his utmost endeavours to prevent his marriage with the English princess.

Nor was the deep admiration and devotion betrayed in every look and gesture, in every tone of his rich and melodious voice, unmarked by Isabella; but the slight embarrassment of manner, the deep crimson that mantled o'er her cheek when she met his eye, told not of anger or scorn; and as she contrasted his bearing with the cold courtesy of her betrothed husband, an involuntary sigh escaped her, and she felt still more acutely the painful destiny that awaited her.

A few days after the betrothal, as the royal party were enjoying a favourite amusement of both the English monarch and the earl—that of hawking—Count Reginald found himself by the side of Isabella, at some distance from the rest of the company. Too impetuous to resist so favourable an opportunity, he declared to the princess the devoted love with which she had inspired him, his determination to live and die her slave, and the utter misery of enduring an existence uncheered by her smiles. The princess listened with downcast eye, while the hot blood rushed o'er cheek and brow; and after a short pause, reminded him in a low voice that she was betrothed to another.

"I know it, lady, but too well," answered the count. "I only ask that Reginald of Guelderland claim a place in the memory, if not in the heart, of Isabella; that his devotion, his adoration be at times the subject of a sorrowing thought; that his love and his misery raise a

sigh of soft pity in her gentle breast; and that, should they meet again in happier times, a smile, such as angels wear when they welcome departed saints at the gates of paradise, bid him at least not despair." And Isabella said not No.

The next day King Edward departed to prosecute the siege of Calais, but not before the time of the marriage was decided upon, and the earl returned to Bruges.

* * * * *

The Lady Constance sat in her bower. In her hand was an open letter from the Earl of Flanders, that had been conveyed to her through the means of the Count of Guelderland. It contained an account of his situation, and concluded with professions of his unalterable love, and his fixed determination to wed none other than herself. "If I cannot escape ere the day appointed for the hated union, I will boldly declare my firm resolve, and perish, if need be, sooner than break my plighted troth to thee."

Constance wept bitterly. "No, never, never shalt thou die for me, dear Lewis!" she exclaimed. "Bitter, agonizing as it will be to deprive myself of all hope of ever becoming thine, it shall be done sooner than expose thee to such fearful danger! Oh, Lewis, unworthy should I be of thy love, did I hesitate." She pressed her hand on her burning brow; her tears no longer fell; she scarcely seemed to breathe. It was as though, petrified by the agony of her despair, the but now fearfully agitated girl had been changed into a beautiful statue. Suddenly she threw herself before a small image of the Madonna. "O, holy Virgin," supplicated she, "sustain me; give me strength. Ah! weak, selfish that I am," she added, springing to her feet; "I am undeserving of being his bride when I can think of my own suffering while his life is in danger. Thou shalt find, dear Lewis, that Constance, too, can be firm in her love for thee!"

* * * * *

Since his betrothal, the earl had been indulged in the sports of the field, and permitted to receive the visits of some of the nobles; and among others, the Count of Guelderland; for though his sentiments were suspected, he was by far too powerful, and would have proved too dangerous an enemy, to be offended by denying him access to the prince. Not less impatient of his imprisonment than the earl himself, many were the plans of escape he had devised; but so strictly was the prince guarded, he had been obliged to abandon them. One hope alone remained.

It was now within a week of the day on which the earl was to espouse the Princess Isabella. Wrought almost to frenzy, the royal prisoner was pacing his apartment in that rapid manner that indicates a mind ill at ease, when the count was announced. Seizing an opportunity when they were left for a moment alone, he gave him a letter, saying in a low voice, "From Constance of Brabant."

Shortly after the count retired, and the earl,

free from observation, opened the precious missive; but scarcely had he glanced over it when the blood forsook his cheek; a deadly sickness came over him; a black cloud seemed to rest on all around him. With a violent effort he recovered himself, and again read the fatal epistle—the death-warrant to his happiness.

"I have been ill, very ill, or I would have written sooner to thee," it said. "I would have written to thee to implore thee, nay, command thee, if thou holdest the peace of mind of Constance as aught of value, to wed Isabella of England. She is young and lovely; mayest thou be happy with her. It is useless longer to resist thy destiny; further opposition would end only in ruin to thee, and endless misery to me, the cause of thy sufferings. Oh, Lewis, little didst thou know me, to think for an instant I would have thee run such fearful risk for my sake! And now, blame me not for what I am about to do. Too well assured of thy love for me, to think thou wouldst wed another while I was free, I have formed the resolution of devoting myself to the service of heaven, and spending my life in prayers for thee. In another week I enter my noviciate. And now farewell, dearest Lewis. Think not of me; if thou art happy, how can I be otherwise? But oh! grant me my request as thou wouldst that of a friend whom death was about to deprive thee of—let Isabella be thy bride! And now, once again, farewell, farewell for ever!"

The earl, accompanied by his attendants, rode forth to enjoy his favourite sport of hawking. The falconer flew his hawk at a heron, and the earl did the same with his. Apparently deeply interested in their pursuit of the game, and feeling it was probably the last opportunity of escape that might be offered to him, the earl rode rapidly after the birds, closely followed by

the falconer. When at some distance from the rest of his attendants, the falconer approached him, and said, hastily—

"Fly, my lord; it is thy last hope. Fear not that I will detain thee. I have only kept near to thee to blind thy keepers yonder. Tell the Count of Guelderland when thou seest him, that Hugh the falconer has done his bidding. And now, my lord, farewell—yonder is the road to Artois."

The sun was setting in all its glory, surrounded by many coloured clouds, like a monarch with his courtiers around him. Constance watched from her lattice the gorgeous farewell of the god of day.

"Even thus," murmured she, "passes the glory of earth—thus hath passed the glory of my life, and now come the darkness and the gloom. But I have saved thee, Lewis, I fervently hope. May the sun of thy glory never set! To-morrow I shall be lost to thee for ever—to-morrow I shall be the bride of Heaven!"

"My own—my Constance!" cried a well known voice.

She turned, and sank fainting into the arms of the Earl of Flanders.

History informs us that the Flemings, finding it useless to oppose the inclinations of their young lord, since he was in France, and consequently no longer in their power, consented to his union with the Lady Constance, and informed him if he would return they would perform all the promises they had previously made him; that they kept their word, and the earl was married to her he had so long and so truly loved. The Princess Isabella became Countess of Guelderland; and Reginald, in his happiness with the fair object of his deep devotion, was amply rewarded for his generous exertions in behalf of the young Earl of Flanders.

A GLANCE AT MR. LOUGH'S STATUE OF THE QUEEN.

By the Author of "Titian."

A few weeks ago we had the gratification of sharing in the private view, in the studio of the sculptor, of the statue of Queen Victoria, which Mr. Lough has just completed. It may be remembered that to this artist was confided the pleasing task of executing a statue of the Queen, which is to be placed in the Royal Exchange, in the centre of the area, we believe, where, in the old building, stood the statue of Charles II.

To say that Mr. Lough has made a fine statue, would be to tell the world simply what every one must anticipate who knows the highly poetical conception, the exquisite execution, the admirable taste of this artist. Difficulties there were in the subject—difficulties in the manner in which the real and the ideal were to be

blended; but he has overcome them all. Mr. Lough's statue of the Queen is at once worthy of his own fame, and of the spot—"where merchants most do congregate"—in which it will be placed.

The literalness—if we may use such a word—the required literalness of likeness in the statue of a living person of celebrity is a drawback on the sculptor's imagination. He is expected to pay a compliment with the pencil; from the chisel is demanded, as the first requisite, that the features be *exactly* represented. Sir Thomas Lawrence, an excellent portrait painter, would never have produced a satisfactory bust, even if he could have worked on the clay as adroitly—the mere artistical skill considered—as he did upon

the canvas. His best portraits were anything but literal reflexions of the persons who sat for them. One, of a lady of rank, who has achieved a high and increasing literary reputation, is said to convey a most striking likeness; and yet, when carefully compared with the fair original, was found to bear little actual, literal resemblance when the features were severally examined. Expression had breathed grace and beauty upon the canvas, and the general likeness was correct, though the details were not. Sculpture is a severer muse: she spurns the coquetry of Art, while the subject lives, for then the comparison cannot fail to be made; and though grace be demanded, it must not be conferred at the sacrifice of exact truth. The reason is obvious—you see a portrait in fewer points of view than a statue. You can walk round a piece of sculpture, and if the resemblance fail at any point of view, the artist's power of delineating is called in question. Hence, it is a much more difficult thing to produce a good statue than to paint a good portrait.

Mr. Lough certainly has overcome the many difficulties of his task. His statue of the Queen, about eight feet high, has one great merit—view it from any angle, look at it from the side, the back, or the front, it is the most faithful resemblance of the Queen that has yet been sculptured. The attitude is easy and natural; the figure is finely formed; the action—if we may speak of the *action* of a statue—is cleverly rendered. The Queen is represented with the jewelled tiara upon her head, the orb in the left, and the sceptre in her right hand. Her mouth, when in repose, exhibits the defect of lips which do not wholly close; but Mr. Lough has managed, while showing that mouth exactly as it is, to convey the idea to the gazer that her Majesty is in the very act of speaking (in which case the separated lips would only be in character); and this is further expressed by the manner in which the sceptre is held in the right hand. This is a charming manner of converting a difficulty into an advantage, and nothing less than genius could have done it.

The statue, which is executed out of a single block of beautiful white marble, is by no means over-worked—a fault into which Canova was apt to run. The great aim evidently has been, to throw a simple grace over a work of art which will stand (for ages, we hope) in the centre of the commercial mart of the great metropolis of the most mighty kingdom in the world. The sculptor has very cleverly imitated the peculiar appearance of the ermine robe of royalty.

Beautiful as the statue appeared in Mr. Lough's studio, we should not be surprised if it should prove even more worthy of admiration when fixed in the Exchange. It was executed to stand upon a pedestal some six feet above the ground, and will probably look better at that elevation than on the low stand upon which it was placed at Mr. Lough's. There, too, it will be more isolated: at the artist's it was viewed after the eye had passed over busts, models, casts, and unfinished works.

The studio contains many things which merit study, rather than a rapid supervision. The MILO particularly struck us, as the earliest work by which the genius of Mr. Lough became known. We doubt, after all, whether, in the higher department of the art, modern times have produced anything superior to his SATAN; it is literally an *epic wrought by the chisel*. We have never seen anything, executed by Art, which conveys such an idea of the hero of Milton's great poem of him

“The prison'd, ruin'd, unforgiven,
But fit to master all—save Heaven.”

Among the works in progress, we observed a recumbent statue of SOUTHEY, intended for a monument to be placed to his memory in Keswick Church. We knew Southey well, and, strange as it may appear, must confess that neither picture nor sculpture have given a faithful resemblance of his face until this statue by Mr. Lough. Yet, if we are rightly informed, the features were executed not only after the poet's death, but without Mr. Lough's having even had a sitting from him; indeed, we are not quite sure if the Sculptor and the Poet ever met. Southey's face was longer than it is usually represented, and this has been borne in mind by Mr. Lough.

But it is time that we conclude, as it is the farthest from our intention to allow this rapid notice to run into an article: on its subject the public can very speedily form their own opinion.

“THE PRIDE OF THE SEA!”

(Set to Music.)

BY F. L. JAQUEROD.

On a bank, by a sycamore tree,
One morn, in the bloom of the May,
A young fisherman, heart full of glee,
To Cupid thus caroll'd his lay—
“O think not, sly urchin, to prove
Thy darts and their mischiefs on me;
For 'tis only my bark that I love,
And she is the *Pride of the Sea!*”

A fair one came stealing along
To gather the newly-blown flower,
And list'ning, to hear his proud song,
She hid in the neighbouring bower:
“No, Cupid, thou never shalt move
The heart that was born to be free;
It is only my bark that I love,
My treasure, my *Pride of the Sea!*”

To him who thus sung she drew nigh—
He saw, and he gazed with a smile;
“Sweet maiden,” he said, “would'st thou fly?
Nay, tarry and rest thee awhile!”
O the fisherman, soon did he prove
That the urchin was first of the three—
Soon his bark bore the name of his love,
And she was the *Pride of the Sea!*

London, Jan. 8th, 1845.

LITERATURE.

THE POETS OF YORKSHIRE; Commenced by the late William Cartwright Newsam; completed and published, for the benefit of his family, by John Holland. (*London, Groom-bridge; Sheffield, Ridge and Jackson.*)—To the patience and industry of obscure individuals do we often find ourselves indebted for the most curious and valuable accessions to our literature, and both curious and valuable do we consider the present volume; nevertheless, we regret that the limited number of copies which have been printed, exceeding by not more than fifty those bespoken by "subscribers," must render it a scarce work, unless patronage and encouragement call loudly for a second edition. This we should look upon as certain, did not the very limitation to which we allude prevent it being popularly known. The object of the compilers has been to give a biographical sketch and critical notice of the poets who have either claimed Yorkshire for their birth-place, or have become, from after circumstances of their lives, intimately connected with the county. For convenience, the index—comprising, we should suppose, two or three hundred names—is arranged alphabetically, while the notices seem chiefly to follow the order of dates, some two or three traditions, rather than biographies, coming even before Gower. Perhaps the following memoir of one, whose extraordinary combination of character and fatal crime have rendered his story a tempting theme for poet, novelist, and moralist, may not be unacceptable to our readers as an extract from, and specimen of the work:—

EUGENE ARAM.

One of the most extraordinary names which have passed from the annals of convicted criminality to our popular records of remarkable characters, is that of Eugene Aram; and although it is now exactly one hundred years since the occurrence of the transactions in which he was fatally implicated, took place, his case is still one of sufficient interest to tempt the poet, the novelist, and even the biographer, to endeavour to varnish the memory of the malefactor with the reputation of the scholar.

Eugene Aram was born at a place called Ramsgill, in the neighbourhood of Knaresborough, in 1704; his father was a gardener. Manifesting an early taste for study, he ultimately made extraordinary proficiency in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Celtic, the mathematics, heraldry, botany, &c. For many years he acted as usher in respectable seminaries; and in 1758 was received into the grammar school at Lynn, in Norfolk, where he employed his leisure hours in composing a "Comparison between the ancient and modern languages;" he had made some progress in this work when he was arrested on suspicion of being the murderer of Daniel Clark, shoemaker, of Knaresborough, who had disappeared thirteen years before. He was tried at York on the 3rd of August, 1759, found guilty, on the evidence of an accomplice, of

the murder of Clark; and after attempting suicide, and leaving in his cell a justification of self-destruction, he was executed three days afterwards, and his body hung in chains on Knaresborough forest. The long and ingenious paper on the inconclusiveness of certain kinds of evidence in cases of trial for murder, which he read, by way of defence on his trial, has often been noticed and reprinted: it is remarkable that Aram no where, in this singular document, directly asserts his innocence; and there can be little doubt that the impression made by the delivery of such an elaborate essay on the finding of apocryphal skeletons, by a man who was on trial for his life, on a charge of murder, was directly the reverse of what the writer intended. As a proof of the interest which has been excited by the fate of this man, of whose guilty, if not acknowledged, participation, in the murder imputed to him, there exists no doubt, may be mentioned—Hargrove's long-popular account of the trial, &c.; Hood's ballad, "The Dream of Eugene Aram;" Bulwer's romance, to which his name gives the title; and lastly, but not the least curious, Norrison Scatcherd's "Memoirs of the celebrated Eugene Aram." No apology can be necessary for introducing into this work a brief notice, and a specimen of the poetry of so noted an individual—in other words, of that "great man," whose "high and philosophic mind" not only "placed him among the first of England's sons," but who, according to his last biographer, was "perhaps the wisest among the sons of men." I might also quote in self-justification, the following passage from a private letter:—"In spite of all his disadvantages, I assert that few men of his times have given fairer promises of what he might have done, had not his genius led him to 'follow pleasure through a thousand fields,' after it became abstracted from 'the beauties of lines and numbers;' taking, however, the specimens from Hargrove, if you do not rank Aram among the best poets that Yorkshire has produced, your work will be very defective."

JEALOUSY AND REVENGE; Tales by Eliza Peake, authoress of "Honour," 2 vols. (*Saunders and Otley*)—We have sometimes thought the success of the old dramatists, and the power they wield over us, may be attributed in some measure to the fact that they always chose stirring events and the workings of master passions for their themes. The gifted authoress of the present volumes has taken a hint from them; for where could she have found subjects more suggestive, or affording more capabilities for highly wrought scenes, or powerful writing, than "Jealousy" and "Revenge?" The latter story turns on the remorseless vengeance of a beautiful, high-spirited woman on the author of her early sorrows; and we shudder as we see how the innocent suffer for the guilty, and trace the career of a heart hardened, not softened, by suffering. Of the two tales, however, we prefer that of "Jealousy;" it seems to us the more natural, and to teach the more useful lesson. Here, an amiable and loving wife is the victim of the cruel and unfounded suspicions of a hus-

band, who, though he adores her, finds in "trifles light as air," the "confirmation strong" of his insane belief. We extract a page or two from a scene where the agonized Laura watches her husband on a bed of hopeless sickness, brought on by the sort of monomania which has possessed him.

"Her name rarely passed his lips but when uttered in his most benighted ravings, and then it ever came hissing forth, accompanied by some dark, deep, withering curse!

"Poor, poor Laura! heavy, heavy was her trial! bitter, bitter was her misery! endless seemed her sufferings; and yet she bore them, ay, bravely bore up against this crushing woe, and murmured not.

"For days, for weeks, no tear dimmed her aching eye! She wept not, lest the sight of her sorrow should vex or irritate him who had heaped those fearful insults so cruelly upon her; she wept not, though her throbbing brain felt on fire—her heart, hot and withered with its wretchedness—she wept not, in dread lest even the very traces of her tears might cause one moment's annoyance to him who never now mentioned her name but fearfully to curse it.

"While others wept, sorrowed, pitied, condemned, hoped, feared, and doubted, she went on her quiet way with dry eye, clear voice, calm brow, steady hand, firm step, uncomplaining and unwearyed; she murmured not, she wept not—she scarcely sighed; and yet her young heart was bowed down, crushed and blighted—sick, sick with its heavy, hopeless, stunning woe!

"Alas! alas! for woman's love! how often is her deep devotion repaid by bitter, cutting insult—cold, cruel, heartless scorn!

"One whole month passed slowly away, and still no hope could confidently be given reason would ever again hold its undisputed sway over the weakened, wandering intellects of Arthur Courtwright; those fitful, flickering gleams of sanity that came and went, like sunbeams flashing on the rippling waters, gave trust for happier days one single moment—blazed in brightness a little, little space—mocked the watchers with delusive promise, and then vanished, leaving the sufferer in deeper, blacker darkness than before.

"Yet still they hoped on, for strong love will hope even against conviction—they hoped that time would work a cure; their hopes were destined to be fulfilled—time *did* work a cure; but to those who waited for that time, how slow, how heavy, how wearying did he lag!

"Through the advice of Sedley Aubin, strongly seconded by their medical attendants, the innocent child, that unconscious cause of all this misery, was sent away to Woodvale, lest the sound of its joyous, laughing, happy voice should reach its wretched father's ears, prompting him to fiercer fits of frenzy.

"It was kindly meant, wisely planned, and gently executed; but oh! let those judge who have been suddenly torn from the love of their first-born, their only child—separated, knowing not when, nay, if ever, they shall behold it again—let them judge of the deep, deep anguish of that young mother, as she strained the bright, loving creature to her aching heart—gazed upon his sweet face, perhaps for the last time—resolutely unclasped his circling arms from around her tightly prisoned neck—placed him in the carriage that was to bear him far away—heard his loved voice calling in pleading accents to be taken home again—saw him whirled from her aching sight—felt a cold chill fall upon her poor, withered heart,

as if hope and happiness had for ever fled—turned in bitterness to her blighted home—thought of all she once had loved to dwell upon—writhed with the torture of her burning brain, and yet *dared* not weep!

"No, the bereaved mother, the hapless wife, must return again to watch beside the pillow of him who had blasted her young life with stunning misery—crushed her devoted heart by monstrous falsehood and injustice—branded her bright boy with foul suspicion—raised his hand in an impious deed of murder—she must go to soothe the horrors he himself had worked. She knew the sight of tears, when in his fitful moods, ever made him worse; and though she felt their full indulgence now would ease the anguish of her bursting heart, yet in dread of vexing him who'd wrung her soul with sorrow, that true, that pure, that loving creature crashed down her every feeling, and once more took her place by the sick man's bed, with smooth, unruffled brow—cheek unmoistened by a single tear!"

SCHISM AND REPENTANCE; A SUBJECT IN SEASON; by Joseph Fearn; author of "Belief and Unbelief;" (*Smith, Elder, and Co.*)—This volume—neatly brought out and embellished with a frontispiece—is dedicated to Lord John Manners, and comprises a story, the interest of which carries on the reader through many theological arguments. This style of work may not lay claim to originality, neither is it one so trite as to be hackneyed; and the author, a staunch Churchman, has added a very meritorious book to its class.

THE WOMEN OF ISRAEL; by Grace Aguilar (*Groombridge*).—Our readers need not to be informed of the talents of Grace Aguilar; and in referring again to a serial work from her pen now issuing in monthly parts, we do so less to vaunt it, for that is unnecessary, than to remind them of the fact. Of the earlier numbers we spoke as they deserved, and now that the second volume is entered upon, we would wish to make our praise yet stronger. The pure and beautiful spirit which pervades Miss Aguilar's writings, the deep research she has accomplished, and the true philosophy of which she is mistress, render such accessions as hers to Jewish literature valuable additions to the Christian's library. The last number of her work, "illustrative of the past history, present duties, and future destiny of Hebrew females, as based on the word of God," contains an elaborate dissertation on the character of "Esther," and biography of her—"Biography of a scripture character?" we think we hear some reader ask. Yes, the biography of her inner life, gleaned from the same Holy Book which narrates her outward actions.

LOST HAPPINESS; OR, THE EFFECTS OF A LIE; by Lady Chatterton (*Burns*).—A charming child's story, worthy a grown person's perusal; touching, and powerful, and true—a life's misery—as in life we find it—accruing from one fatal error! It is brought out in an elegant binding and ornamental form, and though of moderate price, is appropriate for a gift-book.

THE SECRET OF BEAUTY.—A little work has just appeared, written by a person of rank, on the subject of personal appearance, entitled "**THE BOOK OF THE TOILET; or, the SECRET OF BEAUTY**"—and it stands quite alone, for the excellence of its precepts, the charm of its style, and the absolute knowledge which pervades it. The "getting up" too is exceedingly elegant, so that a lady may be proud to place it on her toilet table. The **HAIR**, the **TEETH**, and the **COMPLEXION**, of course, form the chief topics: but all subsidiary matters are comprised—so that the work may be said to treat of Health and Personal Comfort as well as Beauty. It is written for the instruction of both sexes, and no family circle should be without a copy.

PATENT PERRYIAN PERFECTED FILTER INKSTAND, WITH MOVEABLE DISC.—It affords us great pleasure to speak from personal experience of the vast improvement which has been effected in the Perryian inkstand, and which justly entitles it now to be called "Per-

fectured." It is no affectation to say, that composition is assisted by the pleasant appliances of suitable paper, good pens, and limpid ink: the first and second are of easy attainment; but not so was the last, until recently. It is seldom, indeed, that inventions spring forth by a sort of Minerva birth, faultless at first; and thankful as we were for the boon of Perry's filter inkstand three years ago, as a great improvement on every predecessor, we must own that it did get out of order, and did not stand the test of time and constant use. This was the more vexatious, as its advantages, while they lasted, just served to spoil us for the after use of a common inkstand. Now, however, all imperfections are removed, and difficulties overcome, by a simple arrangement, which makes its advantages permanent, and adds to the appearance, as well as the convenience of the inkstand, the shape of which is also more graceful, branching out to a firmer stand than the original.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.—This exhibition opened on the 21st ultimo, the private view having taken place the preceding Saturday; an occasion on which though the crowd may interrupt and sometimes prevent the careful examination of the pictures, one has always the gratification of witnessing discreet and enthusiastic admiration from lovers and patrons of art, and not unfrequently of listening to criticisms worth remembering. One of the most remarkable paintings here is "The Crusaders' First Sight of Jerusalem," by Henry Warren, executed, as we were told, under most unfortunate circumstances of hurry; the original picture having failed, when almost completed, in consequence of a defect in the paper: nevertheless, though we recognize the absence of finish, we can trace all the genius of the author's plan. The earnestness and abandonment of the figures, the devotional spirit which pervades the whole, and the varied yet consistent expression of the countenances—be they "red cross knights" or the sick and maimed—stamp it at once as a composition of the first order. Wehnert's picture of "The Prisoner of Gisors," though of a different character, has even greater merit; if not *the* gem—which we suspect it to be—it is at least one of the gems of the room. In a certain castle in Brittany are still remaining some fragments of rude sculpture in bas-relief, the work of a prisoner, whose history is nearly unknown; and the artist, catching not less the philosophic than the poetical spirit of the incident, has given a life's history in a small picture by the magic of his pencil: the nail for chisel—the untouched loaf—the earnest face tell the tale beautifully and completely. The prisoner has passed the stage of fretful writhing which must, we think, be the first emotion on the loss

of liberty, and through despair has arrived at something like a solace: it is a poem-picture. Near to it is an exquisite thing by Jos. J. Jenkins, called "Light," chiefly illustrated by a female figure—the very embodiment of the joyousness of youth—tripping almost through air in the bright morning—

"At dawn, when every grassy blade
Droops with a diamond at its head."

Never have we seen the ideal and the real more beautifully and truthfully blended than here. Mr. Jenkins has several other pictures in this exhibition, of which we may enumerate "Jealousy," "The Vaunt," and "*Le Tombeau du Pecheur*," as remarkable for the grace and sentiment which always pervades this artist's works, enabling each to tell its story simply and distinctly, and in pathetic subjects—in which he so greatly excels—irresistibly to touch the heart. "Ferdinand visiting Rubens at Antwerp," by Louis Haghe, is a striking picture; as is also Wehnert's "Bianca and Lucentio." "Wrangling loses Time," by G. H. Laporte, is a clever picture; and a subject from the "Black Dwarf," by William Oliver, is a perfect embodiment of the spirit of desolation. Nor must we forget Edward Corbould's fine picture from "The Wandering Jew." He has chosen the scene of the orphans on their travels—Rose and Blanche on poor Jovial—and the faithful Dagobert leading the horse by the bridle. The detail of this picture, though careful and elaborate, is never obtruded, though it works out the effect admirably. John Absolon has several excellent pictures, "The Judgment of Midas" being one of the most attractive. There are several charming landscapes by various artists, and beautiful flower-groups by Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. Margette: in fact we congratulate the members of

this Society on a more than commonly effective collection. And if there be a few inferior works which we could point out, of washy green landscape, or stupid tasteless "still life," they act but as foils to their neighbours. We shall endeavour to refer to this exhibition again in our next number.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, Suffolk-Street, Pall-Mall East.—Although in a collection which comprises above eight hundred works by "British Artists," there must be some good pictures, we cannot with justice say that the present exhibition is equal to some of its predecessors. As, however, it is pleasanter to praise than to find fault, we will try to enumerate those which seemed to us the most worthy. "Materials for a Future Page," by E. Prentis, has been justly lauded by many, and is one of those home pieces sure "to take." Of Miss M. A. Cole's several effective pictures, we like "A Stolen Interview" the best. "A Westmoreland Lassie," by W. Bowness, would be a charming thing were there not a fault in the drawing which makes itself seen—to his pretty and very youthful "lassie" he has given absolutely a man's foot. "Novel Intelligence," by H. J. Pidding, tells its story well—Greenwich pensioners being the actors, of course. "The Vale of Neath, Glamorganshire," by J. B. Pyne, is one of the sweetest landscapes in the room—the silvery-flowing stream, the hanging hills, are exquisitely portrayed. Among the water-colour paintings we must not forget "Windsor Castle from a Corn-field at Slough," by Miss M. Johnson, and her "Interview between Effie and Jeanie Deans," each admirable in its peculiar style, and proving the versatile talent of this gifted lady, who also contributes an oil painting—the subject from "Lalla Rookh"—in which we detect even yet more of the ideal made palpable by the pencil, and of careful and elaborate finish. Miss Johnson is on the road to the acquirement of the high fame she so richly merits. Mr. Bartholomew's flower pieces are unique as usual—"The Convolvulus" is the very real and poetical combined—surely he is the English flower painter *par excellence*! Mrs. Bartholomew has not been less industrious than her husband, as these walls evidence: "A Native of the East," from her pencil, would alone establish her reputation were it not already made; and her "Market Girl" has scarcely inferior merit. We have but mentioned a few of the works which pleased us most, for this exhibition has now been some time open; and as many of our London readers have doubtless visited it, it demands but a short notice at our hands.

BURFORD'S PANORAMA.—THE CITY OF NANKING.—This is one of the most interesting and elaborate of the many extraordinary works of this description which the genius of Mr. Burford has given to the public. Those who remember the panorama of Hong Kong will not visit this with less satisfaction. Recent events have rendered China a subject of singular interest; and the visitor to Leicester-Square

may henceforth feel himself perfectly acquainted with one of the most remarkable cities of the Celestial Empire. The Yang-toze Keang river—the marshy grounds—the hills in the distance—the wonderful Wall—the singular buildings and groups of buildings are placed before us, or rather, we in sight of them; while the marvellous effects of light and shade are carried to positive perfection. There is a most interesting group in the foreground, so real and life-like that it is hard to believe they are only authentic portraits instead of persons. The figures to which we allude are those of Sir Henry Pottinger, Sir Hugh Gough, Sir William Parker, and Major Anstruther, besides a host of distinguished Chinese with unpronounceable names. Major Anstruther was one of the unhappy prisoners carried about and confined so long in the torturing iron cage. We are tempted to extract the description of the celebrated Porcelain Pagoda, which is, of course, one of the most striking objects in the pano-rama.

"The Paou-gan-sze, or Pagoda of Gratitude, is a most elegant and beautiful structure; the noblest work of Chinese architecture known. It occupies the centre of a large quadrangle, and is raised on a massive basis of brickwork, about ten feet from the ground, the ascent to which is by a flight of twelve steps; this platform being surrounded by a balustrade of marble, forms a pedestal, from which it rises in nine handsome and well-proportioned stories of octagon form. The height to the upper gallery is 200, to the extreme top about 261 feet. The circumference of the basement story is 120 feet, so that each face measures about 15; the walls at the same place being 10 feet 6 inches in thickness. Each story is smaller than the one below it, and a narrow spiral stair, of 190 steps, leads through a shaft in the centre to the different galleries. From the ninth story a cupola rises to a considerable height, which is said to contain many curious and valuable relics, but to which there is no access. Above is placed a large gilt, or, as the Chinese assert, a gold ball, said to weigh 1,200lbs.

"The whole of the Pagoda, both inside and out, is cased with glazed porcelain tiles, of yellow, white, red, and green, colours, on the external portions, arranged in curious and grotesque devices. On the platform of each story four of the faces have doors opening on a terrace or balcony, which has a balustrade of wood, carved, painted, and highly varnished. The roofs of each story are covered with green tiles, excepting the dome at the top, which is imperial yellow. They all terminate at the angles in that peculiar upward curve that characterizes all Chinese buildings; and the points are provided with bells, which, although now cracked or tongueless, in the last century "used to ring forth charming melodies at the command of the mistress of the tower, 'the Queen of Heaven,' until she, wrathful at the indifference and falling off of her followers, in a fit of anger deprived them of sound." Each face is also adorned with ornamental lanterns, to the number of 140, which on great festivals are illuminated, 'shedding their lustre around equally on the virtuous and the wicked, and removing darkness from amidst mankind.' The various chambers, as well as the square shaft, are also lined with porcelain tiles, each separate one being embossed with a design in the centre, representing Ma-tso-poo, the Queen of Heaven; those of the ground floor being entirely covered with gild-

ing, and those of the other eight stories having a black edging round the gilded device; the tiles diminishing in size conformably to the size of the apartment. The floors are all of wood, and the ceilings are painted; there are also many small gilt images in niches.

"A short account of the Pagoda is sold by the priest in attendance, which states that a Pagoda had stood on the spot time immemorial, of which records are in existence, dating as far back as the second century of the Christian era, and that as it fell to decay or was destroyed, was replaced by the government, or by funds supplied by pious individuals. The founder of the present structure was Yung-la, of the Ming-house, who, being about to remove his capital to the North, commenced the building in honour of his mother, the celebrated spouse of Hung-woo, as a tribute to her worth, and called it the Pagoda of Gratitude. The account proceeds to say, that it was commenced in the tenth year of Yung-la (1413), and finished in the seventh year of Seu-en-tih, a period of nineteen years. It was built under the direction of Whang-ghe-tai, of the board of public works, and cost 2,485,484 taels of silver, or £621,371 sterling.

"This unique and beautiful building, from the peculiarity and completeness of its design, architecture, material, and decoration, as well as for the finish and perfection of the workmanship and style, stands unparalleled in the whole world, and forms a monument

of art well worthy of the estimation in which it is held by the natives. The beauty of the materials, and the neatness with which they are put together, make it appear as if of a single piece; and the glazing is so well fixed, that after having stood the test of more than four centuries without repair, it still looks beautiful; and when the sun shines, the many-coloured porcelain throws off a glittering light, like the reflected rays from gems.

"Pagodas are of a religious character, and may compare with the steeples of our churches, or the minarets to mosques; many are found attached to large religious establishments. They are evidently connected with the worship of Fo images of that deity, and various gods and saints associated with him, being always found amongst their decorations. Why the pagodas have nine, seven, or other odd numbers of stories, has never been correctly ascertained; but Budha, who is pretty generally worshipped, being considered the ninth incarnation of Vishnu, may refer to those of nine; and the seven Budhas, who are said to have existed at different periods, to those of seven."

In the upper circle the beautiful panorama of "Naples by Moonlight" is still open, but to this we referred some time ago with sincere admiration. "Baden-Baden" occupies the small circle down stairs.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE MONTH.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

We have, during the course of the past month, enjoyed many musical treats at this house, of a high order. In the first place, we were present at the debut of Madame Castellan in *Lucia*, and never were we more highly delighted. This opera is one in which there is an opportunity for the display of immense powers; it requires not only a brilliant singer, but an actress of very superior order to enact the part of *Lucia* with success—Madame Castellan succeeded in both of these requisites. There is a grace and elegance in her touches of feeling, a compass of voice, as well as a command over it, which gives promise of very high honour being gained by this young *débutante*, who has the additional advantage of being really a beautiful woman. She realized the original *enliata* to *Lucia*, and in the mad scene interpolated a piece of grand *cantabile* of a very effective character. Moriani, as *Edgardo*, was in splendid voice, while his acting was of a very high order of merit, second only to that which, in Duprez alone, is first-rate. *Don Pasquale* introduced us once more to Grisi, Lablache, and Mario, of whose merits it is superfluous to speak. *La Semiramide*, has also been played. With regard to the ballet department, we can scarcely speak in terms of too high praise of Lucia Grahn, while of *La Nina*, we have a very indifferent opinion. The thirty-six young girls, known as the *Danseuses Viennoises*, have deservedly been highly successful. There is something inexpressibly charm-

ing about them; their dancing is elegant, their grouping delightful. The ballet of *Eoline* has been very successful.

DRURY LANE.

We may in some degree be enthusiastic in the matter, but we can scarcely find words to express the very high opinion we entertain of the singing and acting of Duprez. As a tenor we think him unrivalled. There is an energy, a deep and glowing fire of passion about him, which positively electrifies the audience. We saw him first in the opera of *Guillaume Tell*, and were highly delighted with his personation of *Arnold*. His love, his doubts, his fierce anger, when he discovers how his father had been treated, were magnificently rendered, while his call to arms, in the last scene, was one of the most artistic pieces of singing we ever remember to have heard. We never heard a voice which possessed a more rich and varied compass, or which could, with such apparent ease, shift from the very extremes of lofty roughness to the softest and most melodious tones of woman. It is, however, as *Edgar*, in *Lucia de Lammermoor*, that Duprez distances all competitors. Whether we regard the duet in the first act, the quintett in the second, the burst of passion at the faithlessness of *Lucy*, his mourning over his unhappy fortunes, or his terrible outburst of grief at the discovery of her death, we must in all praise alike. His manly grief at parting from his love was exquisite; but his

burst of passion, in the second act, was thrilling. He exclaims—"Didst thou write this?" with an energy, a wild, plaintiveness of voice, a look of such unutterable woe, as to induce, for the moment, utter forgetfulness of its being an acted tragedy; while "I wait thy answer," is said with such exquisite mingling of hope and fear that we are sure no other ever equalled it. In the dying scene he is also admirable, and his whole character of *Edgar*, whether we allude to singing or acting, may be pronounced one of the happiest and most delightful theatrical representations which is to be found upon the stage. Duprez combines the acting of a Kean, with the voice and artistic skill of the best of the Italians. Of Madame Eugène Garcia we can speak in very warm terms; she is not equal in promise to Madame Castellan, because her position is fixed. It is, however, one which shows much power, elegance, and talent. Burdini is excellent as *Colonel Ashton*. The applause was perfectly tremendous.

Harrison in the *Mountain Sylph*, King in *Der Freischütz*, and other pieces, have been very attractive, while we are promised Anna Thillon, in a new opera, shortly. This is an announcement which we are sure will give eminent satisfaction to all lovers of the musical. The opera, we opine, will be from the fertile brain of Balfe, while we have no doubt Thillon will draw excellent houses.

Mademoiselle Polin and her companion, Gasparini, are very varied and clever dancers; while Adele and Louise are two graceful and elegant performers, rising rapidly in public estimation. Some of their dances have been of a very brilliant character. *Robert and Bertrand* is, in the first act, one of the best ballets we have seen. It is smart, effective, and amusing; while the humorous dances, the comic adventures and bye-play of W. H. Payne and Matthews are irresistible. We have reason to congratulate Mr. Bunn on a very brilliant month, as well as on the promise of renewed attraction for the present. Duprez will make his last appearance on Friday, the 2nd of May.

HAYMARKET.

The Sheriff of the County, with the amusing afterpiece of the *Golden Fleece*, has been running for some time. A new five act play, by Douglas Jerrold, is announced, but too late for notice this month.

PRINCESS'S.

Miss Cushman has been as deservedly popular as Mr. Forrest was deservedly the reverse. Her *Mrs. Haller*, her *Beatrice*, in Shakspeare's *Much Ado about Nothing*, have been the principal parts in which she has performed. We see nothing to prevent Miss Cushman reaching an eminence equal to that of any actress who has preceded her. The deep feeling of this talented lady, with her melodious and touching expression of voice, will never be forgotten by us. In tragic power, in versatility Miss Cushman has no superior. *The Duc d'Olonne*, an opera, has been played here with much success.

THE LYCEUM.

This attractive place of public amusement, presided over by the inimitable Keeleys, has been, during the past month, the means of generating many a hearty laugh. Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, Wigan, and others, have been, as usual, uproariously comic. A new drama, in two acts, *On Duty*, has been eminently successful. The interest turns on the jealous disposition of *Fritz* (Mr. Keeley), a worthy upholsterer, compelled to perform duty, as a corporal of militia, on the night previous to his wedding-day. His suspicion is directed by a milliner, one *Madame Dentelle* (Mrs. Woolledge), on *Count Frederick Lowenstein* (Mr. F. Vining), an amorous young gentleman, who leaves no stone unturned to procure an interview with the Baroness of Saldorf, to whom he was formerly attached, but who, during his long absence, had married another. The *Baron* (Mr. F. Matthews) presents a perfect contrast to *Fritz*, and places the greatest confidence in the *Count*, interpreting all he does as applicable to *Henrietta* (Miss Villars), the affianced bride of *Fritz*. Through his blunders both the young lady and the Duchess become compromised, and, in the end, the former is renounced by *Fritz*. Fortunately there has been an early acquaintance between the *Count* and the young lady, by whom he has been indeed secretly beloved, and whom he accordingly restores to reputation by marrying. *Fritz*, of course, makes himself happy with the scheming *Madame Dentelle*. The scenes are few, but they are well sustained, and neatly acted; and, on the whole, the drama itself has a higher aim than usual.

FASHIONS FOR MAY.

Such has been the coldness and uncertainty of the weather during the last month, that winter toilettes have been almost the only ones seen; now, however, those of summer begin to appear, though as yet, with the exception of *chapeaux* and *capotes*, they are not of the lightest kind. There is little change in the forms of *chapeaux* and *capotes*; the brims of both remain small, and those of the *chapeaux* are a little wider: the

crowns have not altered either in size or shape. There is considerable variety both in trimmings and materials; several of the latter are of the fancy kind: such are the *sporteries de Venise*, *passementeries guipure*, *pailles à jour*, and several other descriptions of fancy straw. We have also the usual summer materials, *pailles d'Italie*, *de riz*, crape, gauze, lace, and several fancy *chapeaux* composed of an intermixture of lace

with bands of ribbon or silk. The *capote* form is the most in vogue for the promenade; silk ones of the drawn kind, very simply trimmed with ribbon only, are a good deal adopted in morning *négligé*. Some of the most elegant of those for the afternoon promenade are of shaded crape, trimmed with marabouts and ribbons to correspond, or of *paille d'Italie*; the interior of the brim decorated with close *coques* of striped ribbon; the exterior with a bouquet of straw-coloured short round ostrich feathers, or a bird of Paradise corresponding with the colour of the ribbons. Silk *capotes*, and those of rice straw, are usually decorated with flowers; wreaths are most in request, but bouquets and tufts are also fashionable—daisies, small roses, violets of Parma, sprigs of magniola, Persian lilac, Spanish jessamine, honeysuckle, a variety of exotics, particularly those of Africa, and a great number of fancy flowers.

A good many *chapeaux* and *capotes* in *demi-toilette* have the brims under, but not deeper than those I have described, and the *bavolets* raised. I have observed also a good many *capotes* composed entirely of ribbons of different shades of the same colour, from the deepest at the edge of the brim to the lightest which terminates it; these *capotes* are trimmed with knots of ribbon to correspond. Several rice straw *chapeaux* are cut in lace patterns. Your fair readers will probably recollect that this is a revived fashion; but it is one that, I think, will this season be very much in vogue. They are trimmed with half wreaths of field flowers, and lined with rose or blue crape. Sprigs or wreaths of foliage generally decorate the *sporteries de Venise*; flowers are sometimes used, but very rarely. Perhaps the prettiest of the new *chapeaux* are those composed entirely of lace over pink crape, or *gaze lisse*, ornamented with a *chute* of very small roses or eglantine. A good many half-dress *chapeaux* are composed of *tulle bouillonné* over white or coloured crape: if it is coloured, it is usually pink or blue. These are trimmed either with a bouquet of flowers placed on one side, or with fringed ribbons; they are beginning to be greatly in vogue. One of the prettiest modes of disposing them is to place the knot in the centre of the brim, with the ends falling low on each side. Lace begins to be a good deal seen in the garniture both of crape and silk *chapeaux*. One of the most novel modes of disposing it is a fall, nearly, but not quite flat, which descends from the bottom of the crown on the brim, and is surmounted by a wreath of ivy, or one of small roses of different colours.

A new form, or rather a modification of the *Parnelu*, or as it would be called in England, the half-gypsy form, has just been introduced for Italian straw *chapeaux*, intended for the spas and the country. The crowns are low, the brims larger than any of the others, and considerably under, so as to stand out a good deal more from the face than the other *chapeaux* of the month. They are variously trimmed; some are bordered round the edge of the brim with

black velvet ribbon, a band of which also encircles the crown, terminated on one side by a knot with long floating ends; a bouquet of roses or violets is placed in the knot. Others are decorated with a wreath of early flowers, or a bouquet of wild roses attached by a knot of ribbon with long ends floating on one side.

But it is time I concluded my chapter of hats, or the space you allot me will not suffice for the conclusion of my records of the mode.

Scarfs, *mantelets*, *mantes*, and some new forms of *camails* and *polonaises* are all adopted in promenade dress. Scarfs and *mantelets* predominate; the first are of various materials: the most novel are of China crape, embroidered in new patterns. Others are of rich Grenadine gauze in Turkish patterns. Muslin and tarta-tane scarfs, though worn for the promenade, are more generally employed for half dress; they are embroidered in feather-stitch, lined with coloured silk or crape, and frequently trimmed with lace. The majority of the *mantelets* for the promenade are composed of black *reps Indien moire* or *poult-de-soie*; they are always of a large size, the back part rounded and descending very low; the fronts are large scarf ends, and are finished as well as the back with flounces cut in round *dents*, and edged with *éfilé*, with a novel kind of open heading. In a good many instances the flounces are of black lace. Some of the *mantelets* also are of black *filet-de-soie*, trimmed with lace. *Mantelets* of a smaller size, adopted in half dress, are composed of shot taffetas, or occasionally of light plain silks; but the latter are less frequently seen, for shot silks are the most in vogue, and there is this year a decided preference for colours of a deeper hue than usual. The trimming of these *mantelets* is usually *passementerie*; there are several new kinds of it; one that is very generally employed is an *éfilé*, with an open heading. As the shot silk *mantelets* are of a small size, some are made without flounces, but they are cut round in very deep scallops, which are edged with paste-coloured *éfilé*; others are trimmed with Brussels lace, or *point d'Alençon*. These last are very elegant.

There was a good deal said about the alterations that were expected to take place in robes, but as yet there is really very little difference. The *redingote* form seems decidedly the most adopted, not only for the promenade but for half dress. You will see by the models I send how very much *passementerie* is in favour for trimming these dresses. The *corsage caraco* also, which it was supposed would go out with the winter, has actually increased in vogue, and displays a good deal of variety in form. Some are made very deep, open, and rounded in front, and cleft; others descend but little below the waist, and sloping before in front; they form the shape very gracefully. A third sort are square, opening a little, but very little, in front. The sleeves are tight, with the single exception of the *manche à la religieuse*, a three-quarter length, moderately wide at the bottom only, and with a turned up cuff. The under sleeve is of



muslin or cambric, and generally demi-large.

High *corsages* still keep their ground, and as yet a good many are made close; but it is expected that as the season advances, those à *revers* extremely open on the bosom will be more generally adopted, not only for coolness, but also for the purpose of displaying the beautiful embroidery of the *chemisette* or *guimpe*. The *corsages à revers* do not differ from those worn in winter, except in being more open on the bosom. The only actual novelty that I have as yet seen in *corsages* is the *chatelaine*, copied from some portraits of celebrated women in the fourteenth century.

I may cite among the new silks most in vogue for *négligé*, the *foulards de Chine nebenné*; they are quadrilled in broad stripes; *foulards écossais*, and those of a chain pattern, are also very fashionable. *Taffetas, poul de soie*, and *gros de Naples*, shot in rather full colours, are likewise very much in vogue in elegant morning *négligé*.

Our evening summer silks are this year very beautiful; they unite great richness of texture with lightness of appearance—this is particularly the case with the *taffetas blonde*, and the *taffetas guipure*. The grounds of the first are of full colours, with patterns in columns of beautiful blonde, with two headings; it is so well executed that one might really conceive the lace was laid on; the other *taffeta* is usually of a light colour, as pink, blue, *oiseau*, &c., &c.; at the bottom of the robe is a border in dead white silk, of rich and very deep old-fashioned point lace. The *gros d'Isly* is one of the most fashionable of the shot silks, of a rich kind; it is made in violet, apple-green, and deep blue, but always shot with white.

Batistes de soie, mousselines de soie, mousselines Cachemere, and *bareges*, are all adopted in evening *négligé*, for which muslin and *tarlatane* are also beginning to be very much in vogue. Some of the latter, in rich Turkish patterns, are called *tarlatanes orientales*, which is really a very appropriate name; but upon the whole, white muslin and *tarlatane* robes bid fair to divide the vogue with silk ones at present, and will probably be in a majority in a month or two.

The vogue of black lace has not expired with the winter, we still see it employed for silk robes, both for flounces and *canezants*; those of white lace are certainly more in favour. *Canezants* and *pelerines*, both of *tarlatane* and *organdy*, beautifully embroidered, are very fashionable with silk robes for the *négligé du soir*. Several of the former are made with short sleeves, with jockey's and demi-long sleeves; there is also a good many made *en caraco*—all are beautifully embroidered; the latter are particularly remarkable for the exquisite delicacy of the work.

Caps are again coming into vogue for evening *négligé*; they are of a small round shape, of either lace or tulle; they are always trimmed with the flowers of the season, as white thorn blossoms, creepers, periwinkles, small roses, and eglantines. A very becoming head-dress that has just appeared is called *coiffure mantille*;

it is composed of black lace, rounded and open behind, and looped back by flowers on each side. Fashionable colours are those I announced last month, with the addition of some fresh shades of yellow, particularly the colour of nankin, which is beginning to be very much in vogue.

ADRIENNE DE M——.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATES.

FIRST PLATE.

PARIS PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.—Blue shot taffeta robe; the *corsage* is made close, and quite up to the throat, just showing the lace frill that stands up round the top of the *chemisette*; it is formed to the shape at the lower part by *nervures*. *Manche à la religieuse*, rather wider, and the cuff deeper than usual; muslin under sleeve, demi-large, and terminated by a lace ruffle. Cardinal pelerine of a moderate size, bordered with black lace. There are two skirts; the second, *en tunique*, descending below the knee, and open in front, is trimmed down the sides and round the bottom with lace; the top of the cuff is similarly edged. Rice straw *chapeau*; the brim is small, round, and very open; the interior is very full trimmed at the sides with *coques* of blue and white striped ribbon; the exterior is crowned by a blue and white shaded plume *zephir*.

LONDON PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.—Lilac shaded *poul de soie* robe: the *corsage* of the caraco form, a little open at the top, displaying an embroidered cambric *chemisette* with a falling collar; the jacket is rounded, open in front, and very deep behind; long tight sleeve, with a pointed cuff, and small cleft *mancheron*. The *corsage*, skirt, and sleeves are trimmed with embroidery in *soie ronde*; it is of the wreath form, small in the *corsage*, but considerably enlarged down the front of the skirt. Yellow crape *chapeau*; the brim open, and descending low at the sides; the trimming is of ribbon to correspond, disposed in *coques* in the interior, and full knots on the exterior.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

No. 3. DEMI-TOILETTE.—Cream-coloured *gros de Naples* robe; the *corsage* half-high at the back, opens on an embroidered muslin *chemisette*, and descends in a rounded point at the front; it is trimmed down the sides with *passementerie*. Long sleeve and pointed cuff; it is just short enough to display the *bouilloné* and ruffle of the under sleeve; the sides of the *corsage* and the cuff are bordered with a new fancy trimming, intermixed with small silk buttons; it is disposed on the sides of the front of the skirt in chains, increasing in size progressively as they descend. Rice straw *chapeau*; a very

small open brim; the interior decorated at the sides with small sprigs of foliage; the exterior with white ribbon and marabouts.

No. 4. MORNING DRESS.—*Gros de Naples* robe, shot in green and gold colour. *Corsage en Amazone*, opening in two sharp points at the bottom; it is very open at the upper part, and the lappels and collar rather deep. Long tight sleeve; cleft cuff. Cambric *chemisette* and ruffles. Violet *poult de soie chapeau*; a round brim; the interior trimmed with yellow ribbon, the exterior with a willow plume to correspond with the *chapeau*.

No. 5. MORNING DRESS.—Lavender bloom *poult de soie* robe; the *corsage* is quite high at the back, but opens *en V* on the bosom; it is trimmed with a round lappel, bordered with a *ruche*; the lappel descends in robings down the front of the skirt, and the trimming is continued from the waist. Long tight sleeve, with a deep *mancheron* cleft in the centre. Green *gros de Naples capote*; it is a drawn shape, the interior trimmed with *coques* of ribbon to correspond; the exterior with a full blown rose placed in the centre of a tuft of apple blossoms.

PLATE THE SECOND.

CARRIAGE DRESS.—Green *moire* robe, the *corsage* round, and a three-quarter height. Demi long sleeve over one of muslin; the latter moderately wide, and finished with a lace ruffle. Black lace *mantelet écharpe*; it is made *en revers*, and with demi long sleeves; the garniture is broad black lace of a very light pattern. Muslin *chemisette*, embroidered round the top. *Chapeau* of pale pink shaded *poult de soie*, a round shape, the brim turned up at the back; the interior is trimmed with *coques* and *brides* of ribbon of a deeper shade, and the exterior with a wreath of roses and mignonette, which encircles the bottom of the crown, and a knot and floating ends of ribbon at one side.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.—Dark grey *poult de soie* robe; the *corsage* is quite high, and trimmed *en militaire* with *passementerie* and *brandebourgs*; the sleeve rather more than a three-quarter length, and partially open at the bottom, is also ornamented with *passementerie*, a band of which encircles the short round jacket that terminates the *corsage*; muslin under sleeve; embroidered muslin ruffles and collar. A row of *brandebourgs* down the front of the skirt, increasing in size as they descend, completes the garniture. *Oiseau crape chapeau*, a small close shape, the exterior crowned by a plume to correspond, *brides en suite*.

HALF LENGTH FIGURES.

No. 3. SOCIAL PARTY DINNER DRESS.—Fawn-coloured *taffeta* robe; the *corsage* half high at the back, opens in front on a low *guimpe* embroidered in feather-stitch. Long light sleeve. Embroidered muslin *pelerine en cœur*, trimmed with Honiton lace. Deep cuffs to correspond. Small close cap of Honiton lace, and trimmed

with a band of green ribbon, and a wreath of roses; the flowers are extremely small in the centre, but larger at the sides.

No. 4. MORNING DRESS.—Robe of dark blue *tissue de cachemire*; the *corsage* of the form of a gentleman's coat, has the collar and lappels lined with saffron-coloured satin; the sleeve is nearly but not quite long, and being partially open from the elbow to the wrist, the fulness of the muslin under-sleeve comes through the slashes. The front of the skirt is trimmed with yellow satin, in the form of a broken cane, on which shaded *brandebourgs* are placed horizontally in rows of three, at some distance from each other. Cambric *chemisette*, and embroidered collar. Violet neck-knot. Round cap of clear muslin, a double border of Valenciennes lace set on plain; the garniture is of ribbon corresponding with the satin on the dress, and disposed in full knots at the sides.

No. 5. DEMI TOILETTE.—Light green *gros de Naples* robe, a low *corsage*, and demi long sleeve made tight over one of muslin *bouillonné* in close *bouillons*, formed by embroidered *entre deux*. Embroidered muslin *pelerine* trimmed with lace. Lace cap decorated with a lace lappel, disposed in drapery; a band of pink ribbon laid on the lappel, and full knots at the ears, complete the garniture.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications to be addressed to the Office, 24, Norfolk-street, Strand, where all business is transacted.

ACCEPTED: "The Grave of Madame de Genlis;" S. X., as soon as possible; X. Y. Z.

DECLINED, with many thanks: Augusta; R. S.; "Song of the Spring's First Morn;" "The Fisherman's Wife." The Editress would have been most happy to have sent a private answer to the author of "False Estimate," could she have remembered the former address: she is sorry to decline this lady's prose, but the stanzas shall appear, with many thanks. The Editress remembers addressing a note to "J. E. H., Marlbro'-street," at the time to which she alludes, though the purport of it—among a mass of correspondence—she forgets. She thinks, however, that the poems were returned; but the last note having reached her while these pages are at press, she has not time to examine her MSS.

Office, No. 24, Norfolk-street, Strand. Sold by Berger, Holywell-street; Steele, Paternoster-row, and by all Booksellers in Town and Country.

Printed by Joseph Rogerson, 24, Norfolk-street, Strand, London.



CONTENTS.

	Page
THE HISTORY OF EDINA BREMER. BY P. P. C.	320
CHARADE.....	326
GOLDEN FETTERS	ib.
HOLYDAYS. BY ELIZABEH YOUATT	327
LAMENT OF A POLISH EXILE. BY WILLIAM HENRY FISK	331
THE SLEEPING MONITOR. BY MISS M. H. ACTON	332
THE WINE CUP. BY CALDER CAMPBELL	ib.
FLORENCE; OR, WOMAN'S FRIENDSHIP. BY GRACE AGUILAR.....	333
THE MARRIAGE OF INTEREST. BY MRS. ABDY	343
A PORTRAIT. BY FLORENCE	344
I'VE WATCHED THE SUNBEAMS DYING. BY GEORGINA C. MUNRO.....	ib.
THE ITALIAN BOY. BY W. J. R.	345
DESERTION OF THE GREAT BY THEIR PARASITES. BY CLARA PAYNE	346
THE CONTRABANDIST. BY M. A. Y.	347
LINES WRITTEN ON SEEING A PICTURE OF "CLEOPATRA DYING"	353
TO —. BY ALICIA JANE SPARROW	354
FIRESIDE MUSIC. BY WILLIAM ROBSON, ESQ.	355
THE SOLDIER'S DEATH. BY MRS. F. B. SCOTT	358
PATIENCE. BY ELIZA LESLIE.....	ib.
THE SHRINE OF SORROW. BY CHARLES H. HITCHINGS	359
HELEN BERKELY; OR, THE MERCENARY MARRIAGE. BY MARY DAVENANT.....	360
JUNE. BY W. G. J. BARKER.....	367
A MEMORY OF THOMAS HOOD. BY MRS. S. C. HALL	368
LITERATURE	370
FINE ARTS.....	372
AMUSEMENTS OF THE MONTH	374
LITERARY FUND.....	378
ROYAL ORTHOPÆDIC INSTITUTION.....	ib.
FASHIONS FOR JUNE	379
DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATES	381
TO CORRESPONDENTS	382

Now ready, with Eighty Engravings on Steel and Wood, elegantly printed in 4to.,

L A Y S A N D L E G E N D S ;

ILLUSTRATIVE OF ENGLISH LIFE

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

London: Jeremiah How, 132, Fleet Street.



THE END

Digitized by Google

I N E Z.

Oh never talk again to me
Of northern climes and British ladies;
It has not been your lot to see,
Like me, the lovely girl of Cadiz.
Although her eye be not of blue,
Nor fair her locks, like English lasses,
How far its own expressive hue
The languid azure eye surpasses!
Prometheus-like, from heaven she stole
The fire, that through those silken lashes
In darkest glances seems to roll,
From eyes that cannot hide their flashes:
And as along her bosom steal
In lengthen'd flow her raven tresses,
You'd swear each clustering lock could feel,
And curl'd to give her neck caresses.
Our English maids are long to woo,
And frigid even in possession;
And if their charms be fair to view,
Their lips are slow at Love's confession:
But born beneath a brighter sun,
For love ordain'd the Spanish maid is;
And who—when fondly, fairly won—
Enchants you like the Girl of Cadiz?
And when, beneath the evening star,
She mingles in the gay Bolero,
Or sings to her attuned guitar
Of Christian knight or Moorish hero;
Or counts her beads with fairy hand
Beneath the twinkling rays of Hesper,
Or joins devotion's choral band,
To chaunt the sweet and hallow'd vesper—
In each her charms the heart must move
Of all who venture to behold her;
Then let not maids less fair reprove
Because her bosom is not colder:
Through many a clime 'tis mine to roam
Where many a soft and melting maid is;
But none abroad, and few at home,
May match the dark-eyed girl of Cadiz.

BYRON.

GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL.

The present cathedral is generally allowed to be equal in external appearance to any other in the kingdom. It combines specimens of Norman with those of earlier and later English architecture. It consists of a nave, choir, aisles, transepts, Lady-chapel, and grand central tower, &c., &c.

The oldest parts are the nave, the chantry chapels around the choir, and the crypts, which are supposed to have belonged to the abbey church founded shortly before the conquest by Aldred, Bishop of Worcester, who pulled down the old decayed church and built a new one, which, however, was in the course of a few years nearly burned down. In 1089, Abbot Seilo rebuilt it from the foundation. During the time of Abbot Hemeline, the abbey and great part of the town were burnt; the former, however, was speedily restored.

The great cloisters on the north side are esteemed the first in England. They make a square of 147 feet, in breadth 13 feet, and in height 16½. On the south side are twenty seats, according to tradition, for the monks to write in, before the invention of printing. Oliver Cromwell, when at Gloucester, made a stable of these cloisters. Adjoining is a small cloister containing four aisles.

The tower, a splendid piece of architecture, is 225 feet high, supported by a strong wall at each of the four corners, by a slender arch from the east to the west side, and a small pillar in the middle. It has a peal of light bells.

The nave, or body of the church, consists of a middle aisle and two side aisles, separated from the middle by two rows of pillars, eight on each side, seven of which are about seven yards in circumference each; they are round, with four smaller ones over them. The eighth was handsomely fluted by Abbot Morwent, who built the west part of the church where these stand.

Round the choir are twelve chapels, which were dedicated to the twelve apostles.

Under the church is the chancel or bone-house, wherein is piled up a vast quantity of bones. In this place are four chapels, in the altar-places of which are now to be seen some of the basins fixed there for the purpose of holding holy water; also the place where people were confined and starved to death yet remains; and a prison, a large room, which can only be entered by creeping through a very low place on the hands and knees.

In the great cross aisle, under the tower, is a chapel dedicated to St. Anthony; and on the wooden wainscoting is painted St. Anthony and his pig, with a bell.

In the north cloister is the lavatory, consisting of eight arches; and directly opposite is the sudatory, or place where the monks used to hang up their towels, consisting of two arches.

In the west cloister, at the north end, is a door which led into the abbey refectory, or great hall, which was a considerable time ago demolished. About the middle is a door leading to the house

now assigned to the dean, and which formerly belonged to the chief prior of the abbey.

In the aisle, on the north side of the choir, going into the Lady chapel, is the most ancient part of the cathedral, and presents a beautiful view of the old Saxon architecture.

The chapel house, near the library, is a fine antique room, supposed to have been built by William the Conqueror, and where he held his parliaments.

The Lady chapel has been used for early morning prayers ever since the seats were brought thither from the choir, when that was beautified. At the east end of it is a very fine lofty altar, to which there is an ascent by three steps. Here is a large east window, the glass of which was curiously painted, but the figures are now effaced. There were three confessionals on the south side of this chapel, which is now certainly one of the largest in the kingdom, so that at the dissolution it is said to have been one of the richest; and a tradition goes, that great part of it was then gilt, and beautifully ornamented. There were battlements upon it until they were pulled down in the civil wars.

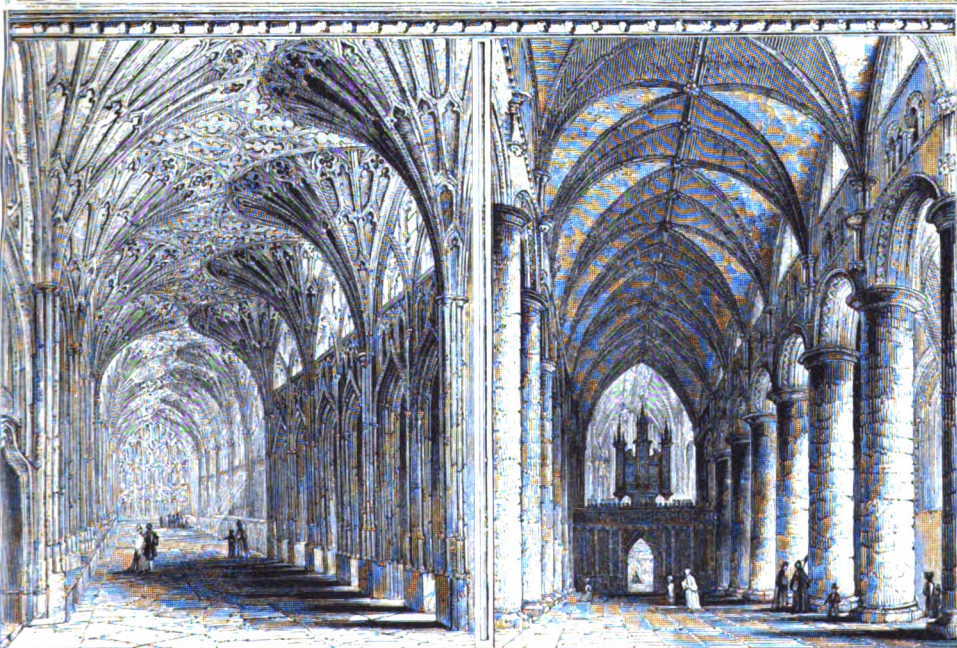
Just below the ascent into the choir, on each side of it, was a fine stone screen work, erected by one of the abbots. This was taken down in the year 1741, and in the room of it was erected a handsome screen of carved stone work, supported by three arches, which stood on fluted pillars, four at each abutment.

When the workmen were making the above alteration, they found in the passage three abbots buried near the surface of the ground, in stone coffins, in their pontificalibus, part of their gloves and apparel remaining; and another stone coffin with a sword, a little pewter chalice, a staff, and two skulls in it.

In 1820, the present classically correct and appropriate screen was substituted for the above. The blank walls in a line with the screen, separating the aisles of the nave from the transepts, were taken down; and, by their removal, an uninterrupted view and a new and pleasing character are given to those parts of the church. The modern altar-screen, which disfigured the Lady chapel, has also been removed, and the remains of the original altar-piece, which was of the richest workmanship, and superbly decorated with curious painting and gilding, are sufficiently perfect, though much mutilated, to afford an useful and interesting study to the architect and antiquary.

DIMENSIONS OF THE CATHEDRAL.

Total Length and Breadth . . .	420 feet by 144
Of the Nave	171 ——— 84
Choir	140
Transept	68
Tower	225 feet high
The Lady chapel	90 feet by 30
Cloisters	141 ——— 180



J. W. COLEMAN

THE NEW MONTHLY BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

JUNE, 1845.

THE HISTORY OF EDINA BREMER.

BY P. P. C.

PART II.

"Give me a look—give me a face
That makes simplicity a grace."

Miss Merton was one of those excellent old ladies who seem to have been kept single for the express purpose of taking away the stain of old maidenhood; she was warm-hearted as a girl, romantic, and full of quick, shrewd humour; very ugly, certes, short, fat, and splay-featured; a wide mouth; a nose that looked as if it had worn away its prominence in snuffing out secrets; while, peering and squinting a hundred ways at once, went her grey, sly, sharp, good-natured eyes, so that nothing ever could, and nothing ever did escape the scrutiny of merry, happy Miss Lavinia Merton. Her estate she owed to her good humour; having, when a girl, smiled and chessed and gossiped a gouty old fellow into such admiration of her qualities, that although his taste confessed she was too ugly to marry, she was not at all too ugly to have the reversion of the "Meadow Land," as his pretty handsome park was rather quaintly entitled. The old man died, and the lady, now growing broad and elderly, entered on possession; and very just and very kind she was towards her elegant sister, Mrs. Melville, whose extravagant husband had dissipated the old Lord Lintieglen's property, and had left his widow with a limited annuity, and his daughter with nothing but her beauty to recommend her to the other sex.

Gentlemen have of late decided, as we see from their daily conduct, that marriage ought to be more of an exchange than romantic youths of old cared to make it. Gentlemen look to improving their affairs by matrimony, and a wife is an investment; and it is their duty to make it a profitable one. Under these discouraging circumstances poor Mary Melville was ushered into society; but her good aunt, though unable to give her the "Meadow Land,"

of which she had merely a life-rent, tried very hard to save a tocher for her favourite out of her handsome income. In this she was succeeding, when she was politely warned by the solicitor of her legal heir that the careless wording of the will put it completely out of her power to extract any large sums from the rent-roll of the estate; her income, like the alehouse beer, was only licensed to "be drunk on the premises." After this *éclaircissement*, Miss Merton lived up to the full amount of her fortune; and, by constantly filling her house with visitors, hoped to bring about a match for her pretty and dearly beloved niece.

If you, dear reader, had the *entrée* of that pleasant circle, as I had; and if you could have seen, on the day of Cholmondely's expected arrival, the private boudoir of our respectable spinster, you might have espied her gazing at a large morocco-bound miniature, which represented a handsome, happy-expressed youth, in naval uniform.

"Ah!" sighed the ancient maiden, as she laid it down, "he cannot be so handsome as his father when this was taken; were he ten thousand times more so I could not see him with the same admiring eyes. I must have lost my perceptions of beauty, I suspect, for I cannot see anything pretty in that pale, sedate Edina, and yet they worship her as something heavenly fair. Well, well, Horace, you were right to believe all they said of me; we should have made a strange pair!" And she glanced at her own squat person in the mirror with a smile half lively, half scornful. "No wonder he could not love me—but bless me, what an old fool I am, sentimentalizing this way about a man who was grey-headed years ago, and whose son is

coming to this house on purpose that he should fall in love with my Mary! There, lie down in your drawer, you dear old picture, and don't make a fool of me any more. Why, dear, dear! I've forgotten all about the particular old port, and that famous chateau margot! (This comes of being sentimental at sixty-nine.) And, laughing at herself, the merry old lady bustled down stairs to issue her orders. As she passed her drawing-room she called out, "Are you all ready, girls? I hope you have finished your letters home; for, remember, I trust to you to do the honours!" Then on she waddled to the house-keeper and the butler: "Be very particular, Watkins, that the bread is light for breakfast; the young gentleman is an invalid; and if you could coax some nice new-laid eggs out of Mrs. Benson, they would be so strengthening for the dear young gentleman; and I do not see why Mrs. Benson should always be telling me the hens won't lay in autumn, or during the frost. Miss Bremer says they ought to get chalk to eat." Watkins tossed her head at the idea of "that travelled Miss, understanding everything in her own opinion;" but as she wisely muttered it internally, the old lady bustled away with her injunctions to the butler.

In the mean time Edina sat drawing at a small table in the library's recessed window; her seat commanded a view of the approach, and she could not restrain an impatient yet shrinking glance adown the long line of elms, as her ear, which, in spite of her endeavours, was on the watch, startled her heart into sudden beats at the sound of the slightest leaf rustle. Mary was in such gay spirits she could not attend to anything; she had begun her work in vain, the green and crimson dazzled her eyes, and she threw aside the gaudy flowers with half their leaves unfinished; she then opened the piano, sang part of an old ballad, and left off abruptly at the verse which described the knight as he

"Rode merrily on at the head of his men,
And mock'd at the Highland kerne,
We have burst the locks of their fortified glen;
We'll hound them from heather and fern.
'Ye may hunt us out,' quoth young Brae Marr,
'But we'll harry your halls ere night;
Ye shall see the blaze of your roof afar,
And hear of your lady's flight;
We'll tend her gently in Rannoch's wild,
A bonny bride for me,
And we'll rear a loch of your Saxon child,
And teach him to fight with thee.'"

"What a deal of nonsense it is," laughed Mary; "but I dare say such things were done in our beloved land; thank goodness I am a Lowlander by one side, and English by the other, so have no blood of the Highland kerne in me at all. I wish some of our Scottish cousins would invite us to Edinburgh, don't you, Edina? Should not you like to see the cot, or rather the flat, where you were born?"

But Edina heard her not; her eyes were fixed on her drawing, though she trembled so visibly that the pencil jagged helplessly over the paper,

and her cheek was so deadly pale that Mary grew frightened. "What is it, dearest?" she asked. "Ah! now thanks for that lovely blush, it has removed all my fears. I am charmed to see you can blush, Edina; it is quite a new feature in your character. But lo!" exclaimed the lively girl, springing from her music-stool, "I see the knight advancing like a chevalier of old, appropriately mounted on a milk-white steed; but, alas for the bathos, behind him runs little Hobnail Hoskins, with a portmanteau in his dirty hands, and a grin upon his dirty face!"

By this time the gentleman had reached the porch and dismounted, and in a few minutes Miss Merton's cheerful voice was heard in welcome tones, and she ushered him herself into the presence of our fair expectants.

Cholmondely bowed politely to both, but his eye rested most admiringly on the sweet face and somewhat heightened bloom of Mary Melville, who, naturally shy, had shrunk back into herself at the sight of the stranger. Edina perceived his glance, and also that it distressed the sensitive girl; and knowing that Mary would require some hours to re-assume her usual abandon of spirits, she judiciously came to the rescue. Her conversation, full of thought, sense, and wit, made the stranger feel the time very rapid in its course, and although he did not remember even her name, the coruscations of smiles which her genius sometimes flashed over her face, reminded him of one he had known of old, though he could not recollect either place or circumstances. After luncheon, the good hostess despatched the three young people on a walk to a picturesque ravine, which though less bold and rugged than a similar land formation would have been in Scotland, still possessed charms peculiarly its own, in the merry brook, the willow trees drooping into the water, the green banks sloping upwards to breezy downs, and the quiet, peaceful air of the secluded spot. The air was crisp and bracing; the fallen leaves made a pleasant carpet; the young man was willing to be interested; and the young ladies were decidedly interesting in their different lines. Mary, whose shyness had not yet evaporated, spoke little, but her kindling colour showed sympathy in the conversation, and her lively eyes, now glancing eagerly into her companion's face, now dropping hastily with a bashful suddenness, when they encountered his smile, were perhaps more eloquent than common-place words. Edina, who perceived she was not recognized, kept a strong rein over herself; and though old memories and long-expired hopes would rise, and sicken her inner heart, even while she conversed so calmly, you saw no trace of agitation in her demeanour.

In the evening, after Cholmondely had discussed and praised, as was befitting, some of the famous chateau margot, he repaired to the drawing-room, where he found the three ladies sitting in the dreamy flickering light of a large fire; they were sedate, and even sad, when he entered, for Miss Merton had been relating "auld warld stories" of his gallant father's

youth, and her auditors had listened with even melancholy interest.

There is something peculiarly solemn and spiritual to me in fire-light. The faces now dark, now suddenly illuminated, looming large one instant through the shadowy gloom, now bursting into lurid splendour. At the bursting forth of some large red flame, even the voices sound deeper, and as if more blent with earnest meaning, than they do in the cold daylight or the artificial blaze of lamps.

Miss Merton, who was, I have said, still leavened with the poetry of her youth, was very partial to this uncertain light, and in it the girls loved to gather round her chair, and draw from her tales of the life which her keen observance and benevolent heart made, in the recounting, like a beauteous fairy tale. To-night, however, she wished to amuse her guest, and therefore proposed candles; but Cholmondely earnestly negatived this, and begged for a ghost story with all the naïve importunity of childhood.

"Nay," said the old lady, "I must not frighten you out of my house ere you are sufficiently at home among its dark nooks and corners. You must learn the *locale* before you can be properly impressed with the legends; for I promise you the Meadow Land hath its own associations of murder, love, and suicide." The last word she repented as soon as it was carelessly uttered; but the flames had sunk, and she did not see how poor Edina started and grew redder than the fire round which they sate.

To release herself, Miss Merton called on Mary for a song without music. The gentle girl obeyed timidly, and began in a voice of the most touching sweetness the following little Scottish song. The tones were so thrillingly clear that Cholmondely, leaning back in the darkness, could hardly imagine he was not transported into some land of spirits, instead of cosily reclining in a stuffed arm-chair, a drawing-room carpeted, cushioned, and curtained into the most luxurious and unromantic ease.

"O weel I hent it was my love,
Though he and I were parted lang,
O weel I kent the siller tones
That woo'd me first in tunefu' sang.

"His brow was seamed wi' mony scaurs,
His curling locks were thin and grey,
His voice alone it was the same,
The lo'ing voice o' happier day.

"Ye are the lassie that I lo'ed,
He said wi' a' the fire o' youth—"

But all at once Mary broke off, exclaiming in tones of anguish, "Edina, dear Edina, I forgot—oh, how unkind you must think me!" With all the impetuosity of her feelings, forgetful of the stranger, forgetful of her shyness, she sprang to the side of her friend, and laying her head upon her knees burst into a flood of tears and sobs.

Edina's lip quivered, and her frame shook with the violence of the agitation she strove to

conquer, but her manner had a sweet calmness as she said, soothing Mary with a caressing hand, "Dear Mary, do not distress yourself; I cannot expect the past events of my unhappy life to be always present to your mind, as they are to mine."

Mary's tears grew quieter; she rose up and kissed her cousin, and then suddenly seeing Cholmondely, and his gaze of wonder and interest, she stood irresolute and blushing, a beautiful image of modesty. Miss Merton now came to the rescue. "Let us have candles," she said; "and if you, dear Edina, will kindly fetch those portfolios of prints from the library, perhaps we may find something to amuse and interest our guest."

Edina readily complied, glad of an excuse for leaving the room, and Mary hastily followed her with an offer to assist in carrying the prints.

"Now that simple child won't overcome her distress at that unlucky blunder all night," said the aunt, addressing herself in a vexed tone to Cholmondely. "She is always afraid of hurting Edina's feelings."

"But really, unless Miss Bremer has been disappointed in love, I do not see why that little song should affect her," remarked Cholmondely, with a rather inquisitive emphasis on the supposition which he hazarded.

"Oh dear me, Edina never was in love; she is the last person I should suspect of such an amiable weakness; she is too sensible, too self-possessed. But that song was one which her mother used to sing in her madness; indeed I believe it was the last she ever sang before she drowned herself; and it seems to recall all the horrors of the scene to poor Edina's mind."

"Madness!—drowned herself!" repeated Cholmondely in a tone of deep feeling. "Poor, poor girl, what terrible trials for so young a creature."

"Mary can tell you the whole story. Edina is not a girl who converses about herself, and I believe Mary is the only one who ever drew forth any confidence whatsoever from her. But hush, here they are."

The next day Cholmondely found ample leisure to hear the whole of Edina's misfortunes from Mary; for the orphan was busied in a little village school, of which Miss Merton had constituted her superintendent. The tale lost nothing in interest from Mary's simple words and artless expressions of sympathy; her soft eyes filled with tears as she related the melancholy catastrophe of poor Mrs. Bremer's fate, and cost our young officer his already sliding heart, which now fell at once to the bottom of love's ravine.

Cholmondely had, I said, been disappointed in his boyish courtship; he was then an ardent ensign in the road-surveying, bridge-building labours of a subaltern engineer; but the young lady, having two or three eligibles in her train, was easily convinced by her parents of the arrant folly of scouring India. She accepted a civilian with a high salary, bowed off the rest of her suite, and the enthusiastic subaltern was left to

misanthropy and cheroots. By the by, I believe I should have used the antiquary's technical term, "*misogyny*," but, thanks to female flatteries, this dislike to their sex is of so rare occurrence, or of so short duration, that no wonder its precise nomenclature is often forgotten.

Men, who have once found women artful and mercenary, conclude that the first year's knowledge of the world is sufficient to make all girls the same in plots and projects. We may infer that this suspicion is what induces so many elderly men, experienced in life, to attach themselves to raw school-girls who have not yet lost the bread-and-butter follies of giggling and blushing whenever seized by the inclination so to do, who are half shy, and half pert; and who have not overcome the child-like propensity to express all their opinions, whether wise or silly, and all their feelings, generous or selfish.

On this principle, therefore, Cholmondeley felt less distrust of Mary than he was accustomed to feel towards young ladies. He saw she was perfectly unsophisticated, perfectly unused to a world he had long learned to hate and despise; and he hoped, by winning her girlish heart, to make himself sure at last of a true and artless woman. The story of Edina interested him, but though he reproached himself for having taken a prejudice against her, he still imagined that such heavy misfortunes had rendered her callous to common feelings, and that she had worn out all the sensibility of her nature. Mary's narration did indeed recall to his memory the pretty playful girl, whose wit and liveliness had been the delight of the society at Cape Town; but he excused himself from renewing his attentions by reflecting that trouble had so changed both her looks and her manners that it was impossible the same man could admire her former and her present self alike.

When Edina arrived from her day's laudable tasks, she formed preparations for a grand dinner and dance in honour of Miss Merton's guests. All the owners of the neighbouring seats had been invited with their families, and the long suite of drawing-room, billiard-room, and library were brilliantly lighted and adorned with flowers, while at the extreme end of the sitting-room the open door of the conservatory threw out its fragrant invitations to any young couple desirous of a more secluded tête-à-tête.

Edina, who came home very late, had barely time to dress herself in a simple white muslin, with a sprig of jessamine in her hair, when the gong sounded for dinner, and she hastened down and slipped in unseen among the gaily-attired visitors. She found herself after the confusion of arranging seats, exactly opposite Cholmondeley, who had preceded Mary from the drawing-room. She herself was hidden by a large epergne, but through the flowers which overhung the silver sides she could see the expression and gestures of them.

Mary looked very happy and very lovely; her rich robe of white satin suited her delicately-formed shape and clear complexion, and the wreath of natural China rosebuds, matching the

slight colour on her cheek, became her admirably. Edina, accustomed to watch narrowly the faces of those among whom her changeful fate had cast her, discerned at a glance the rising admiration Cholmondeley's fine dark eyes betrayed for his sweet partner, and the knowledge struck her with a deadly chill. All the lights and faces danced giddily around her, the buzz of voices in her ears seemed like shouts and scoffs at her weakness; but the pang passed, leaving her indeed paler and more haggard than even her wont, but no one was interested to remark her looks; and, with a brave struggle, the unconscious heroine overcame her emotion. On one side of her sat Clifney Brambleberry, Esq., son and heir of Sir Edgar Brambleberry, of Brambleberry Manor. This gentleman was a noted hunter, and an equally noted fool; but the florid pug-nosed little maiden, who listened with wide eyes to his animated narration of a "famous race," had been carefully nurtured to the calculation of chances, and was now in the exciting pursuit of his heirship, trusting to the chances of hunting that a five-barred gate might some day leave her a bewitching and well-jointed widow.

On Edina's other side a red-faced, elderly gentleman, stout of form and short of breath, was expatiating in a low prosy tone, on the improvements he had been making at Alderney Park; while the tall, pompous lady, who bent her diamond-bound head in timely assent to his self-congratulations, or solemn remarks, "but with *your* taste, Sir John," or "such advantages as *you* have in the natural beauty of Alderney Park," was secretly cogitating how she should flatter the complacent Baronet into exerting his interest with his cousin, the First Lord of the Treasury, in favour of her booby son, who fancied himself and was fancied by his mother to possess talents of a very high order for diplomacy.

Among these uncongenial natures our Edina was not likely to be much regarded; and she was weary and sick of her own reflections, and not sorry when the signal was given for the ladies' retirement.

"Well, Mary," she said, as the blushing, bright-eyed lassie danced to her side ascending the stairs; "have you enjoyed your evening as far as it has gone?"

Mary answered, with a smile and a sigh, "Oh, yes! he is quite as agreeable as Frank told me he was; but, oh dear, how I wish poor Frank were here himself. I cannot fancy a proper ball without him—I miss him exceedingly."

Edina scanned her with penetrating eyes. It had often occurred to her that there was more than *cousinship* between the young people—that Mary was exceedingly anxious to please the taste of Frank Manly in her dress, and that Frank in his turn wrote an immense number of confidential loving letters to his old playmate during his absence at Addiscombe. However, the attentions of a man like Cholmondeley were very likely to drive away these unfledged fancies, and Edina therefore took little notice of Mary's aspirations towards the absent student.

The dance commenced in due time, and Mary by acknowledged consent, was the beauty of the evening. Cholmondely hated dancing; he had been too long out of the gay world to relish its frivolities, and he was rather piqued that Mary entered so heartily into the spirit of the scene. He sighed as he watched her floating round in the waltz with the ass-headed heir of Bramble-berry; he was growing jealous that any hand but his own should touch that slender form; and the customary familiarity of the dance made him very cross with both Mary and her partner. Therefore he sighed sullenly, and his sigh was echoed near him. He looked round and saw Edina Bremer, whom he had unconsciously approached: offering his hand, with the gentle suavity which distinguished his manners, he said, "Miss Melville has made me conscious how neglectful I have been in not at first recognising an old friend in Miss Bremer."

Edina, deeply touched and not a little surprised, bowed low to conceal her filling eyes: "I am well aware, Captain Cholmondely, that I am too much altered since those days for any friend to recognise me."

"Not altered I hope in friendly feelings? I trust you will receive me as the same, though I showed such culpable forgetfulness. We must always be friends, Miss Bremer, and I trust not mere acquaintances."

In his tone there was nothing lover-like, and there was so much fraternal kindness and interest, that Edina comprehended all his feelings; and, giving her hand as frankly as he had extended his, exerted all her self-command to speak to him with the ease and cordiality his sympathy merited. She succeeded; and from that moment she devoted every energy of her powerful mind to conquer her ill-fated attachment—to aid him in his suit to Mary, and to further his happiness by every means that came within her power. No weak repinings, no enervating sorrows in secret; boldly she looked out upon her lot in life, and boldly she strove to do her duty and be content.

We need not, I fancy, follow the progress of Cholmondely's courtship. He had every advantageous opportunity—approbation in Miss Merton—a generous ally in Edina—a weak, vacillating heart to besiege in Mary.

Some days after the ball, one of Frank's long letters seemed to affect Mary in an uncommon degree. She came to luncheon with reddened lids, and answered with apparent abstraction the many inquiries after her health, showered on her by her lover and her aunt.

Edina was silent, but she had a painful idea that all was not right with regard to poor Frank; however, matters progressed as might be expected till the week of Cholmondely's visit had been doubled, aye and trebled, and still he could not tear himself away. Christmas was approaching and Frank's vacation, and still Mary's blushes came and went, and Edina could not guess, with any satisfactory accuracy, the state of her heart.

One morning after the arrival of the post,

Cholmondely withdrew to answer a letter which required his presence in London; as he left the room he whispered to Mary to beg a few minutes interview in the conservatory before luncheon. Edina, who saw this action and guessed its import, felt, in spite of her endeavours, so painful a spasm at this consummation of Mary's influence, that she resolved to take a quick walk in the cold frosty air, to brace her nerves. She was passing the library window on her way forth, when she perceived Mary within, stooping over a letter and weeping passionately. Lifting her head she descried Edina's form retreating through the avenue. She called upon her, and her cousin quickly returned.

"Dearest Edina," cried the weeping girl, "you who have so much strength of character—so much experience in life—help me, pray, in this terrible uncertainty. Did you hear Captain Cholmondely's request—can you guess what he means? Oh, Edina! my fears tell me too truly. What shall I do? I cannot—dare not—tell him that—that—poor Frank—" And again she burst into convulsive tears and sobs.

"Do you love Frank, Mary?" cried Edina.

"Love him? Oh! I do not know—I cannot understand my feelings; but I know—I am sure—he loves me. He would break his heart if I married Cholmondely. Read his letter: see how fondly—how cheerfully—he writes. I cannot make him miserable!"

Her cousin took the letter, and read it carefully and silently. It was full of a high spirited lad's fervent aspirations after distinction and esteem. It said that the writer was cheered in his studies and hard work "by the approbation dear Mary would bestow on his exertions; that it was a comfort to reflect they were both so young that very few years would bring him back from the land of exile to his dear home and his kind aunt, whom he had loved as his mother [he did not say he loved Mary as his sister], and ended with telling her that he had drawn her likeness from memory, and what a happiness it would be—when far, far away—to look on the sweet face of his own Mary, and fancy he heard her voice," &c., &c.

Edina laid down the paper with a deep sigh; sadly she mourned for the blight that must fall on the enthusiastic writer. She knew Mrs. Melville would never consent to an indefinite and indeed hopeless engagement. What prospect had poor Frank—a cadet, with an infantry appointment to Bengal—what prospect had he of supporting as a wife, in the station in which she had been brought up, the delicate and somewhat fragile Mary Melville? She could not undertake the toils, the dangers, the roughnesses of a soldier's life, in a strange land and an unhealthy climate. It was a wild dream on Frank's part, and Mary must not encourage it.

She spoke very seriously: "My dear girl, this is not a matter in which you can give way to fancied sorrows. You seem to feel for Frank's disappointment *now*, but you little regard the darkness you would cast over his lot by indulging his chimerical hopes of marrying you."

She then calmly, and in a few clear words, showed her the impossibility of such a youthful vision; she assured her Mrs. Melville would be both grieved and incensed by such an attachment on her part, and that she would only prepare sorrow for herself and her rash boy-lover. "At the same time," said the conscientious adviser, "God forbid I should indirectly influence you to so great an injustice towards Cholmondely and yourself as to accept him when your heart turns towards another. No, dearest Mary; ponder well ere you seal your fate and his by utter refusal or acceptance. Let him wait—ask time for nearer intimacy—anything rather than the old sad proverb of 'Marry in haste and repent at leisure.'" With this exordium the young Mentor took up her fur wrapping, and walked out into the avenue; deliberately she went, trying to stifle all the conjectures, the indomitable and unslayable hopes that *would* arise when the possible issue of this day's conference flashed across her mind. She endeavoured not to think, not to remember, not to wish; but, finding this a useless attempt, in the solitary reflections of her walk, she entered the school-house—where she had spent many hours of late—and, volunteering the examination of a class, fairly drove sentiment out of her head by a spelling-book and a birch broom.

She did not return till near dinner-time: reluctantly and slowly she returned. The evening's sadness, the chilly air, the wind sighing among the stripped boughs, all these encouraged her melancholy reflections. She had no one to love her—no one watching for her return. Mary, sisterly as she had been, was latterly more indifferent and pre-occupied. Why did she go back to hear the confirmation of her own fears? It was impossible Mary, if she gave Cholmondely the desired interview, could resist his tenderness. She was too sensitive—too easily swayed; and it is so difficult to give pain by our words where the sufferer is before us! If all men trusted to tongues instead of pens in their proposals, there would be fewer rejections, for it is easy to *write* a calm, gently-worded refusal; but when a woman is undecided, how trying for her to preserve equable firmness when the passionate words are pleaded in her ears!

Edina judged correctly in this instance, for she had scarcely reached the porch when Cholmondely came up to her, and begged her congratulations. He looked so happy, so handsome, flushed with triumphant success—his eyes brilliant with love and joy, and his tone more than usually affectionate and fraternal to her. Ah! had he seen her heart then, how would he have withdrawn the brotherly desire of sympathy which seemed to mock her suffering breast! She could not answer him—all her self-possession failed her; she shuddered violently, an icy chill seized her heart, and with difficulty she supported herself against the column of the portico. Luckily the light of the lamp which fell on him was intercepted by the shadow of the pillar on whose side she leaned, and so Cholmondely did not see her pale face—her eyes

trembling with tears—her whole frame shaken; she muttered something about "so cold, so cold—quite chilled in the wood!" at which his kindness instantly took alarm.

"How selfish I am to forget you have been out so long this bitter afternoon: no wonder your hand is icy cold—come into the hall, and while you warm yourself at the stove I will run and get some hot wine and water, or else you will infallibly catch cold." And off he went on his errand of friendship.

Edina had thus time to reach the bright open stove and compose herself before her cup-bearer's return; and feeling nervous and shivery to a painful degree, and having taken no sustenance since the morning, she did not refuse the proffered draught. Revived by its invigorating warmth, she was able to extend her hand with her own generous smile, and to wish him—with an earnest cordiality that spoke from the heart—the happiness she prayed might bless him and his Mary. And Edina did pray for it: there was no hypocrisy in her. Loving him with woman's most unselfish love, she prayed truly that his choice might be blessed to him.

Mary seemed very shy about the matter, for she did not come near Edina in her own room, and when the orphan entered the drawing-room the lovers were together, and all Edina could do was to press her cousin to her heart, and to murmur—in a voice choked by emotion—"God bless you in your love, dear, dear Mary!" And Mary's soft, pensive eyes filled with tears, and she returned the embrace without a word in reply.

Miss Merton was beaming over with delight, and the only shadow to their enjoyment was the necessity of Cholmondely's departure for London next morning.

"Why," exclaimed the good aunt, as she listened to his plans, "why should you young people be separated? I detest partings; and as your mother, Mary dear, will be delighted with to-day's performances, I think we can none of us do better than go up to London for a month's holiday."

Cholmondely was enchanted; he wrung the kind old lady's hand till she screamed at the vehemence of his thanks. There was no dissentient voice, and the proposal was fully matured. Lodgings in George-street, Hanover-square, where Miss Merton had frequently lodged in her visits to the metropolis, were to be engaged from the Friday (this was Tuesday), and the party were to follow Cholmondely on that day. There was now plenty of lively chat and alluring projects, in which Edina—anxious to conquer her depression—joined with forced interest. The parting thus robbed of its bitterness passed off without a scene, which all men dislike; and Mary's face, as her lover left the house, betokened more of timidity than regret.

The lodgings were vacant, the journey was easily accomplished, and the party found themselves on Friday evening comfortably settled in warm, well-furnished rooms. Their letters, which they had ordered to be addressed thither,

were lying on the table when they arrived: one from Mrs. Melville, on the receipt of her daughter's communication; and one from poor Frank to Edina: he did not dare again to write to his now lost Mary. Mrs. Melville consented to the union which her daughter seemed to desire: she had no objection to the young man: he was of a prudent age. To be sure, a Captain of Engineers in the India Company's service was no great match: she *had* hoped better things from the society at Meadow Land; and it *was* a great grief to think of her only child leaving her to go to India with a stranger; but truly, mothers ought to prepare for disappointment in their children's love-affairs; they had no right, she supposed, in these independent times, to expect to be consulted previously; therefore she gave the young couple her blessing, and wished to know when it would suit them to be married.

Sensitive as Mary was, this letter hurt her greatly: she remembered she had, from various feelings of maiden shame, as well as hesitation and uncertainty, studiously avoided the mention of Cholmondely's attentions in her letters to her mother, and she felt herself justly punished, by the offence her parent betrayed at her neglect of confidence. Miss Merton, however, felt very angry with her sister: she had been so long accustomed to have the society of her beloved niece, that she had forgotten a mother had superior right to the secrets of her child's feelings, and she therefore thought Mrs. Melville's coolness excessively unreasonable, and openly avowed her opinion.

During this colloquy between aunt and niece, Edina was poring with an aching heart over Frank's hasty and illegible scrawl: it began—

"DEAR EDINA,—You are the only one who, having no love miseries of your own, have time and sympathy for those of other people. Oh, do you not feel for me? I know you do. Fancy my sitting yesterday beside Aunt Melville, and hearing her read aloud, and so coldly, too, that my Mary is gone from me for ever! Fool that I was to risk my happiness on her! Yet I shall always, always love her; and I do not care now how soon cholera or jungle fever, or war, or wild beasts carry me off from a life I hate! What is there before me but barren, barren exile and poverty? For now the scales are dropped from my eyes, I see I could never have made enough to support a wife; and what is there worth living for? I am so very wretched to think of Mary, my own fond, sweet Mary, loving another, and he my dear friend, whom I would not have grudged my life for! Yet I do grudge him my Mary! Does she love him? Tell me, dearest Edina, if you value my peace of mind. If they both love each other *perfectly*, *passionately*, even as I love her, then I shall try and bear up; for to know they are happy will be an unspeakable comfort. But oh, what agony to think she had sold herself to one she merely esteemed! How I should pity Cholmondely as well as her! Do write to me and tell me this, the *truth*, the *real* truth. Why, however, do I

urge *truth* on you? I do not believe you could say anything but the truth, were you at the stake for it! Oh, help me, Edina; send me some of your gentle sympathy, and tell me that at least my darling Mary is happy, as never, again, can be,

"FRANCIS MANLY.

"P.S. Will you give them both my kindest love and good wishes for their happiness? I dare not trust myself to write."

Miss Merton had soothed Mary from her regrets, and both had resolved to write affectionately to Mrs. Melville, and beg her presence among them, before Edina looked up from her letter. When she did, her sad expression caught Mary's eye, and she ran to her side. "It is from Frank; I know his writing," she whispered. "May I read it?—dear, dear Frank!"

"Better not, dear cousin," said Edina: "I will tell you his message. He offers you and your affianced his kindest love, and wishes for your happiness."

"Is that all?" sighed Mary, in a tone of disappointment: "does he acquiesce so coolly? Well, perhaps it is better; but I did think he loved me, and would feel it."

"What is his love to you, now?" said Edina, with involuntary sternness in her voice. "Oh, Mary, beware of these foolish retrospections! Remember, you are pledged heart and hand; see you are so willingly—"

Mary's face was suffused with the deepest scarlet; never had her gentle mouth expressed so much displeasure; but at this moment Cholmondely's voice was heard on the stairs, and the orphan hurried to her room, leaving the betrothed ones to their meeting.

Mrs. Melville declined to give her presence among them, and kept her Christmas alone, with but Frank to attend her; and he made a dull *tête-à-tête*, his natural liveliness being completely borne down by his disappointment.

All was gaiety in London; preparations and bustle, and fêtes, and theatres, and sight-seeing daily. The marriage was fixed to take place in July at the Meadow Land, and the happy pair were to spend the autumn at the Lakes, and go overland to India, in November, at which time Cholmondely's furlough leave would expire. London was a new world to both the girls; neither had seen more of it than an occasional drive from one stage-coach or railway office to another. Edina found her attention fully engaged by the picture galleries, the British Museum, the public buildings, and even the stately club-houses, through some of which Cholmondely found means to show them. Mary's admiration, on the other hand, was excited by the splendid shops, the gay equipages, the concerts, the balls, the pleasant drives in Hyde Park, the crowds of visitors who called on her aunt, and were delighted with the blooming young creature who enjoyed all their dinners and dances with child-like zest.

Edina was astonished to see with what spirit

Mary threw herself into all these gaieties, night after night, at some party or other; for although it was not the season, a great many of their friends happened to be in town. She was always the *belle* of the evening, crowded round by the gentlemen, her sweet laugh and happy blush riveting their admiring ears and eyes. And where was Cholmondely?—sitting beside Miss Merton, looking on and trying to persuade himself that the more she had “her swing” now, the more domestic and devoted wife she would make hereafter. So said Miss Merton daily, as she marked his dissatisfied brow, and so Cholmondely tried to believe. Naturally a thoughtful and reserved man, he blamed himself for wishing to restrain the girlish love of gaiety which his betrothed evinced, and yet even while he said to himself, “How lovely she looks in that animated dance,” he murmured unconsciously, “Oh that she were as retiring as her cousin Edina!”

“My dancing days are over,” smiled the orphan to him when he asked why she did not enter the inviting circle. “I like to look on, and watch the elegant figures, the speaking faces, the soft or flashing eyes, which make up so exquisite a picture, but I have no place among the light-hearted.”

Mary’s attention being so fully occupied in public, Edina was necessarily thrown more into Cholmondely’s way, and he found her serious and deeply reflective conversation, varied occasionally by bursts of her girlish wit, or quiet satire upon the fashionable follies around her, so interesting, that he wondered he had overlooked her merits in the beginning of their acquaintance. She was in reality much more congenial to him in the peculiar tone of her mind; and in the intimate intercourse of this London visit, her generous care of others, her complete forgetfulness of self became every day more apparent. But while he esteemed and almost venerated Edina, he loved Mary; her artlessness, her quick sensibilities; her face, that showed each passing emotion with such sweet truthfulness; her fond smiles, her very levity, so innocent and girlish, and her charms of person, all were dear unto his heart. Even when he sighed that she had not yet lost that eager zest for the dissipations of society which attends most girls on their outset into life, he remembered that the bloom was yet on her heart, that no hand had been before him in culling the blossoms of young love.

CHARADE.

TO A RISING ARTIST.*

Oh! if my second were my first,
A loser thou wouldst be;
For then no more, in skill, my whole
Distinguish’d we should see.

X. Y. Z.

* The painter of “The Widow’s Benefit Night.”

GOLDEN FETTERS.

BY J. J. REYNOLDS.

Passing the threshold of life we find
A rule with thousands among mankind,
That they who riches can gather up,
Will ne’er be quaffing of sorrow’s cup.
To gain them, oft they will undergo
Whole years of misery, want, and woe;
Dreaming that mines of fugitive wealth
Can bring them happiness, ease, and health.
Worldlings, awake!—discover ye will,
That fetters of gold are fetters still.

The young heir sighs for the rich domains
Held by some mortal whose day-star wanes;
The old man sickens, the old man dies,
To take possession the young heir flies.
Happy this being must surely be,
Fulfill’d are his hopes—what more seeks he?
But troubles, a host, unknown before,
Now harass his mind and plague him sore;
He finds, when Pleasure hath had her fill,
That fetters of gold are fetters still!

The miser is on his death-bed laid,
No more to pursue his hateful trade;
Each deed of evil with it allied,
Stings like an adder his aching side:
As memory each to his presence brings,
What deep remorse to his conscience clings!
How vile, how mean does that hoard appear
He valued once as his life’s breath dear!
He owns, while a prey to ev’ry ill,
That fetters of gold are fetters still!

The hypocrite courts some aged fair,
To gain her hand is his ardent prayer;
No charm hath she to inspire love’s flame,
Her well-stocked purse is his only aim.
They marry, the wretch doth little think
What chain he clenches with Hymen’s link.
Bickerings, hate, and jarring strife,
His path will mark to the close of life.
He feels, as all most certainly will,
That fetters of gold are fetters still.

The merchant pores o’er his desk and books,
Over each well-scribed page he looks,
Then calmly pondering, asks his breast
Whether or not from his cares to rest!
Though he possesseth good store of pelf,
’Tis not enough to satisfy self;
More must be gain’d, so he labours on,
For others to spend when he is gone.
He finds, when his heart’s last pulses thrill,
That fetters of gold are fetters still.

Dreamers, desist from such projects vain!
Happiness is not coupled with gain.
No better loves she the rich than poor,
The mansion gate than the cottage door;
Only where virtue and peace may live,
Her lovely presence she deigns to give.
Though gaudy feathers plume Time’s rough wing,
Sorrow and trouble his flight must bring.
Worldlings awake! discover ye will,
That fetters of gold are fetters still.

HOLYDAYS.

(A SKETCH.)

BY ELIZABETH YOUATT.

“A boon, a world, a boon of thee!
 Now turn away thy face,
 And loosen from thy clasp mine hand,
 And let me dream a space!”

MISS E. B. BARRETT.

We have read somewhere—although an absence of mind which must, we fear, occasionally make us guilty of involuntary plagiarisms, will not enable us to recollect where—of a certain Greek philosopher, who, when he was asked on his death-bed what return could be made him for the good he had done his country, asked only that all the little boys might be allowed a holyday on the anniversary of his birthday. Thus securing for countless generations one bright day in every year to the young; although for our own parts we do not quite see why the little girls should have been left out, who would have liked a holyday just as well. The old philosopher might, however, have had his own peculiar notions on this point, and we are in no mood to quarrel with them, even if it were so. Anyhow, he died, and left a blessing behind him.

A life without a holyday would be like a week without its sabbath. Pilgrims in a weary world for the most part, we require some such green spots on which to look back from time to time; altars raised here and there along—it may be an otherwise rough and toilsome pathway. But then in order to enjoy this pleasant retrospect, we must always remember to keep them *holy-days* in very word and deed.

Reader, hast thou forgotten thy school holy-days? when thy book—albeit thou didst love it a little in its place—was flung up in the air with a joyous shout; or more decorously, although with scarcely less alacrity, consigned to its shelf. When the sun, or it was fancy, seemed to shine out ten times brighter, as if in sympathy, and the trees and flowers nodded kindly as you passed, and the birds sang cheerfully in the hedge-rows, and among the tall trees, as if they knew quite well that you were to have the whole day to do as you liked in, and were very glad of it. And how quickly that day seemed gone! not that they were ever very long then. Or perhaps thou wast a town-bred child, and had to find thy sunshine and songs in kind smiles and sweet voices; well, even thus a holyday is a very pleasant thing.

Our Greek philosopher could of course have

but one birthday in the year, and yet we actually heard the other day of a poor, hard-working servant girl having the audacity to demand her day out once a month! twelve happy days in the 365! Who can wonder at the burst of indignation with which the request was received. The matter was finally arranged by the weaker party submitting, with a very bad grace it must be confessed, to the unalterable rules of her stern task-mistress, who never gave but one holyday every quarter. But then, as the girl's mother said to her, with something between a smile and a tear, the night she left home—“You know, Mary dear, you will enjoy it all the more for its coming so seldom.” And so she did.

None would have recognised the neat little maiden, issuing forth glad and smiling when that long-looked-for day came at length, in her close cottage bonnet, dark dress, and sandaled shoes. Yes, we will swear to the sandals, dimly visible as she skipped nimbly down the steps. Presently, when quite out of sight of the house, she stops suddenly, and glancing stealthily around, draws from her pocket a coral necklace, which gleams prettily enough between her white neck and clean muslin collar. Well, there is no harm in that; the beads are her own, and this is her day out, when she may do and wear just what she pleases.

Two or three more pauses to get a little tea, in case her mother might not have any in the house. Not that she cares about it herself, the terms of her agreement—six pounds a-year and “the tea-pot”—having long since eradicated any such extravagant predilections, if they have not served to make her forget the very taste of this luxury—for it is a luxury to the poor; but they must not go without on such a night! Neither must little Kate be disappointed of her gingerbread, or Willie of his marbles. One would think the girl had a pocketful of money to see her going into shop after shop with such a business-like air. Although oftener still she lingers outside, content with peeping into the glittering window-panes, and thinking how nice her mother would look in a certain dark-coloured print gown—or coveting a few yards of the prettiest

rose-tinted ribbon in the world. Perhaps some one had whispered to the little maiden that she looked well in pink, and she could not forget it; we seldom do, at least from *some people*. It would not do to recollect every silly speech one hears. Or she was wondering, it may be, with a sigh and a smile, whether among all those wedding-rings one could ever be found to fit her toil-spread hand. No fear of that, Mary, when the time comes.

Early as it is, Willie is already looking out for her, or his marbles, promised three months ago. What a memory the boy has! and the kind sister, too; but his thanks and kisses are reward enough. Many a familiar nod greets her as she passes through the court, to which Mary nods and smiles in return; and when they ask her how she likes her place, answers cheerfully, that she supposes it is as good as most places, in which she is not far from the truth.

The old woman, her mother, has got a holy-day too, or rather has contrived to put off all she has to do until the morrow, and is tidying up their one little room when her daughter enters, and is careful to dust a place for Mary's bonnet, and fold up her shawl out of the children's way; after which she is well content to give up the brush and duster, and stand watching her with glistening eyes as she turns back her sleeves, draws up her gown through the pocket-hole, and sets all to rights in no time. So that they have the best part of the day before them; in the which Mary tells her mother she has quite made up her mind to enjoy herself, and so she does. But ah, how quickly is it gone!

"Five minutes to nine," exclaims Mary's mistress, who was quite tired out with the exertions of the day; notwithstanding she had taken very good care not to do more than she could help, and in utter contradiction to her favourite assertion that a child might do the work of that house and not be weary. "I gave her till nine; but that will be ten, of course."

"Of course, my dear," replied her husband, finding that he was expected to say something. "But there is the bell; perhaps it is Mary, after all."

Laughing somewhat contemptuously at so unlikely a supposition, the lady rose up languidly; and sure enough there she was, like a second Cinderella, and looking almost as pretty, with a flush on her usually pale cheeks, and a brightness in her eyes she never remembered seeing there before.

"This is as it should be," said the mistress, with an air of kindness that seemed only needed to complete the happiness of the day. "This is the way to be let out again." Perhaps poor Mary dwelt too much on these words, but she did not let her out again, nevertheless, until the next quarter day came round.

The girl was sadly tired, for she had walked we do not know how many miles (or she thought they seemed so then), all over the green fields and quiet lanes, quite into the country. She smiles to herself as she takes off

the sandaled shoes before mentioned, at the recollection perhaps of some remark made upon them by her companion as they passed over a certain stile not far from Hampstead Heath, a complimentary one we should rather imagine; and again brighter still at a little pink gauze handkerchief, which we do not remember seeing upon her neck in the morning—a present most likely: and then, having put away all her treasures, goes to bed and dreams, not only that night, but for the next month to come, of her long summer-evening walk, and all that was said or done therein. Well, it was very silly, we do not mean to deny it; but Mary was not the first, nor will she be the last by many, who have done just the same thing. A walk with those we love is a thing to dream about—to cheat time and toil—and cheer the present and the future with memory and hope!

Talking of holydays, what a glorious thing is a literary holyday! How we work on in expectation of it, early and late, with feverish blood and throbbing temples—how we bring forth from the treasure-house of thought, recollections of green things that have become time-stained from contact with the world; looking forward to the time when we shall steep them afresh in the well-spring of nature and true poetry. How as we write on, already in imagination above the city hum rises up the low rustling of trees—the pleasant babbling of brooks—the song of the birds—or, dearer still even than these, the wild music of our favourite ocean. And how happily the vision is realized at length. The Poet bursts involuntarily into song, no longer dreamy and sorrow-haunted, but glad, heart-cheering, and triumphant. And half unconsciously a higher and purer influence breathes from his strains, as though he felt with Wordsworth, that there was indeed "a spirit in the woods!"

But we are forgetting it is a holyday we sat down to describe, and the Poet has made a vow that he will not even think, leave alone write; but do nothing save enjoy himself from morning till night! Well, even if he keep it, the time will not be lost; unknown to himself he is gradually laying up a store of fresh, glad thoughts for future consummation; when memories of flowers, and clouds, and sunsets, shall come back unbidden to reward their worshipper. Book in hand, he may be seen lying by the hour together looking up into the blue sky—not reading—not thinking. Oh, no; see, his brow is clear and smiling! but dreaming idly, and in happy mood. Presently he will rise up and wander away to a more sheltered, although scarcely less beautiful spot, or by the sea-shore. And if, when he comes home at night, he should be tempted into the commission of a sonnet, full of sweet thoughts and holy aspirations; sent forth from out his holyday world to one who will know too well how to prize and value them, it seems only a pleasant pastime, so rapidly do the words flow from that gliding pen. A literary holyday needs not, however, to be solitary in order to be enjoyed; but is

enhanced, ten thousand fold, by the society and companionship of loving and kindred spirits.

It was somewhere between the latter end of August and the early part of September, when shutters begin to be closed in the aristocratic neighbourhoods, and the fashionable season draws to a termination, that a well known dress-maker at the West-End, having exhausted all manner of household work, and had as many new gowns made for herself as it was possible to wear out in the next twelvemonth, for the sake of finding employment for her young ladies, all of a sudden—to their infinite astonishment—announced her determination of giving them a holyday—a whole day's holyday! Never was such a thing heard of in the recollection of the oldest there. An interval of bewildered surprise succeeded, and then each began to arrange some little scheme of pleasure which the morrow seemed almost too short to realize. All but one, who sat with a gloomy brow and tearful eyes, for her friends were many—many miles away from there, and she knew not a single person in all that great city. She was aroused by a kind voice.

"Do you remember, Charlotte, sitting up all night to do my work in addition to your own, in order that I might get leave to go to the New Year's ball?"

"Ah, what a long time ago. Well?"

"Well, I told them about it at home, and my mother said if ever the opportunity should come, how happy it would make her to see and thank you; and now it has come, and you shall spend the day with me—Will you?"

"Will I—as if it would not make me the very happiest girl in the whole world! But how kind of you to think of it."

"You were kind to me first, Charlotte."

"Ay, one good turn deserves another," said her companions.

"I hope I shall be well enough to go out," exclaimed a pale, sickly-looking girl, pressing her hand wearily to her side.

"To be sure you will—the very thought of it will make you feel quite strong against to-morrow comes."

The girl shook her head and sighed; but she did not speak, because she saw that they were too busy talking and planning to attend to her.

There was little sleep that night for any of them; and wonderfully little difficulty had the servant-maid, whose office it was to call them at a certain time, although her occupation was in general no sinecure. The sun shone as brightly as if it knew those poor, hard-working girls were to have a holyday, and sympathized in so rare an occurrence.

"What a beautiful day!" said Charlotte, "How happy we shall be! Thirteen whole hours—for we can be off by nine if we make haste, and need not be in again till ten; Madame said so herself. Come, Lucy! it is time to get up. But you are not well?"

"No, no; I told you how it would be!" And the girl leant back and covered up her face with

the bed-clothes, that they might not see her weeping.

"Poor Lucy!" exclaimed her companions; and their merry voices were hushed, as if in pity to her disappointment.

"Can I do anything for you?" asked the good-natured Charlotte.

"Yes, draw the curtain quite close, please, for the light hurts my eyes. After all, it is some comfort to know that I may lie here quite still, and not have to get up and work whether I am able or not. Thank you—that will do. A pleasant day to you all!"

Charlotte lingered a moment, as if she had some thoughts of taking off all her things again and remaining at home, to comfort and console poor Lucy; but the temptation was too great, and dropping the curtain, she ran after her companions, and was soon the merriest of them all.

When they were gone, the servant-maid, of her own accord, took Lucy up some nice strong tea and a bit of thin toast; tidying her room for her, and setting the window open, in order that she might smell the mignonette and feel the fresh air upon her poor hot face; and presently afterwards a little fruit, purchased out of her own hardly-earned wages. While the bright sun, as though it had not forgotten the little sick girl at home, forced its way into that dim, comfortless attic, and played and danced about the floor as if to amuse her; so that Lucy had her holyday as well as the best. Once or twice, too, beguiled by its radiance and the breath of the mignonette, she fell into short, tranquil slumbers, dreaming of the past, and those beloved ones who little thought how she suffered, or, poor as they were, would have had her home long since. But Lucy could not bear to be a burden on their kindness, and so struggled on, hoping when she got used to the fatigue, to endure it better, and never heeding how she grew weaker and weaker, day by day.

What with her flowers and her dreams, and the rest and quiet, for it was that only she wanted, the day was not so very long after all, and her companions found her upon their return cheerful and composed, and in a humour to be amused with the recital of their various adventures—various enough no doubt, and affording ample materials of conversation for the next six months. But we must not forget to mention how, at Charlotte's suggestion, all the girls had clubbed together, and bought Lucy a smelling bottle, and how she could not thank them at first for tears, drawn forth not so much by the strength of the salts which she held to her face, as by a sense of the kindness, and failed in making herself very distinct after all; but they knew what she meant. It seems to us as if by a beautiful arrangement of Providence, it is ever the poor and over-worked who are most kind to one another. Heaven help them if it were not so!

Hours and days and weeks flew quickly on in pleasant reminiscences of where they went and what they did, and all that happened to each

individual in that brief holyday, while even Lucy worked on mechanically, and forgot the weary pain that was fast wearing away her young life in listening to them; and when it seemed worse than usual, she would take out her little smelling-bottle, and feel that it did her good even to look at it. Struck with the alteration in the listless, hopeless countenances of her workwomen, Madame seriously reflected whether it would not be a matter of policy to renew the occasion of it from time to time; but she was, unfortunately for them, interrupted in the midst of her meditations by a large mourning order, and will in all probability never again recur to the subject.

It is a general custom with our London tradesmen who are "well to do in the world," as the saying is, to have their annual holyday, and long may it continue to be so. For such, Margate and Ramsgate have been for years the fashionable resort, although in these days of cheap excursions, and pleasant railway trips, they would seem to be going somewhat out of repute. Troops of well-dressed girls with their portly-looking mannnas, may, however, still be seen crowding the sea-girt haunts of their favourite watering-place. The former inhaling its breezes, with all due regard to complexion, through thick green or purple veils, and protected by parasols; and the latter resolutely defying the effect of sun and air, in order that the neighbours may see they have been enjoying themselves. While of a Sunday, and, perhaps, once or twice in the week beside, the happy father, casting all care behind him, comes to share and enhance by his presence the merriment of their brief holyday.

Those who cannot afford to leave home entirely, console themselves in general with a day's trip to Gravesend. As the very poorest have, at a trifling expense, the noble park at Greenwich open to their wanderings, and we know not of a sweeter spot for the holyday seeker—a fact amply attested by the thousands who crowd eagerly thither in the summer time.

It is both curious and interesting for the careful observer on board one of those little steamers which ply every half hour between London and Greenwich, to notice the striking contrast between the business and pleasure-seeking portion of the passengers. The former most probably have a book or a newspaper, or may be seen to draw forth certain papers, in the contents of which they are soon completely absorbed, while one or two of the younger men smoke cigars, gazing listlessly into the water without seeing it, or with equal abstraction upon the faces of their fellow-passengers, unless, indeed, it should happen to be a very pretty girl.

Those out for a holyday are, on the contrary, in a restless and perpetual state of excitement. They lay in a stock of fruit and cakes, and buy "Punch," or "The Steam-boat Companion," or "The Guide to Greenwich," and examine, with a longing eye, pocket pen-knives with eight different blades, and spectacles warranted the very best that were ever bought, just as if they

were going a six months voyage: but are glad nevertheless when they are "off" at last. In one part of the vessel may be seen a father, with the aforementioned "Steam-boat Companion," pointing out and explaining in a loud voice to the little group who surround him all the objects worthy of attention as they glide past; while, a little further off, a young man with long hair, a ring on his little finger, and a lady on his arm, is looking and causing her to look as happy as it is possible for two mortal beings to do. Presently the musicians, *par complaisance*, come round to know if some lady or gentleman would not like to choose a tune; whereupon a young wag of a lawyer's clerk winks to his party as he names one Italian air after another, until the poor man is perfectly bewildered, and finally leaves the choice to his pretty little sister Anne.

"What shall it be, Tom?" asks the girl, appealing to one of her companions, who somehow by a strange chance always happens to be nearest.

"Nannie wilt thou gang wi' me?" was the prompt reply. And while the brother laughed the sister blushed, and the greatly relieved musicians commenced playing with all their might: Tom had an opportunity of whispering just what he liked.

On the other side of the steamer was a happy-looking couple surrounded by a group of children; and when the music struck up nothing would do but the youngest, a little toddling thing about three years of age, must dance; and so she did with great determination, to the evident delight of her mother and all the married and single ladies present, especially the latter, who called her "a little love!" and asked how old she was, being of course duly astonished at her extraordinary precocity. One comfortable motherly looking dame, going, as she told them, to spend the day with a married daughter at Greenwich, mentioned a little grandchild, four years old, who could actually dance the Polka! After which, many equally astonishing instances of juvenile talent were related. But from time to time one of the party, habited in deep mourning, might have been observed to turn away her head to conceal the starting tear occasioned by such reminiscences; it may be, those who had once, with their joyous wiles and innocent caresses, made life seem one long holyday to her, were no more.

A little distance from the pier at which they landed stood a beggar and her child, half clad and shivering, although it was the bright summer time. The young clerk flung her a sixpence as he passed, whispering to his sister, as if in excuse for the action, that he had come out on purpose to spend his money; while the mother of the dancing girl followed his example, because her kind heart ached for the poor child; and she could not have enjoyed herself all day if she had not done so. The lady in mourning added to her mite kind words, dearer still to the heart of that wretched outcast; sorrow had made her pitiful to others. The rest passed on absorbed in business or pleasure, while the

beggar woman stole away to buy bread for her hungry child—perhaps she too had her holyday.

Fain would we follow our various parties into the glorious old park; and tell how the lovers—he of the long hair, and she of the bright eyes, wandered away all by themselves where the shadow fell deepest, and few people came; and how the good mother grew tired at last, and the little dancing girl too, but soon rallied beneath the influence of tea and shrimps; and how the landlady lifted up her eyes, astonished at their appetite, and thanked her stars she had no children, while the father and mother looked quietly on as though they were used to it, and would rather, as they often said, pay the baker than the doctor; and how nothing would suit the young clerk but they must all go to Blackheath, and have their fortunes told; and his little sister would have fain shrunk back, but Tom drew her arm through his, and enjoyed her blushing and confusion with a deeper feeling than the mere love of fun; and how the gipsy, who, if she were no prophetess, was at least no fool, actually foretold things just as they afterwards came to pass: the only mystery that hung about her prediction being one particular clause which no one could get Anne to confess whether or not ever came to pass—that she would be kissed by a dark man before the day was over. Well, after all, that did not much matter, since the rest of the prophecy was duly realized.

But it has struck us all of a sudden that our readers may like a holyday as well as ourselves; and we hasten to conclude a paper that might have else been spun out into volumes—golden records of life's brightest, sunniest hours! After all, the dying bequest of the good old Greek, proved him a philosopher indeed. We only wish there were more such in our own times.

LAMENT OF A POLISH EXILE,

On returning, in disguise, and revisiting his native land, soon after its overthrow by the Russians.

BY WILLIAM HENRY FISK.

POLAND! my birth-place and my kinsmen's land,
Thou treasured home so worshipped by my sires—
Where are the smiles that decked thy lovely band,
Ere War last gathered round her midnight fires?
The smiles which Peace last shed upon thy brow—
Are they all dead? or, do they linger now,
Again to burst to life e'en from thy blood-stained
snow?

Alas! the sun o'er WARSAW ne'er shall rise
Again to greet her beautiful and free;
Now sunk and fallen, she for ever dies,
And with her dies her cherished liberty.
Did KOSCIUSKO fall for this? and they
Whose death-shriek still was *Freedom*, on the day
The northern foeman crushed that freedom to decay?

Died he for this? and did their spirits flee
That Poland thus should wear a minion's chain?
And that her children should lone exiles be
On many a stranger land; that o'er the main

Deep Desolation's cry might wing the air,
From hearts so sad—from forms so young, so fair,
Each foeman's breast was steel, or it had stayed to
spare?

No more soft music woos the wanderer's ear;
No more the hunter's carol on her hills
Salutes the friend or starts the timid deer;
No more the shepherd sings of fatal ills,
As when in short-lived peace at rest he lay
Beside some mountain-stream or rippling bay,
And sang his country's woes to while the time away.

Now, for soft music, peals the martial drum;
Now, for the hunter's carol, cries of war
Wake her sweet echoes, which would fain be dumb;
Now, on her hills, yet glist'ning near and far,
Grim watch-fires glow; where shepherds late had
been,
Now, savage foes recline her hills between,
And now, with wilder cries they mar each tranquil
scene.

In vain, swift torrents, thus ye pour your tears,
And weeping moan athwart each fertile plain;
In vain, bright heaven, your clouds repeat sad
fears—

POLAND is dead, and ne'er shall be again!
Why slumbered freedom when her children fell?
When bloody havoc, with her cannon's knell,
Peeled forth her horrid sound, a nation's tocsin bell?

Was there no charm to nerve the warrior's heart
In the wild accent and the starting tear,
As, gazing yet again, he strove to part
From her he loved to scenes so wild, so drear?
Could Love not arm to win a laurelled name,
To snatch a nation from impending shame,
Nor prompt heroic deeds to rear a deathless fame?

POLAND! thy children fought as heroes fight;
Heroic were their deeds, which, all untold,
Have sunk with thee into oblivion's night—
Sunk in the past, which time shall ne'er unfold:
They fighting fell, and falling, fell, to die!
Swift reeled the scene, dim was each steadfast eye,
And dire the thought of dawning misery.

Heaped in thy ruins, buried in thy fall,
The foeman's boast, but not the foeman's spoil;
Earth for their bier, a nation for their pall,
They sleep where death bereaved them of their toil;
Wreathed with the cypress, dark and ever drear,
They rest, nor show one trace of hope or fear,
Save on some anguished cheeks there lies, congealed,
a tear.

And for thee died the good, the bright, the brave,
The martyr-patriots of a martyr'd band;
In vengeance strong, yet powerless to save
Even the name of their devoted land.
Can earth forget it, when ten thousand cries
Burst from the world and echo to the skies,
That POLAND lives no more—that, *unrevenged*, she
dies?

And could'st thou, Albion, from thy green isle
gaze,
First-born of liberty, unbowed, unbent,
And watch the night-fires frantically blaze,
And hear the shrieks that with the thunders blent?
Or, did stern *Policy* forbear to save,
And bid thee let the old, the young, the brave,
Down 'mid their ruins sink to an untimely grave?

Now, Desolation, revel as thou wilt,
Thine is the land where happiness has been,
Oppression pours her tempest-tide of guilt—
Rise, rise, Oblivion, and flood the scene;
In Lethe's waves drink up a nation's tears;
Consume her name, that they, in future years,
Feel not the blight that now her lingering beauty
sears!

And rise, ye smouldering wreaths of blackest dye,
And crown each spirit as it mounts in air:
So shall they pierce through space; beyond the
sky
Shall tell they come from Havoc's blood-steeped
lair—
Shall tell that Guilt now treads where Virtue trod—
Shall tell that Ruin reigns o'er POLAND's sod,
And pray for justice *there* before a pitying God!

THE SLEEPING MONITOR.

BY MISS M. H. ACTON.

There lay a weary child
'Neath an old tree;
In its sweet sleep it smiled,
How joyfully!
Bright must its dreams have been,
Couched in that sylvan scene
So peacefully.

One near that sheltered spot
Gloomily pass'd;
Fortune around his lot
Rich gifts had cast;
Yet did his heart declare
Peace from its sojourn there
Still hurried fast.

Slowly his footsteps stray
By glade and hill,
Where the young sleeper lay
Slumbering still;
Smiles on its eyelids rest,
As if its guileless breast
Gay visions fill.

Soft stole the stranger on,
Downward he bent;
Long that smooth brow upon
Gazed he intent;
"Oh! that such rest were mine!
And to my sleep like thine
Sweet dreams were sent."

Tears o'er his earnest gaze
Silently start;
Thoughts of forgotten days
Steal round his heart;
When with his day-dreams fair,
Like the child sleeping there,
Grief had no part.

All that the world calls great,
His might be styled;
Glory and high estate
On him had smil'd:
Yet had he falsehood found,
And for its sleep profound
Envied that child.

Then came the yearning thought—
Would it be vain,
If he with fervour sought
Sweet peace to gain?

How should he welcome rest
Back to his wearied breast
Gladly again?

"Peace may once more be thine!"
Hope whispered low;
But in thy bosom's shrine
Change must thou know.
Some to thee false have seem'd,
ALL hast thou worthless deem'd—
Ah! 'tis not so.

"Scatter thou mercy's seed,
Wipe tears away,
Kind word and noble deed
Sow while you may:
Gladden the mourning one—
Joy, for such mercies done,
With thee shall stay."

"Sweet one!" the stranger cried,
"Sleep in thy dell;
Peace doth thy slumbers guide
As with a spell.
Holy thoughts woke by thee,
Never shall pass from me—
God guard thee well!"

THE WINE-CUP.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

There is MIRTH within the Wine-cup,
When, bubbling to the brim,
It dances like a goblin gay,
And mischief makes like him;
For the glee to-night,
Though loose and light,
Makes the morrow's eyesight dim.

There is MADNESS in the Wine-cup,
When, emptied o'er and o'er,
The weak man little wots its strength,
And calleth still for more;
Till the frenzy-fit
Doth on him sit,
And his heart and head are sore.

There is SICKNESS in the Wine-cup,
And sadness and ill-fame,
And poverty that will not work,
And deeds that scoff at shame;
Till Death, at last,
Comes in, aghast,
To make its lawful claim.

There is CRIME within the Wine-cup,
For it tempteth with a purse;
And it whispereth of stolen gear,
And maketh bad men worse;
Till a bloody brand
Fill the murderer's hand,
That works its own dire curse.

Oh ye who love the Wine-cup,
I warn ye loathe its smell;
For wantonness and wickedness
Do in its odour dwell.
Seek the rosy wealth
Of joyous health
In the pure and chrystal well.

FLORENCE; OR, WOMAN'S FRIENDSHIP.

(A Domestic Tale.)

BY GRACE AGUILAR.

(Concluded from Page 211.)

"To show us how divine a thing
A woman may be made."
WORDSWORTH.

The business with which Sir Ronald Elliot was intrusted by government (for he combined two things in this trip of pleasure), led him to Constantinople; and as he could not persuade his guests that Turkey would be infinitely more interesting than Italy, for a brief residence, he permitted them, after a month's delicious cruise, to embark at the nearest port to Florence, to which fair city they were bound, for thither, though she said but little, Florence's wishes turned.

Strength, as Sir Charles Brashleigh predicted, had partially returned; and the great benefit which she had derived from the sea breezes, and continually changing scene, argued well for the hopes of her friends. Lady St. Maur, indeed, still in secret trembled; for to her affection it seemed, that the returning elasticity was merely temporary, and that Florence would at length sink, not from the terrible trials she had undergone, but from that dark and fatal secret, which, with all a woman's sympathy, she felt was crushing life beneath its weight. Lord St. Maur could not feel this, because hope was so strongly at work within him; young Elliot so entirely forgot it, except as rendering her in his eyes a being still more demanding love and cherishing, that he could not believe that it could weigh so heavily on her. Still, by neither word nor sign did he betray the devoted love which in reality he felt; though to a mind less pre-occupied, his almost reverential manner of addressing her, of superintending all the little kindnesses which could tend to her comfort, might have betrayed something deeper than mere regard.

The little party broke up with regret, only softened by the idea of their very shortly meeting again—on Captain Elliot's return from the Sublime Porte, when it would be decided whether they were to accompany him again to the South of France, or return to England overland. However he might believe that to worship as an unknown devotee would content him, Sir Ronald found that this worship, *apart* from its idol, was something very different to paying

it in her presence. Yet he persevered in his resolution, that she should never know how she was beloved, till she was happy enough to be awake to the consciousness that she had yet the power of charming one in unselfish reverence to her side. She seemed to him as one too pure, too unearthly in her high and beautiful excellence, to be approached with aught of worldly passion, and so, though his limbs trembled with suppressed emotion as he came to bid her farewell, every feeling was effectually concealed.

And at last Florence was in Italy! Was it the spirit of her own ill-fated mother at work, which caused her whole being to thrill with such a mingled sense of pain and pleasure that her feeble frame could scarcely sustain it, as she gazed on those scenes of nature, those exquisite models of art, which had been so long her day dream? Who might answer? There are mysteries in the human heart, depths and capabilities of suffering and of enjoyment, which even their possessor can scarcely define, and how, then, may they be described to others? The Countess often wondered if the wish to visit the scene of her mother's last sufferings ever crossed her mind, but she never alluded to it, nor did Florence.

Lord St. Maur had departed on a private expedition, a week or ten days after their arrival at Florence, and on his return he found several despatches awaiting him from England. It was easy for his wife to read in his features that his search had not been in vain, and that Elford's tale really had foundation; but the peculiar expression which attended the perusal of an enclosure from Lord Edgemere, was even to her penetration incomprehensible. It was speedily explained.

"Florence, I have news for you. Are you strong enough to hear them?" inquired Lady St. Maur, entering her friend's boudoir the following morning, and finding her reclining on a sofa, resting from the fatigue of inditing a long letter to Minie.

"News, requiring *strength* to hear, dearest Ida? (Lady St. Maur had long since insisted

that Florence should drop her title.) What can you mean? I can imagine no news of such importance, unless," she started up alarmed, "unless you have heard more of Minie than I have. What of her?"

"Nothing of her, you apprehensive being; besides, if it were, my news are of joy, not of sorrow!"

"Joy!—and for me!"

"Why, are there no news which can be fraught with joy for you, Florence? Think, is there nothing—nothing in the whole range of thought and wish, which you have lingered on, which, if discovered, would bring joy?"

"Nothing, but that which is impossible," replied Florence, despondingly.

"Do not say so, dearest, it is unlike your trusting faith, to imagine there is any one thing impossible to Him who watches over us, till all things meet together for our good. Have you never thought, never believed, that your own poor mother had grounds for her assertion that her child's birth was as legal as her own marriage?"

"Yes, that she had grounds, perhaps proofs to satisfy herself—but not the world, for even she might have been deceived."

"Do you remember in Mrs. Leslie's MS. that she alludes to a search for papers, which she imagined her poor friend had really obtained, but that none were found?"

"Perfectly; but I believe with my dear father, that it was merely the excitement of fever which made her thus speak—not actual possession."

"And suppose there really had been such papers, and by a most providential concatenation of circumstances they had been traced and found, and all mystery respecting your birth dispelled. Florence, dearest, I must be silent, if you give way to agitation such as this—"

"No! no! no!" gasped poor Florence, struggling with the excitement which nearly overpowered her, "tell me all that you have learned. I am strong enough to bear it. Can it be, that after such a lapse of years, they can be discovered; that all may yet be revealed?"

"I bade you hope, my Florence, when I had little hope myself," replied Lady St. Maur. "Little to build on, but the words of my husband, narrating a curious tale which had met his ears in Italy, disregarded at the time, but recalled by the perusal of Mrs. Leslie's MS." She here related briefly that with which our readers are already acquainted, and continued—"Lord St. Maur did all he could to obtain farther information of these young men. Elford he did not know personally; George Lacy, Elford's particular friend, was seized with a mania to travel all over the world; for my husband could not get a letter to reach him, until, I think, full eight months after his first attempt. Lacy's information only consisted in stating, that Elford was with his regiment in India, and not expected to return for four or five years. As this was the case, my husband felt there was little chance of his obtaining the papers, except by going to Italy himself. It was just about the time of Minie's marriage, and then there was

little appearance of his accomplishing it. When, however, you became ill, and Sir Charles mentioned Italy and a voyage, as likely to restore you, he was quite as anxious to try it as Ronald himself, still hoping—a hope, I candidly own, I could not share—that the papers did exist, and would be found. You sacrificed your own desire, to keep your fatal secret hid from all, in my favour, dearest Florence, that I might not be burdened with a secret which I might not impart to my husband; and to this sacrifice of self you owe a discovery, which, I trust, you will eventually own is fraught with joy. To tell you all in a few words—the Earl's secret expedition was to the source of the Arno, and there, true both to Mrs. Leslie's manuscripts and Elford's narrative, he found the village cure, the superstitious host, and the long-desired casket. So easily had every difficulty at length been overcome, that my husband had scarcely courage to examine the papers, fearing now he really had them, that they were not those he sought."

"But they were!—they were!" burst passionately from the parched lips of Florence.

"Dearest, they were even those very papers to which your unhappy mother's dying words alluded. It is clear that Madeleine, ill and suffering as she was, must have sought for and found the *abbé* who had united them, obtained from him the certificate of their marriage, and also a written document, proving, on oath, not only the truth and sanctity of his cloth, which in the wildness of her agony she appears to have doubted; but that a notorious fact concerning this Charles Neville, having met his ear, he had positively refused to marry them, unless Mr. Neville would take the most solemn oath, and bring papers to testify, that he was uniting himself to Madeleine Montain under his real name. This was done, papers signed to that effect were given to the reverend priest's care, who, in his simplicity, inferred the repentance of the bridegroom, and his pure love for his beautiful bride, by the little resistance he made to this proposal. Alas! ere the year was passed, the cause for this seeming submission was explained. Neville wrote to the old man, tauntingly and triumphantly, alluding to the compact he had made, but that it was idle and useless all; did he believe him such a dolt as to forge chains for himself, which he could not break at his will? At the very time the *abbé* had united him as Charles Neville, to the deceived Madeleine, he said his father was using every effort and expending large sums of money in changing the name, and that he had succeeded. Not alone was the name of Neville banished for ever, but a title was in prospect, and when obtained, what search, what claim could ever identify him as the husband of Madeleine, the father of her child?"

"But he acknowledged he knew she was his wife!" exclaimed Florence, strongly agitated. "Alas! alas, my mother! Yet this satisfaction was at least her own."

"It was. Her search for the Abbé Gramont was at least not entirely in vain. Convinced

that she possessed these important papers, and unconscious that they had been stolen, she died, in all probability so far happy; that she believed the friend, whom providence had brought to adopt her child, would have proofs of the legality of its birth."

"And you have the papers! You really have them!"

"Yes, dearest, close at hand. You can examine them when you will."

"And you and Lord St. Maur are convinced by them that there is no stain upon my birth? I may, indeed, go forth again like others? His name was Neville when he married?"

"To us there is not the smallest doubt remaining; there can be none! Other, and (though trifling) most convincing circumstances confirm this."

Florence sunk back, with such a fervent burst of thanksgiving, that the Countess could not hear it unmoved. Every feature became irradiated; her clasped hands, her parted lip, her swimming eye, betrayed the full tide of joyous gratitude which was swelling in her heart, though, after the first exclamation, words she had none.

"You have more to tell me," she said at length, when her agitation subsided sufficiently to perceive that Lady St. Maur's countenance was still somewhat anxious. "What can it be, that it will not permit you to sympathize in the blessedness of this moment, as you did in former sorrow? Ida, dearest Ida, do you fear that because it has been revealed only now, that I cannot be as grateful as I ought? Do you wish it had come earlier? Oh! wish it not; it must be better so, or it would not have been."

"And can you, in truth, *feel* this, my Florence? Can you still realize a Hand of Love in the eventful tenor of your life? Can you still believe that your adopted mother's prayer was granted, and that the misery you have endured was its reply? Florence, I ask not idly. Answer me only as you feel."

"And as I feel, I answer, my kind friend. Had not the fiery ordeal, through which it has pleased a God of Love to bring me, been for good, it would have been averted. Had it been for our happiness, I mean for Frank's and mine, that we should have become one, this discovery would not have been so long delayed. No! it is better thus. God in mercy heard my prayer. I can look upon my sister's husband only as my brother, now; can feel that with her he must be happier than he would have been with me, or he could not so easily have loved again. I do not say I could always realize this, but that I can *now*, freely and thankfully. Love is past and gone—I will not say as if it had never been, because my heart has lost its freshness, but the object of its illusion is as completely banished as if he were one amongst the dead—perhaps still more so, for it would be no *sin* to retain his image then as it is now. Did I not give him to another? did I not level the barriers between him and his happiness? I say it not in ostentation, but only to convince you that if

I could do this, if I could thus resign him, I should feel it sin to cease to struggle till I had conquered all of love."

"And you have done this?"

"Yes! If Frank were free to-morrow, and could feel again that which he once professed for me—make me anew an offer, I would not be his wife; perhaps the weaning myself from old thoughts, old feelings, was too deep suffering, to permit the idea of their return, without the fervent cry for help, that such might never be—I could not bear it."

"And no regret, then, mingles with this hour? Florence, my noble Florence, can human nature attain faith like this?"

"Yes, yes! believe it, dearest Ida. God tries us not beyond our strength, beyond that which he will give us help to bear. I know that the *wherefore* He has tried me, will be revealed in heaven; on earth, I ask it not, hope it not. It is enough that His love permits my feeling that He has willed it, therefore it is good."

"And if the *wherefore* should be indeed revealed to us on earth, Florence—my own Florence—think you you could bear to know the truth?"

"Bear it!" exclaimed Florence, once more springing up, and laying both hands on her friend's arm. "What can you mean? What have I more to bear?"

"Little of suffering, now, my Florence, but much to call for thanksgiving. Tell me, are you satisfied that your poor mother's death was happier than you thought; that no spot of shame can attach itself to you?"

"What more is needed? Is not that in itself sufficient mercy?" replied Florence.

"You would not, then, proclaim yourself his child, did you know that your father lived?"

"No, no! Oh! call him not my father; spare me that further agony," entreated Florence, pain suddenly contracting every feature which had beamed with such holy, such beautiful submission. "What can he be to me, or I to him, save as mutual objects of dread? And even if he owned me, my legal right might perhaps interpose, between him and other offspring, believed legal now. No, no, let me be Florence Leslie still! No other name could be to me like that; no father like him who took me to his hearth and heart, when I knew no other, and no other would know me. It is enough we know the truth, why should the world know more?"

"Be calm, be comforted, then, my Florence; it shall be as you will," replied the Countess, fondly. "Nay, if it be such suffering, his very name you need not know."

"His name!" repeated Florence, wildly. "Gracious heaven! is that, too, brought to light? And was it this you feared to tell me? Feared! Yet why? What can it be to me?"

"Nothing now to fear, my Florence. What might have been, had those papers been a little longer concealed, or had you failed in that dread moment of trial, I shudder to think on. Is it possible you do not understand me?" she added,

as Florence's large eyes moved not from her face, yet evinced no emotion but inquiry.

"Understand you? Yes—that Charles Neville is discovered; but you have not said in whom?"

Lady St. Maur did not reply in words; but she placed an open letter in her hand. Florence glanced rapidly over it. Her cheek and lips gradually became blanched to the colour of her robe, as she proceeded. Her breath became impeded, till at length she felt as if every pulse suddenly stood still. Her brow contracted, her eye distended, and though the paper dropped from her hands, they remained convulsively clenched, as if they held it still.

"Florence!" exclaimed Lady St. Maur, throwing her arms around her, "you are saved this intolerable misery. Dearest, will you not thank God!"

Florence heard, and understood her. A grasp of ice seemed loosed from her heart and brain, and, throwing herself passionately on the Countess's neck, sense, and with it thankfulness, too deep, too intense for words, returned, in a convulsive burst of tears.

CHAPTER LV.

Lord St. Maur and his family remained in Italy nearly a twelvemonth; and though Sir Ronald Elliot could not prevail on them to return in his frigate to England, he did succeed in persuading them, before he left the southern shores, to take a cruise in the Adriatic, touching at all the far-famed Grecian isles. The excursion happily confirmed the hoped-for improvement in the health and spirits of Florence. The Captain of course declared it was his much-loved ocean which had accomplished this good, although Lord St. Maur compelled him to acknowledge that she was materially better before the last cruise, and consequently that Italy had been as beneficial as the sea.

Be that as it may, the Florence Leslie who returned to England after an eighteen months' absence, was very different from the Florence Leslie who had left it. To the unspeakable happiness of Minie and Frank, there was no farther appearance of gradual decay, and whatever might have been the sorrow which they had feared was consuming her, its every trace had passed away. The quiet happiness, the unruffled cheerfulness of former days had returned. She no longer shrunk, as Minie had feared she would, from witnessing the happiness she had done so much to heighten, but seemed to delight now in the society of those she had served; needing no other proof of gratitude than the continuance of their nurture, confidence, and love, and their unwavering respect and affection towards herself. She promised them as she could not quite grant their reiterated request to live with them entirely, that her home should be alternately with them and the Countess St. Maur. Minie and Frank assured her they wanted but this to complete their happiness.

"You have not seen Emily, then, since her engagement with Louis Camden?" inquired Lady Mary Melford of the Countess St. Maur, as they sat together one morning, some months after the latter's return to England. Lord Melford's family were still in Scotland, where they had been staying six or seven weeks.

"No, we missed each other completely, and I knew nothing of this engagement till quite by chance: Emily did not even write to tell me of it. Is it the same Camden she met at our house two or three years ago, when we were so anxious to discover the truth about Florence?"

"The very same: you know he became intimate with our families from that circumstance. Alfred rather liked him, but never dreamt of his being Emily's choice."

"Nor should I: some years ago he would have been the least likely person to attract her. Indeed, when we left England, I thought she would never marry; does she love him?"

Lady Mary laughed. "How can you ask such a simple question, Ida? did I not tell you some years ago, that love was out of fashion, though you and I were silly enough to fall into its trammels? Emily is now urged by the amiable desire of proving that she has a will of her own in opposition to that of her parents, who did not approve of the match."

"Why not? he is of good family, is he not? and I hear nothing alleged against him in the way of character."

"Character! he has none to allege anything against. They will be happy after their own fashion, I dare say. Nothing in common, certainly, except indolence, which delightful quality will save them from the trouble of quarrelling. Louis will lounge away his mornings at the Horse Guards, Tattersall's, &c., as he does now. Emily will furnish her drawing-room and boudoir with the most elegant Berlin work, which will occupy her some delightful years; perhaps for a change she may indite a fashionable novel, if writing be not too much trouble. She has read so many, that she might concoct one quite original in appearance, however borrowed in reality. Now, have I not sketched you a picture of true felicity, Ida? Do not laugh, it is true to life."

"Indeed it is much too sad for laughter, but your comic look provoked it. How can you talk so coolly of two persons entering into the solemn ceremony of marriage, taking a sacred oath to be as one, when they have no more idea of being so than they were before they married; going their own ways, seeking their own pleasures; in a word, living but for themselves, when they have sworn so to love one another, that self must be annihilated. It is dreadful!"

"My dear Ida, hundreds do the same; for ten that marry for love in this worldly age, I will find you fifty that do so without an atom of such romance."

"Perhaps so; but numbers in my opinion do not constitute either strength or wisdom.

Better Emily should vegetate through life, as she does now, than marry with such feelings."

"Indeed, I do not think so. Matrimony may bring some cares and annoyances with it, and that will do her good. Their novelty will make them pleasures."

"A novel kind, undoubtedly; but how do you know that she really does not love him as much at least as she can love?"

"Only by her telling me so herself. You may start and look disbelieving; but it is perfectly true, she condemns all love as the height of folly."

"Then why marry at all? particularly as by your account she is to work worsted and read novels just the same after marriage as before, so it cannot be for change of employment."

"Oh! but there is more *éclat* in what the honourable Mrs. Camden does, than in the sayings and doings of Emily Melford. She says herself that she marries for a change, to prove to her father that she likes her own will better than his, and to take precedence of her sister at all the dinners and balls where they may chance to meet."

"Mary, you are uncharitable!"

"On my honour, I repeat but her own words. Imagine, should she have children, in what a capital school they will be trained."

"Children! Emily a mother, and of girls? unless she change very materially, of which I fear there is little chance, Heaven avert such a misfortune both to herself and them."

"Amen; if you speak so seriously, Ida, I must be serious too. You say 'of girls'; do you think a mother's influence is less felt with boys?"

"Only so far that they are removed sooner from her care; an indolent mother will dispatch her boys to school, almost before she has power to work them good or evil. Her girls remain with her under a governess perhaps, but that will hardly save them from the effects of example; and believe me, a mother influences the tender years of her children yet more by example than by precept. In your case, dear Mary, I feel assured that your influence will follow your boy through life, babe as he is now, and little as you think you can do for him. You see I have read the thoughts which dictate your question, and I answer them in the words of Madame Campan—'Mothers more than schools are wanted to give us a nobler race of men.'"

"I ask but to make my boy like his father," was the instant reply.

Lady St. Maur smiled. "Conjugal love is not out of fashion then, Mary, though every other is."

"I told you we were exceptions, Ida."

"I am glad of it, Mary; but for your boy, if you do not wish him *better* than his father, you can make him *happier*, for Alfred had little of maternal influence to make him what he is."

"*Parles d'un Ane et l'on voit ses oreilles*," said Lady Mary, laughing mischievously, as her

husband and Lord St. Maur entered at that moment.

"Which of us must look for his *oreilles*, Lady Mary," demanded the Earl in the same tone."

"Oh not you, though Ida was speaking, do not flatter yourself it was about you—that you were the *Ane*, have you no curiosity?"

"None at this moment. I have just learned tidings which have startled me. Lord Glenville has been thrown out of his carriage, and so seriously injured that there is little hope of his recovery."

A general start and exclamation followed his words.

"How unfortunate," remarked Lady Mary, "Minie has scarcely recovered the severe illness which followed her confinement, and I am sure is not well enough for Frank to leave her; she has been so attentive and kind to that strange man, and he has grown so fond of her, that the news of his danger will, I am sure, do her harm."

"The more so, as Lord Glenville had just left Woodlands in perfect health," rejoined the Earl.

"Woodlands! had he been there?"

"Yes, absolutely to see his grandson, to whom you know he insisted on giving the name of Leslie. His eccentricity showed itself even then. I wonder he left his retirement at all."

"And Florence, how is he with her?" asked Melford, "has she seen much of him?"

"Only since his visit to Woodlands. Cordial to women, you know he never is, and Florence rather shrinks from than invites his notice. He would, however, I have heard, distinguish her, as he has never forgotten what he terms her courage in seeking him, and her generosity towards his son."

"Ida, how strangely silent you have become; what are you thinking about?" inquired Lady Mary; but the Countess—a very unusual circumstance with her—could not at that moment reveal her thoughts, and evaded the question.

Melford's intelligence was correct. When nearing the metropolis, Lord Glenville's horses had taken fright, and, overturning the carriage, their master was so seriously hurt as to be conveyed insensible to his own house. Medical men had been instantly summoned, and pronounced him injured internally, and so severely as to baffle their skill. He might linger, nay might recover; but it was so doubtful, they would not advise any delay in sending for his family.

As Lady Mary had anticipated, the news caused Frank the greatest uneasiness. Delicate as she was, Minie could not accompany him, and yet she was most urgent to do so, declaring that his father ought not to be left alone, and so entirely dependent on his domestics. Frank felt the truth of her words; but he could not consent, her health was much too precious to be risked, and he would have departed alone had not Florence conjured him with earnestness

to permit her supplying Minie's place. She would go to his father, tarry with him till his recovery; and thus if the illness were lingering, permit Frank's occasional visits home, without any increased anxiety. If he thought Minie well enough to be left, her resolution was taken, she would go with him to London.

Minie's anxiety calmed on the instant of this proposal, and Frank, with real gratitude, acceded. All idea of Lord Glenville's dislike to her attendance was banished on their arrival, for a prey to incessant fever and delirium only varied by lethargic stupors, he knew none of those around him. Full of affection for his father, notwithstanding his capricious conduct towards himself, Frank's feelings were harrowed to a pitch almost of agony; not so much at the bodily sufferings which he could not alleviate, but from the unintelligible yet seemingly connected ravings of delirium. In vain Florence would conjure him to leave the apartment, or assure him there could be no meaning in the dark words he heard. He would linger spell-bound, and then rush from the room to pace his own, longing to disbelieve, yet feeling that he could not.

He had never dreamed of remorse and its attendant fears as actuating his father. His nature was too high, too pure to permit such thoughts as touching any one so nearly related to himself. He knew not of what he raved, save that it was evil; yet there were words which froze his very life within him, seeming, in spite of their madness, to explain much of what had been mysterious in his parent's life before, and he pondered on them till his brain reeled.

Meanwhile, day and night did Florence devote herself to the suffering man. He knew her not; yet her presence, her gentle tending often appeared to soothe him when all else failed. When Frank had power to think, he implored her to take more care of herself. What claim had his father upon her that she should do all this for him?

"The claim of the suffering and the repentant upon the healthful and the innocent," was her instant reply; "Frank, there is satisfaction in what I do. Do not care for me, only for Minie's sake, for your child's! calm this frightful excitement; trust me, all will yet be well."

"Well! If there should be cause for what I hear. Florence, does he not rave that I—I, though his son, was not his heir? That there was a previous marriage, that then another may claim the name and the title, that it was for this I might wed with none but one who could bestow them. Title! What care I for that? but that I who so gloried in a pure line of ancestry, in noble birth, to add to the freedom and beauty of life, should find myself a nameless outcast. Florence, can this be well?"

She tried to soothe him, to argue that the ravings of delirium ought not to thus disturb him; but though for a time her efforts succeeded, whenever those fearful wanderings were renewed, Frank lost all power of reasoning,

the very obscurity in which his parent spoke but increased the torture of his mind.

It was nearly morning. Florence had dismissed the watchers one by one, and as Lord Glenville seemed to sleep more calmly, remained at last alone beside him, unconscious that Frank, refreshed by some hours sleep, had returned softly to the apartment and shared her vigil, hidden from her by the curtain of the bed.

For nearly an hour all was perfect stillness, and she was just sinking into slumber, when those low terrible mutterings which were always the forerunners of the wildest delirium, startled her into wakefulness anew.

"Madeleine! Madeleine! Come you again? Have you not tortured me enough? Yes! yes! I know it. You need not repeat it so wildly. You married Charles Neville, and he deserted you. How dare you call yourself my wife? Am I not a Howard? Am I not Viscount Glenville? What has Charles Neville to do with me? I know you not! begone! I have no child but my poor Frank. You shall not rob him of his heritage. I have hoarded gold; take it and go! go! I will have no son but Frank! Son! have you a son? Why not come before? Why stay so long? Frank is too old now to give up his rights. He shall not, he shall not. It will break his heart. My boy! My own boy! Go! go I tell you! I am not Charles Neville now. I sought you and you would not come. Why are you here now? Love me! Ay, ay, whoever loved like thee? My own poor Madeleine, and yet I scorned thee, trampled on thee. Where have you been this long, long while? I did not murder—murder? what fiend's voice spoke? Madeleine! Madeleine! come back to me; tell me I have no child, no son but Frank. You will not! you will not! Off! off! Fiends! Devils! Ye hold me with a grasp of fire—off! I will not go with ye! Off! off!"

The unhappy man had sprung up in his bed, his convulsive struggles demanding the whole strength of his son to restrain him on his couch. But though actually trembling lest the violence of his madness might do injury to himself or Frank, Florence called for no other aid.

For several minutes the paroxysm lasted, then gradually subsided as if life had indeed departed. Frank moved not; once only he spoke, and it was to entreat Florence to leave them; it was no scene for her.

"Florence," grasped the dying man; "who spoke of Florence? They took Madeleine there to elude me, but she loved me too well for that, and she came to me spite of all they said, and how did I reward her? Fiend! fiend! yet I did love her as I have loved none other—and her child—has she a child? No, no, no! Frank, Frank! I will have no son but him—no, no, none but you." He added suddenly fixing his dim eyes on his son's face, unconscious of his identity—"Frank boy, good, kind boy, forgive me; I have wronged you. If another come to claim your heritage, let him have it! there is wealth enough for you; I have hoarded it, prized it, that I might leave it all to

you. They cannot rob you of that, and you can take another name, and purchase another title, Frank, and forget that you had such a guilty father. Let the world talk as it will, what care you for them? My boy, my boy! do not curse me, I have loved you spite of all!"

"Father!" exclaimed the unhappy young man; "Father, in mercy cease, or speak more clearly. What have I to forgive? What have I to resign? If I have an elder brother, he is welcome to it all. Let him but come forward and leave me only a father. Say but that I am your own son, that I have equal right to bear your name, and for aught else—Father, father, tell me but the truth!"

"You may, you may! perhaps, perhaps! She died before your mother was my wife." And Lord Glenville sprang up again, the wild glare of his sunken eyes contradicting the apparent sanity of his words. "Frank, Frank! if after all I should have no other child, and they have tortured me for nothing, will you forgive me then? Yes, yes—you were always good and kind, and so, so they will punish me through you—see, she glares on me still? Madeleine! what do you there? Why do you kneel by my couch as if you would forgive? You cannot, you cannot! Only tell me that, that you have no child!"

Shuddering, and scarcely able to support himself, Frank's glance followed the wild gaze of his father, as if in the excitement of the moment he almost expected to see the being so apostrophised. He saw nothing but the kneeling form of Florence, on whose pale countenance the dim light of morning fell, giving it an unusual expression of languor and illness; her black hair was loosened and falling thickly round her, increased the illusion. It was on her Lord Glenville's eyes were fixed, distending in their fevered gaze till they seemed about to burst their sockets. The convulsions of his frame ceased, his whole figure stiffened in his son's arms, his features grew rigid as stone.

"Madeleine," again he said in a faint and hollow voice, "this is no dream; no fever. Frank, Frank, does her child live? Is it a son? No, no, no, she is my wife—but you, my boy—the jaw dropped, then came a gurgling sound, an appalling struggle, and all was over. They watched beside the dead.

* * * *

From dawn till past noon had Francis Howard, now Lord Glenville, remained in his own apartment, refusing ingress to all, and leaving to the faithful steward of his father all the duties both to the living and the dead. There was something pervading his whole aspect as he disappeared from amongst them, which effectually secured him from intrusion. It was not till nearly two hours after noon that his own servant found courage to knock at his door, entreating admission on the part of Miss Leslie, and when Frank did fling it impatiently open, the man started back appalled at the change which a few brief hours had wrought.

His brow was indented, his cheek haggard, his lip white and compressed, and the voice in which he demanded what he wanted, totally unlike himself.

The man was the bearer of a note and packet of papers which Miss Leslie had a few minutes before conjured him to deliver into Howard's own hand. Frank took it, but carelessly threw the packet aside. The note was from Florence, containing a very few brief lines, but they had the power of making him impatiently motion the man away, and then seize the packet; hour after hour passed and found him engrossed with it still. The papers were of various sizes, and in different hands; yet one after another was perused with the same avidity, as if notwithstanding their different appearance, they told but one continued tale. Frank's very breath seemed hushed; but could any one have witnessed the constant changes of his countenance, no more was needed to betray how deeply he was moved, or how nearly that which he perused concerned him. Again, and yet again, his eye returned to some particular passages, as if to believe from a first perusal was impossible; and it was not till twilight had gradually closed around him, that he looked up from the deep trance which his task had caused. The haggard look had faded from his features, the brow was unknit, the lip relaxed; the eyes were full and moist, as he raised them in the direction of the calm beautiful heavens; and his clasped hands, his parted lip, spoke inward thanksgiving and prayer.

"Frank Glenville! BROTHER," murmured a well known voice beside him; "we may love each other still!" He caught her to his heart, and manly as he was, eschewing weakness almost as a crime, his varied emotions were calmed in a flood of tears.

* * * *

"Yes, we will to Woodlands, with our dear Minie as soon as may be," exclaimed Howard after above an hour's quiet converse had calmed his excited spirit, and the elasticity of the young viscount had returned, the more buoyant it seemed from its late stagnation. "A few days ago I felt as if I could not, ought not to burden her with the sight of such a wretched being as myself. Tangible evil or suffering, I trust, I could meet as a man; but the bewildering doubt, the heavy apprehension of misery always hanging over me which my poor father's words created, I could not bear. I felt as if I dared not meet my beloved wife or my innocent babe again. But now, now, Florence, my own sister—how blessed the word sounds!—again you have been the fountain of our joy. What had we been without you?"

"Oh, not me, dearest Frank; our destiny, our happiness depended not on a weak mortal like myself for its fulfilment. What had we been without that merciful Providence, who out of such overwhelming evil, for so it seemed, could bring forth good?"

"But Minie, think you, we should tell her this wondrous tale? You shrank from the idea of imparting it; you tell me as loosening every tie which you so much loved. Do not think of us, but answer as you wish yourself, my sister. It shall be still, if you will, and for ever kept a secret even from Minie."

"No Frank, no," was her instant answer; "let there be no secret between us, brother and sister as we are, which must be kept from one whom you have made my sister still. No, I can bear it now. We will tell it all as soon as she has strength for the excitement. No tie will be loosed now; nothing which can bring one thought of pain. Had there been no cause for you to hear it, then indeed I had never breathed the truth to mortal ear; for remember I am Florence Leslie still. I acknowledge no other parents than those whose name I bear. Keep these strange and painful records from the world, dear Frank. None lives save ourselves whom they can in aught interest or avail, and therefore no injustice can be done by their concealment. Let Minie indeed know all, but tell it to none else. Oh! wondrously indeed has my adopted mother's prayer been answered. Dearest Frank, how may we sufficiently bless God!"

CHAPTER LVI. AND LAST.

Had we listened to our own wishes, gentle reader, our task had ended with the concluding words of the previous chapter, even though the fortunes of our heroine might have appeared unfinished—marriage or death being the general climax with which biography of all kinds, be it historical or imaginary, concludes.

It was our own earnest wish to have proved that a heroine might be happily disposed of without either one of these alternatives. But facts disposed themselves otherwise. That to a character like Florence, the life of a single woman would have been as happy, and as worthy of respect, admiration, and love, as the very warmest of her well-wishers could desire we well believe; for we are not of the number of those who think that marriage, even a very happy one, affords the only chance of insuring felicity and her proper station to woman. We believe that it depends mostly on women themselves to secure their own happiness, and the respect and love of others, and that they can do this as single women as well as by becoming wives.

We do not deny that the task is difficult. To conquer the pain of loneliness and desolation, to subdue the natural yearnings for some nearer and dearer ties than merely those of blood, which, alas! but too often cool as years roll on, and our homes are severed like our interests; and those on whom the single woman would pour forth her warmest affections, give back but little in return, for they have dearer ties; that to be content with this, to make objects of affection and interest, requires an energy—a strength of purpose, and, above all, a deep clinging sense of His cherishing love, whom we cannot love too

well, which feelings, perhaps, are not often perfectly attained; and therefore is it that we see single women but too commonly frittering away existence. Still hoping, still seeking for that eventful change in life—marriage!—when all change has long been passed; and their endeavours to be youthful, to neglect the duties of one station, in the hope of attracting for the other, loses them the esteem which a higher respect for themselves, and contentment with their lot, would unavoidably command. We hold all single women, who so know themselves and their duties, as to be revered and loved by all who call them relative and friend, in yet higher esteem and admiration than those happier ones, who have passed through life hand-in-hand with a beloved partner, fostered and fostering, blessing and blessed. For the wife, in all her struggles, all her pains, all her failings, all her virtues, has she not love to heal, to soothe, to shield, to encourage, to reward? For the single woman, where may she look, save to herself and to her God! How glorious the energy that snatches her from listlessness and trifling! How sainted the principle, that shielding her from self, and its host of petty miseries and ills, bids her live for others in whom she has no wife nor mother's claim.

Yet to make a heroine sink into this, to endow her with no brighter destiny, would call down on the writer the charge of incompleteness and injustice. In vain have we urged that to one like Florence Leslie, the good performed, the misery averted, the happiness created by her acts of self-denial and devotedness, would be sufficient recompense.

"But why would you have had Florence suffer thus, and meet with no reward?" We think we hear some readers ask. No reward! Oh! is there none in the privileges just enumerated? None, in a life of virtue and its attendant faith, in a lovelier life above? And even if there were none, we would not inculcate the false doctrine that suffering must be followed by *temporal* recompense. It is a wrong, a misleading belief to look to this world for the reward of good; a mistaken moral to insist that the adherence to the good, the sacrifice of self, the endeavour to realize the perfectibility of virtue, must find its recompense here below, or the economy of Divine justice is imperfect. Recompense there is, as incomparably above the deserts of even the most perfect upon earth, as the Gracious Bestower is above those on whom it is bestowed. But it comes not wholly in this world; we must look upward to receive it; and therefore do we urge that the moral of that tale is false, which would crown a life of trial with the dazzling lustre of earthly joy. Not that our mortal course is desolate. If our readers have felt with Florence, they have traced love gleaming up through all, and must acknowledge with her, that she had her reward even in this world. The "silver lining" was beneath the thunder-cloud, and the darkest misery brought forth joy.

Yet loving as she did, how was it possible that she could ever be happy or associate with

the object of that love, discovering him to be her brother? The most probable thing was, that she should go mad.

Not so, captious critic! We are not of the tornado school, and can quite believe, though a woman can never love *twice*, as she has loved *once*, there is no occasion for death or madness to be her cure. Nay, we are sufficiently unromantic to believe, that passion may actually be conquered, and that by securing the happiness of those she loved, Florence went the surest way to work, and absolutely did conquer it, although at the cost of her own health and happiness, before the truth was known. We further allege, that as nearly two years elapsed between the discovery of the misery she had so narrowly escaped and her seeing Frank again, it was quite possible for her, when they did meet, to regard him only as the brother, which, by his marriage with Minie, she had before tutored her mind and heart to consider him. The horror which had seized her when the truth was first revealed, had, indeed, been such as to terrify Lady St. Maur for her returning health, but her strong mind had conquered; and some time before they left Italy, every painful feeling had merged into quietness and confidence, gratitude and joy. She no longer shunned his image or his memory. Her very horror of what might have been, and her constant gratitude that the deep misery had been turned aside, ever prevented the recurrence of any thought which could disturb her peace.

But did Frank himself ever know at what cost to Florence he had been saved from a doom, at the very thought of which he shuddered? Not from the lips of Florence. Neither he nor Minie, while they blessed her as—humanly speaking—not alone the creator, but the preserver of their joy, ever knew how painfully the first had been purchased. If a thought of the truth did ever flash across the mind of Frank, as when he recollected former suspicions of unhappiness it might naturally have done, it was suppressed so quickly that it could never take defined form, much less expressed word; and he believed with his wife, that Florence's injured health and drooping spirits originated in her fatal secret alone. Minie's varied emotions at the tale she heard, we leave to the imaginations of our readers. Suffice it that Florence never had reason to regret that it had been imparted. Sisters, bound by no common affection, they had been from infancy, and such, even through long years of marriage and maternity, they changelessly remained.

It is the fashion, we believe, in the concluding chapters of a tale, as in the last scene of a drama, to bring all the *dramatis personæ* on the boards together. As, however, our characters are almost all disposed of, either in narrative or conversation, we must eschew the common mode, and briefly as may be, dismiss those that remain.

To the world, the tale we have related, was never known, never even rumoured. That the young Viscount insisted on settling half of his

father's long-hoarded wealth on Miss Leslie, was, from his character, no very great matter of surprise. The sacrifice she had made for him, was cause sufficient, and so after the subject had been gossiped, exaggerated, and treated in every variety of light, it was dismissed to make room for those other matters of moment to the great, scandal-loving, busy-body world.

To one other person alone, in addition to those whom we have named, was the eventful tenor of Miss Leslie's life revealed.

It was a lovely summer evening, rather more than two years after Lord Glenville's death, that two persons were sitting in one of the pretty little parlours of Amersley, opening on a retired part of the park. They had, it appeared by the lady's attire, been walking, but as their conversation deepened in interest, the repose and solitude of that little boudoir had been unconsciously sought, as less liable to interruption than either garden or park. The lady had thrown aside her bonnet, and as she sat, her face upturned to the gentleman, he standing beside her, though the features disclosed no positive beauty, they were such as arrest irresistibly, particularly when beaming as they were at that moment. Though the period of girlhood had merged into the epoch of woman's loveliest maturity, when one degree nearer thirty than twenty, she smiles all the truth and freshness of early youth, with those calmer, more finished graces which have come not to pass away, but to deepen and endure. One glance on that open brow, that full dark eye, that finely chiselled mouth, will suffice for her recognition by all those whose interest in Florence Leslie has sketched her image in their minds.

To the Florence of our first chapter, she bore indeed little outward resemblance, save such as the opening flower does to the early rose-bud. But even as the full-blown rose reveals the luscious scent and glowing beauty which the bud contained, although in part concealed; so did her character, as it now shone forth, confirm and perfect the promise of its bud. The timid, shrinking girl, was now the dignified though still retiring woman. The high and truthful sentiments which had formerly been spoken tremblingly, as scarcely daring to find expression, lest scorners should mock, or the more experienced should pity, were now avowed calmly, unostentatiously, as they had been acted upon in the many trials of her life. The heart which had throbbed and quivered at the faintest word of kindness, and which a silken thread had led, if held by a loving hand, now rested on itself meekly and truthfully, contented with the love it gave, and the love it received. Living for others, indeed still; but feeling to the full that such existence was only living for her purer self.

Her companion appeared some two or three years her senior, tall and finely formed. A high polish and elegance of tone and manner marked at once the English gentleman, and there was, too, an honest frankness in all he said, which rendered it impossible to mistake his pro-

fession; but both their characters—as he stood leaning over the arm of the couch where Florence sat—had so evidently merged into the anxious lover, that they may be passed over with very little notice. Florence had been speaking long and earnestly, evidently narrating circumstances or feelings, to which Sir Ronald Elliot listened, scarcely breathing lest he should lose a word, though much of which she told him he already knew.

“You know all now,” she said in conclusion, “more than any being on earth knows except Lord and Lady St. Maur, more than I ever believed could pass my lips again. Yet acting nobly, generously, as you have done by me, it is your due. I neither could nor would have become your wife, with any one circumstance untold. Of course had not all love been previously subdued; the very fact of discovering who it was with whom in perfect ignorance and innocence my affections had become twined, must have banished the passion for ever, even if to do so had caused my death, which, perhaps, had it not been conquered, must inevitably have ensued. But though five years have elapsed since then, and all love has passed away as entirely as if it had never been, save that I now shrink from its thought with such shuddering that I dare not, if I could, feel such emotion again; how may I hope or believe that a heart which has lost the sunny freshness of youth's first feelings, will bestow on you the happiness, which you tell me can exist but with its possession? Do not hesitate to speak those sentiments which my unvarnished narration may have excited. You cannot have known the facts before, and therefore have I so hesitated to accept the attentions you have lavished on me during the last few months. I longed for you to know the truth, believing that if known you must cease to value a heart which can give so poor a return for all the devotedness of yours.”

“So poor a return!” he answered, passionately. “Florence, call you truth, confidence, esteem, affection, however calm and unimpassioned from a heart like yours, but poor return? Oh! dearer, more precious to me thus revealed than the first and freshest love of the loveliest on earth. You know not how for the last five years, aye, from the first evening I beheld you sitting in your deep sorrow in this very room at Ida's feet, I have borne your image with me, wherever you have been—though how might I annoy you with attentions, with words of love, when your thoughts were all fixed on other things. No, Florence, no. Lord St. Maur penetrated my secret, and to save me from the danger of unrequited love, he told me almost all you have revealed, save the name of him you loved; and yet I loved, aye, hopeless as it seemed.”

“All! you knew all! even the doubt upon my birth! and yet you would have made me yours!”

“Yes, dearest! and those things they told me to diminish love increased it tenfold. What was to me the doubt upon your birth?

Yourself alone I loved, aye, worshipped; for the deep sanctity your uncomplaining sorrow flung around you, permitted little of mere earthly passion to mingle with my love. What to me that you had resigned your heritage for the happiness of others, save that the very deed first woke me to the consciousness how unchangeably I loved! In the brief visit I paid to England, eighteen months ago, I looked on you again, and hope grew stronger, yet still I feared to commit my fate to words. I dared not ask you to be mine, lest even hope should be for ever banished by your refusal. Again we met, I know not what bolder feeling awoke within me. You did not entirely reject attention; you did not refuse my companionship and sympathy. You spoke to me more than once as to one whose character was not wholly beneath your confidence and regard. Florence, my beloved, it was from these little things I gathered hope, for I knew I felt such conduct could not proceed from one who is truth itself did she intend me to speak in vain. Forgive me that I did not interrupt you when you spoke, by avowing I knew all before. Your confidence, your truth, were too precious to be so checked. They told me that the esteem, the affection I pined for were my own, or you had not thus spoken; that as a friend, a husband, dearest Florence, that confidence, that affection would bless me still. One thing only you told me that I did not know before; till this very day, nay this very hour, I knew not that the mystery of your birth had been dispersed, your real parentage made known. I can guess wherefore St. Maur withheld the truth, and I owe him the sincerest gratitude for so doing. I could almost wish it had not been so, that I might prove how little such thoughts could weigh with me.”

“I do not heed such proof, dear Ronald, or rather you have proved it,” replied Florence, with one of those bright glistening smiles that sometimes returned to her lip like the reflection of other days, and she made no resistance to the change in Elliot's position from standing to sitting by her side, with one arm most daringly thrown round her waist.

“And you will be mine, mine! in very truth my own,” whispered the enraptured lover, looking upon the sweet face till it blushed beneath his gaze. “Mine, spite of all Edmund's long sermons as to the pure romance of what I felt—can it indeed be? I have dreamed of such bliss so long, it feels like a dream still. Speak to me but once, love; say but one little word, that it is no illusion: you will be mine?”

“Yes, dearest Ronald!” she replied, simply and frankly, and her clear, truthful eyes shrunk not beneath his. “Six months ago I thought my destiny fixed, and thanked God for its calm and quiet joys; but with you, shielded by a love like yours, I feel, and have felt, perhaps, for the last month, that had I a heart worthy of the love you gave, I might be happier still. But there is one person to be consulted,” she added, with a gay smile, perceiving, though Elliot was too much engrossed to do so, Lord

and Lady St. Maur coming up the path to the glass door. "Not Minnie, because she will be too happy to think I have a chance of being happy as herself; nor Frank, for the same reason; and I believe, could he choose a brother, he would have chosen you; not Lord St. Maur, but his and our Ida, who has vowed vengeance on any man who would rob her of one whom she flatteringly terms so useful a friend as myself. Go and use your eloquence with her, dear Ronald, for wed without her consent I cannot."

"I have no fear," was his joyous reply, springing from the side of Florence to that of the Countess, almost with a bound, and in a very few minutes they were all within the room. The Earl, grasping the Captain's hand with a most sympathizing pressure, and Lady St. Maur holding Florence in a warm embrace, whispering such affectionate congratulation that it almost brought forth tears.

"Yes, I will give her to you, Ronald," she said, "for your love does deserve her; and as your wife, I shall not only keep a friend, but gain a relative. If any one had prophesied this years ago, that my lowly flower of St. John's was to become cousin and dearest friend to that same Lady Ida Villiers, from whom the simple girl then almost shrank in awe because she was an Earl's daughter, and who afterwards suffered all kinds of sorrow rather than claim a friend in one she so foolishly loved, because rank and fortune came between us—if any one had prophesied this, I say, who would have believed it?"

"And if any one were to read my tale, dearest Ida, would they not scoff and say that to friendship like yours the world affords no parallel; that it is pretty to read of, but is never found? That one of your rank must have neglected, if she did not forget, one lowly as myself; that in the world, fashion not feeling must guide, and therefore none of your rank and station could be as you have been. Oh! you know not how your friendship aided in making me as I am. The world sees but the surface of life; it knows not what little things may influence and guide, and how much female friendship in general so scorned and scoffed at—may be the invisible means of strengthening in virtue, comforting in sorrow, and without once interfering with any nearer or dearer tie—may heighten inexpressibly the happiness and well-doing of each."

THE MARRIAGE OF INTEREST.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Oh! why does the bride weep sadly
As she enters the sacred fane?
Around her are smiling gladly
Her joyous attendant train;
They have wreathed her tresses flowing
With pearls as the snow-flake white,
And her ruby zone is glowing
With flashes of crimson light;

The priest has approached the altar,
And the rite commences now;
But the young bride's accents falter
As she sobs forth the marriage vow.

What darkens the young bride's spirit,
As she sits at the festal board?
Applause of her charms and merit
From each eager lip is poured;
Her mother is fondly gazing
On her sweet and touching beauty,
And her father is warmly praising
Her obedient love and duty;
Her brothers are proudly telling
Of the splendour of her lot,
But grief in her heart is dwelling,
And she seems as she heard them not.

Has the bride no smile of pleasure
For the youths and maidens bright
Who dance to the minstrel's measure
In the blazing hall at night?
No; she seeks a quiet chamber,
Where the moon's faint beam reposes,
And where lamps of pure pale amber
Are gleaming through shrines of roses;
There her sisters haste soon after,
And greet her with gay caress;
But they cease from their merry laughter
At the sight of her deep distress.

Lo, the bridegroom now draws near her;
Say, will not her vivid bloom
Return as his accents cheer her?
No, her brow has a heavier gloom
As she turns in sad dejection
His features and form to scan.
Oh! she cannot feel affection
For that old and feeble man.
Unmeet for the step of a lover
His tottering gait appears;
And his hair is silvered over
With the frost of many years.

Yet she smiled on his fond petition
When his passion at first he told;
For she pictured, in proud ambition,
His castles, his lands, his gold.
She has won them all, but o'er her
Comes the sense of their bitter cost;
She turns from the scene before her,
And she pines for her freedom lost.
Like a victim, in trembling terror
She weeps o'er her flowery ties;
Alas! 'tis her own rash error
Has ordained the sacrifice.

I cannot compassion render,
Young bride, to thy sighs, thy tears:
Go, live in thy dear-bought splendour,
Through the lapse of repentant years;
With thy cold bright fetters laden,
Go, shine in unhonoured state,
While each meek and artless maiden
Shall condemn and shun thy fate;
And shrink from the light, vain folly
That could basely to Mammon bow,
And plight in God's temple holy
A loveless and sordid vow.

A PORTRAIT.

I have a child, a cheriah'd child, who's now some few years old,
But rarely doth the outward world his countenance behold—
A child of very waywardness, yet to my heart most dear,
Sometimes awak'ning joy's bright smile, sometimes the bitter tear;

A creature of impulsive mood, oft flashing into mirth,
Yet oft'ner far in sadden'd vein his feelings spring to birth—
But when avoiding these extremes perchance he winneth best
The homage of the heart from those to whom he stands confest.

He loveth all things that I love, he joys in all my joy,
Yet will he oft with Elfin skill his ev'ry art employ
To lead me from the haunts of men, where business claims me still,
To gaze with him in rapt delight upon some murm'ring rill—

Or take me to the mountain top beneath the glowing sky,
And make each breeze that fans my brow speak but of Liberty!
Or guide me to some mighty theme in the Poet's deathless page,
And as with some entrancing spell my ev'ry thought engage.

But though he triumphs to obtain a mast'ry o'er my mind,
He spurns each tie, however soft, that would his actions bind;
In haughty mood he rushes on, rejecting with disdain,
Control upon his wilfulness, as the wild horse spurns the rein.

Yet is he in his change of mood as the young lambkin mild—
By turns a haughty conqueror, or a gentle yielding child;
Now darting from his glancing eye a look of bitterest scorn,
Or veiling it in Pity's dew like the sweet flower at morn.

And keenly is his soul alive to Music's mighty pow'r:
Oft have I mark'd its influence in his unguarded hour;
When Feeling's slumbering tide hath woke in current deep and strong,
And he hath seiz'd his harp to pour the minstrel's stirring song.

He never will be fit to toll in the business-crowded mart—
His heart is too unselfish far to act the worldly part;
But in its hidden depths there dwells such springs of life and light
As makes *his* world appear the day, and ours the realm of night.

Some say that Genius is his own, and bid me nurse it well

That in his soft and earnest tone sweet Poesy doth dwell:

I know not if such thing may be, or if our partial view
Doth fondly deem as Truth itself, that which we would have true.

With a parent's fondness it may be, I strive to suit his mood

And guide him by Love's sweet restraints, not by coercion rude;

I would not see in darkness quench'd Enthusiasm's light—

My hope, my aim, my pray'r would be, but to direct it right.

I would not prune wild Fancy's shoots with harsh unsparing toil,

I would but strive that they should spring from no unholy soil.

I'd have him well instructed in the Painter's glorious art,

That his glowing pictures—full of Truth—might touch the sternest heart;

And I would have him deeply skill'd in Music's ev'ry strain;

From the trumpet's wild, war-stirring tone, wide breathing o'er the plain,

To the gentlest melody that falls upon the list'ning ear,
When the lute of Zephyrus recalls thoughts of the lost and dear.

And whether I shall mourn his loss ere yet I pass away,

Or whether he improve his gifts and fling around my way

Sweet flow'rs of blissfulness and joy, and wreath my lowly name

With the Poet's amaranthine blooms of glory and of fame,

I cannot know! sufficeth this, he's treasur'd in my heart,

With all his contrarieties we ne'er can lightly part.

Say, reader, hath my simple song your musing thought beguil'd?—

Is not the "glorious gift of song" the Poet's wayward child?

Feb. 4th, 1845.

FLORENCE.

I'VE WATCHED THE SUNBEAMS DYING.

BY GEORGINA C. MUNRO.

I've watched the sunbeams dying

Slowly in the golden west!

I've heard the light wind sighing

O'er the ocean's tranquil breast.

I felt, as evening closed around,

My hopes with day depart;

And the low breeze's murmuring sound

Breathed sadness to my heart.

I touch the chords with trembling finger,

Fled is all my wonted skill;

Wherefore do thy footsteps linger?

Wherefore dost thou tarry still?

The sky above is beautiful,

The distant village gay;

But yet my heart is sorrowful,

For thou art far away.

THE ITALIAN BOY.

Il pensar bene di tutti è l'unica via di uscite da molti imbarazzi.

I—how I do hate beginning about myself; but 'tis a feeling peculiar to poor mortality to esteem itself first, and to place itself within the core of its own heart, and to shadow off by degrees, till they are but shadows indeed, the feelings and cares of others—and I should be unwilling to set myself up as too much of a philanthropist, although I have strange ideas at times that I love my neighbour as myself, and strange fancies flitting across my brain that my heart can melt at the tale of woe, and my spirit sympathize with the sigh of the lowly. In this money-getting age, when all the better angels that watch over our paths are put to flight, or veiled by the overpowering agency of self, it appears somewhat hypocritical to the unthinking part of mankind to wear a garb of charity and good-will; as to them it looks like a garment used to cover a multitude of sins, or at best but to gain some unlawful end. Well, and the unthinking are right; they have had brought before them proofs, plenty as blackberries, of the soundness of their opinions, and have accordingly drawn too true a conclusion. But I care not for this, not I; I love to think well of all; 'tis a sweet religion this, and surely I may follow my own humour if it bring me consolation and peace. I cannot help thinking the world bright and beautiful, and the creatures that inhabit it bright and beautiful too; though I may confess I have found the canker-worm the *ver rangeur*, concealed beneath the earth's fairest offspring, and found guilt and vice, hypocrisy and ingratitude, beneath the smiling face and the sweet voice; the heart was rotten at the core, and it reminded me of an old wall covered with ivy, with a sunbeam resting on it. But what has this to do with my feelings? Nothing—less than nothing. I would not root up my garden, and destroy the flowers I had cherished, because I had found a deadly nightshade twining round my favourite rose-bush. No; I would take away the foul weed, and turn with fresh delight to my parterre; and may I not extend this to humanity; the coil of sin that has wound round a goodly kind, may it not be blasted, and still leave that heart fresh and holy as when it came from its Maker's hands? Ah me! I could weep to see the outward badness of mankind, the weaknesses of poor mortality; but I know there is an ethereal spark within that will defy the secretly poisoned arrow of sin; but I see that spark so shrouded by snares on every side that I should wonder did it not sometimes pre-

sent but a mere speck. And oh! how I can smile with very gladness, and dry all my tears, when I see one soul safe in its own strength, and rich in its own goodness, battle the attempts of evil, and rise triumphant as did the phoenix of old from the ashes of its corrupted nature.

Life has charms, and plenty of them too, to make us love life; there are clouds, I don't deny it; but there are sunshines too; there are clouds that will shadow the heart, but there is a sunshine there too, a ray direct from the Omnipotent One that gilds the horizon of life, and tinges its darkest day with a golden hue of light.

I was deeply affected the other day with an incident that came under my own observation, and I have not yet recovered my equanimity of mind; I have had need of all my philosophy to keep it from preying too much upon my spirits; for that voice which separates us from society, and from sympathizing with our fellows, is a voice that I would not should whisper to me, and the unhappiness of others makes my heart and my soul, though it may not make my tongue, eloquent. I was pursuing my way through the noise, dirt, and confusion, in this modern Babylon, this mighty wen of units, unheeded of the numerous attractions that surrounded me; for there are attractions, and many too, for every eye and for every mind, from the philosopher who reads the skies, to him who cleans our path for us. I was jogging along in company with my own thoughts, when I was suddenly arrested in my progress, by hearing close at my elbow, at the corner of a narrow lane, as though ashamed to intrude itself in the gay streets, the most curious attempt at music it had ever been my fortune to hear: "Tink, tink!" a cracked sound, without the shadow of melody. I turned round, and for an instant I could have smiled, but that feeling was soon, very soon checked. On the very edge of the kerb-stone, as though fearful of staying the progress of any one, stood an Italian boy with an old decayed organ, that had once been finely decked, but was now sadly in ruins; there was but one note left—"Tink, tink." The boy was rather more advanced in years than these purveyors of music to the public generally are, and even more ragged and wretched-looking; and as he turned his hand mechanically round there was an expression of despair and care in his features that touched me to the very heart.

"Poor boy," thought I, and I believe I said so, "Poor boy"—'tis but a sad change from the sunny skies and the bright flowers of your native land, where warm hearts were around you; perhaps a mother to bless you, and a sister to look up to you; and I thought still more of his absolute wretchedness—of what he had come to, and how he had come to it—what a path of thorns; and not even the sound of music, dear to every heart, to spread a flower to soothe him, and to cheer him. I pictured his wretched and dirty home, even if he had one; for the heavens might be his only panoply, and the cold stones his only bed; and hearts colder than those stones his only refuge. I looked at him, and a tear stood in my eye; however, I brushed it away, and advancing towards him, "Tink, tink," struck a chill to my heart; for it sounded like the poor boy's knell. I touched him on the shoulder to claim his attention, for grief had made him careless of what was going on round him; he started, looked up in my face with his large, dark, melancholy eyes filled with an expression I cannot describe; and whether he saw pity depicted in my features I know not, but something like a smile, rich as the gleam of light from his native skies, illumined his face for an instant, but it was for an instant only, it soon faded away, and left his face more melancholy than before; and he continued turning on, while I addressed him in my almost forgotten Italian: "Is that your only instrument, my poor boy?" said I. He looked up with an expression of joy, and ejaculated slightly when he heard his own language, broken indeed, in the land of the stranger; he made no answer to me, his head drooped, his hand fell by his side, and I could see the large drops fall on his organ as he leaned over it. The crowd was gathering round us, a London crowd, expressing plenty of pity, but showing none. I took him by the hand, and led him to my own humble roof, which was not far distant. I drew a chair to the fire, relieved him of his burthen and placed food before him; he shook his head, he could not speak, for I saw the heaving of his bosom and the convulsed movement of his throat; poor, poor boy, he and kindness were not acquainted. I left him to himself, for who can prescribe to a wounded spirit but He who in his goodness thought fit to bruise it! At length he spoke—so sweetly the words sounded on my ear, although they were broken and disjointed.

"Signor—è trappo presto—majo (morro) oh mia madre—mia madre. Signor—Dio te —"

He ceased. His body gradually sunk forwards, and ere I could reach him he had fallen on the floor. I hastened to raise him up, poured some cordial down his throat, spoke to him, spoke of Italy, of home, of his mother; at that loved word his eye opened upon me with a lustre and softness that melted my heart; I saw it was the dying glance of love, and holy it was as the expiring ray of light. I took him to my bosom as though he were my own brother, and wept over him and prayed for him; he took my hand, raised it to his lips, let it fall; he fell heavy in

my arms; his pulse beat quickly for an instant, fluttered slowly, then not at all, for he was dead! A word of kindness had brought back thoughts and feelings of old times, and old scenes, that had overpowered that broken spirit; and it had gone, broken as it was, to find a place where the lowly and the poor can alone meet with rest. It was some consolation to me to think that he had died with the sunshine of joy on his heart, the awakened joy of his childhood; 'twere better thus than to have sunk alone, with no one near to sympathize or to sustain.

Oh! ye who are journeying on and on through life, without casting an eye to the right or to the left, but to seek your own pleasure, and who are surrounded by fawning friends, friends of your happy times, who bask but in the light of your prosperity, but who will leave you should a cloud cross its beams, and, like the snake, sting the hand that cherished it; turn an instant from your path, from these hollow, gilded trifles, that win your heart from its uprightness; you will be sure to find plenty to cheer and help along the rugged path of life; do so, and you will find the recollection of one good action outweigh the remembrance of all other worldly pleasures; it will come upon your bosom like dew on the flower that has been scorched by the sun's glare: do so, it will repay you in a lightness of conscience which wealth can never, never purchase you: do so, and when you stand a criminal before the bar of offended heaven, it will hover round you, a guardian angel, and dispel the black array of earthly errors and sins that will rise up against you, and will whisper to the pitying and judging spirit that you had done one heavenly action on earth, and to one of earth's children.

W. J. R.

DESERTION OF THE GREAT BY THEIR PARASITES.

"When the tree is fell'd, its shadows disappear."
CHINESE PROVERB.

When the tree falls, its shadows are no more,
For lower'd to dust its pride for aye is o'er;
The weeds whose fibres did around it fling
Will seek another staff whereon to cling.

When the tree falls its shadows disappear,
For never shall the sun reflect them near;
No more shall spring its verdant buds unfold,
Nor autumn tint each leaf with hues of gold.

When the tree falls its shadows are not seen,
And nought will mark the place where they have been;
Some CONSTANT bird alone may it deplore—
When the tree falls its shadows are no more.

CLARA PAYNE.

THE CONTRABANDIST.

(From the German of Alexis.)

BY M. A. Y.

Peace had, by disbanding many regiments, thrown hundreds of men out of employ, and numerous were the methods resorted to in order to gain a living. Among others was smuggling: this trade, if we may so term it, had never entirely ceased between Mecklenburg and Brandenburg, and now was carried on to a greater extent, and more audaciously than ever; the contrabandists moved in troops, carried arms, and if interfered with, scrupled not to use them. The post of custom police officer was one of no small danger, and many were the desperate encounters, ending too often in blood and loss of life, which took place between the defenders and the breakers of the law. The chief of these desperadoes was generally known by the appellation of Black Uriel; no one knew who or what he had been, none could tell his country, no one trace his haunts; few, indeed, could positively affirm that they had seen his face, although many had felt the strength of his arm, and several deaths had borne testimony to the accuracy of his aim; not that he ever used force unless compelled, but his anger once excited he pursued the hapless object of his vengeance with all the pertinacity and mystery of a haunting spirit, and hunted him even unto death.

The present captain of the border police was one Hallwyn, a veteran soldier, disbanded—like many others—at the close of the war, and compelled to accept this dangerous post in order to maintain himself and his two motherless girls. This old man had set his heart on capturing the renowned Uriel, and neither night nor frost, rain nor snow, could cool his active vigilance; with all the perseverance of an Indian warrior would he oftentimes track the well known footsteps of the daring contrabandist; but ever in vain, for the wily one was sure to avail himself of one of the numerous streams which intersected that part of the country, and thus elude the pursuer, or wore his shoes hind-side before in order to delude him.

As he sat one evening at supper with his two daughters, in a dimly lighted room in the old *Grenzhaus*, allotted to him as a dwelling—a building situated in the midst of a wood, far from any neighbours, and which had originally formed part of a cloister, but was now only tenanted by the captain, his two daughters, and one man, Franz—a hasty ring was heard at the gate bell; all sprang up—Emma, the youngest girl, turned pale and trembled, the old man was moving to the door, and Adelaide would have sprung after him with his pistols, but her sister clasped her arms around her and detained her.

In a few moments Captain Hallwyn returned with a note in his hand. "There was no one in sight," he said, drawing out his spectacles, "but Franz found this paper on the threshold. Doubtless some new threat from one of Uriel's band, for he is taken and safely lodged in gaol." The contents of the paper were as follows:—

"The black one is free, and has solemnly sworn that his next bullet shall find its aim in thy heart, old man. Repent, grey-headed sinner, of all thine evil deeds, for thou hast need of repentance. But thou may'st yet entrap Uriel. To-morrow he comes into the fir-wood, close by the sand-pits, to dig up some hidden treasure—he will be alone. Be firm and prudent!

"NO FRIEND OF THINE, BUT AN
"ENEMY TO HIM."

All were silent for some moments; Franz scratched his head, and the girls looked anxiously at their father, who hemmed twice or thrice, and leisurely taking up his powder-flask, began to fill it.

"The sand-pits are lonely and far from here," murmured Adelaide, half unconsciously.

"Father, you will not go?" cried Emma, seizing his arm and causing him to spill the powder.

"I most certainly shall, and that to-night, in order to make sure of him."

"Father! the night is dark, this may be a snare; he will lay wait for you—murder you—our only parent. Do not, do not go, dearest father!"

"I shall take Franz with me, and we will call for Christophe on our road. Let go my arm, Emma! No harm will come to me while I am doing my duty."

"Your predecessor, who was found hanged on one of the forest oaks, was also doing his duty."

"Do not be so foolish, child! You ought to know that your father is not easily overcome," said the old man, disengaging himself from his daughter; but his brow was troubled, and his eyes thoughtful.

"Yes, yes," he murmured, "it needed not that note to inform me that Uriel hated me. But the bolt which strikes this grey head will fall heavily on your young heads. What would become of the lambs were the shepherd slain? But it is not of you or of myself I ought to think; I owe a duty to him." And turning to a portrait of the king, which hung against the wall, he involuntarily saluted it in true military fashion.

"You will then leave us here alone, in the night, and the wood, with no one to protect us? If he were to come? If you should never see your daughters again?"

The old man set his weapon down, and paced the room hurriedly. Adelaide advanced to him and spoke:—"Fear not for us, my father, and we will not fear for ourselves—such a feeling is unbecoming your daughters. Emma and I can both fire and load a pistol, and, should it be necessary, could defend this house alone; besides we shall have the watch-dog for a body-guard. Come, Emma, join me in entreating my father not to forget his duty on our account."

About midnight the old man, having fondly embraced his children, quitted his dwelling, and Adelaide carefully bolted the doors after him.

* * *

The two sisters lay quiet, but not asleep, in their bed; a night lamp burned in the room, and its flickering light threw numerous dubious and fleeting shadows on the walls. All around was so still that one could almost have heard their heart beat.

"Adelaide," said the youngest, who was half smothered beneath the bed-clothes; "Adelaide, will it soon be morning, think you?"

"Why, it is hardly one o'clock yet; you must have slept pretty soundly not to have heard the clock strike."

A pause followed, and presently the voice of Emma was again heard:—"Sister, is not that Tiro growling, just as if he heard some one?" Adelaide did not reply, and in a few moments she continued:—"Listen! it sounds to me exactly as if some one were walking about below; and yet there is only ourselves in the house. Sister! do you hear me? You are asleep!"

"One is not likely to get much sleep near you. 'Tis only the wind whistling among the trees you hear."

"Ah, Adelaide! our father's road faces the wind all the way. And if he should take that, poor unhappy man, and he should be condemned and executed—"

"Poor unhappy man!" Why, Emma, are you going to side with that vagabond? I do not think that I am cruel, but ever since he laid wait for father in the forest, the day we were with him, I have borne him no particular good will."

"I have forgiven him long since. What would you have had him do, sister? He did not attack us; father attacked him, and he was obliged to defend his life. Besides he did not look half so wicked as he is said to be."

"He did not act half so bravely as I expected. I have no fears on father's account. We shall see him return to-morrow, bringing his prisoner with him."

"I hope not—that man was very like poor Wilhelm. I shall never forget him."

"He has forgotten you, that's very clear; for neither by word or message does he ever deign to inquire after his old companions."

A fierce blast of wind, which seemed almost to rock the old building, here interrupted the conversation; Emma again buried herself under the bed-clothes, and both sisters lay without speaking, until the welcome sound of the first cock crow; then, as if with one consent, they sprang up and embraced each other.

"Thank God! the night is over at last," exclaimed Emma; "I have been so terrified."

"Well, sister dear, to confess the truth I was not a little frightened myself; and had something to do to prevent you from knowing it. But now let us pray for the safe return of our dear father."

After they had prayed and finished dressing, Emma approached the window; but, starting back with a faint scream, exclaimed—"Heaven protect us, or we are lost!"

Adelaide threw the casement open and looked out.

"Well, sister—what is the matter now?"

"Look, look—up there on that hill—cannot you perceive a form in the morning mist?—a black form? There, now it stands still—and now—Oh, God! he is coming straight here!"

Adelaide looked earnestly towards the spot pointed out by her sister, and then said—"You are right."

"And what is to be done? Dear Adelaide, tell me—do speak!"

"We will not suffer any one to enter this dwelling," said Adelaide, feeling for the gun which she had brought into the chamber on the previous night, but not moving her eyes from the advancing form.

Emma mechanically snatched up a loaded pistol, but her hand trembled so that her sister hastened to take it from her. "I have no wish to be shot by mistake, and the sight of that 'poor unhappy man' whom you spoke about so feelingly last night seems to have unnerved you, so that you are as likely to make a target of me as not. Why, Emma, you surely fell in love with him that evening."

"How can you jest at such a moment, Adelaide? Let us both fire into the air, in order to give father a signal of our danger."

"Let us do no such thing. Would you bring our father into what may perhaps be a snare?"

As she spoke, the sound of horses' hoofs echoed through the forest glades, and in another moment a loud knocking was heard at the door. "God be merciful to us!" cried both girls.

The knocking was repeated, and a full deep voice was heard exclaiming—"Why the d—! do they not open the door! This morning mist is cold and disagreeable."

Adelaide first recovered sufficient presence of mind to go to a window which overlooked the door, and as she gazed anxiously forth her countenance brightened: "Emma, come hither, all is not so bad as we feared. This is not Uriel."

Emma flew to her sister's side, a rider and his serving man were before the door. The

former wore an old green coat with tarnished embroidery, a three-cornered hat which appeared to have seen some service, and heavy military boots soiled by dust and mud. His girdle supported a pair of pistols and a small sword. His features were too much overshadowed by the hat to be distinctly visible, but both of the girls saw enough to assure them that he was not the black-bearded, swarthy man their father had encountered in the forest. He looked upwards, and perceiving the sisters, lifted his hat courteously, and said:

"I presume I see Captain Hallwyn's daughters; I am an old fellow-soldier of your father. Is my friend at home?"

"Heaven be praised!" exclaimed both sisters, and Emma called out to him—"You are not the robber Uriel, then?"

The stranger laughed loudly, and replied, "Do you think I look like a robber?"

"Father is not at home," said Adelaide.

"I will await his return, then, but not here in the cold morning air. I trust, my dear young ladies, that you will not keep your father's comrade waiting outside the door for a breakfast."

The sisters hastily descended to undo the fastenings, but a cold shudder passed over Adelaide as she drew back the bolt, and she was about to push it in again, and inquire the name of this self-invited guest; but the powerful arm of the stranger pushed the door open, and, followed by his servant, he rode into the court-yard, disclosing to their view fine open features, embrowned by the sun, shadowed by mustache, beard, and hair, and lighted up by dark, sparkling eyes. Scarcely had he alighted, when fresh knocks were heard at the door, and some one called on them to open it; the stranger looked hurriedly around, and Emma flew to him with imploring gestures, crying, "Save—protect us!"

"From whom?" inquired the astonished stranger.

"From black Uriel, the contrabandist."

The stranger started, and asked somewhat impatiently, "And where is he?"

"Without there, do you not hear him? Oh, he will scale the walls! Doubtless his band are with him."

"So then that noisy clamour outside does not belong here?" said the stranger, shaking off something like a reverie which had kept him silent for a few moments. "Fear not, my pretty maidens, we will soon get rid of him," and opening a little window in the door, he shouted, "Halloo, friend, what do you want here so early in the morning?"

"Is Captain Hallwyn at home?" was the reply.

"No, nor will he be back before mid-day."

"But his daughters are at home, I believe?"

"Yes," replied Adelaide, "they are, but they do not receive strangers in their father's absence."

"There, now you have your answer!" said the stranger, and a smile lighted his features as

he closed the window. The man outside was heard to murmur something about "one visitor being received, and why could not another," and then he knocked again, and inquired where Captain Hallwyn was gone; meanwhile Adelaide hastily explained their fears, and the ground of them to the stranger, who once more opened the window, and presenting his pistol at the persevering clamour, threatened to shoot him if he did not instantly take himself off. Emma darted forward, and with superhuman strength drew the stranger's armed hand back: "You must not, shall not harm him!" she cried; then throwing herself, sobbing, on her sister's neck, she whispered—"That voice was so familiar! Surely, surely, Wilhelm cannot have come to this! Oh no, it is too horrible!—and yet——"

* * * * *

The intruder withdrew muttering, and slowly took his course towards the fir-wood; now he paused as if in thought, then again proceeded; suddenly he heard a rustling sound, and became aware that his passage was opposed by an armed man who shouted, "Move but a single step, and I will lame you for life; forwards, comrades! our man is here!"

Voices replied on either side, and the old man continued, "Come, surrender; yield your weapons."

"I have no intention of running away, and as to my pistols they are quite at your service."

"Then in the king's name do I take you prisoner, black Uriel, or whatever your name is."

"My good man I have no claim to such a title, unless my black beard constitute one."

"Oh to be sure not! I dare say, too, you will tell me you are an innocent man."

"At any rate I do not plead guilty to any thing which can call for this treatment."

"Shall I jog your memory a bit? Are you not a contrabandist, the scourge of the district, a traitor to your king and country? and do you not deserve to be hanged, not only once but twenty times?"

"You really appear to know more about this matter than I do. I should, with all due deference to your superior wisdom, say nay to all these accusations."

"Do honest men sneak about the forest armed with loaded pistols, with their features half hidden in masses of black hair?"

"I am just come from a long journey; I wished to see an old friend, and was not before aware that it was any crime to wear arms in self-defence. Do I look so like a scoundrel then, Captain Hallwyn? Why I am an old acquaintance of yours."

"Indeed! but cats and dogs are acquaintances; they hunt one another, so do you and I."

"Aye, aye! but of such a nature was not our acquaintance. I knew Captain Hallwyn when he was a rich man, and the happy father of two lovely little maidens—Do you not remember Wilhelm Erbach?"

"Can it be?—Yes. The longer I look on you, the more familiar do your features become. Welcome, welcome! You are indeed changed. The slight boy has become a stalwart man. I, too, am changed. I was then in the prime of life, now I am aged; then I was noble and honoured, now I owe the post of thief-taker to pity; then I was wealthy, now a beggar; then was I proud and overbearing, now am I humble and patient; the frosts of age have quenched the fire of my spirit, and my enfeebled limbs have no longer strength to sin."

"But you have not lost all; those little maidens have grown up into lovely girls."

"You found time to notice that then, young sir, during our hostile encounter the other evening?"

"I saw them again this morning, and sought admittance, and was refused."

"That I can well believe. My Adelaide would not admit a man during my absence."

"And yet, early as it was when I was there, there was a man, if not two, with them."

"Is it possible! What sort of a man?"

"His features seemed familiar to me, although I cannot recollect where I have seen him before. I did not much like his looks. He threatened to fire on me if I did not depart."

"Gracious God! if it should be Uriel. Quick, quick, Wilhelm. Oh! my children! Let us not lose a second. Should it be him! I dare not think. Follow me! Quick."

* * * * *

The stranger having seen Wilhelm depart, sprang lightly up the stairs into the sitting-room, as if he was quite at home, and laid his weapons on the table; then he paced the floor with his hands behind him, in deep thought, occasionally pausing to look out of the window, as if anxiously expecting some one, and at length threw himself into the arm-chair, covered his face with his hands, and muttered unintelligible words. The sisters stood trembling and shy before him, and had full leisure to contemplate their strange guest. He was a tall, muscular man, each limb finely developed. His face bore the scars of many wounds, his beard was dark and curly as was his hair, but here and there glittered a silvery shade that spoke of years or care. Suddenly he sprang from his seat, and seizing an arm of each of the startled girls, looked fixedly at them, and said—

"And so you expect me to protect you from that fellow who was knocking at the gate? So ran your entreaty. I have done it;" and then releasing his hold, he again threw himself on the chair.

"You said you knew our father?" observed Adelaide, striving to shake off her fears.

"I do indeed know him, my beauty; none better: my first thought when I rise, my last when I go to rest, is of your father."

"It should rather be of God, at such times," said Adelaide, involuntarily.

The stranger smiled, and drawing a telescope

from his pocket, said, "I will look out for the old man: have you no observatory?"

The sisters glanced at each other, and the look spoke plainly, "Who is to show him to it?" Emma turned pale and then red; Adelaide took down a key from the shelf, and offered to conduct him to the leads from which they usually looked out. Had she seen the fiendish expression which flitted over the stranger's face, she might not have stepped so firmly up the winding stairs. The leads were gained, and the unknown closed the door behind him as he followed her on to them, and in another moment his arm was thrown around her with a firm grasp.

"In God's name who are you? what is your purpose? I will call for help," said the poor girl.

"Your lungs must be tolerably powerful, if they enable you to make any one hear," replied the man with a mocking laugh; then bending down closer to her, he added, "Can you not guess who I am?"

Her heart quailed beneath his licentious gaze, and sinking on her knees, she murmured, "Heaven have mercy on me and mine! What would you do?"

"What? What does the hunter, who has been bitten by a bear, when he finds the animal's young in a cavern at his mercy? Or, what does a bear, that has been hunted, baited, worried by some hunter and his dogs, if that man once falls in its power?"

"Merciful God! your looks are terrible!"

"My hair has become grey, my face furrowed; and how? Not with age, but through your father, who has hunted me like a wild beast! I have slept in the snow, but it had no power to cool my rage—my thirst of vengeance! I have lived but to repay him, and now, now I can do it!"

"Have you no mercy?" cried the half-fainting girl.

"Yes, such as your father has taught me; I have sworn to destroy all that he values, and I will do it."

"Do—take everything—burn down this dwelling—shoot the horses—turn us forth bare-foot—only hold me not here beneath that fearful gaze!" said Adelaide, imploringly. The robber laughed a scornful, hollow laugh, and she continued. "Will not that content you? If 'tis your purpose to murder us, why delay? We are in your power; yet spare my sister! Slay me, and let her go."

"Dost think, girl, that had plunder been my object, I have not had opportunities enough of effecting it within these last five years? A thousand times has your father passed close by the muzzle of my gun; it needed but a touch, and he had been silenced for ever! I could have slain his children, too; but such revenge would have been too poor for my injuries. I have watched you and your sister grow up, and marked each budding beauty, and resolved to strike at the father through his daughters. Not by death—that would have been too merciful: he might

have wept pure tears; now his heart shall weep tears of blood over his dishonoured children!"

"Monster!" shrieked Adelaide, while her beautiful blue eyes gazed on his stern, immovable brow with horror; and tears, the first she had yet shed, trembled on the long, silken lashes; and in a voice which might have moved a stone to pity, she continued—"My father has only done that which was his duty, his oath to his king required. Had he failed in it, who would have found him a roof to shelter his grey hairs—a morsel of bread to save him from starving? You, who are no common man, must see, must feel this. In angry passion you might have raised your hand against his life, or burned his dwelling to the ground; but thus to cherish revenge, and dream of such a revenge, only a devil—"

"I am no devil, maiden! but a man—an injured man!"

"No, no!" cried Adelaide, springing up and clinging imploringly to his arm, "you are not so heartless, so bad as you picture yourself. I see a more kindly spirit looks from your eyes: there is moisture there, too—tears, yes, tears of mercy. Hear me: I will beseech the king, on my knees, to pardon you: I will pray for you to the King of kings! Have you children? have you a sister? Have you parents who love you, and whom you love? In their name I implore you—"

"In the name of my parents! You—child of the accursed one!—you implore for mercy in their name!" he cried wildly, while he grasped her with iron force; "maiden, you have touched the right chord. Mercy!—I know it not! I have foresworn it!" His eyes shot glances of fire, and every muscle of his face was distorted with rage. Adelaide covered her face with her hands for a second, and murmured a fervent prayer; and as she raised them again, her eyes fell on an open trap-door, close at her feet; the opening was used for winding up heavy weights from the cellar, and there were no steps leading to the dark depths. "Pretty one, are you resigned to your fate?" said the robber.

"I see a means of escape!" she murmured.

"So do I," he replied, throwing his arm around her as she stepped back. "Your beauty pleases me: methinks I can love: be mine, now, and then we will fly together!"

"We will die together!" murmured the maiden; and now her arms were thrown around him: he bent forwards to meet the expected embrace, heedless of the gulph behind her, lost his balance, and in another moment they were plunged into the dark opening!

But even at this time of danger, so unlooked-for, the robber lost not his presence of mind: with one nervous arm he firmly clasped her who was to have been his victim—who sought to destroy him; and with the other snatched at a projection in the wall, and held it, though the blood sprang out from beneath his nails; but the weight was too great to be sustained by a single arm: he must relinquish her, or leave go his hold: in another second they lay in the cel-

lar; but that short pause had broken the fall, and a pile of hay received them.

When Adelaide awoke to returning consciousness, she still lay clasping and clasped by the robber: her first impulse was to start from his side in horror; her next to staunch the blood which flowed from his wounded hand with her neckerchief. "Ha! what is it you do?" he murmured, half-stunned, and weak with loss of blood. "You still here, maiden? you tending me? Accursed be the wretch who dreamed of injuring so noble a girl!"

"Can you rise?" she said: "if so, fly—fly before my father returns!"

"My oath forbids!" he replied.

"Your oath! what mean you?"

"I swore at the grave of my father, while the lamp which burned by my mother's death-bed shed its rays on me, to rob him of that which was dearest to him!"

"Oh fly!" she cried in agony: "I could not bear to see you delivered into the hands of justice!"

"Come with me," he whispered; "I was not always a villain—a vagabond! And there are times when the feelings of my youth again have dominion. If an angel stood by my side—a noble, heroic, pure-hearted being—a maiden like—but hark!" He raised himself up, although each feature was distorted with pain by the attempt.

"'Tis my sister's voice!" cried Adelaide, as shrieks were heard, and struggles, accompanied by curses, uttered by a man, "Save her! Oh, save her! This way, quick!" She darted toward some steps, and the robber followed as quickly as his weakness permitted. Again came that piercing cry for aid, which died away as if stifled. The robber appeared in a moment to recover all his energies; he darted forward, thrusting Adelaide aside so roughly, that she staggered back. In another moment the report of a pistol reached her ears. Who had fallen? Distractedly she rushed up the steps, and into the room, the robber's servant lay stretched on the floor, in all the agonies of death; Emma stood with dishevelled hair, and pale as a corpse, watching the dying wretch as if she feared each motion would be to spring on her again; and the robber had sunk, fainting, on a chair.

Long, silent, and fervent was the embrace of the sisters; at length the heart found vent in tears and words—Adelaide spoke: "Sister, will you not assist to save him who has protected you?"

"Surely," was the prompt reply, and as she spoke the sound of horns and the voices of hunters were heard afar off; and he lay insensible, unable to do aught to ensure his safety.

* * * *

Hallwyn stood before his gate, his knocks thundered on it; he shook it in wild frenzy, and cried—"Wretch, thou hast not dared to injure my children! Open the gate. Give them again unto my arms, and I will kneel to thee—will worship thee—do thy bidding, but give me them

again! My Adelaide, the apple of my eye, my pride and joy—and my gentle Emma! Oh! give them to me, or be merciful and destroy me too!”

Wilhelm strove to speak comfort and hope to the father, while he hurled threats and defiance at the robber. At length a sound was heard—a trembling hand was evidently drawing back the heavy bolt, and endeavouring to turn the key; the door opened, and Emma lay on her father's bosom; who cried, as he strained her to his heart, “I have thee once more, my child—my darling, quite safe and uninjured! But, Adelaide—gracious Heavens!—where is she?”

“She lives—come in,” was all poor Emma could say.

They hastened to obey her, and found Adelaide standing, pale as a marble statue and as motionless, near the room door; in her hand was a pistol, recently discharged, and at her feet the corpse of the robber's servant.

“My Adelaide—my own girl,” cried the old man; “mine once more, brave, pure, and affectionate as when I parted from you yesterday evening?”

“We are both uninjured,” said Emma, for Adelaide did not speak, or even lift her eyes from the ground, but deep sobs burst from her labouring heart.

“Heaven be praised!” fervently exclaimed the father, while Wilhelm responded, “Amen—amen!”

* * * * *

How much of joy succeeded to these fearful hours! Emma could scarcely be made to believe that the swarthy, black-bearded man before her was her old playmate—her fondly remembered friend, Wilhelm. Her father had silently laid their hands in each other's, and murmured a blessing on them. They were all seated together around the table, a bright flame sparkled in the stove, a brimming punch-bowl reeked on the table. The old man sat in his arm-chair, and looked approvingly on the tokens of affection which passed between the lovers, indeed he seemed to have laid aside all his customary reserve and sternness; the only thing which appeared to displease him was that Adelaide frequently quitted the room, and did not partake of the general hilarity.

Wilhelm narrated his wanderings, his studies; in short, each event of his life since they had been parted; and, when he had done, requested Hallwyn in return to inform him of all that had befallen them. The old man shook his head, and a deep sigh burst from his breast.

“To look back, even for a few years, recalls memories I fain would banish for ever. How carefully should we guard each action, for the past can never be recalled!”

“But it may be atoned for,” observed Wilhelm.

“Yes if the dead could arise again, as the memory of the injuries we have done them arises. Listen to me, my children. A recital of my life may serve as a warning to you. I

was a very proud man—proud of my birth, my station, and all the other fleeting vanities of an hour. How changed is all now! God knows I am humbled enough. After the war was over, when I came to reside on the remnant of my once princely property which the enemy had spared, I would fain have exacted as much deference as would have been paid to me in the palmy days of our ancestral splendour. The peasantry pulled off their caps with all due humility, so there I had no ground of complaint; but the clergyman merely bowed, and—worst of all—the Mayor nodded to me with all the familiarity of an equal. With this latter personage I was for ever at law on some frivolous point or other; obstinacy prevented him from yielding, pride determined me to conquer, if possible, at any price. When the hunting season commenced, my path was sure to lie across his kitchen garden, or I drove the game through his corn fields; and scarcely a week passed but I found excuse to pound some of his cattle. This haughty citizen had an only son—a lad of whom any father might have been proud—and he chose to let him study the law instead of bringing him up to some trade; because my son, who was then alive, was at the University. I encountered the boy one day, and with all the audacity of youth he gazed full on me, and not even touched the brim of his cap. My rage was so great that I could have felt it in my heart to trample the hoar under my horse's feet; but the evil one put another idea in my head, and I called after him—‘How many inches do you measure, Jurgen?’ He understood me. War broke out, conscripts were raised, and a few Friedrich d'ors managed matters so that the son of my hated enemy was drafted into my company. I placed him under one of the most brutal men the earth ever knew to learn his duty, well knowing that so high-spirited a fellow as Jurgen Gratz would rebel and commit some breach of discipline. He did so, and was flogged—once—twice—thrice. He deserted, and was retaken. How did I rejoice—with a fiendish joy—when I saw him brought back! He was tried, everything was conducted in strict accordance with the military laws; he had justice, *but not mercy*. He was condemned to run the gauntlet; but it was to my good offices he owed the command that his sentence should be carried into execution on his father's slip of freehold property—that which made the old man fancy himself my equal. The regiment was marched to the spot: the youth—although strong as man need be—sank before the thoughts of this sentence, and was too weak to move. I was not to be balked, and spoke to the corporal, who immediately raised him on his back and carried him down the ranks; with such a weight the poor man, of course, could not move fast, and so Jurgen lost not a single lash—and *his father saw it all*. He was aged and weak, and the shock was too much for him; he died cursing me, and the mother did not survive him long enough to see her son's wounds healed.”

The old man ceased to speak, and a silence of

some moments prevailed, which was broken by the voice of Emma, who inquired—almost in a whisper—"And what is become of Jorgen Grätz?"

Adelaide started suddenly up, and dashing the tears from her eyes, flung herself on the old man's neck, exclaiming, "God forgive you, father! You knew not what you did."

"What ails thee, girl?" said the old man, returning her embrace, and rising to retire to rest.

"Good night, my children. May God bless you, and enable you to atone for your father's evil deeds."

* * * *

The grey light of morning had scarcely begun to assume a roseate tinge when Wilhelm might be perceived, slowly, and with folded arms, pacing the sitting-room; now pausing to look from the window, now to listen for any sound which might betoken that the household were astir; presently a light footstep was heard, the door slowly opened, and Emma stole in.

"How delightful, Wilhelm, to find you too up. I could not sleep, I was too happy. How brightly the day dawns; even nature seems full of joy."

"Heaven grant no cloud may obscure this radiance!"

"What mean you? what can do so? Come, come, unfold the wrinkles from that gloomy brow, or I shall think you do not love me. Tell me, did Adelaide seek your assistance last night to enable her to get that wretched man safely off? She did not come up until I was nearly asleep, and then she embraced and bade me good night, again and again. She seemed with difficulty to refrain from tears."

"Perhaps she envied you your happiness."

"Well done vanity! But tell me, Wilhelm, is that man gone? I trembled so all day yesterday lest my father should think that as there were two horses there must have been two riders."

The entrance of Captain Hallwyn prevented the reply. He too could not sleep, and had arisen to avoid the dreams which haunted his pillow. "Me thought," he said, "the curtains of my bed were suddenly drawn back, and a form bent over me, and kissed me again and again, murmuring 'Farewell, farewell for ever!' At first I could not define the lineaments, and then the face seemed that of my Adelaide, and was, oh! so pale, and tears fell like rain on my cheeks and forehead. I would have enfolded her in my arms, but she was gone. I started up in the bed, and rubbed my eyes in astonishment; the curtains were waving to and fro, and I could have vowed that I distinctly heard the door gently closed; and, what was most strange, my face was wet. I am convinced that I was awake then, for I heard the clock strike twelve, and counted each stroke, but afterwards I fell asleep; but it was only to dream such fearful dreams. Now my Adelaide knelt by the dead robber and kissed his pale lips, and the

corpse moved, raised itself, and embraced her. Then I saw her and that ghastly being mounted on steeds and galloping rapidly through the forest. Go, Emma, and see if your sister is awake."

Emma was met at the door by Franz, who exclaimed—"Master, master! Marcus, the forger is here, and he declares that the dead man is not black Uriel, but a smuggler called red-nosed Christian. He is attired in his master's clothes, but he is but a common man; and—and, master, the two horses are gone, saddles, bags, and all."

"And my child, my Adelaide!" cried the old man, involuntarily; trembling so as to be incapable of supporting himself. Wilhelm led him to a seat and signed to Franz to withdraw.

"She is not there!" exclaimed Emma, hastily returning; "my sister is not there, I only found this note."

The old man snatched it, and read—

"FATHER,—I obey you; I go 'to atone for your evil deeds.' Jorgen Grätz and Uriel are one. Your conduct drove him to evil; may it be my blest privilege to reclaim the sinner. In Hamburg the priest will unite us, and thence we sail for America, where, among the new settlements, he hopes to lead a new and better life, and repent of the past. Farewell! You will still have two children. In this world you will not again behold your ADELAIDE."

LINES WRITTEN ON SEEING A PICTURE OF "CLEOPATRA DYING."

Oh! can I e'er forget the hour,
When first that form, whose magic power
Swayed the great Roman, met my view,
As all subdued, entranced, I grew,
And on it gazed, yet knew not why,
With heaving breast and tear-dimmed eye?
Yes, even now, methinks, I see
That face convulsed in agony;
That head thrown back in mute despair,
And the long, dark, dishevelled hair;
That full black eye now upward cast,
How lovely even to the last!
That cold, cold cheek, from which has fled
The rosy tint, that o'er it spread;
That quivering lip, which now no more
The dimpling smile is flitting o'er;
And that all-beauteous bosom bare,
That almost dazzles—'tis so fair.
Nay, smile not—I could not restrain
My tears, which fell like summer-rain,
As I beheld the reptile dread,
Which made that snowy breast its bed,
And through that wound, so deep, so small,
And yet so visible withal,
Breathed the cold, the venom'd breath,
That with it brought the chill of death.
Oh! can this form, which now I see,
Expiring in such agony,
Be hers, who once in pompous state,
As the brave warrior's lovely mate,
Shared the high throne on which he sate?
Can this insensate form have been
That of the famed Egyptian Queen?

Scarce can I think that this is she,
 Who held soft sway o'er Antony;
 She, who in beauty's dazzling light,
 When fickle fortune's smiles were bright,
 Was borne in gilded galley o'er
 The waves, that touched the Cydnus' shore,
 To him, whose fate in after years
 Hung on her love, and smiles, and tears.
 Now let imagination mark
 That form within yon glittering bark,
 Whose prow of gold's resplendent hue
 Cleaves the low waves' transparent blue.
 No cloud is floating o'er the sky,
 To hide its soft ethereal dye;
 Nor can the ear catch sound of aught
 Save music from a distance brought.
 The setting sun's effulgent beam
 Had tinged the Cydnus' rippling stream,
 Upon whose breast, in all their pride,
 Attendant galleys smoothly glide;
 But hers amid the radiant fleet
 Moves proudly o'er that sun-lit sheet
 Pre-eminent—its silken sail,
 Of Tyrian dye, the balmy gale
 Is swelling with its gentle sigh,
 As on light wings it flutters by.
 The silver oars' incessant play
 With dimples marks its sparkling way;
 And from its deck doth music flow,
 So richly soft—so sadly low—
 Sounds of such thrilling melody—
 Such witching strains of harmony—
 So wild, and yet so sweet withal,
 That they the very soul enthrall;
 And forms so lovely, that they seem
 Like those we view in some bright dream;
 And beauteous boys, whose starry wings
 Rival the light the sunshine flings,
 Circle the couch, on which reposes
 Egypt's famed Queen on bed of roses.
 How lovely is that being's face!
 Her form how full of matchless grace!
 How beautiful those locks, that flow
 In ringlets o'er that breast of snow!
 And if an angel from the skies
 Had breathed light into her eyes,
 Oh! not more lustrous could they seem,
 Nor from them brighter beauty beam.
 And now the galley nears the strand—
 It touches now upon the land;
 The silver oars no longer play
 Amid the waves' fantastic spray;
 The purple folds of silken sail
 No longer woo the passing gale;
 And now that form, in beauty bright,
 With lip of love and eye of light,
 In regal pomp they're bearing o'er,
 With echoing shouts, the fragrant shore,
 To meet the victor, where he sate
 Enthroned on high in lordly state.
 She now is kneeling at his feet—
 She lifts her eyes, and his they meet
 Upon her bent with such a gaze,
 As all his inmost soul betrays.
 He loves her—yes—she feels—she knows—
 And her bright cheek still brighter grows;
 She dares not now to lift her eyes—
 She trembles, as he bids her rise,
 And in a voice as soft and sweet,
 As beauty's ears could ever greet,
 Prays her ascend the seat of power,
 And reign as Empress of the hour.

Now turn thine eyes and look upon
 This other form, with cheek so wan,
 And sunken eye, and fainting breath—
 Now languid in the grasp of death—
 Oh! canst thou, canst thou think that she,
 And that fair form the same could be?
 Ah! fair, but fallen!

Vain mortals now—
 You of the crown-encircled brow,
 And you, who tread in humbler sphere—
 Oh! list, and learn a lesson here,
 And give, in silent pity give
 One tear to her who would not live.
 Alas! in her lone hour of death
 No fond lip caught her latest breath;
 At that sad time no friend was there,
 To syllable one fervent prayer,
 To wipe the tear-drop from her eye,
 Or mingle one in sympathy.
 No, save her faithful handmaids, none
 But Egypt's Queen did basely shun,
 When the "blind goddess" ceased to shed
 Her favours o'er that royal head.
 'Tis ever thus that worldlings fly,
 And thus unhonoured leave to die
 The fallen great; for well they know
 No profit then can from them flow.
 One noble soul, oh! give to me,
 Though lowly its possessor be;
 And if no grovelling passion stain
 That soul, and if the heart contain
 A spirit which will stedfast stand,
 When fortune with capricious hand
 Removes the flowers that strewed our way,
 Nor deigns to yield a sunny ray,
 One little word of heartfelt praise
 From such a being's lips would raise
 Sweeter emotions in my heart—
 Emotions which would ne'er depart—
 Than all the hollow flattery
 The selfish e'er could heap on me!

S. J. G.

 TO —.

 "Oh! why art thou delayed?"

Thou tarryest long! the summer rose
 I thought to wreath for thee
 Has droop'd and wither'd leaf by leaf,
 Though watch'd by me;
 And autumn winds are sighing through
 The branches where that bright rose grew.

Thou tarryest long! the sunny path
 I thought to roam with thee,
 Nigh the old whitened wall down by
 The old oak tree—
 That path is dark and dreary now,
 Summer is gone, where tarryest thou?

ALICIA JANE SPARROW.

October, 1844.

FIRESIDE MUSIC.

BY WILLIAM ROBSON, ESQ.

"That magic sympathy of sense with sound
Which pictures all it sings."

MASON'S ENGLISH GARDEN.

"Ce n'est pas raison que l'art gagne le point d'honneur,
Sur nôtre grande et puissante mère nature."

MONTAIGNE.

On turning over a two-years-old volume of the *Examiner*, I met with the following passage:—"On Wednesday last, at an advanced age, died Mrs. Mountain, once a favourite singer in the so-called operas of Michael Kelly, &c." It is long since I have met with anything in print that has given me such a heart-chill as did the perusal of this. I will not say I had forgotten poor Rose,* because I never can forget her; but I deemed that death had long since

"Scattered her leaves o'er the bed,
Where her lovely companions lie wither'd and dead."

She was as a "voice that had failed," a dear remembrance, nearly effaced from my brain by cankering cares and a jostling world.

After a few moments given to pleasurable and melancholy reflections in that fine Ossianic tone of spirit, that dwells with such delight upon "the joys that are past," and a sigh to the memory of them, I turned again to the obituary, but I had read all.

"Of all cants," says Sterne, "keep me from the cant of criticism."

Poor Rose! she was one of the sweetest singers of the music of Storace, Shield, Jackson, and Arne—melodists whose paper no English composer of the present day is worthy to rule—to be thus dismissed by one of the best-written papers in the empire! a paper, too, which almost weekly affords us an elaborate critique upon the musical novelties of the day, written evidently by a man well acquainted with the science he treats upon. Science! ah, there's the rub! we have science enough, God knows, till poor Nature is driven from the field altogether. What would have been the announcement had this been some foreign *cantatrice*, who had been eagerly sought, highly paid, and wondered at, without being understood? Like the amateur horticulturist or florist, we pass by the beautiful blossoms that nature scatters over the meadows of our homes, to purchase dearly exotics, which were not only weeds in the lands whence they came, but are not half so lovely or so sweet as

those we might gather by the mere trouble of stooping for them. With a heart devoted to the melodies of nature and my country, and the recollections of one who has seen half a century of singers and of song glide away before him, I will venture a few reflections, suggested by the death of one to whom I have, many a time and oft, listened with admiration and delight.

It is a pleasure mixed up with a good deal of pain, for an old play-goer, like myself, to turn his thoughts back to the theatres of past times, and he is a bold man who shall dare to stand forth as *laudator temporis actæ*; the sneer of the ignorant, the self-satisfied smile of the young and the fresh will assail him, and it is almost safer, Aristippus-like, to go with the stream, than to presume to have an opinion of one's own. It is not long since that, in conversation with a very clever man, on my venturing to deny the merit of his favourite actor, I was somewhat sharply answered—"that he was thankful, after hearing such an opinion, that he had never seen those I so much admired, as he was sure he should not have liked them." Recollecting that "nothing is good or great but by comparison," and that I had seen both, and he had not, his speech was scarcely worth smiling at. Every thing seems changed, and yet not upon the usual principle; we do not think that there are no such cakes and ale as there were in our days, or that there was more mirth, more gaiety, or more enjoyment than there is now; but they were of a different sort. The real play-goer was to be known at first sight; he seemed as much at home in his customary and constantly-frequented seat "as the steed who knows his rider." I was going to say, but, as that will not do, I must reverse the image, and spoil the measure of the line, by writing, "as the rider who knows his steed." He knew all the best plays by heart, therefore he did not come to see whether *Richmond* killed *Richard*, or *Richard* him; but he saw John Kemble's *Richard* last night, and he is come to see whether George Cooke gives the tent scene as well as his old favourite. He suspects that he may play it more energetically, but he doubts whether it will be more chastely. We did not go to see

* I believe Mrs. Mountain's name was Rose. I have heard Incledon speak of her as his "dear Rose."

whether the seats were easier at this theatre, or the scenery more splendid at that; but our object was to have the depths of human passion, the brightest sparkles of human wits, rendered familiar to us by men and women possessed of minds nobly corresponding to the poet's genius that had given them birth. Play-going was *then* a more intellectual pursuit than it is at present.

But I have forgotten my poor, scorned Rose. Mrs. Mountain possessed a handsome, full person, a pleasing face, and one of the sweetest, rounded, richest voices that ever warbled a ballad that the heart could dwell on. "Il ne faut, pour chanter la Romance, que la voix claire et douce, qui prononce bien et qui chante simplement," says Rousseau; and, as the village sexton, mentioned by Zimmerman, who had lost the maiden of his love, caused a rose to be engraven upon her monument, with the simple inscription—"Such was she!" so may I, beneath the portrait of my Rose, write Rousseau's admirable description of the best kind of singer, and add the sexton's modest but beautiful, "such was she!"

Should this memorial of one I admired ever meet the public eye, I know that I must expect the *maestro's* smile, and the pretender's sneer, at opinions which I may venture to hazard upon an art of which, they will say, I know nothing. But I will yield in love of song to no creature breathing. I will admit that I have not spent week upon week, month upon month, year upon year, in having the mechanism of music drilled into me, and then fancied myself imbued with the very speech of sweet sounds. No, but I have sought melody where Nature has most freely given it—the living stream, the vocal grove, the nightingale's spring-budding tree, the broad mead whence the lark springs carolling towards heaven, have been my haunts, and the sources whence I have drawn my love of music. Still more—I have listened in rapt and holy silence to singers who, possessed of intellect as well as voice, have breathed the song of passion or kindly feeling, so that the verse was enriched by the melody, and the melody ennobled by the verse.

In entering the lists as the advocate for what I call "fireside music," I do not come sneaking forward to beg a hearing for my "Lowly suit and plaintive ditty,"* but I boldly assert that it is better worth a nation's cultivation than that which can never be sung without ridicule, unless by the trained and perfect *artiste*. Around the social board, beside one's "ain fireside," o'er the domestic piano, in the garden walk, or in the sweetest of all hours, dear twilight! what were more foreign and out of place than the laboured strains of scientific harmony? and yet, what times, what seasons so *natural* for the soul to gush out in melody and feeling as these? When "the heart is in flower," *tours de force* and wonderful execution are as completely out of keeping as discords and dissonances—when the mind is drawn back from the feeling desired

to be expressed, to the *art* with which it is given, the *spirit* of the song has evaporated. I once stood behind a very good player, and was pleased with the manner in which she performed, when, being inconveniently near, I heard her count one, two, three, four. I thought I should have run out of the room. "Give me a fine strain of music," says the amateur, "and I care not if the words be silly as those of a soothing nurse." Oh! how little does such a mind appreciate all that song is capable of! The ancients, those giants, thought otherwise. The Greeks made the Gods cast away the instruments which could not be accompanied by the human voice. Did the spirit-stirring strains of Tyrtæus or the triumphal "Ios" of Pindar consist of *sound* only? Nay, in the modern nation musical *par excellence*, what does the gondolier breathe o'er the moonlit *lagune*? Not nonsense, but the divine effusions of Tasso. In fact, the mere musician may prate of his art as he pleases—"C'est au musicien à faire de la musique, mais il n'appartient qu'au philosophe d'en bien parler." After the fashionable idler or the conceited *artiste* has been pleased, there is still an ordeal of a far more honourable nature for even music to pass through—the ordeal erected by the sensible heart and the cultivated understanding; and with these music is never so perfect as when, as expressed by one in whom all harmonies dwelt as in their home, "married to immortal verse, such as the musing soul may pierce."

Another of the contrasts brought to my mind by this contemptuous remark upon an old favourite, and the music in which she excelled, arises from the exigence of that which is now thought to be the only music worth cultivating. No young person can possibly sing in a manner to meet the taste of the present day, without sacrificing more time to the acquirement of the art than even music is worth. How and where is the mind to be cultivated, when so many hours are to be daily given to the ears and fingers? What a poor compensation is the applause of the drawing-room bestowed upon the *shouting* of the young and lovely wife of an intellectual man, for the barrenness which he must necessarily find in that heart and mind that should guide and solace him through sorrow as well as pleasure, in hours of trial and sickness, as well as in scenes of display! I employ the word *shout* in the last sentence quite advisedly: very few females sing now, they all *shout*, and forget that the beauty of the human voice consists in flowing richness, not in violent and painful jets. But, as the wise man said, "it is nothing but vanity;" the merely scientific singer does not, cannot feel what he or she sings: it is only the pride of thinking they can do what others cannot. Rousseau's idea of such singers is excellent:—"Pour moi," he says, "je suis persuadé qu'on applaudit les cris d'une actrice à l'opéra comme les tours de force d'un bâteleur à la faire; la sensation en est déplaisante et pénible; on souffre tandis qu'ils durent, mais on est si aise de les voir finir sans accident,

* One of Mrs. Mountain's best songs.

qu'on en marque volontairs sa joye." I hope I may be pardoned for quoting this author so frequently; but it does one good to think with such a man on such a subject. But what man of any mark is not with us? Beattie ridiculed Leoni, in his famous "Had I a heart;" but it was one of the proudest moments of his life when he accompanied Mrs. Siddons on his viol in "Queen Mary's Lamentations." Gods! what an association! The author of the Minstrel playing, and the tragic muse singing the woes of the unhappy Mary! What says the eloquent Charles Butler, writing upon a subject which he evidently thoroughly understands?—"After all, supposing high degree of musical excellence attainable, should a young lady, should her parents desire that she should be stared at by all eyes, and fatigue most ears? Yet this is generally the case at every musical 'at home' which aspires to a concert. This observation, however, does not apply to the cultivation of the art, or the practice of it, with moderation, where the performer aims at no more than to sing a simple melody, in tune and time, and to obtain a general knowledge of harmony. When these are acquired, when the words of the song are well chosen (which should never be in a language, the perfect knowledge and pronunciation of which the performer does not possess), when they are sung with decent feeling, and the songster, though pleased to diffuse pleasure among her friends around her, evidently retires from the observing eye; it is one of the highest gratifications which it is given to us mortals to receive. Perhaps an Italian hypercritic would deny it to be music; in fact, it is something better—"virtue and pleasure alternately smile." After such an advocate as Charles Butler, I can have very little to say; I might safely rest the cause of fire-side music in his hands. I would almost as soon wish to see my daughter dance like Taglioni. No, that is too strong a simile, because, rather than *that*, I would see her "dead at my feet, with the jewel modesty undimmed." What I would say is, that I would never wish her to devote the short span that God has given her to the cultivation of one art, and that totally unconnected with the duties, the business, the offices attached to the character of daughter, mother, sister, or friend.

As it has been said by many a sensible man to the traveller about to run over the world—"First seek all in your own country worth seeing and being acquainted with:" so I entreat my fair countrywomen, unless they have a decided talent for music, which not one in five hundred has, to pay more, if not undivided, attention to the music of their homes. Ireland, Scotland, and England are rich, aye, passing rich, in melodies of the most delightful kinds. Let them return to that simple style of singing which was so lovely in their mothers. They will tell me, perhaps, that the music which I advocate is antediluvian, and that they should be laughed at were they to practise it. Let me whisper in their ears, "you are much more fre-

quently and deservedly laughed at for attempting what you cannot execute." Besides, the approving smile of one man of sense ought to be more dear to every female breast than the applause of a crowd. Nay, this crowd itself, however borne away by fashion, will, on occasion, show that it contains the elements of good. Let the most *recherchée* prima donna of the day dazzle and astonish by one of her most splendid efforts, and then let some sweet, clear voice warble a ballad rich in melody and feeling, and see how the artificial will sink beneath the natural; how the murmured "bravo" will give place to holy silence,* followed by general applause, in which the smiling face or tearful eye proves that the strain is really felt and understood, as well as admired. We are astonished at the one—we could love the other. I have heard most of the singers of the last forty years, and I never heard one who could create a more heart-felt delight than Mrs. Jordan, who was no singer at all, in the common acceptation of the term. Unaccompanied, except occasionally by her own guitar, she would breathe such sounds as trickled to the very heart's core: the song possessed you, you could not forget it; like Ossian's hero, you hummed it as you went, and said, "Sweet was that voice." I can have no objection to urge against those who, possessed of splendid voice, perfect ear, and decided taste, pursue the science of music, to almost the exclusion of other occupations; all that I desire is, to turn the minds of the wives and daughters of England, of the middle and most valuable class, from painful, ridiculous attempts to dazzle, to successful efforts to please.

I would have the gentlemen, who, like the critic of the *Examiner*, speak slightly of hygone music, remember that the age which they affect to despise was rich in that spirit of music in which this is so miserably poor. That age possessed that which such men as Mozart, Haydn, and the frequently-quoted Rousseau, and Butler, men with whom I am quite as proud to agree as with this critic, however good in his way, declared to be the very essence of the art they loved—Melody. It is quite sufficient to quote one of these: Haydn says, "It is the *air* which is the charm of music, and it is that which it is most difficult to produce; patience and study are sufficient for the composition of agreeable sounds; but the invention of a fine melody is the work of *genius*."

I hasten to my conclusion; but ere I part I cannot refrain from observing, that if the national pride, which so conspicuously distinguishes us in other cases, were to extend to this interesting subject, we have voices, understandings, feelings; in short, all capabilities to have a good, sound, delightful music of our own. English singers certainly retrograde, and the reason is the same that would prevent the aspirant of every or any art from rising. *We do not pride ourselves upon our originality, but upon*

* Betterton said, he considered no applause equal to profound attention and silence.—*Colley Catter*.

our powers of imitation. It is an acknowledged fact, that the northern organ is not calculated to sing the strains of the south, and yet every would-be singer of the day affects to despise the notes of his father-land, as common and beneath his notice. What follows? Why, we have no male singers at all. Recollect what Mr. Harrison was by the side of Adelaide Kemble; she might as well have had an automaton to second her; his voice was like a toy from a fair, beside "the war-denouncing trumpet." And yet when good English melody was encouraged, I have heard male voices, beneath which the finest female organ would have been as "childish treble." I have heard old Bannister—not Jack but witty Charles—in Macheath; I have heard Incledon in all he ever sang, and they could not only fill the ears of their auditors, but make every chink of the largest theatres reverberate with sounds, not only powerful but sweet, beyond what the denizens of these degenerate days have any idea of. To be characteristic, an Englishman's song should reach the understanding as well as affect the sense, and should be manly, melodious, and expressive; that of our maidens should be like themselves, beautiful, pure, unpretending, and heartfelt.

Farewell, then, my sweet Rose! dearly would my awakened memory like to run riot with you and the companions and rivals of your "Season of song," with the full-toned, bird-voiced Bland, the beautiful and mellifluous Crouch, and many, many others! But who would listen to me? I know how they sang; but I cannot make others feel it. I may say that they possessed such and such a compass; but how can I make them understand the effects of a full-flowing melody, beautifully simple, and feelingly, sweetly sung, if there be no responsive chord in their hearts? I cannot describe them; I cannot show how lovely they were; but I can weep over the recollection of them, and am proud to do so.*

THE SOLDIER'S DEATH.

BY MRS. F. B. SCOTT.

They bore the soldier from the field, they laid him on his bed—
Loud rose the wail of mourning for the cherished and the dead,
And the quivering tear rolled swiftly down the furrowed cheek of age
As they gazed upon his gleaming sword and shining battle-gage.
Shall the warrior rise no more in his majesty of might
To don the helmet and the shield for the glorious battle-fight?

Loud came the wail of mourning from the mansion of the dead,
High rose the sob of woman, when they found that life had fled;

* To such—and they are many—who will cordially agree with our contributor, we recommend the new work, "How's Illustrated Book of British Song," in which they will find the old and favourite melodies of which he writes.

The cannon booming on the air a nation's loss foretold—

A nation mourn'd th' unconscious dead, the gentle, yet the bold!

Then from the white-haired priests within there came a holy prayer,
And the echoes of their "Domine" fell on the golden air.

The summer sun came streaming on the open lattice-pane,

The summer air came sighing round each chill and pulseless vein,

The summer breeze stole round him with its sweet and sad caress,

Uplifting from the marble brow each wildly-tangled tress,

And summer buds, in strange neglect, upthrew their odorous breath.

Ah! why will summer sights and sounds intrude on wintry death?

And burst they forth in chorus sad—"Farewell, O dead, farewell!

By mossy fount, by dale and stream, by many a tangled dell,

When ruddy morning's footstep comes fast o'er the distant hill,

When twilight dim sleeps still beside the music-gushing rill—

In every faithful beating heart, 'till death thy name shall be

A sacred symbol to the brave, a watchword to the free!"

Then from the white-haired priests within there came a fervent prayer,

And the echoes of their "Domine" fell on the golden air;

But a woman with an ashy cheek and downcast eye, alone,

Afar from all the rest, and still as statues cut from stone,

With drooping form and noiseless breath, and lips all wan and white,

Unmoved and wordless sat apart throughout the weary night.

When the fair joyous spring returned to free the ice-bound plain,

The mourners for the cherished dead moved tearlessly again;

But one, his widowed bride, no more about the place was seen,

Save to the rustic sleeper's eyes, all robed in silvery sheen.

Her soft sweet name is carved where the waving willows gleam—

"The deepest waters run beneath a still and tranquil stream!"

PATIENCE.

(From the German.)

What is Life? a pathway wild,

Sown with briars everywhere;

Leap not o'er, impatient child,

Urg'd by spur of dark Despair.

Alas! for thee, the nestled thorn
Wounds hand and foot in sharp return.

Patience is a heavenly maid—
Take her hand with child-like love ;
Through thorn-labyrinths fearless tread,
A trusty pilot she will prove ;
And guide thee on with friendly hands,
Where Nature's own sun-temple stands.

Child of sorrow, driven forth
By the fury of the blast
From the green home of thy birth,
Say how often, poor outcast,
The barriers of thy heart's fond hope
Have seem'd to rival heaven's cope ?

See the fluttering bird ; the boys
Have surprised it in its bower,
Home of all its fairy joys,
Till within this little hour :
See, wildly wars he with his cage,
And dies, mad victim of his rage.

Look where silently the dove
Gently pecks her prison door,
Broods in sorrow o'er its love,
Patient, trusting evermore ;
The power of gentleness is great—
The fastenings free, she seeks her mate.

Patience, thou good angel, be
Spirit-guardian of our way
Through this world of misery,
Leave us not in life's long day ;
Still smiling turn the wheel of Fate,
Nor ever leave us desolate.

Thou canst teach us to endure
Thirst and hunger, even more—
Worldly scorn for being poor.
Teach us in firm faith to pour
The prayer of patience early, late,
To heav'n, through chambers desolate.

Though the sickness unto death,
Delve its fiery path of pain
Through each nerve that quivereth,
Slowly through each tortur'd vein,
Where the sufferer, heart and brain,
Is wrung, but never to complain—

In the prison's deepest gloom,
Where the erring judge hath driv'n
Innocence to meet its doom,
Though all pure as rays from Heav'n,
There the sweet smile of Patience pours
Its blessed light through dungeon doors.

Where the lover lingers o'er
Hope's last shadow, through each vein
Streams of passion madly pour
Fevering heart and firing brain ;
Whether he be rich or poor,
Hosts of sorrows stand before
His marble gates, or moss-crown'd bower,
Like stormy ocean's sandy shower—

There she hastes with holy care,
Wipes his pale betear'd cheeks,
Charms the monster, fell Despair,
Crown'd with curling, crawling snakes ;
When with lurid eyes beside,
The half-reluctant suicide,
He offers him, with bloody hand,
The poison-cup, or ready brand ;

Hope, to Patience ever nigh,
Comes, with joyous eyes so fair,
Rob'd in many-coloured dyes,
Streams of glory from her hair,
A crystal mirror in her hand,
Which shadows forth the better land ;
Bidding him each care to banish,
Since the clouds of sorrow vanish—
Pointing out the promise-bow,
Spanning, wreath-like, all below ;

While the sun, with eye of love,
Looks on him from Heav'n above,
Piercing clouds that lower'd before him,
Scattering rays of promise o'er him—
Till firm he stands, all sins forgiven,
Like a young cedar tree in Heaven.
No coward, sneaking to the grave—
Patience and Hope have made him brave ;
The hero's plume, that droop'd before,
He all erect stands wanton o'er,
By rosy pinions of fair Peace,
Wooing the very winds to cease.

Patience and Hope sublime,
Leave me not, sisters, ever,
Till the frail bonds of Time
The angel of death shall sever,
And beckon me on high,
To regions fair and glorious,
Where Hope and Patience die,
And Love is all victorious.

London, Jan., 1845. ELIZA LESLIE.

THE SHRINE OF SORROW.

BY CHARLES H. HITCHINGS.

Sorrow hath a place apart,
A shrine in every human heart ;
Some deep cell of holy sadness,
Far from mirth and all its madness.
In the place where Love is sleeping,
Loneliest vigils silent keeping,
Sorrow hath her shrine apart,
Deep in every human heart.

Spite of all the wiles of Pleasure,
Spite of Wit's fantastic measure,
Spite of Glory's conquests fine,
Spite of Nature's gift divine,*
Spite of Youth's delusive seeming,
Spite of Fancy's idle dreaming,
Sorrow hath her shrine apart,
Deep in every human heart.

Think not, for the step is light,
Deem not, though the eye be bright,
Though the slumber be as sound
As of sleepers underground,
Think not that the spirit numbers
Beads of joyance in its slumbers ;
Sorrow hath a place apart,
A shrine in every human heart.

Let the word and look, concealing
All the depth of inward feeling—
Let some heart, the lightest, be
Only for a moment free—
Free to speak its secret—then
You should see how, hid from men,
Sorrow hath her shrine apart,
Deep in every human heart.

* " *Natura beatiss
Omnibus esse dedit.*"

HELEN BERKLEY; OR, THE MERCENARY MARRIAGE.

BY MARY DAVENANT.

"Helen, you surely are not serious?" said Charlotte Berkley to her sister, as they were sitting busily at work one morning.

"Never more so in my life, I solemnly declare to you," replied Helen. "I have told you over and over again that I intend marrying a rich man, and now I hope to prove that I am in earnest. Nay, you need not look so shocked, Charlotte. Mr. Marshall is certainly a very respectable man; and if he is rather old, rather ugly, and a little bit vulgar, I can soon get used to that; while poverty is an evil I cannot get used to. The longer I have to bear it, the worse it grows."

"But you cannot call the possession of all the comforts, and many of the elegancies of life, poverty, Helen?"

"Comparative poverty it is, undoubtedly. Have we not to twist and turn, and manage and contrive, in order to make the appearance our station in society demands? Are we not obliged to go without a thousand things we want, and to do a thousand things we dislike, merely because we cannot afford to do otherwise? Do we not see others, every way our inferiors," (here Helen's voice faltered a little,) "preferred before us, solely because they possess wealth? Thanks to the worthy uncle who ruined us all, we have for many years past tasted the pleasures of poverty to their full extent."

"To their full extent!" exclaimed Charlotte. "Oh, Helen, think what you are saying! With a father both willing and able to give you all you really need, with a position in life second to none in respectability, with kind friends, an attached family, and every blessing that a reasonable being can desire, you complain of poverty, and talk calmly of encountering the real evil of marrying a man you cannot love, in order to escape those which exist merely in your own imagination."

"You are very fond of enlarging on our blessings, Charlotte, and have a theory of your own with regard to them, in which I fancy few will agree with you. I look upon life as it is—you, as it ought to be, if every one were as wise and good as yourself. You can lift yourself above the mortifications our pride and poverty entail upon us: I feel them bitterly. You must not blame me, therefore, if I am willing to take almost any step in order to escape from them."

"But if that step be sinful?" asked Charlotte.

"It is not sinful, circumstanced as we are now," persisted Helen. "Look at the prospect before us. We are no longer in the first bloom of youth. I am twenty-four next month, and you a year older. Should my father die tomorrow, we would be left destitute. What then would become of us?"

"We should be in His hand who never fails those who trust in Him," answered Charlotte. "We have education; we have talents, and no doubt could gain a comfortable livelihood."

"Yes, as governesses—the most slavish, miserable life that can be led. A victim to the caprice of vulgar parents and the stupidity of spoilt, naughty children—a brilliant prospect, truly!"

"Not half so slavish as that of an unloving wife. But our father may not die. Why can we not live on happily as we now do?"

"Until we are a couple of forlorn, neglected old maids, like the Miss B——s. No, Charlotte, my courage does not soar to such a height as that," said Helen.

"The Miss B——s are silly, ridiculous women, who would be contemptible in any condition of life; more so, perhaps, as wives and mothers than they are now," said Charlotte. "Look at Miss K—— and the Miss G——s, and many others I could name, whose worth endears them to all around them."

"They are wealthy," said Helen; "but there is no use in talking about them. I have always had a horror of single blessedness, and am determined to marry while I can. Mr. Marshall seems to be an amiable, good-natured man, and has a fortune of half a million. To be sure, his three children are an objection; but as the son is at college, and the daughters are grown up and out of the way, I shall have no trouble with them. I can, I know, twist him round my finger, and, notwithstanding your grave looks, expect to be perfectly happy. But it is time for me to dress. He will be here at twelve, and I shall not be ready."

So saying, Helen threw down her work, and began to arrange her hair before a mirror.

Charlotte looked sadly at her sister for a few minutes, and as her eye dwelt on the high-bred beauty of her face and form, she could not repress a momentary feeling of pride in the thought that she would well grace the splendid establishment now courting her acceptance. At last she said, "Helen, it is to me unaccountable that with your youth and beauty you should be willing to sacrifice yourself thus to the vain desire for wealth. Tell me, is there no other motive? Has the marriage of Charles Manners no share in fixing this hasty resolution?"

Helen turned proudly towards her sister; but though she drew her figure to its utmost height, and her eye flashed with unwonted brightness, her face was crimsoned with a burning blush, and the fair neck and arms, over which her rich hair fell in all its native profusion, glowed with the same unwonted hue, while she replied,

"Speak not of him, Charlotte, if you love me. Do not remind me of my weakness in believing, as I once did, in the power of a disinterested affection. My lesson has been learned, but bitterly did I acquire it. And for what was my trust so cruelly betrayed? For wealth, the moving spring of all human interests. Oh, Charlotte, could you have seen the cold contempt with which his wife surveyed me when we met—could you have heard how she dilated upon all her magnificence, her carriage, her jewels, her establishment, you would not wonder at my desire to take my place above her, and to pay back some part of the mortification she occasioned me."

"And to obtain this paltry gratification, you will leave your home, your friends, all that has hitherto been dear to you, and assume vows in which your heart bears no part, even while your tongue utters them. Helen, beware what you do. A life of falsehood! think of it!"

"I have thought of it, Charlotte, long enough. I can never love again: I would not, even if I could; but I wish to marry, and must do so while I have the opportunity. Mr. Marshall says he loves me, and I believe him; he will, at least, treat me kindly; and by marrying him I will secure the advantages to which I was born, but of which fortune has deprived me. I do not ask you to approve of my conduct, for with your views you cannot; but I do ask you to urge me no farther on a subject on which my mind is perfectly made up. Hark! there is Mr. Marshall's ring, and I not half-dressed yet!" And with Charlotte's help the toilette was soon completed, and Helen hastened, with a glowing cheek, to receive her wealthy lover.

It was not without many struggles with her better feelings that our heroine had brought herself to the calm determination she had just avowed, of acting against the principles in which she had been educated; and had it not been for the benumbing influence of an early disappointment, it is probable she would still have shrunk from the sacrifice she was now so willing to make. It is a melancholy truth, that trials which do not purify tend to harden the heart, and this unfortunately had been the result of Helen's discipline. Until she loved Charles Manners she was gentle, submissive, fulfilling the duties her father's narrow income imposed upon her with cheerfulness, and apparently happy within herself and contented with all about her. She was deserted for another, a richer and not as fair a bride, and from that hour the tender feelings of her nature seemed to have been changed to bitterness. Life was viewed through a false medium; she became impatient of the control of circumstances, ambitious, and distrustful. Evils, of which before she had not dreamed, now seemed ever threatening to overwhelm her; slights, that once would have been unnoticed, preyed upon her spirit. Ascribing all her troubles to her want of wealth, she exaggerated the advantages it could bestow, undervalued the blessings she enjoyed, and was now ready to cast them all from her, and to enter on a new

and untried race after the happiness that once had eluded her grasp.

Charlotte and Helen Berkley were motherless, Mrs. Berkley having died within a year of her husband's sudden reverse of fortune, leaving to her daughters, just then entering womanhood, the precious legacy of a well-directed education and of a pious example. Upon Charlotte, who by no means equalled her sister in outward attractions, these blessings had produced their full influence, while Helen's worldly desires had obscured much of her native nobleness of character, and nullified in a great degree the advantages she had received from education.

While smarting under the slights—whether real or imaginary it matters not, their effect was the same—offered by the bride of her former lover, Helen first met Mr. Marshall, a rich widower from another city, who, from the moment of his introduction, had devoted himself unremittingly to gain her favour—with what success we already know. She had often laughingly declared to her sister that she was "trying to catch the widower," but Charlotte had scarcely believed her serious until this morning, and even now, while Helen receives her lover's visit, is sitting in deep perplexity in her own room, hoping and praying that she still may be mistaken. At length, Helen's quick footstep was heard upon the stairs, and in a moment she entered the apartment in high excitement.

"Congratulate me, Charlotte," she said; "here is a slight earnest of the splendour that awaits me," and she placed her beautiful hand on her sister's, adorned with a diamond ring of immense value. "Yes," she added, in reply to Charlotte's appealing look, "we are positively engaged. I really could not keep the poor man any longer in suspense. My father is now with him, and to-morrow it will be known through the town that Helen Berkley will be at the head of one of the most elegant establishments in ——. Mr. Marshall has described it all to me. There is a conservatory handsomer than Mrs. B——'s, and I do dote so upon flowers. I shall have a boudoir, exquisitely furnished, of course; a carriage exclusively for my use, and am to be entirely independent of his children in every respect. Why do you cry, Charlotte? If it were any one but you, I should think you envied my good fortune. Nay, dearest, you will make me cry, too, if you sob so bitterly," she added, throwing her arms about her sister's neck. "If it were not for the thought of parting from you and from my father, I should be the happiest creature upon earth; but we will love each other better than ever, perhaps, and you both will come and stay with me very often, I hope;" and, in spite of her happiness, Helen now wept freely.

"I shall, indeed, be desolate, most desolate, when you are gone, dear Helen," said her sister, when both were a little more composed; "but it is not for myself I weep. God will enable me to bear his trial as He has done many others. But is it, indeed, determined upon? Are you going to enter, in this thoughtless way, upon

the sacred duties of a wife, and the responsibilities of a mother to your husband's children, with your mind fixed upon vanities which, as a Christian woman, you should despise?"

"I have told you that I am to have nothing to do with my husband's children; they are nearly as old as myself: and the duties of a wife I can, I know, fulfil admirably; indeed, I intend to be a perfect pattern of conjugal devotion. As to vanities, I shall not love them better than I have done all my life. I see no harm in it, for I am no professor of religion."

"The duties of religion are obligatory on us all, whether we acknowledge it or not, and we cannot expect a blessing upon any step we take in defiance of its precepts. Look, Helen," she added, placing before her a book she had taken from her work-table, "here is the ceremony that will unite you to the husband you have chosen. Its first sentence condemns you, for it tells you not to enter upon marriage lightly, but 'reverently, discreetly, soberly, and in the fear of God.'"

"With all due reverence, then, discretion and sobriety, I will marry Mr. Marshall. So cheer up, Charlotte, and don't give me the vapours. Not one word of opposition, if you love me; you have sent in your humble petition and remonstrance, and it has been rejected. Now let me tell you more about my future home."

Charlotte felt that what Helen said was true; she therefore wisely forbore any further comment on what she found was inevitable, entered affectionately into Helen's plans, and received the congratulations of her acquaintances with as good a grace as she could. Of course, some of their "dear, four hundred friends," abused Helen, calling her heartless and mercenary, while others thought her extremely fortunate—a girl without fortune to draw such a prize in the matrimonial lottery. All were, however, warm in their congratulations; and when she received company immediately after her marriage and before her departure for her future home, the fashionable world flocked around her, were unanimous in their praises of her exquisite costume, and agreed that she was the most beautiful bride of the season. Strange that the same people had seen Helen in her usually simple evening dress for years, and had never thought of remarking upon her beauty.

"Fine feathers make fine birds, I find," said the laughing bride, as she drew her glittering ornaments from her neck and arms. "I have this day received more compliments than in all the rest of my life; and yet," she added, glancing complacently at her mirror, "the picture is the same—the frame only has a richer gilding."

Still Helen enjoyed the adulation even while despising the motive which actuated it, and her triumph was complete when, at the entertainments following her marriage, she outshone Mrs. Charles Manners in the splendour of her dress, and had the pleasure of returning her bridal visits in a newly-purchased equipage, far more expensive than that of her successful rival.

But was time to change the scene of these

triumphs. Mr. Marshall became impatient to rejoin his family, whose non-appearance at the wedding had given but little uneasiness to the bride, and bidding a tearful farewell to the home of her youth, Helen, after a fatiguing journey, found herself at the door of her husband's stately mansion. They arrived late in the evening, but Helen saw enough of the exterior of her new establishment to convince her that it was tasteful and magnificent—a double house with a portico to the roof—and she entered the richly carpeted hall with undisguised satisfaction. Her husband opened the door of one of the parlours, where two young ladies in deep mourning were seated; they started forward, and after saluting him affectionately as "Dear pop," acknowledged the introduction to herself with distant civility. Helen's heart sank within her. "Dear pop," she could not believe she heard aright; but the constant recurrence of the obnoxious epithet soon convinced her that her ears had not deceived her. Mr. Marshall hastened to disrobe her of her various wrappings, while his daughters ran on about their own affairs, taking no more notice of the new comer than if she had been deaf and dumb. Their coldness repelled Helen, but their vulgarity was a far greater shock—it was perfectly unaccountable to her; for her husband, though deficient in elegance, had nothing positively vulgar about him. At length she glanced her eye upon a portrait she felt must be that of her predecessor, and this at once explained the mystery. It was that of a stout, common-looking woman, on whom a fourth-rate artist had apparently exhausted his skill in painting ornaments. She wore an immense gold-coloured turban and plume, a bright blue velvet dress, a massive watch and chain, with necklace, bracelets, rings *ad infinitum*—a very personation, in fact, of purse-proud vulgarity. In a corresponding recess hung her husband, whose round, good-natured face contrasted well with the masculine dame on the other side; while opposite was a family group of the two daughters and son when children, most vilely executed, occupying the most prominent place in the apartment. Helen sat contemplating these specimens of art in silent horror, when tea was announced, and the eldest daughter at once seated herself at the head of the table, without appearing to remember there was any other mistress of the house than herself. The tea equipage was, indeed, splendid; but there was a want of elegance in serving the meal, as well as in partaking of the good things with which the table was rather too abundantly supplied, that completely deprived Helen of all power to enjoy them. She soon pleaded fatigue, and being shown by a servant to her own room, there sought the relief of a bitter flood of tears.

Her first feeling was that she had been deceived; but by whom? A moment's reflection told her that she had none but herself to blame for the keen disappointment she now experienced. She was well aware that Mr. Marshall had been the architect of his own fortunes; that

from a humble beginning he had, by enterprise and industry, acquired his wealth; she knew, too, that he had children, and her sister had more than once suggested that these young ladies might occasion her some trouble. Was it to be expected that he should tell her that his former wife was a vulgar woman, and that his daughters were so widely different from her usual associates? She was, therefore, obliged to acquit him of all blame; and when he soon after joined her, and tried to soothe her by apologizing for his children's coldness, she checked her tears, telling him she hoped soon to be able to conciliate their regard.

"For whom are they in such deep mourning?" she asked, in the course of their conversation.

Mr. Marshall looked slightly confused, as he replied. "They still wear it for their mother. I have urged them to change their dress, but they insist on wearing it for full two years."

"Two years!" exclaimed Helen, in astonishment. "I understood it was more than three since Mrs. Marshall died."

"You were misinformed," he replied. "That sad event occurred about fourteen months since. She was a most worthy woman; I felt her loss deeply, and was truly wretched, when my dear Helen first roused me from my grief and led me to hope I might again be happy."

The young wife was silent; her conscience told her she had unknowingly acted cruelly towards her step-daughters, and she no longer blamed them for receiving her so coldly.

Next morning Helen descended to the breakfast-room, fully determined to try and win the favour of these forbidding-looking damsels, whose appearance was even more repulsive in their morning *deshabille* than on the evening before; but, though few possessed greater powers of pleasing than herself, she found them utterly at fault here. They would chat together most freely about matters in which she, as a stranger, could take no interest; but the instant she attempted to mingle in the conversation, they either became perfectly silent or replied to her as briefly as possible. Their father was evidently pained by their conduct, and when present, his affectionate kindness atoned in some degree for their impertinence; but his long absence had occasioned a press of business that required his constant attention, and he was able to be but little at home.

Meanwhile Helen occupied herself with taking a minute survey of her establishment, if hers it might be called, and found but little that was satisfactory in its arrangements. There was the conservatory, to be sure, but Miss Sophia informed her that all the plants it contained were *hers*; so she could only admire the beauty of the flowers, and did not dare even to cull a few of the fragrant blossoms of the heliotrope, which, by recalling the pretty *jardinière* in her sister's chamber, brought tears into her eyes as she looked upon them, and longed to place them in her bosom as a memorial of the humble home she had so gladly deserted. She then went

through the other apartments; they were very spacious, and most expensively furnished, but the hand of taste and of refinement was nowhere visible. All the arrangements were in perfect keeping with the family portraits, and the splendour of some was in painful contrast with the inappropriateness of others. Helen sighed as she contrasted the picture her imagination had drawn from description, with the reality that now presented itself, and determined she would make very decided changes before she opened her house to company.

"Where is the library?" she asked of Matilda, the younger daughter, when, after completing her survey, she returned to the breakfast-room. "I would like to read a while before I drive out, but I see no book about."

Miss Matilda opened her round, gray eyes upon her step-mother, as she replied—"Sophy and I intend to use the carriage this morning. You will, I guess, have to wait till after dinner, if you want to ride out."

"Oh, very well, I can wait, certainly," said Helen, with great sweetness; "but, pray, tell me where I shall find a book—I have looked in vain for one in any of the rooms."

"There are a few annuals, I believe, in the parlour closet," said Matilda. "We are no great readers here. Pop takes the newspapers; and if we read a little in them every day, it is as much as we have time to do."

"But how do you occupy yourselves?" asked Helen.

Matilda looked as if she would have said—"What business is that of yours?" but seeing that Helen awaited a reply, she answered—"We keep house, and do worsted work, and practice, and visit, and see our friends. Sometimes I get a novel from the library; but Sophy don't approve of novels, so I seldom get one now."

"Well, if there are no books, I will practice a little on the piano."

"The piano is Sophy's; she keeps the key, and has gone out with it in her bag," was the reply; so Helen retreated to her own room, to pass the morning as she could.

The deficiency in the book department was soon supplied by Mr. Marshall's liberality, and a splendid pianoforte was immediately placed in Helen's boudoir, which, together with her own chamber, she furnished in the most tasteful manner. But vainly did she attempt to introduce a reform into other parts of the establishment. At the first suggestion of such a thing, the two daughters had been so violently affected, one with a wordy, the other with a tearful passion, that Helen at once desisted, and, like a prudent woman, allowed the turbaned lady in the drawing-room still to keep watch and ward over the furniture of her own selection.

In fact, the first Mrs. Marshall exerted, even from her grave, a much stronger influence in the *ménage* than ever was accorded to her successor. "Ma always had things so and so;" "Ma allowed this;" "Ma chose that," were arguments that never failed to silence Helen; for she thought of her own dying mother, of the sanctity

which still enshrined all that was connected with her beloved presence in the household circle, and respected the same feeling in her step-daughters, even while suffering under the trammels it imposed upon herself. Thus, the very refinement of Helen's nature placed a weapon in the hands of the Miss Marshalls, of which they did not fail to make effectual use; and notwithstanding all the affection and all the liberality so freely lavished on her by her husband—a good-natured, easy man, who saw little of what was going on around him—she was a perfect cypher in her own house, and a disappointed, unhappy woman. Wealth in her purse—poverty and isolation in her heart: glittering jewels and costly raiment without—within, a dreary, empty, aching void.

"What a contrast there is between that pretty, refined-looking Mrs. Marshall, and the set of people she seems to associate with!" said the fashionable Mr. Frederick Ormsby to his sister, one day after an entertainment at Mr. Marshall's, at which both had been present. "What could have induced her to throw herself away on that vulgar old man?"

"A wise question, Fred, from a man who has lived more than a quarter of this mercenary century," replied his sister. "Have you left your worldly wisdom in foreign parts? or do you suppose we Americans have left marrying for money to our European contemporaries?"

"But I cannot bear to think of such a lovely creature as that having sold herself for the mere lucre of gain. She must, at least, have thought she liked the man, and could have known little of the associations in which he was to place her."

"The last, I imagine, is true enough; for the good people of — seemed quite surprised when I told them of how little consequence the Marshalls are here, notwithstanding all their wealth. As soon as I returned home, I went at once to see her, and the poor thing seems *triste* enough. Those cross step-daughters lead her a sad life, I fancy. She has a sweet little boudoir up stairs, in which she has always received me, and will keep me hours talking of her 'home,' and the happy life she led there."

"Those Marshall girls do look cross enough to make any one wish themselves a thousand miles off. By the way, did you ever hear such singing as they gave us last night? After hearing Malibran so often in that divine scene from *Romeo and Guilietta*, it was too much to stand by and have it so murdered by those elegant damsels. And then the perfect self-complacency with which they did it! At last I fairly took flight, and should have left you to ride home without me; but just as I passed the door on my way out, I heard another voice breathing such lovely sounds that I stopped short, and found the pretty stepmother was the songstress."

"Her sister, too, sings delightfully, and is one of the most accomplished and intellectual women I met in —. Their father was once very wealthy, but lost everything, and has now some office, the income of which just maintains

his family. These poor girls had nothing to look to in case he was taken from them; and this, I suppose, induced Helen to marry as she did—so, at least, some of her friends seemed to think."

"Poor thing, from my soul I pity her. Do, Julia, let us go and see her often; it will be a real charity, situated as she is. Besides, I want to hear her sing again."

"You are very charitably disposed, Fred, all of a sudden," said his sister, laughing. "It is only a pity you did not encounter the fair lady a year ago, when you might have come more effectually to the rescue, and have saved her from the fate you seem to deplore so much. However, I am willing to go with you there as soon as you please, for I really admire Mrs. Marshall, and pity her too."

A few weeks, therefore, saw the brother and sister on quite intimate terms with Helen, who found their refinement and intelligence a most welcome relief to the insipidity of the circle into which her husband's connections had introduced her. At first, Frederic Ormsby only came in company with his sister; but as, on such occasions, Helen devoted herself almost exclusively to the latter, leaving him to be entertained by the younger ladies, who were evidently desirous to monopolize his attentions, he soon found it more agreeable to pay his visits alone. He was received with favour by all the family, for he possessed the desirable faculty of being able to adapt himself with great readiness to the tastes of every one with whom he came in contact; and before many months passed, Miss Sophy had numbered him among her serious admirers, and began to wonder at the delay of his declaration, which she daily expected.

Time went on, however, and no such result appearing, Matilda, one day, observed to her sister, "Do you know, Sophy, I am beginning to think that maybe Fred Ormsby is not going to court you, after all?"

"La, Matilda, how you talk; as if I cared whether he courted me or not," replied Sophy, with a disdainful toss of her head. "I am at no loss for admirers, thank heaven."

"But you know well enough that you never had such an admirer as he is; so handsome, so genteel; just like Lord Mortimer in the '*Children of the Abbey*.' My patience! if I had such a beau, I would not sit down tamely, and let my stepmother get him away from me."

"What do you mean, Matilda?" said Sophy, her assumed indifference vanishing in an instant. "You must be crazy. What does she want with beaux?"

"You must ask her that. All I say is, that I think he is beginning to like her better than he likes you."

"Oh, Matilda, what can make you think so?" "Perhaps I may be wrong; but somehow, when he sings with her, he does it in a different way from when he sings with you; and their voices do go very well together, though hers cannot compare with yours in power (Miss Sophy's was rather of the night-hawk species);

and though he asks you first, one or two duets are always enough; but he never seems willing to let her stop. Then he tells her of little graces and flourishes that those great singers give, and makes her go over passages, to teach her their style. Now, this shows he cares more about how she sings. But I should not have thought anything of this if it had not been for what Rachel tells me. She says that Fred Ormsby sometimes comes here when we are out in the evening, and Pop and Mrs. Marshall are alone in her little sitting-room. Instead of going away when he finds we are not at home, my gentleman walks up there, and as Pop always falls asleep over the newspapers, they can have a fine time. Rachel often passes the door to see what they are at, and says she has always seemed quite gay and animated—very different from what she is when other people are here, until last-night—but I forgot I promised I would not breathe it to a soul.”

“Go on, Matilda; I insist upon your telling me.”

“Well, if you wont let on to Rachel: she says that last-night she went in on some errand, and found Pop asleep in one of the big arm-chairs; Fred Ormsby was at the table, sitting beside Mrs. Marshall, with her miniature in his hand. All she heard him say was—‘How very lovely!’ and she was wiping her eyes, and seemed to have been crying. Rachel says she is sure she married my father for money, and now she has fallen in love with Fred Ormsby! Ain’t it wicked? and he your beau!”

Words cannot express the anger of Sophy while listening to this communication, to the horrid insinuations of which she gave implicit confidence, though they had originated with the housemaid. She fairly raved; and after first threatening to tell her father, then to write to her brother, who was still at college, and make him come and shoot Mr. Ormsby, she finally rushed to Helen’s room, and there upbraided her with her treachery in the coarsest terms.

At first Helen could not understand her, but when from amidst the mass of incoherent words, a perception of their meaning dawned upon her mind, she remained for a few moments like one paralyzed, and then gave way to a burst of indignant grief that terrified her accuser. All the wrongs that had been smothered within her bosom, since she had left a home of love to be an unwelcome inmate here, now rushed like a burning torrent from her lips, while tears of bitterness fell scalding upon cheeks that glowed with outraged feeling; until, at length, Sophy, like the witch of old, stood trembling before the spirit she had herself invoked. She felt, too, that she had accused Helen falsely, and fearing her influence with her husband, who, though a good-tempered man, was capable of strong excitement, Sophy dropped the lofty tone she had assumed, and confessing she had been misled by Rachel, apologized for her hastiness, requesting the matter might go no further.

“You have taxed my forbearance so far, that you well know you may trust it now,” replied

Helen, whose generous temper was at once subdued by her tormentor’s acknowledgment of error; “but remember, Sophy, there is a point at which forbearance becomes no longer a virtue—exceed it, and there commences a struggle for power between us which you well know must terminate in my favour. I have vainly hoped to win your regard by a voluntary surrender of many of my rights; the time appears to have come when I must demand your respect by assuming them. I therefore request you will at once dismiss Rachel from the house; and lest she may circulate this slander among her compeers, first show her this miniature, which she will recognise as the one on which she has built her miserable falsehood. It is that of my mother—my angel mother,” said Helen, bursting into tears as she unclasped the case and displayed the beloved lineaments. “Ah! little did she ever dream of the insults to which its possession would expose her child.”

But had self-reproach no share in the agony which seemed as though it would rive the very frame from whence it proceeded, and caused even Sophy to endeavour to soothe the sufferer? The energy of passion had passed away, and Helen, motioning Sophy from her presence, now threw herself upon the richly-curtained bed, writhing in all the torment of a crushed and wounded spirit. The taunts that had just met her ear were false; but conscience whispered that her own free choice had placed her in a position that might ever leave her open to them. Had she wedded one she loved, or even one with tastes congenial to her own, no tongue would have dared to whisper a reproach on intercourse so casual as hers with Frederick Ormsby—no imagination would even have conceived it, for she had never seen him but in the presence of her husband and his children. Now, she had been spied upon by her own household; they had seen she was an unloving wife, and knowing she was false at heart, believed her capable of being so in conduct. Helen before had experienced the folly of her mercenary marriage, but now she felt its guilt and the magnitude of the dangers to which it exposed her.

Her dread of causing a disturbance in the family, as well as a natural reluctance to let her husband know the nature of the provocation she had received, induced her to conceal it from him. She took good care, however, to be out of the way when Mr. Ormsby paid his visits, which soon diminished in frequency, to Sophy’s evident chagrin and mortification.

The *rencontre* we have related between this young lady and her stepmother by no means diminished the distance between them, while its effect upon the latter was to engender morbid feeling which began to have a serious effect upon her temper. Helen had now been married eighteen months, and had never yet been allowed to pay a visit home, her husband constantly saying it was impossible he could accompany her on the journey, and his selfish fondness would not permit her to undertake it

without him. His reply to her entreaties always was that he could not think of parting with her for so long a time, and from this determination no tears or prayers could make him waver. Charlotte, too, must remain with her father, whose duties at home were equally imperative, so that Helen, left with scarcely a hope of seeing these only objects of her affection, became capacious, morose, and more than ever dissatisfied with herself and all around her.

In vain did Charlotte's letters breathe the very spirit of religion and sound philosophy; in vain did she urge her to rouse herself to the duties of self-improvement and of active interest in the welfare of those about her, whose sorrows and privations her sympathy and her wealth might so readily alleviate, and point out the pure source of happiness that were still within her reach. Helen's replies were filled with nothing but repinings; and Charlotte saw with grief that her own trials so absorbed her sister, that she seemed to think those of others of no importance—that she was living in the daily neglect of the highest duties of existence, and fast sinking into the depths of a selfish, hopeless apathy.

From this state, however, Helen was aroused by an event which awakened all the tender feelings of her nature, and directed them with intense and absorbing interest on one object. This was the birth of a son—a blessing ardently desired, though unfortunately bestowed at a time when, of all others, she most wished to be with her own family. Charlotte was married soon after her infant's birth, to a gentleman to whom she had long been attached, though prudence had till now delayed their union. It was an attachment founded upon mutual worth, and Helen sighed as she acknowledged their marriage would surely be a happy one, though offering but little prospect of worldly wealth—an advantage she had long since learned to think might be too dearly purchased.

But now Helen's domestic trials were all forgotten as she gazed on the tiny mortal, whose entrance on this troubled scene had produced a total revulsion in its mother's thoughts and feelings. Her nursery soon became her world; she performed every office for her child with her own hands, and while pressing his velvet cheek to hers, or watching his gentle slumbers, or soothing his infant woes, she tasted a fullness of delight such as till now she had never known. How beautiful this provision of our nature! From the kingly palace to the lowly hut, here is a source of holy happiness prepared for all; and whether the new-born creature be the heir of untold thousands, or whether it adds but another burden to that already pressing sorely on a poor man's daily earnings, its smiles and winning ways spread joy around the hearth, and cares and sorrows vanish in the sunshine of its presence. Helen had never before acknowledged the existence of this widely-diffused pleasure; indeed, she had often listened with contempt to the raptures of fond mothers, aunts, or sisters, while dilating on an infant's loveli-

ness. Now she felt it in all its intensity, and as each moment seemed to develop some fresh charm in the object of her idolatry, she would not be a single hour parted from it. The little Harry was, indeed, most lovely; well might any mother be proud of such a child—how much more one who, like Helen, had a well-spring of tenderness congealed within her heart, now melted by the warmth of maternal love, and pouring forth its full, deep torrent upon this one object! In this feeling, too, her husband could sympathize, though his daughters took as little notice of the child as decency would permit. To their father, however, Helen never looked more lovely than when busied with her infant. Her bloom now heightened by the effort of tossing it in its laughing, crowing glee; her sweet voice now lulling it with gentle songs upon her bosom, and then bending over it in unutterable gladness while she expatiated on all its opening beauties. The time that was not spent in nursing him was devoted to his wardrobe, and the most exquisite garments her taste could devise or her wealth procure aided in his adornment; and while thus engaged, many a picture of his future brilliant and distinguished career was woven in the glowing web of Helen's fancy. Her boy would certainly be very talented—handsome and witty he already was in an eminent degree: he should be educated with the utmost care; she would herself impart to his manners an exquisite refinement, and with talents, education, and wealth, what might he not become? Ah, fond mother, you have omitted the only basis on which a noble and enduring structure can be raised: you would build for this world alone, and the wise Master-builder will finish the work in His own way—in mercy, doubtless, to yourself and to him whom your fond indulgence might too probably rear to misery and ruin.

A worm was in the bud Helen was cherishing with such idolatrous devotion, and after sixteen months of uninterrupted health, her child was suddenly stricken with alarming illness. In vain did learned doctors strive to check its progress; vainly did the frantic mother beseech them to save her child. "Am I in God's stead, madam?" said one of them, in reply to her wild entreaties; and Helen then as wildly implored a higher help, that she had well nigh forgotten in her happier hours. It was all in vain—the child breathed out his spirit in his mother's arms; and as Helen closed the lovely eyes that long had been fixed on heaven, as if seeking the home he was struggling to reach, she bowed her head upon them, and seemed like one congealed to stone.

It was long before they could disengage her from that fixed embrace, but to the surprise of those about her she arose from it desperately calm, and went about the sad task of preparing the loved form for its last resting place, as quietly as she had been wont when disrobing him for his nightly couch beside her. The nurse would fain have shared the duty, but a look from Helen forbade it. When she had completed her

arrangements, and parted the golden curls that clustered so richly on his marble brow, she glided from the room, sought the garden, and there, culling the purest and most fragrant flowers, laid them to perish by his side—fit emblem of one as fair and frail as they. Neither the prayers nor tears of her husband and attendants could withdraw her from the vigil she then commenced beside the beautiful remains, from which her eye would never wander. She sat like one drinking in a memory that must last for ever; and it was not until the dark finger of decay had set a deep mark upon their marble whiteness, that she placed him in his narrow coffin, and was then borne senseless to her chamber.

The next day, however, saw her in the scene of her former joys—her nursery; and here she sat beside the empty cradle, shedding no tear, collecting his little playthings round her, and spreading out his various garments, as if trying to cheat herself into the delusion that he would soon appear to need them. Mr. Marshall and the physicians combated her will in vain—here she would remain, feeding the grief that found no outward vent, but which was gradually consuming the very springs of her existence. The sorrow of the world works death, and in a fortnight Helen was raving in all the horrors of a violent brain fever, which led her to the very borders of the grave. At length, youth and an excellent constitution triumphed over the strength of the disease; and when, after long weeks of unconsciousness, Helen first opened her eyes to a sense of what was passing around her, she closed them again, thinking it was on a dream too sweet to last. But no—a soft, cool hand, whose touch thrilled to her very soul, was passed across her burning brow, while a well-known voice exclaimed, in gentle accents, “Father, she will live, I know she will,” and a kiss was pressed upon her cheek. Again she slowly raised her eyelids, now almost too weak to bear the weight of their long, dark lashes, and met the earnest, loving gaze of her father and her sister.

“You must not speak, dearest,” said the latter, seeing that Helen was struggling for words. “We will watch beside you, and by-and-by, when you are stronger, you may tell how glad you are to see us.”

Sweet, indeed, to Helen, were the days of her convalescence, when, at last, she could pour out her sorrows in her sister's bosom, assured of her gentle, loving sympathy. It is in our dark day that the bond of family affection is felt to be most precious. Conflicting tastes and duties may diminish its strength, when all is bright around; but in bereavement, who can estimate its worth, save those who, like Helen, have been called to tread that dreary path alone? Yet “there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother,” and to this highest source of comfort Charlotte strove to lead her sorrowing sister—for a long time in vain. She had lived too long in the wilful neglect of the duties of religion, to be able at once to appropriate its divine consolations; and

Charlotte saw, with regret, that she was often ready to cast them from her as affording no balm to her spirit, whilst her rebellious murmurings against the hand that chastened her rendered her utterly incapable of appreciating them.

At length Mr. Berkley and Charlotte were obliged to return home, as the latter became impatient to return to her husband, on whom had devolved the double duty of attending to his own and his father-in-law's business during his absence; and after much persuasion, seconded by the advice of the physician, they induced Mr. Marshall to allow Helen to accompany them.

Once more in the home of her childhood, her heart seemed to open to its holy influences. The early teachings of her mother, as she strove to lead her self-willed child in the narrow path of dutiful submission to the will of heaven, were now recalled, and fell like dew upon her thirsty spirit, revivifying and strengthening it.

Mr. Marshall had little to regret in the change that had taken place in his wife's views, and before many years passed, her gentle influence led him to sympathize sincerely with them. True religion imparts refinement to the manners as well as purity to the heart, and Helen now learned to return the affection of her worthy husband with sincere regard, and together they employ the wealth of which they are the stewards in works of piety and mercy, thus rendering it a double blessing to themselves. The marriage of his daughters has long since left Helen untrammelled in her domestic sphere, while the place of the beloved Harry has been supplied by four sweet children, all loved with ardour, but not idolatrously worshipped.

Though now contented with her lot, and tasting the blessedness that arises from a strict fulfilment of her various duties as a wife, a mother, a sister, and a friend, Helen has by no means forgotten her sin and its mental punishment, and still shudders when she hears the young and beautiful speak lightly of contracting a mercenary marriage.

JUNE.

First born of Summer! merry, laughing June—
Season of flowers and promised fruits—with joy
I greet thy advent. Now my sweet employ,
While green boughs shade me from oppressive noon,
Shall be to fashion lays in ancient strain;
Bidding earth's elder days return again
In vivid beauty. Hark! the linnet's tune
Rings as in ages past; and the soft voice
Of rivulets making the meads rejoice
Breathes music that our sleeping fathers heard.
I listen to the self-same song of bird,
Insect, and fount, that centuries ago
Delighted them with most melodious flow,
And feel the buoyant glee June on their hearts conferred.

W. G. J. BARKER.

Banks of the Yore.

A MEMORY OF THOMAS HOOD.*

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

The past winter has been one of dismal heaviness to us, for it has been so to many dear friends; a cold bleak "season"—each month surpassing its predecessor in the number of its bereavements, until we have asked each other, "Is the cup of sorrow yet unfilled?" All through February and March the dull boom of the death-bell mingled with the snow-wreath and rose above the storm, while the frost-bound earth echoed the clank of the mattock and the spade. We do not speak of the simple hearts, near and dear, whom death found as fittest for immortality—ripest for the sickle—but of others, known to the world about us, who have been taken "home" in the flower of their days; and more especially of one, just gone, whose gentle spirit past away while nature was recruiting,—resuming her leaves and flowers, and wearing once again a happy look of plenteousness and peace.

First, from over the sea, came news of the death of one who, if longer spared, would have achieved a much higher reputation than she had yet won—for her mind was evidently gaining strength, and her views of life and knowledge of literature were expanding. One of our contemporaries has said, that Mary Anne Browne was "spoiled at first by over-praise:" over-praised the girl-poet might have been, but none who have read what she has written as Mrs. James Gray could have deemed her "spoiled"—for all her later works evince care and thought, and much genuine refinement; and her last small volume of poems—"Sketches from the Antique"—supply evidence of higher hopes and holier aspirations than belong to the "spoiled" children of the Muses. Her short life, though uneventful, was chequered and of uneven course—as literary lives always are in England—but she was a loving and a beloved wife, esteemed by those who knew her as a kind and amiable woman, and one of rare industry. I found it hard to believe that death had taken her from the new-born infant that nestled in her bosom; that the grave had closed over the laughing girl I had seen but as yesterday—her rich brown curls clustering round her throat, and her eyes luminous with mirth.

But heavier sorrows followed. There are few, indeed, who are acquainted with the light and graceful literature of our country—who cull the simple and natural flowers so plentifully scattered in their paths—to whom the name of Laman Blanchard is unknown: his ready and eloquent pen could indite a sonnet, point an epigram, tell a story, or lend interest to an essay, while slower spirits were wondering and pondering what they had to write about.

His name was a pleasant watchword, a guar-

antee that something was to follow—racy and fanciful. His wit, rather genial than caustic, and so abounding that it brightened everything it played about, was checked only by a sensitive desire to avoid giving pain; even where to censure became a duty, this tenderness in his nature was apparent in his writings: he frequently stopped short of his object lest he might inflict a wound. Of late, few articles bore his name in periodical works; and those who are unacquainted with the mighty mechanism that scatters "leaders," "criticisms," and "reviews,"—"opinions" of all kinds on all subjects to guide the multitude,—little imagine what volumes have passed down the stream of time—written for "the day," by this man of many labours, but upon which the power of the throbbing brain had been lavishly expended.

Sixteen years ago we knew him; ever as a poet, buoyant with youth and hope—his purpose fixed, his independence unflinching—with the dreamy, ardent temperament of a genuine "child of song," yet turning himself to the direst and hardest duty work, and labouring at everything that did not compromise the principles with which he set out in life,—fighting his way with a brave heart and a bright eye, known only to be loved, and imparting as much pleasure to, as he received from, literary society. Many are the happy and profitable hours we have passed together; his ready sympathy attracting confidence that was never betrayed. Alas! his wife became the victim of a distressing malady; and his sensitive nerves were ill able to endure long midnight watchings, relieved only by midnight labour—the coin with which genius purchases bread. She died some months ago, and to all but him her death seemed a mercy. From that time, however, his light of life either blazed or flickered, as it was excited. He rose up, and went about, and wrote, when he could, but fancied, and perhaps truly, that he could not write as he had done. The fact was, his mind required repose—a total absence from labour—it craved rest; but how is the producer of periodical literature to find rest? People tell you "not to be excited," "not to overwork yourself." Ah! they cannot see underneath the gay draperies that society folds around the form—they cannot see the chains that bind us to the galley. A terror that he should be unable to provide for his children took hold of our poor friend—seized him by the brain through the heart; his eyes became affected—to all appearance they were as bright as ever, but he could not endure the light, and continued to suffer intensely; his imagination appeared to retain its power after his reason had given way; and thus was the fountain of life exhausted at one-and-forty! The eloquent and tender poet—the man with many real friends,

* "Art Union," June, 1845.

yet dying in harness which, if one ready hand had unbuckled for a time, might have been worn, after a brief rest, in honour for many years! Not but he was difficult to manage; loath to owe any debt save to his own exertions; and proud—as all right-thinking men must be—of the independence that had won the respect and friendship of the intellectual and the true; and it was hard, when you saw his bright face or heard his pleasant words, to think of him and sorrow—the sure suggestion was, that he would be better by-and-by. Ah! it was a mournful termination to such a life.

And, after he was laid in his grave, the bells tolled on; another and another passed away—names highly honoured in Art—Calcott, Smirke, Phillips, the gentle and highly-gifted Duncan; and now one whose name has long been a household word, but whose death has been anticipated for months, nay, for years—the noble poet—yet, strange to say, better known as the annual “jester”—THOMAS HOOD! Truly, the man who, year after year, furnished abundant food for mirth, and yet could imagine “The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies,” “The Dream of Eugene Aran,” and depict such realities as “The Song of the Shirt” and “The Bridge of Sighs,” must have been formed in no common mould! He, too, is gone “home!”

I remember the first time I met him was at one of the pleasant *soirees* of the painter Martin; for a moment I turned away—as many have done—disappointed, for the countenance, in repose, was of melancholy rather than of mirth: there was something calm, even to solemnity, in the upper portion of the face, which, in public, was seldom relieved by the eloquent play of the mouth, or the occasional sparkle of the observant eye; and it was a general remark among his acquaintances, that he was too quiet for “the world.” There are many wit-watchers to be found in society, who think there is nothing in a man, unless, like a sounding-board, he make a great noise at a small touch—who consider themselves aggrieved, unless an “author” open at once like a book, and speak as he writes. This vulgar notion, like others of the same stamp, creeps into good society, or what is so considered; and I have seen both Hook and Hood “set,” as a pointer sets a partridge, by persons who glitter in evanescent light, simply by repeating what such men have said. Mr. Hook, perhaps, liked this celebrity—this setting and staring, this lion hunt—so different from the heart-worship paid to veritable greatness. Mr. Hood did not: he was too sensitive, too refined, to endure it; the dislike to being pointed at as the “man who was funny,” kept him out of a crowd, where there were always numbers who really honoured his genius, and loved him for his gentle and domestic virtues. It was only among his friends that his playful fancy flourished, or that he yielded to its influence. Although, strictly speaking, “social” in all his feelings, he never sought to stimulate his wit by the false poison of draughts of wine; nor was he ever more cheerful than when at his own

fireside he enjoyed the companionship of his dear and devoted wife. He was playful as a child; and his imagination, pure as bright, frolicked with nature, whom he loved too well ever to outrage or insult by slight or misrepresentation. And yet he was city born, and city bred—born in the unpoetic district of “the Poultry;” though born, as it were, to letters, for his father was a bookseller; and the son was remarkable for great vivacity of spirits, and prone to astonish good citizens, guests at his father’s, no less than his fellow-pupils when at school, by the shrewdness and brilliancy of his observations upon topics of which it was thought he knew nothing. He finished his education at Camberwell; and, even at that early age, being in very precarious health, was advised to try the effect of a sea voyage upon his constitution. The sea suited him not. I can well imagine its boiling turbulence—its fitfulness—its glittering brightness, and its fearful storms finding no sympathy in the gentle bosom of the author of “The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies.”

He passed some years, on his return, with relatives in “Bonny Dundee;” and, manifesting a great talent for drawing, was apprenticed to his uncle, Mr. Robert Sands, an engraver. But he trifled with the pencil, while he laboured with the pen; his future destiny was pointed out by the light of genius. And what rare talents did he not possess, blended with the gentleness and kindliness of the sweetest of poetic temperaments—how full his sympathies!—how honest his heart—how great and true in all things! Although his existence was a long disease rather than a life, he was free from all bitterness and harshness of spirit, feeling intensely for the sufferings of others. He was in every way unselfish; prone to the very last to turn his own sad sufferings into jests, and forcing those who wept over his agony, fierce as it was (until the last dull sleep which continued from the Tuesday to the Saturday of his death), to smile at the wittiness of his conceits, mingling as they did with a touching consciousness of his situation, and the solemn belief in that **HERE-AFTER** which, in all faith and humility, we believe—to the full extent of knowledge—he now enjoys.

But what a sad picture—and by no means a solitary one—do the last months of this **GREAT MAN**’s life display! “The Song of a Shirt” was knocking at every heart in Great Britain, while its author was panting for breath, and trying to enlist the forces of his friends in the launch of the magazine that still bears his name. And his friends stood by him: they gathered willingly beneath the banner, which, had it been raised by a strong arm instead of one trembling with pain and the unsteadiness of departed health, would have battled the breeze nobly and waved for years triumphantly above—as a shelter to—his home. A little longer, and the difficulties of his position increased; one illness succeeded another, and “L’Envoi” at the end of each “periodical

labour," induced the mingled smiles and tears of his admirers. He wrote wit while propped by pillows; and the chapters of a novel—doomed to remain, like his life, a great fragment—were produced between the intervals and beatings of heart disease.

Alas! what those endure who *write for bread*! But it is all over with him now: the *gold* has been refined and the *crucible* is broken; the toilworn body has been bowed in death that the *soul* might escape into life—the mortal ceremonies have been burst; the winged child is borne into the true life—the life of eternity! Those who loved him best rejoice at his release from labour—never remunerated in proportion to the pleasure it gave—never in a way at all commensurate with the enormous profit it produced—seldom, perhaps, thought of by those

whose hearts it opened. Latterly his dear friends had been agonized by his terrible lament—"I cannot die! I cannot die!" Such friends were thankful to lay him, on the 10th of May, in a calm grave at Kensall-green. It will not, we are sure, be long before a monument is raised to his memory; and there are hearts enough in England to remember that his widow and two children have but the hundred a year to subsist on—bestowed by Sir Robert Peel, whose letter, in words which did him honour, conveyed the request that he might be permitted to make the personal acquaintance of one whose works and whose character he had long admired and appreciated. In this generous wish and hope he was destined to be disappointed,—but

Honour and glory to a great statesman with a good heart! Such men are worthy almoners of genius!

L I T E R A T U R E.

SYBIL; OR, THE TWO NATIONS. By B. Disraeli, M.P., Author of "Coningsby." (*Colburn*: 3 Vols.)—Most rare in combination are the elements which have produced this work. "Political" is a word so vulgarized that to call it a political novel would not be doing it justice. Politics it is true should be founded on true philosophy, and this is the production of a profound as well as a brilliant mind—of one who can be practical as well as a theorist—of one who can both examine the past and pierce into the future—of a scholar, yet one who possesses a better knowledge than ever was gained from books; one, in short, whose mental vision is strong enough to look at the truth wherever it dwells. The book is of the Coningsby class, yet deeper, truer, and even yet more full of generous sympathies, and more a clear development of a lofty purpose than that powerful story. "The Two Nations" are the **RICH** and the **POOR**; and the work opens at the period of our beloved Queen's accession, and passing through the Chartist riots comes down almost to the present hour. What a field is this—and to those who take an intense interest in those passing events which shall form future history (and what thinking beings do not?), how much more heart-stirring is such a picture than the most life-like resuscitation of bygone times—the barbarous yet romantic ages of chivalry—or even fiercer, sterner eras! The cry of the suffering is heard at last; and, though it be yet feeble, it is growing each year, each month, more clear and distinct. The rich bend down their ears to listen to it; and they open their eyes to look upon the scenes so long sealed up, as if by magic, within the factory walls, or in the loathsome thronging mines. The good and wise may—must differ, among themselves as to the manner in which their philanthropic plans should be carried out; but, out of the very agitation this causes, good comes forth. We

are sure that to many, who from a habit of listlessness would be deterred from investigating the subject if presented in a less attractive form, the reading of "Sybil" will be like the pouring of a flood of light upon their souls. And besides the mass of information it really contains, and the high purpose which breathes a spirit through it, in construction it is a most artistic work. The female politicians, from the aristocratic Lady St. Julians down to the Misses Caroline and Harriet—ready to dare everything for the five points of the Charter—are sketched with the raciness of true humour, reminding us that it is

"A pity when charming women
Talk of things which they don't understand."

Lord Marney, painted in those subdued colours so necessary for a perfect delineation of the character, is a perfect embodiment of selfishness, throwing altogether into the shade the hero of a recent novel, which takes its name from this attribute. Morley and Gerard are yet more powerful delineations. The dying words of the former—"The world will misjudge me; 'the man of peace,' they will say, 'was a hypocrite.' 'The world will be wrong, as it always is!'" convey a life's history. "The world will be wrong, as it always is!" best so, after all: what right has it to a knowledge of the secret, sacred springs of action?

What a rare portraiture is Sybil!—"A woman, yet a spirit too!"—seeming sometimes, like a saint of her own fallen church, to be set apart and worshipped; and sometimes a creature to be clasped as a loving fellow-mortal. She is a type of what woman may be in this nineteenth century—and even, we believe, without a convent's careful rearing. From the author of "Con-tarini Fleming," "Henrietta Temple," "Coningsby," &c., nothing but a work of high and varied merits could be expected; but expectation

here is more than realized. Extracts can give but a faint idea of the style; however, we will offer one or two. The first is part of a conversation between Sybil and her father in '42:—

"‘Ah! you were right, Sybil,’ continued Gerard; ‘affairs were not ripe. We should have waited three years.’

"‘Three years?’ exclaimed Sybil, starting; ‘are affairs riper now?’

"‘The whole of Lancashire is in revolt,’ said Gerard. ‘There is not a sufficient force to keep them in check. If the miners and colliers rise—and I have cause to believe that it is more than probable they will move before many days are past—the game is up.’

"‘You terrify me,’ said Sybil.

"‘On the contrary,’ said Gerard, smiling, ‘the news is good enough; I’ll not say too good to be true, for I had it from one of the old delegates, who is over here to see what can be done in our north country.’

"‘Yes,’ said Sybil, inquiringly, and leading on her father.

"‘He came to the works; we had some talk. ‘There are to be no leaders this time, at least no visible ones. The people will do it themselves. All the children of labour are to rise on the same day, and to toil no more till they have their rights. No violence, no bloodshed; but toil halts, and then our oppressors will learn the great economical truth as well as moral lesson, that when toil plays wealth ceases.’

"‘When toil ceases the people suffer,’ said Sybil; ‘that is the only truth that we have learnt, and it is a bitter one.’

"‘Can we be free without suffering?’ said Gerard. ‘Is the greatest of human blessings to be obtained as a matter of course—to be plucked like fruit or seized like a running stream? No, no; we must suffer, but we are wiser than of yore—we will not conspire. Conspiracies are for aristocrats, not for nations.’

"‘Alas, alas! I see nothing but woe,’ said Sybil. ‘I cannot believe that after all that has passed, the people here will move. I cannot believe that after all that has passed, all that you, that we, have endured, that you, my father, will counsel them to move.’

"‘I counsel nothing,’ said Gerard; ‘it must be a great national instinct that does it. But if all England, if Wales, if Scotland won’t work, is Mowbray to have a monopoly?’

"‘Ah! that’s a bitter jest,’ said Sybil; ‘England, Wales, Scotland will be forced to work as they were forced before. How can they subsist without labour? And if they could, there is an organised power that will subdue them.’”

The next describes an outbreak of the rioters’ vengeance against the keeper of a tommy-shop—those instruments of cruelty and injustice who cheat the workpeople, and by an infamous system absolutely rob the toil-wearied of their earnings. By the tommy arrangement they are compelled to take goods instead of money.

"The Hell-cats briskly marched up to the elm trees that shaded the canal before the house, and then formed in line opposite to it. They were armed with bludgeons, crow-bars, and hammers. Tummas was at the head, and by his side his Woodgate wife, stepping forth alone, amid the cheering of the crowd of women, the pupil of the Bishop advanced to the door of Diggs’ house, gave a loud knock and a

louder ring. He waited patiently for several minutes; there was no reply from the interior, and then Tummas knocked and rang again.

"‘It’s very awful,’ said the comely dame.

"‘It’s what I always dreamt would come to pass, said Liza Gray, ‘ever since Master Joseph cut m poor baby over the eye with his three-foot rule.’

"‘I think there can be nobody within,’ said Mrs. Prance.

"‘Old Diggs would never leave the tommy without a guard,’ said Mrs. Page.

"‘Now lads,’ said Tummas, looking round and making a sign, and immediately some half-dozen advanced with their crowbars and were about to strike at the door, when a window in the upper story of the house opened and the muzzle of a blunderbuss was presented at the assailants. The women all screamed and run away.

"‘Twas Master Joseph,’ said the comely dame, halting to regain her breath.

"‘Twas Master Joseph,’ sighed Mrs. Page.

"‘Twas Master Joseph,’ moaned Mrs. Prance.

"‘Sure enough,’ said Mrs. Mullins, ‘I saw his ugly face.’

"‘More frightful than the great gun,’ said old Dame Fiddles.

"‘I hope the children will get out of the way,’ said Liza Gray, ‘for he is sure to fire on them.’

"In the meantime while Master Joseph himself was content with his position and said not a word, a benignant countenance exhibited itself at the window and requested in a mild voice to know ‘what his good friends wanted there.’

"‘We have come to settle Sam Barlow’s tommy book,’ said their leader.

"‘Our shop is not open to-day, my good, my good friends; the account can stand over: far be it from me to press the poor.’

"‘Master Diggs,’ said a Hell-cat, ‘canst thou tell us the price of bacon to-day?’

"‘Well, good bacon,’ said the elder Diggs, willing to humour them, ‘may be eight-pence a pound.’

"‘Thou art wrong, Master Diggs,’ said the Hell-cat; ‘tis four-pence and long credit. Let us see half-a-dozen good fitches at four-pence, Master Diggs; and be quick!’

"There was evidently some controversy in the interior as to the course at this moment to be pursued. Master Joseph remonstrated against the policy of concession, called conciliation, which his father would fain follow, and was for instant coercion; but age and experience carried the day, and in a few minutes some fitches were thrown out of the window to the Hell-cats, who received the booty with a cheer. The women returned.

"‘Tis the ten-pence a pound fitch,’ said the comely dame, examining the prize with a sparkling glance.

"‘I have paid as much for very green stuff,’ said Mrs. Mullins.”

Presently they proceed to violence. A child is killed by Master Joseph; and, as if by one will, the tommy-shop is set on fire.

"Everything indeed that could stimulate the fire was employed; and every one was occupied in the service. They ran to the other side and plundered the barges, and threw the huge blocks of coal upon the enormous bonfire. Men, women, and children were alike at work with the eagerness and energy of fiends: the roof of the house caught fire; the dwelling burnt rapidly; you could see the flames—like the

tongues of wild beasts—licking the bare and vanishing walls. A single being was observed amid the fiery havoc; shrieking and desperate he clung convulsively to a huge account-book. It was Master Joseph. His father had made his escape from the back of the premises, and had counselled his son instantly to follow him; but Master Joseph wished to rescue the ledger as well as their lives, and the delay ruined him.

"He has got the Tommy-book," cried Liza Gray.

"The glare of the clear flame fell for a moment upon his countenance of agony; the mob gave an infernal cheer; then some part of the building falling in, there rose a vast cloud of smoke and rubbish, and he was seen no more."

THE STUDENT AND YOUNG MAN'S ADVOCATE. Nos. IV. and V.—(*Aylott and Jones, Paternoster-row.*)—The April and May numbers of this magazine are before us, and we feel anxious to make our readers acquainted with the existence of such a periodical. We have always endeavoured, to the best of our humble ability, to advocate the cause of the oppressed, and for this reason we have brought forward more than once the evils of the "late hour system." Thanks almost entirely to the active and judicious exertions of the "Metropolitan Drapers' Association," great amelioration has taken place in many quarters, although the thinking and humane are well aware that there is ample room for further concessions on the part of employers and the public; we say the public, because, while people will purchase in the evening, the spirit of competition almost compels shopkeepers to remain open. "The Student" is a magazine of literature, science, and art, devoted to the interests of trade, and published under the superintendence of the "Metropolitan Drapers' Association." This is one of the many proofs daily afforded, that however individuals—ennervated and corrupted by the system of which

they have been victims—may abuse the privilege of rational leisure, the mass know how to use it nobly, and become by it wiser, happier, better, and more useful members of society.

SACRED VERSES, WITH PICTURES. Edited by the Rev. Isaac Williams, B.D.—(*Burns.*)—Intended doubtless for the young, this is a publication worthy the portfolio of a Christian, from its subject, and of a lover of art from the exquisite wood engravings which illustrate, or are illustrated by the text. Many of them are after Albert Durer, and it is surely no mean thing thus to familiarize the productions of that great master. "The Guardian Angel," "The Widow of Nain," "The Flight into Egypt," and "Washing the Disciples' Feet," have pleased us greatly; but of the dozen subjects which comprise this first part there is not one without merit. There is a singularity in the manner of publication, which we think an excellent plan. Instead of being presented as a bound book, each subject is perfect and distinct on a separate sheet, admitting of being bound together if it is desired, but suiting the portfolio in their present condition. The enterprising publisher, however, is distinguished by so much artistic taste, that one always looks for novelty as well as merit in the works he introduces to the public.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Tales from the Eastern Land.
Tales from the "Phantasus," &c., of Ludwig Tieck.
Theodolf, the Iclander.
The London Medical Directory.
Steil's Pictorial Spelling Assistant.
The Physiology of the Human Voice.
Sketches of Life and Character, taken at the Police Courts.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

The first thing which strikes one on looking over the list of exhibitors for 1845, is, that some of the great names before whose works crowds always gather, are either deserters altogether, or give us but a single picture. No gorgeous scene by Maclise, and only one by Eastlake, but then this is as exquisite as—all imitations of his style are detestable. Only one contribution from Edwin Landseer, about which the critics seem to differ: for our own part we think it tells its story vaguely, and is below the average of this great artist's works; though, true it is that the dogs and some of the sheep, taken singly, are perfect studies: the fault seems a want of relief in the whole. Etty has some glorious things; but let us come to them in order.

No. 7. Portrait of a lady, by Mrs. Carpenter. One of the most finished portraits in the room; the drapery of the shot silk is wonderful.

11. "The Governess;" R. Redgrave. Almost a copy of his last year's "Teacher," and inferior.

12. "Aurora and Zephyr;" W. Etty. Exquisite.

16. "The Parting of Sir Thomas More from his Daughter;" S. A. Hart. A fine picture; the expression of sadness in the face of the dying man comes out as you gaze, yet the countenance of Margaret Roper does not reach our ideal of her character.

"Portrait of George V. Drury, Esq.;" by T. C. Thompson. One of the most admirable likenesses we ever saw, conveyed in that life-like and agreeable manner in which this artist so much excels. He also contributes a portrait of Professor Buckland, one of Mrs. Drury—in both of which we trace the same excellence—and a large historical painting of the embarkation of George IV. from Dublin. Of the last, however, we spoke at length some time ago.

65. "The Mole at Ancona, with Trajan's

Arch;" C. Stanfield. An effective picture, conveying the idea of absolute reality.

66. "Portrait of Mrs. Thwaytes;" A. E. Chalon. An immense picture, in which the first thing which strikes the eye is a gay carpet, and the second the lady's jewelled stomacher; there is a marvellous amount of gorgeous and elaborated auxiliaries—enough to dazzle the eye, and quite withdraw it from the pleasing, good-natured face which is represented. The portrait of the Marchioness of Ailsbury, by the same artist, is also eccentric; but this is in better taste, and every way successful.

Nos. 50, 77, 117, 162. "Eccentricities;" by Turner: to which he has afforded names out of compassion to those purblind ignorami, who, like ourselves, do not comprehend his latter productions. So great a painter is entitled to all respect, and truly our remarks need not of necessity be taken ironically.

91. "Portrait of a Lady;" M. Mulready. A bad picture in a good place; why was it not hung in the "condemned cell, and some one of the really good things brought here from that murky den?"

97. "The Indian Alarmed;" W. Etty. One of the gems of the exhibition.

142. "Sand Asses;" by J. Ward. Either one a perfect study.

145. "A Sketch, painted in 1830." W. Mulready. A small picture of a country boy, with a little child on his knee, in a cottage home with the Bible before them. Exquisite in conception, and in all its details; the chubby hands upon the book are full of infantine expression.

176. "Portrait of Master Evelyn Fairlie;" T. Mogford. An interesting portrait, contrasting favourably with the numbers of children, who look like little actors.

194. "Portrait of Count D'Orsay." Of himself admirably painted.

206. "Portrait of Professor Owen;" H. W. Pickersgill. One of this clever artist's most successful and interesting portraits.

"Sketch from Southey's Thalaba;" H. Howard. Displaying a Dante-like imagination.

228. "Miss Singleton;" F. Grant. The most graceful, feminine, and every way captivating portrait here.

272. "The Wood-nymph's Hymn to the Rising Sun;" F. Danby. The English should be proud of such a painter as Danby. This is a magnificent production; the rosy light of morning, bathing every object with its life-giving flood, has a poetry beyond the power of feeble words to describe.

514. "God save the King," *Righ Shanus gu bra*; R. R. M'Ian. One of M'Ian's most interesting pictures. A Jacobite in Prison, probably on the eve of execution, if we may judge from the anguish of the wife and mother who are visiting him. But the ruling loyalty, strong in death, he is teaching the toast—with goblet raised aloft—to his child, an eager boy of four or five years old. Every figure is full of powerful expression.

292. "Scene in Lord Chesterfield's ante-

room in 1748;" E. M. Ward. As the crowd perpetually round this picture render it a somewhat difficult matter to approach it, we advise all those who have attained a good position to keep it for a sufficient time to take in the many beauties of this work. The picture is founded on the incident alluded to in Dr. Johnson's celebrated letter to Lord Chesterfield, in which he says, "Seven years, my lord, have now past since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door." The scene is the outer room; to the left is a group consisting of a divine, whose weariness is evinced by the infectious yawn, while another figure, one of his country's defenders, is drawing forth his watch with a gesture of despair. A widow and her child are also here beside the stern lexicographer, who seems to rest on the consciousness of his own power. On the right of the picture we find the favoured party, the fine lady an actress probably; the dancing master, &c. &c., who have been honoured with an early audience, while through the open door my lord is just visible in the distance, receiving the obsequious bow of one of the genus. A little dog seems interrogating the more sober party with a sagacious "What do you here?" But pictures can never be described, and such a one as this least of all. It is the astonishing power of expression which constitutes the chief charm of a production on which we congratulate an artist who has executed too many admirable things to need praise from us. It is a most suggestive picture, suggestive of reflections in which we have neither time nor space to indulge; both warn us to draw our hasty remarks to a close; for after all, we pretend only to a gossip about the pictures which have pleased us most. Even as it is, we find our catalogue scored in fifty places, where we cannot pause for comment; yet we must not forget our regret that Mr. Fisk's charming picture should be buried in the Octagon room (why do they not shut it up altogether, to spare any artist the mortification of finding his picture there, or condemn to it all the stupid pieces of still life, as a punishment for the execrable waste of time and ingenuity bestowed on them?). The subject he has chosen is one that has often afforded inspiration to the painter, but has seldom been so successfully treated as now—Sir Roger de Coverley, Will Honeycomb, &c.; the scene is from No. 410 of the *Spectator*—Sir Roger handing Sukey through the rain, across the Temple cloisters. The story is admirably told in all its detail; the lounging lookers-on are to the life, and the slippery pavement and sundry inconveniences of the shower are auxiliaries rendered with surprising effect.

Among the miniatures, those of Thorburn unquestionably carry off the palm. There is a breadth and vigour about this artist's works which distinguish him, in our opinion, from all his rivals. No. 993 is a charming portrait by Miss Johnson. No. 1055, portraits of the children of G. Lovell, Esq., by Miss Richter, is an interesting and well-executed work. Nos. 711,

790, 887, 1035, are portraits by Miss Augusta Cole, all displaying the delicacy and finish of this accomplished artist. The last is a work of a high order; reminding us of the style of Sir Joshua Reynolds. In a different style, we miss a favourite painter: there is nothing this year from the pencil of Valentine Bartholomew. Has he been too idle, or too busy to contribute, or what? though assuredly his two matchless pieces, the Holyhocks and Dahlias, at the Old Water Colour Gallery, evince what last year we should have called impossible—progress in a style which we thought he had brought to perfection.

In the sculpture room, Mr. Lough's statue of the Queen is conspicuous; but to this we referred at length last month, and his other works now exhibiting have been alluded to more than once in our columns. A nymph preparing for the bath, by E. H. Baily, is a statue displaying a high ideal of art. Among the busts we were particularly pleased with those of the Marquis of Anglesea, by C. Moore, that of Mr. Thorburn, by J. Edwards, and that of the Rev. T. J. Judkin, by Baily; the last an admirable likeness, as we can vouch. While speaking even thus hurriedly of sculpture, we may mention that a rare work of art will be for another week or so under the care of Messrs. Graves & Co., Pall Mall, where their friends may see it. It is the statue of a Greek slave, executed, by command of an English patron, by Mr. Hiram Powers, a young American artist, now residing in Florence. This is his first great work, and we learn that a high authority has predicted that it is a creation which will form an era in modern art. For chaste expression and feminine loveliness, it seems to us well nigh unrivalled. The mingled air of dejection and shame renders it almost painfully touching.

EXHIBITION OF THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

(Second Notice.)

British skill—we might even use the word genius—has elevated water colour paintings far above what the most enthusiastic admirers of the art could have anticipated a few years ago; for example, in this exhibition, M. L. Haghe's pic-

ture (No. 81) of "Ferdinand visiting Rubens, at Antwerp." Here we have all the depth of oil painting, and the peculiar brightness of water colour. This is a remarkable picture, on account of this combination. In the face of the female (the wife of Rubens?) the *working* is too marked; but for this it would be the finest piece of art in the room.

Mr. E. H. Wehnert has several creditable pictures here. His "Bianca and Lucentio" (100) is a charming piece, the lady and her lover studying anything but the ample tome before them; of a higher class is his "Prisoner of Gisors," to which we referred before (61). Mr. Fahey, Secretary to the Society, has several clever landscapes. Mr. David Cox, jun., has shown not only industry, but ability; his Welsh scenes are nature herself. Mr. Edward Corbould has been very successful; his "Ascension" (266) belongs to a very high degree of art, and shows not only good colouring, but admirable drawing, and much judgment in treating a subject upon which the pencil has been so repeatedly employed. Mr. George B. Campion's Irish scenes are of high merit, his "Irish Dance" (255), (albeit a little too warm in tone, is a lively and characteristic sketch. Mr. C. H. Weigall, whose improvement has been rapid and marked, has several good pieces in the present exhibition; the best treated of them all is a scene from *Peregrine Pickle* (250).

The ladies have contributed a fair share to this fine collection. Miss Louisa Corboux is entitled to the *pas*, her "Prayer" (179) being of the first quality. Miss Setchell, Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Margetts, and Miss Laporte also merit favourable notice. There is a beautiful picture by Miss Fanny Corboux (48), called "A very particular Confidence," which is not only beautifully executed, but has the merit, which pictures do not always possess, of telling its own story.

As we noticed this Exhibition last month, we shall not now say any more about it. Our design was to point out a few pictures which, having won our own good opinion, we thought we might particularly point out to our readers. Very many which we have not mentioned are worthy of the highest praise, indeed there is scarcely one downright indifferent painting among the 318 works of art which form the present exhibition.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE MONTH.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The revival of Bellina's "Il Pirata," and the production of "Don Giovanni," have been the chief operatic events of the month. It was a pity to disturb the former from its long repose, for it was an early and inferior work of the composer. Want of space compels us to defer a long notice of the latter.

In the ballet department Lucia Grahn con-

tinues to delight, and the Viennois children to attract, more especially in the *pas rococo*, so admirably calculated for them. Yet we confess we can never look on juvenile prodigies with unmixed pleasure—visions of blighted childhood—warped minds, and premature care will obtrude themselves.

DRURY-LANE.

Our anticipations with regard to the brilliant

success of Balfé's new opera, aided by the talent and exquisite voice of Madame Anna Thillon, have been more than realized. We have already given the public our opinion of the *Daughter of St. Mark*, the *Bohemian Girl*, and other operas produced by this eminent composer, and we have now to record our very high opinion of his latest production. Mr. Bunn has shown much good taste both in his selection of the *Enchantress*, and its enchanting representative, Madame Thillon. The opera is of the comic order, we might say somewhat melo-dramatic even in its story; but that is by no means any depreciation of its merits as an opera. The plot is very much like that of the *Crown Diamonds*; in the latter we are introduced to a tribe of most interesting bandits, over whom a Queen of Spain, under an assumed name, ruled with despotic power, to whom she mortgages her crown jewels for the good of an empty exchequer, and exercises her power, both as Queen of Spain and Queen of coiners, in favour of a young Spanish noble, who ultimately shares with her the crown. In *The Enchantress* the aforesaid interesting bandits and forgers become bold and noble smugglers; the Spaniards are metamorphosed into Sicilians; a bewitching pirate daughter of the chief of the gang succeeds the enchanting queen of the bandits, possessing a similar authority over her companions, which she uses in behalf of a particular young gentleman, who eventually turns out to be the rightful monarch of Sicily, and of course marries the king-maker, the fair enchantress.

Having so far conceded a resemblance between the two productions, we have to speak in the warmest terms of the telling effect of the opera upon the spectators. Messrs. Balfé, Bunn, and St. George have vied with each other in producing an effect, and all three have, we are sure, succeeded to their heart's content. The music is delicious, the libretto has considerable merit; and the scenery, dresses, and other necessary ingredients, are of the most expensive and superb order. Madame Thillon as *Stella* is much more effective than as *La Caterina*; she is indeed, in her way, perfection itself—her beauty, archness, and delicious warbling were all conspicuous—her five different costumes most becoming and effective. "A Youthful Knight," a song, was received with great enthusiasm; while "The Nadie" is also an exquisite melody; but she was most happy and successful when captivating the grave senators. Mr. Harrison and Borroni were heard to great advantage. Indeed all did their utmost, and succeeded too. *Fidelio*, with the *Bohemian Girl*, *Der Freischütz*, in which our special favourite Donald King was, as usual, most effective, have been played with much success. We hear that this talented artiste is about, once more, to take a leading part in the operatic company, which is about to open at the Surrey. We are glad of this, as then we may have a better opportunity of judging of his varied abilities and merits: at *Drury-Lane*, appearing only occasionally, we

have not a fair opportunity of judging of his powers. Mr. King has, we perceive, been lately selected as chief tenor at the Foundling, to which chapel we fancy he must prove a very great acquisition.

In the ballet department we have nothing very novel to chronicle: *La Giselle* has been the stock piece during the month.

HAYMARKET.

Ours was the pleasure and privilege of witnessing the first representation of *Time works Wonders*; and, though it may be argued that on after occasions actors are more perfect, scenes shift more rapidly and "everything" goes off better, there is a certain interest about the "first night" of a new play, which has an especial fascination. As a matter of course the house was crammed with eager and attentive expectants—a tribute to the genius of Douglas Jerrold, and an earnest that great things were expected of an author, who, though a wit and a satirist, has inspired among his admirers a feeling of the most affectionate respect, and in all the elements of real poetry we look upon him as our greatest living dramatist. This, his last production, opens brilliantly; so brilliantly, that from voices all around we heard such words as these: "He cannot keep it up—it must grow tamer—there again—they'll expect a joke every third speech," &c. &c. But it *was* kept up; the play did not grow tamer; and if the author did not furnish precisely a joke every third speech, he varied his dialogue with thoughts more genial than flashes of wit, or even the higher quality, delicate subtle humour. The plot of this comedy is life-like and simple. *Florentine*, the baker's daughter (accompanied by a school-fellow), elopes from school with a young Oxonian, the heir of a baronetcy, and the scion of an ancient family. She is overtaken at an inn by Miss Tucker, the governess (Mrs. Glover), and Olive, a friend of her father, who, by reasoning and remonstrating with her on the misery which would ensue on such an unequal marriage, persuades her even out of the strength and depth of her love, to quit her lover and return to her humble home. We will give a specimen of the sparkling dialogue here.

(Enter JUGBY.)

So, Mr. Landlord, you must harbour runaway children?

Jug. Yes, my lady; if I hadn't, you wouldn't have caught 'em. But I'm a parent myself, my lady; and know what the feelings of a mother must be.

Gold. (Eating.) A worthy soul. A jug of ale; you can recommend it?

Jug. Recommend it! The mail-cart comes six mile out of its way for our ale.

[Exit, after pouring out a glass of ale.]

Gold. Now, Miss Tucker, a little bit will do you good. For I recollect reading that when through mental anxiety, the nervous membrane that lines the œsophagus—

Miss T. There—a little bit. I declare, Mr. Goldthumb, it seems you have read everything.

Gold. Why, ma'am, after working thirty years as trunkmaker, 'twould be to my shame if I didn't know something of the literature of my country.

Miss T. Doubtless. You 've had great opportunities.

Gold. So, I've picked up a little poetry—a little romance—a little law—a little physic—of course, a little everything.

Miss T. And you find the fragments serviceable?

Gold. Oh, they work up very nicely in common talk. Ha! I never was set down to learning: but I've given a hearty meal of it to my boy Felix. He knows everything in the regular way.

Miss T. And must be a great comfort to you.

Gold. Not a bit of use in the shop; but a wonderful lad. He hasn't been home these four days; but he's an extraordinary boy.

Miss T. A genius—a genius, no doubt.

Gold. Quite, quite a genius. How he'll ever get his bread and pay his way, heaven knows!

Miss T. Ha, Mr. Goldthumb! To have a parent's fears is bad enough; but what are they to mine? Look at me with my twenty girls. I have all the anxiety of a mother—

Gold. With a morsel of the credit.

Miss T. And then the black ingratitude of the little wretches! There's Miss Bessy Tulip, the little conspirator in that room, she—who was brought to me I may say a baby, brought by Colonel Mandragon, with a jar of pickles from Trincomalee. Would you think it? I've discovered that she's not only brought away all her clothes, but with a precocious depravity that makes one shudder, has absolutely packed up her own silver spoon and fork.

Is not the climax of Bessy Tulip's delinquencies admirable? and capitally is the light-hearted school-girl enacted by Madame Vestris. A period of five years is supposed to have elapsed between the first and second acts. *Florentine*, by the death of her father, has inherited an independence, and affords a home to the tyrannical Miss Tucker, who had lost her school in consequence of the story of the elopement, as, "though the mischief was stopped, all the parents thought their girls double hazardous." It is not our purpose to trace the plot scene by scene, or describe the meeting of the lovers when each assumes the mask of pride; or to tell how Farren, the literary trunkmaker, and his son become interwoven in the story. It is enough that *Florentine* (sustained by Miss Fortescue with a grace and tenderness which reminded us of Helen Faucit) captivates the uncle of *Clarence*, the haughty baronet, and that in a moment of women's pique, he is accepted by her. The *denouement*, however, is as satisfactory as the lovers of poetical justice could desire, and the play is nightly received with the greatest enthusiasm. It has added another leaf to the clustering laurels of the author—something more is it than amusing; it is one of those plays which assure us how high the drama should rank as a moral instrument. It abounds in humanity, breathing of all kindly sympathies amid the most brilliant scenes. When most humorous, Douglas Jerrold is always true; there is a deep under-current of feeling in all he writes, which makes us think and sigh sometimes as well as smile. When Miss Tucker, wailing over the loss of her pug, exclaims—"The human heart is not a peg, now to hang one thing upon and then another," we half compassionate the

discontented and ungrateful creature. Let us, however, turn to another extract. Sir Gilbert has declared his passion.

Enter SIR GILBERT.

Sir Gilb. I am again a youth. Youth! I never felt so light—so joyous; with such a winged spirit. There seems a new bloom—a brightness upon everything about me. 'Tis odd, too, I feel myself smiling upon all sorts of people, and feeling all the happier for it.

Clarence. Uncle!

Sir Gilb. (Aside.) Why, what brings him here? How d'ye do, Clarence? Where do you hide? What do you stare at?

Clarence. Pardon me, sir. By your blithe looks, I may congratulate you on some new felicity?

Sir Gilb. Yes—yes. You shall congratulate me. But as we have met, and in this place, I have a word to say to you; a serious word: 'tis marriage.

Clarence. Well, sir.

Sir Gilb. Lady Elizabeth—her father assures me she only waits your offer—will make a charming wife.

Clarence. How could it be otherwise? Consider, sir, her ancestry.

Sir Gilb. Oh, yes. But I mean her heart.

Clarence. Oh, sir; what's a heart to a shield of heraldry? Every woman has a heart; but how few have sixteen quarterings?

Sir Gilb. Still, when a man marries, he likes something in a wife—something beyond leopards, cat-o'-mountains, and unicorns. Why, what brings that cloud upon your face?

Clarence. A sudden thought, sir. Is there not somewhere in her ladyship's arms a—a bend sinister?

Sir Gilb. What of it? The highest families have had their bend sinister. Indeed, sometimes the bend has been to them their best support. Just as now and then, carpenters get their greatest strength in crooked timber. Why, Clarence, you are strangely nice.

Clarence. Else, sir, I were your most unworthy pupil.

Sir Gilb. (Aside.) A plague upon my teaching.

Clarence. You have ever bid me think myself the depositary of your name and title. And therefore, my anxious care to transmit that title—

Sir Gilb. Possibly—I say, possibly—I may myself relieve you of that anxiety.

Clarence. Sir?

Sir Gilb. I am aware, Clarence, that after these expectations—nurtured in you as they have been by myself—my resolution may disappoint, may wrong you. But, Clarence, you have known what it is to love?

Clarence. Then, sir, I was a boy.

Sir Gilb. I wish I had loved when a boy; then I might have been free of love the rest of my life; just as some fevers are never taken twice.

Clarence. In few words, sir, you purpose marriage?

* * * *

Clarence. Now, sir, I see you jest. Come, sir; tell me her father's arms, and I may guess her family.

Sir Gilb. (Aside.) Humph! She talked something about the gipsies. Her father's arms? What think you of a tinker's kettle in a field proper? Mind, I don't know them to be such; but if they were—

Clarence. Well, sir?

Sir Gilb. I'd take the kettle for the goddess that came with it.

Clarence. And your bride has not herself unveiled the mystery!

Sir Gibb. No.

Clarence. (*Aside.*) Neither will I.

Sir Gibb. No : it is my pride, my glory, to take her in ignorance of all save of herself. And she is like some treasure diamond : a thing to give a lustre to a crown ; and yet to lose no flash of her inherent light from aught that's base or mean surrounding her.

Clarence. The soul of truth is in your words. I bow to it, and must reverence your choice. And now, Sir Gilbert Norman !

Sir Gibb. Clarence !

Clarence. Look on me, a disappointed, blighted man ; look, and hear me. Then, ask your own soul, is this wise—just ?

Sir Gibb. What mean you ?

Clarence. In the deep feeling of my fervent youth, I gave my heart to one whose worth—I can avouch it—was rich as that fair lady's, soon to bless you. My love for her possessed me like my blood : with iron hand you plucked me from her ; bade me know my station—know the world. You said you'd teach me both. With stony face and icy sentences you schooled me. My station, you told me, was removed from the broad, vulgar way of human dealing. I might observe the stir and impulse of the common million, but never mingle with or feel it. And then, the world ! My appointed world numbered some thousands or so, no more ; exalted beings, fashioned, stamped, and sent especially by heaven to make this inner paradise—all men without mere tributary creatures, things of unmix'd dust. Was not this the creed you taught me ?

Sir Gibb. Go on.

Clarence. And I was converted, or deemed so, from the ignorance that blessed me. And so, I soon forgot the humble maid that loved me ; and dead in heart, yet varnished with outside courtesy, became the pulseless thing you wished me.

Sir Gibb. I thought you had forgotten—or but remembered it for laughter—the boyish fondness that possessed you.

Clarence. I thought so too. And now, there's not a feeling—not a thought, that is not of her ; that does not blight me with the wrong, the mortal wrong you've done me.

Sir Gibb. Clarence !

Clarence. I learnt the worldly lesson that you set me—I flung away the treasure of a life ; and now impoverished, broken-hearted, ask of your calculating wisdom counsel and comfort for my bankrupt days. What lesson next, sir, shall I con to please you ?

Sir Gibb. This lesson—marry her !

Clarence. What ?

Sir Gibb. My own awakened heart assures me that I thought you error. I thought it worldly wisdom ; it was, as it almost ever is, refined selfishness. Hear me. If the girl be faithful still ; if the creature, that as a boy you loved, can stand the test of riper judgment—with added grace it may be, more developed worth—then Clarence Norman, I say to you, marry her and bless you ! Marry her. [*Exit.*]

Alas ! while our ink is wet, and while desiring ere we closed our remarks to say a few words in commendation of Mr. Strickland's performance of "*The Professor*," we read with sorrow and amazement that our praise must be a tribute to the departed. After a short illness—the public only warned for a day or two that Mr. Webster had taken his part—we have to record the death of this excellent actor : but the other night so full of life and spirits, and now the tongue is

silent for ever ! We are in no mood for further criticism or panegyric ; the lesson of life comes home with startling force and painful certainty.

SADLER'S WELLS.

Tragedy, comedy, and mirth-exciting farce, continue to supply such attractions at this theatre—under the able management of Mrs. Warner and Mr. Phelps—as to make its course of popularity a thing to be imitated rather than wondered at. Driven from what used to be considered its "legitimate" seat (at the patent theatres), good acting appears to have become located here. This shews that, no matter whither histrionic merits may be pleased to go, it will find patronage from the public, and is able to make, if it cannot find a taste capable of properly appreciating it.

The holiday-piece here is a burlesque called *Fi-Fi* ; or, *The King of the Conjugal Islands*. It is smartly written, abounds in pleasant allusions to the passing events and leading personages of the times, and allows the performers to display their vocal powers almost *ad libitum*, so numerous are the parodies upon popular songs, and so frequent are the encores which they receive. The principal male *dramatis personæ* are represented by Messrs. A. Younge, Williams, H. Mellon, and Sharpe ; and Misses Lebatt and Huddart very agreeably lead the numerous corps of ladies. The piece literally overflows with fun, the plot turning on a law recently enacted in the *Conjugal Islands*, providing the penalty of death for any one who shall marry a spinster. *Musty-Fusty* (Mrs. H. Mellon), who is a widow of "a certain age," exults in this law, as it promises to give her the hand of *Mi-Fi*, the king. Some nine-and-twenty damsels, whose matrimonial hopes are cut short by this statute, entertain corresponding dislike to it and its consequence. One of these, the fair *Fi-Fi* (Miss Lebatt), wins the king's affections, but the fatal law forbids their union. Having got his own consent, he does not think it requisite to obtain the lady's. Meanwhile a very opportune shipwreck casts two strangers on his shores—*Rory O'Phallaloo*, an Emeraldaler (well personated by Mr. H. Mellon), and *Christopher Caudle*, who has run away from England to escape the celebrated "curtain lectures" of his wife. The king conceives the idea of wedding the Irishman to the fair *Fi-Fi*—of making her a widow, immediately after the bridal day, by subjecting her spouse to a little cannibalism, and of making the lady, then qualified for his own throne, "Queen of the Isles." The wedding takes place—the bridegroom is about being killed and cooked, pursuant to the statute, as aforesaid, when *Fi-Fi*, who loves him exceedingly, and exercises her woman's wit to preserve his life, exhibits a large plantain leaf, on which is written the certificate of her marriage to a former prime minister, and as his death immediately after made her a widow, rescues her new husband from the pains and penalties of having espoused a spinster. The obnoxious law is thrust into the fire—the king

picks and chooses a bride out of the body of *Fi-Fi's* beautiful attendants and friends, and, with a smart hint against the "Repeal of the Union," the piece winds up very satisfactorily. The plot is slight enough, it will be seen, but it is the vehicle for a lively, witty dialogue, and much good singing. The scenery and dresses are in the best taste. A new play, entitled *The King's Friend*, has also been produced, of which report speaks highly; but we must reserve our comments on it till next month.

PRINCESS'S.

Miss Cushman continues to draw crowded houses, while, on the off nights, we have an amusing and cleverly-written piece called *The Chevalier de St. George*, in which Mrs. Stirling and Wallack admirably sustain the principal characters. *No Song no Supper* has been revived here, with all its charming music.

LITERARY FUND.

The anniversary dinner of this admirable institution took place on the 14th ult., and although the visitors were less numerous than we have seen them, the party was at any rate a choice and select one, and full of enthusiasm for the "good cause." Lord Ellenborough took the chair, supported on the right by the Archbishop of Dublin, and on the left by Lord Brougham. It would be tedious, and not at all to the purpose, to narrate the order of the toasts, or to go into any such minutiae. It is enough that the meeting was more even than ordinarily interesting. Lord Ellenborough was both eloquent and indefatigable in the discharge of his self-imposed duties; and among the speakers were Lord Brougham, Mr. Monckton Milnes, G. P. R. James, the novelist, Sergeant Talfourd, Chevalier Bunsen, and the Archbishop of Dublin. In speaking of the Literary Fund, we believe the word "charity" is, by general consent, eschewed; and highly gratified were we to witness the generous spirit which prevailed. We do believe that there are many high-minded persons existing, who, with sentiments of a more exalted kind than those which in by-gone times led to private patronage, feel it both a pleasure and a privilege to relieve the necessities of that portion of the community who, by a seeming contradiction, are at the same time the most powerful in the world, and yet the most liable to pecuniary difficulties, and, from the constitution of their minds, the greatest sufferers from them—we need scarcely say, we speak of those who sway the sceptre of the pen. As Mr. Milnes forcibly said, "The thoughts of one age become the history of another;" and should not those who need assistance—a meal as it were, to save the labourer from fainting—claim it as a right from the world they are both serving and influencing? It is a fact not easily to be explained, but nevertheless a fact that it is the most difficult thing in the world either to offer or to seek pecuniary assistance from or to an individual, without some compromise of moral

dignity and independence; but in the greatest possible degree all humiliation is avoided by the committee of this institution. Beyond to those appointed to investigate their cases—the names of these recipients never, under any circumstances, transpire, although we believe there have been more instances than the recorded one of Chateaubriand of individuals who, raised in the hour of their need by the resources of this fund, have lived to acknowledge their obligations with grateful pleasure, and, so far as the money is concerned, return it with interest. We understand the last subscription list was a highly satisfactory one, and rejoice at it. For of all the institutions which adorn our annals, we look upon this as the most deserving the patronage of the public. We repeat, not as a charity, but as a right, do those whose moral worth and genius fit them to instruct by the pen, claim assistance from their fellow-men in the dark hour of want and distress. Nor is relief confined solely to authors; their widows, and children have, in numerous instances, received aid.

ROYAL ORTHOPÆDIC HOSPITAL.

PATRON—PRINCE ALBERT.

The anniversary dinner of this institution took place at the London Tavern, on the 16th ult., His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge evincing his interest in this benevolent scheme by becoming president, and on this occasion taking the chair. We were much gratified not only by the satisfactory report of subscriptions, which amounted to nearly a thousand pounds, but by the evidence which was brought forward of the complete success attending the discovery of Dr. Stromeyer. Until a few years since, the treatment of club-foot and other distortions was confined to mechanical applications, which were usually either wholly unsuccessful, or attended only by partial or temporary relief. But by the new method of dividing the tendon, a certain cure is effected, without there existing the most remote liability to a relapse. When we consider the thousands of cases among the poor, where the afflicted and helpless cripple may be restored to the use of his limbs, and so to the power of labouring independently for his bread, it is impossible to measure the good which must result from science thus directed in the cause of humanity. The rich, too, are equally liable to be sufferers from such calamities; and even from selfish motives, though we would hope from far other, they would be wise to support a hospital affording such extended practice. Lord Abinger, and many gentlemen of distinction, were at the cross-table, his lordship taking the chair after the Duke of Cambridge withdrew. The appointments appeared admirable, and the ladies especially are bound to compliment the stewards on their attention.

An appropriate address was written by that charming poetess, Mrs. Edward Thomas. It is, however, too long for extract; but we will

transfer to our pages a spirited song, written also for, and sung on the occasion.

“ ‘NEVER GIVE UP.’

“ ‘Never give up!’ it is wiser and better,
Always to hope than once to despair;
Fling off the load of Doubt’s cankering fetter,
And break the dark spell of tyrannical care.
‘Never give up!’ or the burthen may sink you,
Providence kindly has mingled the cup;
And in all trials or troubles bethink you,
The watch-word of life must be ‘Never give up!’

“ ‘Never give up!’ there are chances and changes,
Helping the hopeful a hundred to one;
And through the chaos High Wisdom arranges
Ever—success—if you only hope on.
‘Never give up!’ for the wisest is boldest,
Knowing that Providence mingles the cup;
And of all maxims the best—as the oldest—
Is the true watch-word of ‘Never give up!’

“ ‘Never give up!’ though the grape shot may
rattle,
Or the full thunder-cloud over you burst;
Stand like a rock—and the storm or the battle
Little shall harm you, though doing their worst.
‘Never give up!’ if adversity presses,
Providence wisely has mingled the cup,
And the best counsel in all your distresses
Is, the stout watch-word of ‘Never give up!’ ”

NATIONAL ANTI-CORN-LAW LEAGUE BAZAAR.

We are of necessity somewhat late in alluding to this exposition, for such it is. Everybody knows that on the 8th ult., Covent Garden Theatre was thrown open as a bazaar, for the display, one might say of every imaginable and unimaginable article, chiefly, though not entirely, of British manufacture. The taste and skill with which this huge arena has been arranged are beyond all praise or description. We will borrow for a moment the words of a cotemporary:—

“ Under the portico is the vestibule, through which is the entrance to the Bazaar. Visitors ascend a wide staircase of stone, decorated on each side with statuary, to the Shakspeare Hall or Saloon. On the left side of this hall is the exhibition of tapestry, shawls, and carpets, and in the corners next the passages are displayed a splendid mirror and a stall of chemical preparations. Passing this hall, and turning to the right, visitors enter the Box lobby, the side wing of which will be closed during the Bazaar. On the left is a stall for Miller’s Glass Works. Visitors proceed to the left, and on coming opposite the central box of the dress circle, they reach the entrance to the Grand Gothic Hall. The first view at the entrance is very imposing; the illuminated roof, with its Gothic mouldings and richly decorated arches, the two vistas of pillars extending along each side, and the gorgeous painted window at the remote extreme are very effective. The elevation of the dress circle above the level of the Pit, enables the visitor to take in the whole at the first glance, and hence the effect of the *coup d’œil* is most striking and imposing.

We purposely avoid entering into any political discussion, but all parties we think would be willing to acknowledge the imposing effect of this vast display—the heaped up merchandize from every corner of the empire, sent hither as a token of one hope, one desire. Although the admission on the first day was inordinately high, yet the crowd was excessive, and allowing for editorial passes, &c., &c., the treasury must have received a good draught even then, independently of purchases. By the way goods were marked at exorbitant prices, to correspond we suppose with the terms of admission, though we hear that in these latter days they have fallen considerably. We are quite sure of this, that in such undertakings the wisest plan is to tempt folks to purchase by offering goods at a fair rate to say the least.

We are unwillingly obliged to defer a somewhat lengthy notice of a meeting of the Mechanics Institute, which took place early last month, and several reviews, &c.

FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

Although our Paris *belles* are leaving us very fast for their *chateaux* or the spas, Paris is still as brilliant as ever, owing to the number of distinguished foreigners with which it is crowded. Our promenades, however, even yet do not exhibit so much of summer costume as might be expected, that is, dresses of the lightest kind, as muslin robes, lace scarfs, &c. &c. They are beginning indeed to appear, but silks are much more general. Our *chapeaux* and *capotes* are, however, of the lightest kind, and I think prettier and in greater variety than they have been during several seasons past. There is a little change in their forms since I wrote last; they are still horizontal, but the brim is wider, though not in a very great degree, for *capotes* indeed it is only perceptible, but it is more visible in the *chapeaux*; a good many are made without

bavolets. The Pamela form, and that à la *Gla-neuse*, both of which are somewhat in the gipsy style, predominate.

Capotes of *gros de Naples* are generally adopted for the early part of the morning; they are made in full colours, and trimmed with fringed ribbons; some are of the drawn kind, others have the material laid plain, and the interior ornamented with *tulle biais*; sometimes a tuft of flowers is placed on one side of the exterior, but they must be small, and not of a showy kind. Where ribbons only are employed, the favourite form of arranging them is in a large *chou* on one side; the ribbon always corresponds with the colour of the *capote*, but I have recently seen some in which it was fringed with a different hue.

Fancy straw is still adopted in the afternoon promenade, but I think its reign will be short,

because it is already becoming rather common ; and it is only adopted by elegant women when trimmed in a style of the most tasteful simplicity, as, for instance, with a sprig of flowers attached on one side by a knot of broad velvet ribbon of a full colour ; or a very narrow wreath of daisies, or violets of two colours, placed between two rows of lace ; or, what is still more novel and really very pretty, a half wreath of foliage in blue or green ribbon ; the first leaf is the darkest shade of the colour, and the last the lightest tint of it. The interior of the brims are always very full trimmed with *tulle* and ribbon : this style is well adapted for the *Pamelas*, because of the width of the brim, especially if the hair is in ringlets ; but where it is disposed in bands and the brims of the *chapeau* not so wide, the effect is heavy and inelegant.

A new kind of *chapeau* has recently appeared of an extremely light and delicate kind, resembling lace ; it is composed of silk, made in all colours ; and from its resemblance to old-fashioned point lace is styled *guipure*. It is likely to enjoy the highest vogue among the fancy *chapeaux*, because of the delicacy of its texture, and its very high price. These *chapeaux* are always lined with *taffeta*. The most elegant, in my opinion, are those lined with white, and decorated with a long full curled white ostrich feather, attached on one side by a small knot of white ribbon, with long floating ends. Others, lined with pink, are decorated with a sprig of roses ; if lilac is employed, it is always of a very light kind, and accompanied by a sprig of lilac of Parma. In some instances shaded *marabouts* are used instead of flowers ; the ribbons that complete the *garniture* are always white.

Rice straw, crape, gauze, and lace, have lost nothing of their vogue for public promenade and half-dress *chapeaux* and *capotes*. I may cite, among the most remarkable of the first, those that have the brim lined with white crape, and trimmed in the interior with *coques* of white fringed ribbon : a wreath formed alternately of partridge feathers and the eyes of peacock's plumes decorates the exterior. Others are trimmed with a half-wreath of roses, and white and pink shaded ribbon in the interior of the brim ; a third style of *garniture* consists of a wreath of shaded *marabouts*, with ribbon similarly shaded on the interior and exterior. Several of the coloured crape *chapeaux* are entirely covered with lace ; others of full hues have the interior of the brim trimmed with three *ruches* of *tulle* in much lighter shades of the same colour ; they are always decorated with flowers : so likewise are the gauze and lace *chapeaux*—both being lined with coloured crape. I had nearly forgotten to mention another and very light kind of half-dress *chapeau*, entirely composed of fringed ribbons ; the effect in those of gauze is exceedingly pretty, but when made, as they sometimes are, in rich silk ribbons, it is quite the reverse. The trimming is a wreath or bouquet of flowers, combining one or more of the colours of the ribbons with others of an opposite hue.

Mantelets of black *taffeta* are now very little seen, except in plain promenade dress ; those of shot and changeable *taffeta*, trimmed with fringes or *effilés*, *passementeries*, lace, or with the material of which they are composed, continue in vogue. The *manielet polonais* is perhaps the most *distingué* of the different forms in favour ; it descends more than half-way down the skirt of the robe, and is drawn in at the waist, so as to appear like a half-length skirt ; a large pelerine covers the fulness ; the trimming is either of lace or of a new kind of *effilé*, called *effilé Pompadour*. White *taffeta mantelets* are expected to become very fashionable shortly ; particularly for young unmarried ladies. Muslin ones are at last beginning to appear ; they are embroidered round the border, and edged with Valenciennes lace, sewed on without fulness. There are also several of *organdy*, trimmed with festooned flounces. As they are lined with coloured crape or *taffeta*, the flounces are sometimes edged in the colour of the lining. The most novel *mantelets* are of barege embroidered in *soutache*, as are also several barege scarfs. I should observe that scarfs are still as much in request as ever ; those with the back of the pelerine form are beginning to be a good deal seen both in lace and silk. The most elegant of the barege ones are of the plain scarf form, with light green or fawn-coloured grounds, and ends richly embroidered in turkish patterns similar to the one in your first print.

A form of *pardessus* that has just appeared for travelling is a revival of a *surtout*, worn so long ago as the year 1760 by the Italian ladies under the name of *polverini*. They have the *corsages* high, wide, and short ; and wide sleeves, with deep turned-up cuffs *à la bonne sœur* ; a plain *capuchin*, or a small pelerine, which forms a collar, and only descends to the fall of the shoulders. This is a light summer *pardessus*, being made in *taffeta*, always of sober colours ; and its form is very commodious for travelling. Some robes intended for the country are composed of Nankin, or *bâliste écrié* ; they have the *corsage* and skirt made separately, the former is of the *caraco* form, and have the jackets made extremely deep ; the sleeves are tight, with square cuffs ; the jacket, the bottom of the skirt, and the cuffs are embroidered in *soutache*.

Plain barege, or *mousseline de laine* of the finest kind, is now generally employed for *robes de chambre*. The most elegant are white, lined with coloured Florence, either pink, blue, or lilac, and trimmed with a broad fancy silk platted braiding, in white, and the colour of the lining. Some have a small hood, which has the effect of a pelerine. The sleeves are moderately large, and open at the bottom, displaying those of the under dress. A new form that has just appeared for these robes has the *corsage* and skirt in one ; but they are gored and attached to shoulder-pieces, so that the fulness is not so great at the waist ; they are confined to the waist by a cord and tassels, or, what I think is still prettier, a band of the material of the dress twisted round the waist ; it is cut bias mode-

The first of these is the fact that the
 world is becoming more and more
 interconnected. This is due to a number
 of factors, including the growth of
 international trade, the development of
 global communication networks, and the
 increasing mobility of people. As a result,
 the world is becoming a more unified
 entity, and this has a number of
 implications for the future.



ately wide, and the ends—which fall low—are fringed. The upper part of the *corsage* may either remain closed or open; in the latter case the *chemisette* is *à la Suisse*, plaited in front, the fulness gathered into a band surmounted by a row of narrow Valenciennes lace. The *chemisette* is made quite up to the throat, and the band is generally an *entre deux*, through which a ribbon is passed; the sleeves are wide, with deep cuffs. These *robes de chambre* are composed of plain *mousseline de laine* of full colours, and lined with the same material of a contrasted hue, as deep blue or dark green, with orange or cherry colour. The under dress, always of cambric or cambric muslin, is either flounced or trimmed with *entre deux* at the bottoms, and the sleeves are either plaited or disposed in *bouillonné*. This *négligé* would be incomplete without a cap; it must be a small round one of cambric, embroidered and trimmed with two or three rows of Valenciennes lace laid on flat, except at the ears, where it is rounded off full in the *paysanne* style; or else it is of embroidered muslin, the headpiece—long and square—descending in *demi-barbes*.

Shot and changeable silks are more in favour than ever, both for *négligé* and evening dress; some of the plain ones have three or four colours united in the caméléon style. Rich, figured silks, have changeable and shaded grounds: some of those striped in pyramids have no trimming, but this simplicity is compensated by the excessive and, in my opinion, unbecoming width of the skirts of these dresses, which are also made with half trains; I mean, of course, in evening dress. Others, more moderate in their width, have a deep flounce edged with *passementerie*, or two or three flounces, each terminated by a fringe. The new *effilé Pompadour*, which is sometimes made excessively broad, is often substituted for flounces; I have seen some so deep that a single one covered more than half the skirt. Velvet retains its vogue for trimmings, and seems likely to retain it through the season; the number of bands frequently reach to the hips. I have as yet no change to announce in the *corsages* of these robes; but for the *mousselines de soie*, *organdies*, *tarlatanes*, and *bareges* of a very slight kind, now beginning to fully divide the vogue with silks in evening *négligé*. A revolution in sleeves is expected to take place. Some have been already composed of a certain number of *bouillons* at the bottom, the upper part being left full; these sleeves reach to the elbow: others made quite long, are confined at the top by a bracelet trimmed with lace, or edged with piping, according as the robe is more or less dressy; they enlarge as they descend, becoming very full as they approach the middle of the fore-arm, where they are drawn in rows of gathers, and confined at the wrist by a band. The *manches à l'Ottomane* are a demi-long sleeve gathered at the top, enlarging as they descend, and either cut in dents at the bottom, or trimmed with narrow lace set on with a little fulness or a *ruche*.

Your fashionable season—always later than

ours—is, I find, this year, peculiarly brilliant. Velvets, damasks, and brocades are laid aside; but some silks, of a light but very rich kind, have been sent from Paris to a few *élégantes* of the *haut ton*, for the brilliant *fêtes* which are now being given in London; they were accompanied by turbans, *petits bords*, and *toquets*, of light but very rich materials, and trimmed with magnificent feathers. You may say with great truth, that these superb dresses ought to be furnished in England; but remember that your laces, your muslins, your poplins, Scotch cambric muslin, and clear muslin, the two latter under the names of *percall* and *organdy*, are as eagerly sought after here as our silks and millinery are with you. I have no change to announce since my last letter.

ADRIENNE DE M—.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATES.

FIRST PLATE.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESSES: No. 1.—Shaded *poult de soie* robe, half-high *corsage*, and long tight sleeve. Muslin *canecou en cœur*, embroidered round the border in feather stitch, and edged with lace; the square collar is sustained round the throat by a neck knot of lilac ribbon. Black lace scarf. White crape *chapeau*, a round brim, covered with deep *biais* of *tulle*; ends of lilac gauze ribbon are laid under each fold; a bouquet of lilacs and apple blossom, with foliage, is placed on one side of the exterior, and a few light flowers decorate the interior of the brim; *brides* and knots of white ribbon complete the *gariture*.

No. 2.—Robe of *Pekin de Chines*, a high and close-fitting *corsage*, and sleeve a three-quarter length, and nearly tight, over one of muslin *bouillonnée*, terminated by a lace ruffle. The skirt is decorated with two deep flounces laid on with scarcely any fulness, and edged with broad fringe. *Capote* of pink and white shaded *poult de soie*; a round full crown of that form styled *à la bonne femme*, and a small brim arranged in *bouillonnée*. The trimming is composed of ribbon to correspond. Green *barege* scarf, the ends embroidered in a Turkish pattern.

No. 3. YOUNG LADY'S DRESS.—Striped blue and white *foulard* frock; half-high *corsage*. Short sleeve over a cambric demi-large one. High cambric *chemisette*. Black velvet scarf; pelerine crossed on the bosom, with the ends floating behind. Gipsy hat of fine straw, trimmed with pink ribbon.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

MORNING DRESSES: No. 3.—Robe of pink *pail de chèvre*; the *corsage* quite high and close, descending in the short jacket style, and trimmed down the front with fancy silk buttons. Tight sleeve rather more than a three-quarter length, with a turned up cuff; cambric under-

sleeve, made full, and terminated by a Valenciennes lace ruffle. Embroidered cambric collar. Rice straw *chapeau*; the interior and exterior of the edge of the brim decorated with green and white striped ribbon; an *oiseau* similarly shaded completes the *garniture*.

No. 5.—*Gros de Naples* robe, shaded in lilac and blue; the *corsage* a three-quarter height, pointed at bottom, and forming a demi-lozenge at top; it is trimmed with *passementerie* in the demi-lozenge form; the trimming is continued in horizontal bands, terminated by *brandebourgs* on the skirt. Long tight sleeve, and armlet edged with *passementerie*. Rice straw *chapeau*; a round open shape, without a *barolet*; the interior trimmed with *coques* of ribbon, arranged *en girandole*; the exterior with a white ostrich feather. Embroidered cambric habit shirt, and ruffles.

No. 6. HOME DRESS OF AN UNMARRIED PARIS LADY IN THE COUNTRY.—Very pale pink *taffeta* robe; a high *corsage*, descending a very little in front. Short sleeves, descending nearly to the elbow, and trimmed with five rows of *bouillonnée*, and a Valenciennes lace ruffle, corresponding with the collar. *Capote* of *paille d'Italie*; it is of the close cottage form, and is trimmed with a *barolet* band and knot of green velvet ribbon.

SECOND PLATE.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS: No. 1.—Rose-coloured *barege* robe, the *corsage* high at the back, but opening *en cœur* on the bosom, and trimmed with a lappel edged with *éfilé*. Long tight sleeve. White crape *capote*, the brim and part of the crown covered by a veil of *point d'Angleterre*, disposed in drapery. A full cluster of *coques* of rose-ribbons, edged with white, is arranged in a novel style of ornament on one side of the exterior, and a band and knot behind complete the *garniture*. Black lace shawl of a very large size. Pale pink *gros de Naples* parasol, embroidered and fringed round the border.

No. 2. Pekin robe, a lilac ground, striped horizontally in lavender; the *corsage* is made quite up to the throat, and tight to the shape. The sleeve, rather more than a three-quarter length, also sits close to the arm, displaying the lower part of a moderately wide under-sleeve of cambric, finished by a lace ruffle. *Chapeau* of *paille-de-ris*, a round and moderately open shape, the interior of the brim trimmed near the temples with tufts of small white flowers, and white *brides*; the exterior with ribbon, disposed in a novel kind of double wreath of *coques*, and a half wreath of white *marabouts* of different sizes. Freen *taffeta mantelet*; it is shot in emerald and pomona green, the *garniture* is *éfilé pompadour*, and green fancy silk trimming.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

No. 3. DINNER DRESS.—Robe of *soie caméléon*. A low *corsage*, and long tight sleeve. The skirt is trimmed with a single flounce of antique point lace, corresponding with the pelerine and cuffs. *Bonnet Chatelaine* of *tulle de Bruxelles*. A horse-shoe caul, and short round head-piece, bordered with *point d'Angleterre*; a lappel of the same lace is laid on the head-piece, and descends below it in very short *barbes*, the lappel and the back of the caul are decorated with *penses* of green velvet ribbon, placed three together at some distance from each other.

No. 4. DEMI TOILETTE.—*Poult de soie* robe, shot in pink and grey, half high *corsage*, opening on an embroidered muslin gimp, and trimmed with a wreath of *dents de loup*, composed of the same silk; they are carried down the front of the skirt *en tablier*. Sleeve, a three-quarter length, arched at the bottom, and similarly trimmed. Muslin under sleeve, demi-large lace ruffle. White crape *capote*, covered with *tulle bouillonné*. It is trimmed with a full rosette of lace, in the centre of which is a bouquet of roses *panaches* without foliage, and a *gerbe* of ornamental grass.

No. 5. MORNING DRESS.—Straw-coloured *gros de Naples* robe, a high *corsage*, and long tight sleeve. Embroidered muslin *cançon*, trimmed with *Valenciennes* lace. *Bonnet à la paysanne*, very full trimmed with one of the new spring ribbons.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications to be addressed to the Office, 24, Norfolk-street, Strand, where all business is transacted.

ACCEPTED with many thanks, "The Linden Tree,"
"To a fair friend, with some violets."

X. Y. Z. next month.

DECLINED with thanks, A.

"Stanzas," and "Lines on Destroying a Letter,"
"The Diadem of Roses," and "On seeing the last star fade," &c. &c.

We are sorry to decline Lilian's lines.

A variety of papers have reached us too late for examination this month.

Office, No. 24, Norfolk-street, Strand. Sold by Berger, Holywell-street; Steele, Paternoster-row, and by all Booksellers in Town and Country.

END OF VOL. XXII.



Fashions for June, 1845.

